



*for Private Circulation only*

# Satsanga

*journal of Divine Mother Society*



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E-mail : [seva\\_dms@yahoo.co.in](mailto:seva_dms@yahoo.co.in)

Web-Site : [www.seva-dms.com](http://www.seva-dms.com)

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**Divine Mother Society**

Jammi buildings, 63, Royapettah High Road, Mylapore, Chennai - 600 004.

Telephone : 24995672, 42109020

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**MANAVA SEVA MADHAVA SEVA**

## SEEING EYE TO EYE

Free Eye Camp was organized at our Alamadhi (Redhills) Centre on Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> October 2006 by Rajan Eye Care Hospital alongwith *DMS* Medical centre.



Doctors Mrs.Gunavardhini & Mrs.Rupali from Rajan Eye Care Hospital checking patients



Eye Screening was done for 130 people comprised of 68 Students, 55 villagers and 7 staff members



Do you have the 'vision'?



Have you the eye for detail?



25 cases were identified for cataract surgery and 15 persons for spectacles



*DMS* organized free transport and Rajan Eye Hospital, free surgery and spectacles. Our heartiest thanks to Dr. Mohan Rajan for his extraordinary gesture

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IF YOU READ A LESSON WITH DEVOTION ONLY ONCE, THAT IS ENOUGH, YOU NEED NOT READ IT AGAIN. YOU READ A NOVEL WITH RAPT ATTENTION ONLY ONCE, AND TILL THE END YOU ARE ABLE TO MAINTAIN THE CONTINUITY OF THE NOVEL MENTALLY. WHY? HOW? BECAUSE OF DEEP INTEREST / DEVOTION. SO THIS TYPE OF DEVOTION IS IMPORTANT WHEN YOU DO PRAYERS.

- KAMAKSHI BABA

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Dear Member

One more devotee has come forward to narrate a miracle experienced by him.

Sanjay is the son of [late] Yadagiri Rao and Jagadeeshwari Bai, both ardent devotees of Kamakshi Baba. He lives in Chicago and is blessed with two lovely children, who, he firmly believes, are manifestations of Guruji's grace on him and his family.

In a recent email to *DMS*, he recounts a miracle that happened in 1986. An edited version of the email is presented below:

Email from Sanjay, Chicago

QUOTE

“ My relationship with Guruji and Mukundhen uncle dates back to my childhood days in 1979, when I was around 9 years old. My family was staying at Hyderabad, and we were introduced to Guruji [Govardhan Swamy] and Mukundhen uncle by one of the finest people I have known - Vimala and Narasimhan- who were our neighbours at Begumpet.

Vimala aunty, a down to earth person, was more like a mother to me. We used to get invited whenever Guruji performed Kamakshi pooja at her residence. I have seen many miracles happening in our lives through Guruji's blessings. We feel we are extremely lucky to be His devotees, and till today, not a day goes by without chanting His name. He is always in my mind, and heart.

I would like to narrate a miracle that involved me personally. This incident took place in the year 1986, when I was about 15 years of age.

I was playing cricket with my friends. While batting, the cricket ball rose sharply to hit me on my forehead. The injury was severe, and I fell to the ground, unconscious. But as I fell, I remember calling out to 'Govardhan Swamy' nine times in my mind. I was vomiting blood and fell into a coma.

The blood vomiting continued even after I was hospitalized at Nizams Orthopedic Hospital at Punjagutta, and I remained in coma for almost 21 hours. The doctors were not too hopeful and had said that they could not say anything positive till 24 hours went by. There were not one or two, but 30 specialist doctors attending to me!

Then the miracle happened. Early the next morning, I came back to consciousness, the blood vomiting had stopped, and the doctors pronounced that I was out of danger! However the 30 specialists felt that it was a medical marvel, a miracle, that I had been saved so quickly and so painlessly.

But my parents knew better. They knew that Kamakshi Baba's blessings were behind my miraculous recovery. He had taken the forehead wound physically from me, and lodged it behind His ear! My parents saw the wound there, and felt it was hard as rock!

I was SAVED from the very jaws of death or permanent disability. My family's and my prayers had been answered! I knew it was Guruji's Shakthi that saved me even when I fell to the ground.

Till today I strongly believe in my/our Guruji's Shakthi, and the trouble just goes off when chanted with devotion & faith 'Kamakshi Baba' 'Govardhan Swamy'! I feel very lucky to be one of his disciples. I pray to Guruji every day to protect me and my loving family from the evil in this world. I ask him to please protect us and bless us with good culture, health, wealth, and education.

