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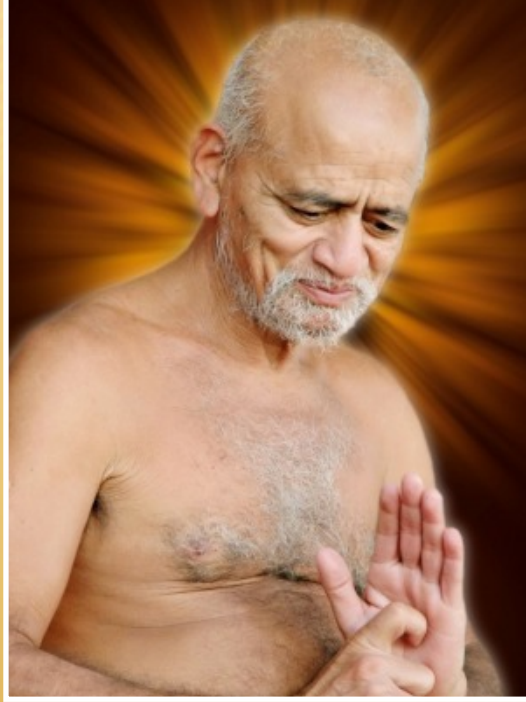
अहिंसा परमो धर्मः



# THE MUTE CLAY

An epic story of a strong, pure spirit

Translation of the Hindi epic *Mook Maati*



Author : Acharya Vidyasagar

Translator : Omprakash Biyani Bhaarati

Special biopic edition



### **About the Book**

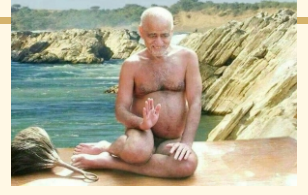
In this tumultuous and at the same time reflective story, the mute clay is a symbol. It represents an individual who ardently seeks her release from a life of ignorance and sin. She submits herself to her illuminator and destiny-shaper, an expert potmaker, and goes through purgatorial fires. The clay is moulded with great loving care into an auspicious pot. But this is only half of the journey and the beginning of adventures to uphold the righteous and down the devil. The passage before and after the clay's transformation is peopled with forces lined up for and against. The narrative exposes the reader to lessons from Jain scripture, nay all scripture.



*Blessings  
of  
My Mother  
Manorama Jain*

*Dr. Manju Jain*

## What they say about the translation...



The translation is very commendable and high quality.

– Acharya Vidyasagar (the author)

The translation is melodious, pleasant to read, racy and does justice to the high philosophical content of the original. In brief, it is world-class.

– Dr. Bhagchandra Jain

D. Litt. (Hindi) on *Mook Maati*; D. Litt. (Sanskrit), D. Litt. (Pali-Prakrit),



It reveals a grasp of the original and is faithful to its spirit. Translation requires a command of both the languages, and this work has come out extremely fine.

– Dr. Kusum Patoria, D. Litt. (Sanskrit), Hindi poet  
Former Professor, Dept. of Sanskrit, Nagpur University



This is a very reader-friendly translation.

– Dr. Rajlaxmi Hebsur

Former Sr. Lecturer, Bahrain Training Institute, Bahrain



The prose of the translation has a cadenced flow of natural music.

–Dr. Pronoti Chuckerbutty

Former Principal, P.W.S. College, Nagpur



The translator has a keen insight and is able to feel the soul of the poem.

–Dr. Subashree Mukherji

Assistant Professor of English, Kamala Nehru College, Nagpur



Revered Vidyasagarji could not have got a better translator.

–Dr. Sudha Iyer

Former Head (English),  
Vasantnao Naik Institute of Arts & Social Sciences, Nagpur

Happily recommended.

