



Satsanga

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MANAVA SEVA MADHAVA SEVA

THEN - 1994



NOW - 2008



SELFISHNESS IS THE ROOT CAUSE FOR MANY PROBLEMS IN LIFE. LIFE IS VERY SIMPLE BUT WE MAKE IT COMPLICATED.

- KAMAKSHI BABA

Dear Member

In Nov.1993, the Alamadhi Centre became a reality when land was purchased by *DMS*. At that time the first step of Manava Seva Madhava Seva was taken there with a garage-like shed to attend to the sick with the help of a single full-time nurse. Erected on a non-descript stretch of two and a half acres of land, barren, scarred by several open dug up quarried trenches across the face, with maybe a tree or two dotting the field, the place had no trappings of a 'Centre'. The Vighraam of Shri Kamakshi Baba was to be installed and a modest 20 X 20 base with flooring was prepared. It was encompassed on all four sides by a grill structure and a roofing with asbestos sheets was mounted. That was the dwelling abode for Guruji. Beginning with the Medical Centre, the activities of *DMS* slowly increased and today, 18 years later, *DMS* can boast of varied activities in Health care, Education and Annadaanam. But Guruji's residence remained – unchanged.

On 19th Feb.06, the group of devotees gathering at the annual congregation day decided to change this. A more appropriate temple for Guruji was a Must. It has taken two years after that to achieve this. Finally, it would be ready and operational from 19th Feb.'08, and by the grace of Guruji, all of us devotees can look forward to join together and re-dedicate ourselves at His feet at this new temple.

Financially, the structure is showing overruns. Estimated to cost Rs.18 lakhs, the present costs are well over Rs.21 lakhs as of now. Civil works on completion presently excludes False ceiling, Painting and stone cladding with cement flooring.

Contributions have been good enough to take care of the present requirements for this structure.Devotees have generated resources to the extent of Rs. 24 lakhs. List of donors is appended on the next page.

The program sheet for 19th Feb.'08 is separately given. May we get together to recharge ourselves spiritually and may Guruji bestow His blessings on all members and their families!

MATA KAMAKSHI

CONTRIBUTIONS TO TEMPLE FUNDS

DONOR (Group / Family) EACH RS.5000 OR MORE	CONTRIBUTION (RS./000s)
Anonymous	185.113
Subasree (Msr)	22.690
Madhusree (Dr.)	60.000
Ranjini Naidu	1.500
Surender	3.000
Ravichandran	10.000
Suruthi A C/O Ranjini Naidu	2.000
Deepthi A C/O Ranjini Naidu	0.200
Nitya A.V C/O Ranjini Naidu	25.000
Sreekanth A.V C/O Ranjini Naidu	25.000
Tamarainangai (Mrs.)	25.000
Gopal A	10.000
Sharada	25.000
Anand	15.000
Panidhar	30.000
Venkatakrishnan T.R.	10.000
Ramakrishnan	10.000
Srinivasan T.S.	20.000
Vasudevan (Tss)	1.500
Haripriya Rangarajan (Dr.)	110.000
Srinivasan R.S.	20.000
Sriram	5.000
RAjappa	81.600
Venkat S/O Padmanabhan,lob	5.000
G Geetha	20.000
Kumudha C/O Geetha Of lob	10.000
Jyothi Ratnam	25.500
Vijaya Nathan	30.000
Raji Narayanan	5.000
Raji (Ag)	15.000
Nithya (Ag Raji)	11.000
Vineet Chopra	20.000
Vineet Chopra	21.000
Bhushi - Geeta	32.500
Bhushi - Pushpa	10.000
Kasthuri (Bhushi Group)	5.000
Bhushi Sudha	45.000
Bhushi Rao	45.000
Patel Anitha C/O Bhushi	10.000
M G Nathan C/O Bhushi	10.000
Ananthkrishnan C/O Bhushi	3.000
Venkateswarlu C/O Bhushi	3.000
Shakuntala C/O Bhushi	1.000
BhopinDer Kaur C/O Bhushi	11.000
Malathi Jayaraman C/O Bhushi	3.000
Ramanathan S, Mumbai	300.000
Premalatha Ramanathan, Mumbai	100.000
Suresh S.	5.000