I also take this opportunity to thank people closest to my heart my Guruji [Govardhan Swamy], my parents, Vimala aunty, and Ammayamma [Head nurse] at the hospital without whom I would not exist today.

Thank you Suresh. Feeling very nice to share with you about my past.

Also Thanks for updating on Annadaanam making it for life-long. Thanks a lot.....”

UNQUOTE

Thank you too, Sanjay. We are happy to chronicle little known experiences in devotee's lives, which have changed their lives for the better.

Can anyone imagine a living person literally taking on His body someone else's serious afflictions, labor pains, injuries, heart ailments, diabetes, and even cancer? Guruji has done these things and even more for His devotees.

THINK FOR A MOMENT

What prompted Guruji to take on life threatening diseases, throwing caution to the winds? What kind of person was He, who would gladly stake His life for another's? Only a person who is unattached to His body, who can feel the other's pain, and has the ability and the willingness to sacrifice Himself for another's good can live for others the way Guruji did.

He was One with the Universe, mentally and spiritually, the true sign of Godliness.

We would like more members to come forward and narrate their thrilling experiences with Guruji.

MATA KAMAKSHI

BIOGRAPHY OF A BRAHMAJNAANI  
KAMAKSHI BABA [GURUJI GOVARDHAN]

**PART II**  
**“THE CONQUEST”**

CHAPTER XIII

“DURAADHARSHA-HA”

[Vishnu Sahasranamam, 81<sup>st</sup> nama]

[THE INTREPID]

अनुबन्धं क्षयं हिंसामनवेक्ष्य च पौरुषम् ।  
मोहादारभ्यते कर्म यत्तत्तामसमुच्यते । २५ ।

[Bh Gita, Chapter XVIII, Shloka 25]

[ *The Lord said:*

*“That Work is called 'Tamasic', which is undertaken out of delusion, and without regard for consequence, competence, loss or possible violent outcome“ .]*

Dr Sharma shifted restlessly in his seat. He was unsettled by the smiling, middle aged man, whom he had never met before, who seemed to be the cynosure at the party. Dr Sharma did not like it at all He had come to the 'party', a small gathering of friends and relatives, as an exalted invitee, and was raring to get noticed.. He was used to copious attention wherever he went, and wondered who his unknown rival was.

Dr Sharma's curiosity was soon appeased. He was formally introduced to Govardhan, the Project Head in an engineering company that his nephew worked for. In fact, it was Dr Sharma's nephew who had organized the gathering so that Govardhan and Dr Sharma could meet. The nephew had already spoken proudly about his uncle to Govardhan. “He is one of the most renowned gynecologists in London. He is well known for conducting painless natural deliveries by hypnotizing the mother-to-be. I am keen that both of you meet - we will benefit from listening to great people like you!”

Dr Sharma held Govardhan's hand in a firm clasp. “ I am happy to meet you, Swamiji”. The accent seemed to be on 'Swamiji' and did Govardhan detect a tinge of sarcasm?

Govardhan's smile was benign and genuine. “ No, no, I am no Swamiji - these people use the name to tease me! I am an Engineer by profession and I work with your nephew”.

Govardhan's humility appeared to fan the embers of Dr Sharma's ego. Now he would show this little congregation the stuff he was made of!

Dr Sharma sauntered to one end of the dinner table and perched himself on a chair close to the head. His hawk-like eyes watched as people gravitated in small groups towards the table, but never for a moment lost sight of Govardhan as He alternated between boisterous laughter in a group and serious under-the-breath one-to-one discussions. Finally, He came to the dinner table and pulled aside the chair to make room for sitting.

Then the incredible happened!

As He made to sit on the chair, the chair moved away. Govardhan almost fell to the ground, but supported Himself by holding on to the table's edge. A group of people involuntarily sniggered, but the majority seemed concerned. Govardhan assured everyone that He was fine, and went back to sit on the chair. It swerved away sharply once again, and this time Govardhan fell to the ground with a thud. A few of those assembled were now blatantly tittering, while a few others scrambled to help Govardhan to His feet.

Govardhan pinched His forehead with His right hand to get a smear of 'kumkum' [sacred vermilion] on His index finger and thumb. In a deliberate motion, He sprinkled the kumkum smear in the direction of the chair. Nonchalantly, He lowered Himself into the stationary chair, while a tiny smile creased His face.

As the conversation began gathering momentum, apple juice was served. Govardhan picked up His glass full of juice, and put it to His lips. Those around Him were aghast to find that the juice drained itself from the glass even before a drop touched Govardhan's lips! Unfazed, and in full view of those gaping at Him and His empty glass, Govardhan covered the glass with His palm. The silence around Him was deafening as the glass filled itself up once again with apple juice, and Govardhan sipped joyfully from it!