–Dr. Shernavaz Buhariwala

Former teacher of English in New York, English poet



It is compared to 'Savitri of Shri Aurobindo' –Lisa Lakshmi, Auroville from France

It looks like Shakespeare's Language

Mr. Ajay Gokhale SYNERGEX INTERNATIONAL PVT LTD





*108 Acharyashri  
Vidyasagarji with  
Munisangh  
in Nemavar  
(MP)*



*Honourable Barack Obama  
President of United States  
releasing picture of Tirthinkar  
Bhagwan Mahavir.*

Oxford University has selected TIRTHNKAR BHAGWAN MAHAVIR as second great person born on this earth. For most important persons during the last ten thousand years



*Young  
Munisangh  
of 108 Acharya  
Vidyasagarji*



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Author : Acharya Vidyasagar

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Name of Publisher to be printed



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The author of this book is  
Acharya Vidyasagar-ji  
and it is an English translation  
of his Hindi epic *Mook Maati*

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Resources for this effort are by  
Shri Sandeep Jain & Dr Ms Manju Jain,  
who have also put in their heart and soul.

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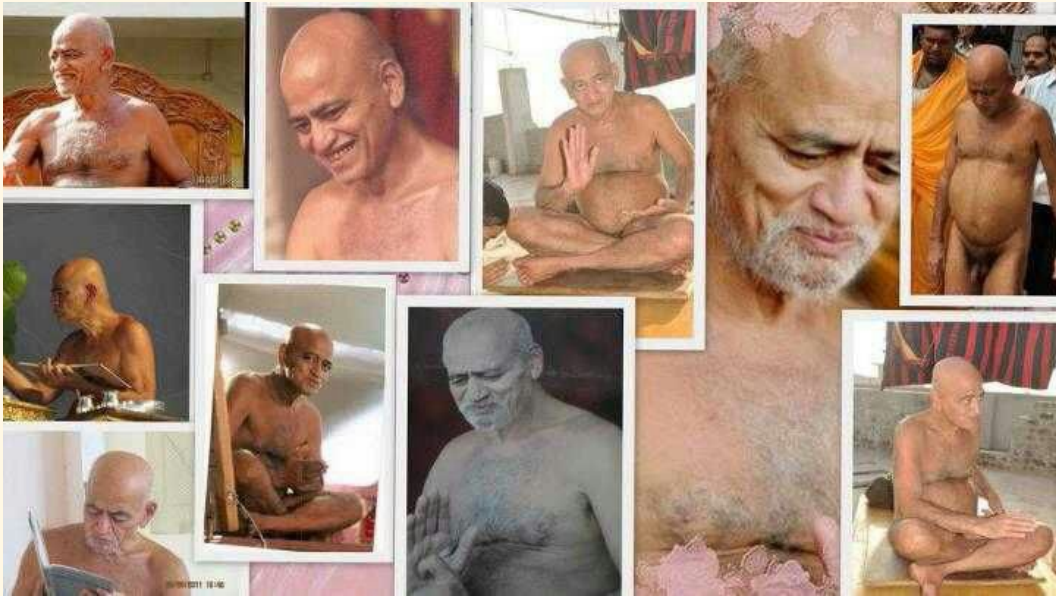
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*logo of Bhaktamar*

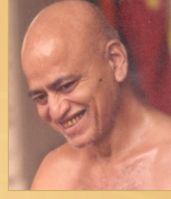


***Acharyashri ji in different moods.***

**Note:** The matter at the start of each section in bold print is a summary of the section. The numbers in square brackets refer to the page nos. of the Hindi original Mook Maati (Bharatiya Jnanpith, New Delhi: 2003).



### About the Author



Acharya Vidyasagar (b. 10 October 1946) is Kannada by birth but uses Hindi proficiently as also Sanskrit, Prakrit, Kannada, Marathi and English. Initiated as a Jain naked monk by his guru Acharya Gyansagar on 22 November 1972, in the lineage of Acharaya Shantisagar, he has numerous disciples himself. He has written extensively in Hindi and Sanskrit, and his other publications include *Narmada-ke Narm Kankar* (Soft Grains of the Narmada), *Guruvani* (Guruspeak), several collections of discourses, and a number of shataks (collections of a hundred verses) on spiritual themes. He has also translated about twenty religious books in verse form. Presently he grooms his disciples, discourses, and inspires religious and social activities.