DONOR (Group / Family) EACH RS.5000 OR MORE	CONTRIBUTION (RS./000s)
Anagha Suresh	5.000
Premkumar	25.000
Venkateswaran, Hyd.	25.000
Rajam Venkateswaran, Hyd.	5.000
Devika Anand C/O Rajeshwari	5.000
Prabakar Reddy	10.000
Geeta Ramesh Reddy C/O A.Prabhakara Reddy	5.000
Vijayender Reddy	20.000
Rinda Satyanarayana Reddy C/O Vijayendra Reddy	100.000
Sai Ram Reddy C/O Vijayendra Reddy	10.000
Sadashiva Reddy C/O Vijayendra Reddy	3.000
DivYa C/O Vijayendra Reddy	1.000
Manju Jeevan Reddy C/O R.Srinivasa Reddy	25.000
Pawan Kumar Reddy	10.000
Kalyan Chakravarthi C/O C.Rajaram Reddy	10.000
Ragheven R.P.	10.000
R. Srinivasa Raghavan, C/O R.P. Ragheven	25.000
Shankarsubramanian, C/O R.P. Ragheven	25.000
R.Gowri Shankar	5.000
R.S. Venkataramani, C/O R.P. Ragheven	1.200
Usha Sridhar, C/O R.P. Ragheven	5.000
Thangam Jeeva, C/O R.P. Ragheven	5.000
Sandeep Srinivasan	10.000
Sukanya Srikantan	15.000
K. Sanjay Kumar (U.S.A)	9.990
K. Sanjay Kumar (U.S.A)	10.000
Sushila Ravichandran	7.500
Giri Babu	22.775
Somasundaram V.E.	10.000
Gopal Reddy	10.000
Narasimha Mk	5.000
Laxmikantan, Bangalore	7.000
Jawahar E.S.	101.711
Vallabhan E.S.	5.000
Krishnan .S (Sbh)	8.000
Suchithra, Annanagar	6.000
Anand Kumar Reddy	20.000
Revathy Sridhar	25.000
Prasad Reddy	50.000
Ptr (P.Thiagarajan)	15.000
Ashvin C. Kaka	5.000
Chandrasekhar Reddy M.	12.000
Phanidhar Reddy	25.000
Saras	150.000
Saras	109.000
Total Rs.5000 And More	2417.779
Donors (Individuals) Below Rs.5000 Total	26.782
Total	2444.561

BIOGRAPHY OF A BRAHMAJNAANI KAMAKSHI BABA [GURUJI GOVARDHAN]

PART II “THE CONQUEST” - CHAPTER XIV

“SUKHADA-HA”

[Vishnu Sahasranamam, 459th nama]
[BLESSING FOR ETERNAL BLISS]

[Bh Gita, Chapter XI, Shloka 19]

[The Lord said:

The more prominent of those divine powers of Mine I shall narrate to you, chief Kuru prince [Arjuna], for there is no end to a detailed account of all of them!]

Govardhan smiled as He heard the excited voice of Subramaniam crackling down the telephone wires all the way from Baroda. “I have found a place to live in after great difficulty!

“I have been searching for months now, and no one was willing to let their apartment out for a bachelor. But it has been well worth the wait. Can you believe it? There are eight apartments in this block, each commanding a monthly rental of not less than Rs 2500. Our apartment has been let out at a comparatively measly monthly rental of Rs 450, with a telephone connection as bonus!” Subramaniam’s tone could barely conceal the pride at swinging such an excellent bargain.

“Why should the flat owner let it out at such a low rate? Have you enquired?” Govardhan was His usual practical self.

“Of course,” was Subramaniam’s nonchalant reply. “It appears that someone here committed suicide, and therefore no one wants to occupy this flat. Does this bother you?”

“No, not at all,” was Govardhan’s firm reply as He replaced the telephone receiver, still smiling.

Govardhan had just been posted to Baroda [Vadodara, near Ahmedabad in Gujarat] in 1979 as Project manager for a prestigious railway electrification project. Since the project would take a good three or four years to complete, He had asked the project accountant, N Subramaniam, to find an accommodation that both of them could share. Subramaniam had apparently underestimated the difficulty of the task, and was understandably elated when his efforts had borne cost effective fruit!

Govardhan and Subramaniam occupied the flat. Nothing seemingly untoward happened, and over the next few months, Subramaniam could comfortably forget that the flat was supposed to harbour dark secrets. Till Govardhan had to travel to Madras [Chennai] and Subramaniam was left alone.