Govardhan had had enough. It took Him just a flash to know who was behind these unrefined acts, aimed at cowing Him down. He cast a quick glance at Dr. Sharma and then looked away.

Dr Sharma left for London the following week. He had a successful practice as a gynecologist in London, and his impressive list of clientele read like a 'who's who' of the city.

Several months later, Govardhan's co-worker and Dr Sharma's nephew, brought a strange request. Would Govardhan meet with Dr Sharma the following week, for which he proposed flying down all the way from London? By this time, the Sharma episode was but a distant memory for Govardhan. He agreed to meet with Dr Sharma.

The Sharma who approached Govardhan was but a shadow of his former swaggering self. His face looked gaunt and wrinkled, and his gait, meandering and unsteady. Gone was the firm handshake, the condescending smirk.

Govardhan listened patiently as the doctor painted a depressing picture of his sagging practice, rising failure rate of surgeries, and a steady decline in status. "What shall I do to revive my fortunes? My nephew tells me that only you can help me." Dr Sharma was wringing his hands in utter despair.

Govardhan stood up and towered over the cringing doctor. His countenance was grim, His posture unyielding, and His voice was a roar when He addressed the doctor.

"Your past actions have boomeranged on you, dear doctor. I could have easily exposed you when you attempted to outwit and humiliate me several months ago. But I allowed unseen forces, the forces of your own destiny to work against you. They have gradually demolished you as gradually as you had demolished more than a hundred unborn children in their unsuspecting mothers' womb over a period of time."

The doctor seemed paralyzed, and darted a fearful look at Govardhan. "No doctor, I will not expose you even now. Your own actions and avarice have been your undoing. But I confess to having done something for you. When you attempted to establish your superiority over me several months ago, I prayed to the forces guarding me. They not only told me your identity and your misdeeds, but also simply wiped out your ill-gotten powers.

That fateful day was the beginning of the end for your fanatic greed and all those material successes you held so dear. I repeat, your own misdemeanors of the past have finished you off. You are now powerless.”

“You should be grateful for your father's prayers, which protect you to this day, without which the retribution would have been even more stringent.”

“What should I do now?” The voice that emerged from the pallid face was barely a whisper.

“Return to London,” Govardhan said, emphatically. “Shut your practice down. Raze that room in the backyard to the ground. Give the lifeless embryos preserved in bottles in that room a decent burial in the same backyard. Sell everything you have and return to India. Stay in Varanasi for the rest of your life and spend it in prayers to atone for your demoniac deeds. This is my prescription for you.”

As Govardhan watched a hunched Dr Sharma leave the room, His gentle eyes glazed with sorrow and unshed tears for those numerous infants nipped in the bud.

What had Dr Sharma done?

As a child, he had learnt voodoo and black magic from his father, who in turn, had been tutored by a voodoo practitioner in South Africa. The father had taught his son the art in good faith, more as a means to protect himself. But the son, driven by insatiable craving for material success, had used the art for his benefit. And how!

Sharma junior was a naturally brilliant man, and studied gynecology. His natural flair for the profession quickly earned him a solid reputation. This was when greed intervened. He could not wait for success and money to flow in with time. He decided to use voodoo practices to elevate his career to the fast track.

In keeping with a gory practice, he used to kill embryos in the womb as they were about to be delivered. His profession enabled him to get away with the heinous act. The necessary qualifications for the embryo to be sacrificed were that it should be the first child of the hapless parents, and a male. The ruthless doctor used to wring the full grown embryo's neck as it struggled to release itself from the confines of its mother's womb. The lifeless body used to be then preserved in a jar in a secret chamber in the backyard of Dr Sharma's palatial London mansion. The more such bodies accumulated in the obnoxious godown, the more powers did Sharma acquire.

Sharma used black magic to terrorize rivals, and also inveigle unsuspecting parents-to-be to his upcountry London clinic. The result was a meteoric rise in his profession and power. He became so drunk with his power that he wanted to show it off to keep people under his thumb, quaking with fear. And in time, his own ego arising out of his sense of ill-gotten power, led to his downfall.

This episode brings us back to the question we raised at the end of an earlier chapter. Did Govardhan enact this episode to prove His superiority? Worse still, was He using His mystic powers as a means to intimidate and impress? If He were not, then who or what was instrumental in exposing Dr Sharma and halting further harm to the society he lived in?

Let us see more of this in the next chapter.