### About the Translator

Omprakash Biyani Bhaarati (b. 2 June 1955) was a professor of English at SIES College, Mumbai and Dhanwate National College,



Nagpur. He is an internationally published and awarded poet and fiction writer, writing in Hindi, English and Marathi. He also writes for the audio-visual media, with a strong spiritual bias. He has translated Swami Ranganathananda, Ramakrishna Mission global president's Upanishad commentary into Hindi. His religious writings include *Raamaayan for Bright Young Hearts*, *Vandalalaya* (a collection of aaratis) and *Mahavir ko Smar* (a collection of Jain hymns).



# Preface

## The Story Analyzed

This epic portrays on a cosmic canvas the trials of lowly clay in trying to attain stardom of the spirit. One fine morning she laments her sin-splattered state – all too human, of course – and tearfully prays to her mother the earth for a way out. A strong will creates its own vibrations in space and authors circumstance. The mother reassuringly prophecies that her shaper, her destiny-maker, will take her in his fold within a day. And so he does. The guru is an exalted soul, free from passions, kind of heart, but an uncompromising taskmaster.

Then begins the process of digging the clay, transporting it on donkey-back, sifting it, kneading it, shaping it into a pitcher on a wheel, inscribing it with scriptural symbols and messages, and heating it in the dire flames of a kiln. As this takes place, we meet a gallery of characters – some cooperating, some raising heckles, some obtruding, some warring – and a constant struggle goes on all the way between favourable and adverse forces.

The motives and arguments of these characters enable the story to elucidate many types of false perception as well as to bring to life entities with varying degrees of spiritual aura: the donkey that carries the clay comes across as a quiet collaborator; the fish in the potter's well that wants to be metamorphosed instantly into a swan as an impatient aspirant; the sea that scents the rise of a good soul with jealous intolerance as an arch-evil in the order of things; and the sun who counterattacks the sea as a stalwart keeper of goodness. The clay is enlightened enough even at the start of her journey to preach the misarguing grains and the overeager fish. But in advising a greedy king, she oversteps her limit and comes in for a mild reproof from her guru not to preach to one's elders. This foible gives the clay another humanizing touch.

The asphyxiating heat in the kiln and the vicious, viscous smoke drive the very life out of the pitcher. He wails for relief, for water, for dear life. This comes as still another humanizing touch in the characterization of the epic hero who might otherwise cross into the realm of an embodiment of goody-goody perfection.

After the clay's transformation into a pitcher, one more major character is introduced – a rich, benign, Godward merchant. He dreams an auspicious dream about a pitcher and sends his man to buy one. This is a second instance of a worldwide web connecting our destinies in the sphere of thought. Omens and presentiments very much exist to presage what is to be. The pitcher becomes

instrumental in the merchant feeding a pure saint, whereby he earns high merit. This saint is another character (after the potter) from the class of divinized souls. Significantly, the pitcher surrenders his residual ego at this saint's feet. The rest of the nail-biting story concerns the calamities that befall the merchant and his family from the quarter of terroristic forces at home and abroad, and how the victims put up a struggle with the pitcher's help.

Obviously, the potmaker's investment of labour and his blessings to the pitcher are meant to be a gift to the society, to uphold the righteous and put down the uppish, but in no case to reject any creature or condemn one. The victory of goodness is meant to assimilate the unfortunate forces of evil and enlighten them. Spiritual regeneration has for its aim not an escape into meditative trance but an active involvement in the woe and weal of suffering humanity, nay, imperilled creature-kind.

### ***The Mute Clay as an Epic***

The classical Indian criteria for defining an epic and the western ones coincide to a large extent. According to Indian aesthetics, an epic should tell of the mighty deeds of the leader of an era; should detail the life of a nation; should involve demonic or supernatural forces, though ordinary human life should predominate; should contain several subplots, incorporate warfare, long journeys, competitions, debates, discussions on destiny; and should be written in a style that is simple and straight but at the same time appealing, forceful and solemn.