Subramaniam came back late that night and fell asleep in his cot. At around midnight, he was rudely woken up – he was ejected from his cot, which seemed to be shaking! As he tried to clear his sleep-enamored senses, there was a hissing sound. Something long and wiry came springing down from the ceiling. Subramaniam could barely suppress a scream as he scrambled to switch the lights on. Quaking with fear, he saw the bed still shaking violently. Suspended from the ceiling, swaying gently before his disbelieving eyes, was a serpentine inch tape! Subramaniam panicked and rushed out of the flat,

banging the door behind him.

The next morning Govardhan received his frantic telephone call. “Calm down, calm down,” Govardhan consoled the distraught Subramaniam, “ I will come there immediately.”

Govardhan entered the flat with a nervous Subramaniam in tow. “We will have to stay here till midnight,” Govardhan told Subramaniam, “ if we have to welcome our nocturnal guest.” They settled down to wait for the clock to strike twelve. A few minutes before twelve, Govardhan told a visibly upset Subramaniam, “Stay right here, inside the flat, till the phenomena reappear. I will be waiting just outside the door.”

Subramaniam blanched as the clock struck twelve, and the bed creaked and heaved. Terrorized, he turned his eyes upward to sight the inch tape scramble down in a tearing hurry. He wanted to scream, but choked in fear.

At that precise moment, Govardhan strode into the room, with a pinch of ‘kumkum’ in hand. He took one look at the undulating bed, the hovering inch tape, and Subramaniam’s horror-stricken face. In a swift movement, He threw the kumkum on the floor. “Whoever you are, present yourself before Me!” He commanded.

Subramaniam watched in transfixed consternation as Govardhan spoke to an invisible entity. “Who are you?” he heard Govardhan ask, “And why are you here?”. After a short interval, when Govardhan seemed to be listening intently to someone speaking, he heard Him give terse instructions.

Then all was quiet. After what appeared an eternity, Govardhan turned smilingly to the cowering Subramaniam. “He has left,” He stated matter-of-factly, “He will not trouble us again.”

“But who is ‘he’?” gasped the bewildered Subramaniam.

Govardhan then narrated an incredible story to him. The story of Madhavan, a young Brahmin lad from Palakkad [in Kerala].

Madhavan had trained to be a tailor specializing in ladies’ attire, and had come to Baroda in search of work. He had set up shop in the very flat that Subramaniam had hired. A Marwari girl living in the building opposite his flat was a frequent customer. Gradually, the client customer relationship promised to turn into something more serious. That is when Madhavan cautioned her. He was almost a decade older, and there was the protective Marwari community to contend with. He advised her that marriage between them would be impossible.

The girl was adamant, and confessed her love for the tailor to her parents. They were shocked and livid, and beat her up mercilessly. In anger and shame, the girl immolated herself. When he heard the news of her tragic end, Madhavan, apprehensive of the backlash and the neighbors’ reactions, hanged himself to death.

“He hanged himself in this very house,” Govardhan finished with a sigh. “He says he is staying here because he is afraid of the outside world, of some magician practicing black magic using him to do harm to others.”

“So he is still here?” Subramaniam’s eyes darted around furtively as though expecting Madhavan to pounce on him any moment.

“No. He has left. I asked him to go. To Ayodhya.”

“A...yo...dhya? What will he do in Ayodhya? What if he scares people out there?”

“He will do nothing of that sort. I have asked Madhavan to lodge himself on the steps leading to the tank of the Hanuman temple at Ayodhya. He will be under my protection against unethical magicians wanting to use him for furthering their vile ends. However, he has been strictly advised not to harm or scare anyone visiting the shrine and the temple tank.”

“But what if he disregards your instructions?”

“He will not,” Govardhan said emphatically. “He knows that the moment he leaves the water he is vulnerable to attack by black magic. He also knows that many great souls visit the temple precincts at Ayodhya and their very presence will cleanse him. Till he is destined to live in this form, he will be out of harm’s way. His good deeds and great people’s blessings will ensure that he is born again into a spiritual and wealthy family.”

Needless to say, Govardhan and Subramaniam continued to live in the same house till the project was completed and the time came for the project team to leave Baroda.