According to *Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms*, an epic in western aesthetics is "a narrative poem on a grand scale and in majestic style concerning the exploits and adventures of a supernatural hero (or heroes) engaged in a quest or a serious endeavour. The hero is distinguished above all men by his strength and courage, and is restrained only by a sense of honour." The *Columbia Encyclopaedia* says, "Some of the conventions, followed by epic writers in varying degrees, include a hero who embodies national, cultural or religious ideals and upon whose actions depends to some degree the fate of the people; a course of great and difficult deeds; the intervention of supernatural or divine powers; concern with eternal human problems; and a dignified and elaborate style."

In India, classical Sanskrit epics of the Ramayan and Mahabharat, which tell of the deeds of Lord Ram and Lord Krishna respectively, belong to the divine

category. Kalidas's *Raghuvansh* also narrates the tale of Lord Ram and so does Gosvami Tulsidas's epic *Sriramcharitmanas*. *The Mute Clay* is of a different type, though. It unfolds the drama of the clay's spiritual practice – *saadhanaa* – and then of her adventures in her empowered state.

If we juxtapose *The Mute Clay* with the pre-Christian mega-stories such as Homer's Greek poems *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and Virgil's Latin poem *Aeneid*, the one major common feature of them all is warfare involving supernatural forces. But *The Mute Clay* is about the rise from ordinary to sublime. Our epic's storyline is also of a different type from that of modern epics such as Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Milton's *Paradise lost* and *Paradise Regained*. It has inventively given a new scope to this literary form.

*The Mute Clay* is an epic according to both Indian and western criteria, though one without an exact precedent. It extends the scope of the term while incorporating its defining features. If one were to seek parallels with Lord Ram's or Krishna's story, there is in our present epic a too long and elaborate treatment of the clay's time with her guru. Such lengthy accounts of the avatars' ashram life do not occur in the divine epics. Moreover, the mute clay does not have an avataric status but is like the person next door, with a hidden potential not normally suspected in her. She turns out to be an outstanding specimen of humanity of her time and circumstance. It is a democratic epic that could happen in our time. References to contemporary newsmakers such as Indian satellites Aryabhata and Rohini and even the Reagan-related Star Wars suggest this. And yet the imagery is taken from rustic and natural world, meticulously free from the use of technological achievements of our time in communication, transport, electricity, etc.

If one were to draw parallels with Wordsworth's autobiographical epic-length poem *The Prelude*, our epic is also an account of an “ordinary” individual's moral and spiritual growth. But Wordsworth's poem is subtly introspective all through, with a minimal of external action. In *The Mute Clay*, on the other hand, open wars, cataclysms, schemings and counter-schemings abound, with an array of embattled characters drawn from the natural world: elements such as the earth, the sea, the river, the wind, and creatures such as the donkey, the fish, the elephants, the snakes, the whale... A few of the characters are drawn from the world of artifice, such as the golden ewer, rich foods, garments... Parts of body also become

characters, and so do abstractions such as silence, surprise and the valiant mood.

The most important antagonists appear in the human shape, though, in the form of the robbers in the wild who subvert scriptural reasoning with cussed illogic. They represent the human nadir of spiritual evolution, with their hearts full of the most resistant soil for the germination of the seed of faith such as comes naturally to the clay, the fish, the rich merchant. The message is that the ability to believe, the power to foster faith, is a gift that not everybody is endowed with, but holy company helps. But how does holy company come one's way – of its own will or through aspiration – is an eternal conundrum.

### **A Note on the Translation**

The original Hindi is textured with a superabundance of verbal figures of speech – puns, alliterations, internal rhymes, inversions – which cannot obviously be translated, especially into a language from another linguistic family. No attempt has been made to twist English to achieve corresponding effects. Only, at places the word-play in the original has been brought out in plain prose, only to give a sample taste of what the Hindi is like. More of it would have hindered the flow without enriching the text. In fact even the line-breaks to give the translation “a poetic look” have been avoided. You could say therefore that this translation has the look of a novel in poetic prose, and what makes the prose poetic is the intensity of feeling and the imaginative quality. After Walt Whitman's poetry with the looks of conventional prose and Rabindranath Tagore's self-translation of *Gitanjali*, “prose sentences” are finding greater acceptance in the poetic canon, and now there is a regular school of poetry wherein the looks are of prose. It is the librarian's lookout therefore to classify this work as poetry or prose. While the choice of the prose-form presentation derives from a desire to be simple, it equally derives from a desire to make the work look less forbidding to a poetry-shy generation!

To minimize the reader's awe at the prospect of negotiating a slow-moving, highly decorative, philosophically dense text, the summary – or the “argument” as in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* – has been extracted sectionwise and printed in bold type. Such an aid also appears in the

Valmiki Ramayan published by Gita Press, Gorakhpur. The sections have been numbered, too, to facilitate referencing. The device of summarizing should, along with the simplicity of the prose, greatly enhance the reading comfort of what is universally regarded as a highly complex poem.

### **The Author on His Work**

Jain naked monk Acharya Vidyasagarji clarifies in his interview to Prabhakar Machve, reproduced with the critical essays on the Hindi epic in *Mook Maati Meemansa* (Bharatiya Jnanpith, New Delhi: 2003) that the work was created in order to elucidate certain fundamental principles of Jainism. He comments on Jainism's tenets explicitly in Canto IV, when the craftsman inscribes the newly wrought pitcher with the seed words *hee* (representing absolutism, which is despicable) and *bhee* (symbolizing relative pluralism, which is adorable). But the author's meaning flows through every pore of the text, through the twists and turns of the plot and through the debates and discussions all the way. The author's attitude to various characters is fairly obvious and his own comments also help to illuminate his stand. The earth, the potter, the clay and the saint can be counted as his major spokespersons.

The author tells us that the theme was spontaneously and intuitively conceived. He had not read any Hindi epics when he composed the present one, only his gurudeo Acharya Gyansagarji's Sanskrit epics such as *Jayodaya*, *Veerodaya* and *Sudarshanodaya*.

The work was composed between 1984 and 1987.

### **The Title of the Translation and the Element of Personification**

In the Hindi title *Mook Maati*, “mook” means “silent, speechless, mute”, while “maati” means “soil, clay, earth”. In the epic we are faced with that aspect of “maati” which can be shaped into a pitcher. “Soil” connotes the earth in which a seed grows. But you cannot say “a soil pitcher”. That reduces the choice to *earth* and *clay*. We say “an earthen pitcher” as well as “a clay pitcher”. But then *earth* brings to mind not only clay but this planet as well. Moreover, the earth is a character in the epic. So, to say “The Mute Earth” would have been inadvisable.

Hence the choice inevitably falls on *clay*. As for the Hindi qualifier “*mook*”, the most exact word for it is “mute”. One is mute by necessity, out of debility or helplessness, as is the case with the clay in the story. “Silent” and “speechless” indicate either temporary states or maybe a choice.

The different styles of translation by the two earlier translators and this translator can be seen in this random sample from the opening of the epic:

a) In the limit-less void above

blueness is spread....

and here.... Below...

total silence prevails.

The night is passing away

and the dawn is coming on..

– Gyan Chand Biltiwala, Bhagwan Rishabhdev Granthmala Publishers, Jaipur 2005

b) In the boundless space

A bedding of bluishness,

And ...hither...underneath

Prevails absolute silence,

The night is touching its termination

The dawn is now attaining its arrival

– Lal Chandra Jain, Bharatiya Jnanpith Publishers, New Delhi: 2010

c) A blue tint fills the limitless void above, while here, down below, sheer silence prevails. The night is on its way out and the dawn is about to set in.

– Omprakash Biyani Bhaarati

Since animals, things and abstractions become characters in the story, and since they all have masculine and feminine genders in Hindi, the translation uses *he* and *she* for them as in Hindi. The genders of the characters are inseparable from their roles, hence it was felt necessary to retain their genders. The lead character clay, when it becomes a pot, changes in Hindi from *she* to *he*. This too has been retained.

The tense of the narration changes in the original from past to historical present quite frequently. This feature has been retained in the translation. And although the original Hindi did not have quotation marks at certain places, they have been assumed wherever necessary for the logic of the story. It seems that the Hindi version expects the reader to supply them on his own. But in English there is already a distancing of culture, and hence this facility has been provided.

### **Thanksgiving**

I am grateful to the author Acharya Vidyasagarji Maharaj for asking me to do this translation. My special thanks to Prasadsagarji Maharaj. I heartily thank my friend the late Dr. V.K. Jain who introduced me to the author and Dr. Mrs. Manju Jain for her enthusiasm in getting the translation published. Thanks also due to Sri Rajendra Patoria, Dr. Smt. Kusum R. Patoria, Dr. Bhagchandra Jain and Dr. Vrishabh Jain for various types of help and support. I also thank the scholars and critics for their learned feedback.

I shall be grateful for any suggestions to improve the translation.

**Omprakash Biyani Bharati**

## Dedication

The translation is dedicated to Lord Mahaveer

### Lord Mahaveer: Zero Violence

Son of your mother's ecstatic dream  
That presaged a perfect soul,  
You fronted a vicious cobra with a face serene.  
An elephant on the rampage stood still on the road.  
With an unstoppable will to redeem man  
You gave up palace as well as clothes in your quest.  
You did austerities only a divinity can,  
By virtue of your pains, our sins are redressed.

We rejoice in your victory over worldliness,  
We discover endless depths in what you say.  
Life is truly life when we kill all violence.  
Could we take this, only this, dictum, pray?

Peace percolates from your lofty still heights.  
Your nirvana is a day of sparklers and lights.

Omprakash Biyani Bhaarti



*Samadhi of Muni Shanti Sagarji Maharaj (41 Years old) on 13 th August 2014*



*108 Acharyashri Vidyasagarji Munisangh performing rituals of Divine Soul-Moksha*



*Procession of Muni Shanti Sagarji Maharaj in Vidisha (MP)*

# CANTO I : Not Sinking but Rising in Caste

## Section 1

**Summary :** On a beautiful morning, the mute clay wakes up with a sense of being a sinner, living a worthless life. She with all her heart prays to her mother, the earth, for a way out. The earth soulfully assures her of her worth and tells her to strengthen her faith, cautioning her against slip-ups.

[1]\* A blue tint fills the limitless void above, while here, down below, sheer silence prevails. The night is on its way out and the dawn is about to set in.

The sun has awoken but is still turning about in his mother's soft lap, his face covered with her sari-end.

The east is sporting a gentle smile. Her sari-end is off her head and she looks painted as if with flying vermilion dust. She looks charming, brother...

[2] The lotus keeps herself shyly veiled, wishing to ward off the touch of the sun's hand on its pollen. She covers up with her petals her enamoured look.

And look, here, a half-opened lotus cannot even see with her open eyes the light of the setting moon. Conquest of jealousy is not possible for everyone. In women it is particularly rare.

Evanescent stars – frail maidens all – are following their husband, the moon, like his own shadows. And lest the sun see them, they hide far away, where the directions end, moving after their lord.

A gentle, fragrant wind is blowing and saying, “Life is a flow [3] Hay, this is twilight, isn't it? A fragrance pervades all quarters from end to end. What opportunity more precious for me than this?”

There is no moon, nor night. No sun, nor day. The directions are blind. No outsiders can smell this secret development. How can they conceive an evil design?

And here, in front, the river which is fast sliding towards the boundless sea, cannot hear this news. For, a wayfarer on the holy path does not look back – neither bodily, nor mentally.

[4] And the hesitant riverside clay, bashful and beautiful, opens her heart to mother earth:

“I am a fallen maiden, crushed by others, and trampled upon by mean sinners. Mother, I've no joy, I'm all sorrow, I am abandoned by everyone with

\* The square brackets refer to the page nos in the Hindi original, Bharatiya Jnanpith, New Delhi, 2003.

contempt. To whom shall I speak of this untold pain? I sit directionless. My fate-line is devoid of brave portents, it's weak, perverse.

“Oh these troubles and tortures! How many agonies do I suffer, and how many more are there to follow, and for how long? I don't know if they will ever terminate.

“With every breath, I close my nostrils and drink a draught in which pain is dissolved. And lest [5] others suffer on seeing me, I've drawn a veil over my face. That's how I hide my suffocation even if I drink dreadful draughts. I keep drinking them. I am living only in the name.

“When will I be relieved of this kind of life? When will this body be dissolved? Please tell her, mother.

“Will her life find elevation? Will it be humbled by an access of countless virtues? Find a solution, mother. Take away the malady, dear.

“And listen, don't take too long. Give me feet, give me a path, and the provision for journey, mother.”

Then silence rules for a few moments. The pair gaze at each other without batting their eyelids. [6] The earth gazes at the clay, and the clay at the earth. And their eyes are focused far, deep, deep inside, and there they are fixed.

Now the mother slowly breaks her silence. Her eyes become simpler, more compassionate, revealing a heart rich in emotion. On her large creaseless forehead that is free from any crookedness, solemn signs begin to appear.

On her rosy cheeks, tears of gathering joy rain ceaselessly. The empty feeling of separation, of want, of alienation, begins to recede gradually. Call it duty or call it initiative, [7] there simply develops a feeling of deep intimacy between the two.

And the courage-powered earth is drawn to say something, being attracted by the clay before her. See how she addresses the clay in warm words:

“Existence is imperishable, child. In every existence there are countless possibilities of rise and fall. Like the poppy seed, the seed of the banyan is also quite tiny.

“When sown in the right field, and nurtured by timely manure, wind, and waters, it sprouts; and within a brief time, assumes the gigantic form of a banyan tree.

“In this verily lies its greatness. Such is its quality. Existence is imperishable, it is resplendent, child. First of all you will have to inhale this mysterious scent [8]

with the nose of faith. Do you follow?

“And consider this scenario, too. What an obvious matter! The clear rain-water streaming down from the clouds becomes turbid when mingled with the dust on the earth, and turns into mud. If these streams come in contact with margosa roots, they turn into bitter juices. And when these very streams fall into the sea, they are termed salt-bearing, my child.

“Again, these same rain-drops, when enclosed in oysters during the asterism of aructurus, turn into glistening pearls. Such are the fates of the water from the skies.

“A person is moulded by the company she keeps. And as is one's mental mould, so are the bends of life all the way. This is the rule, age after age, creation after creation.

[9] “As such, when your life is regulated by faith, the path itself becomes your guide, gives you a call, and marches with you like a companion. The fingers of the seeker then play on the strings of faith, give meaning to his life, and produce a melody beyond the sum of the notes. Do you follow, child?

“What's more, the fact that you deem yourself fallen, the lowest of the low, is a never-before event. Because, you have certainly recognized the lord, the mightiest of all. Your farsight reflects the presence of the holy one.

“To recognize the false rightly, my child, is to have an awareness of the true.

[10] “A feel of the nether depths of fall is a tribute to sublime heights.

“But child, this is far from enough. To internalize faith, and to experience faith, you have to gladly mould your spirit.

“The tall mountain peak is visible even from the base, but it is impossible to touch it unless your feet climb that way.

“O yes, there is no way out without faith. Without the root, there is no top. But when have flowers bloomed from the root? The fruits swing only on the crest.

[11] “Indeed, that's so. Don't consider this to be a mere sport, my child, but the fruit of long, long labour.

“Your faith may be stable and firm, especially firm, yet in the early stages of spiritual practice – saadhanaa – you are much threatened by the possibility of a fall. A man may be healthy and mature, but he does slip on a rock covered with moss.

“Moreover, a fall is possible even after continuous practice. A master cook may have been making bread daily for years, but why is his first bread hard? So listen. Don't be afraid of effort, nor laze.

“In the course of your saadhanaa, you may dip into valleys; [12] even a minor adversity may, like a cobra's hiss, unbalance your sky-high evenness of mind. The wayfarer may lose her way, sigh and despair. In such circumstances, why won't the bird of good sense fly off? Why won't the crone of anger roar? What can develop except misery when you slip down from your saadhanaa?

“Hence you have to give up any thought of hitting back. You have to give up any designs of transgression. Or else both these misdeeds will, as time passes, come in the way of the nurture of faith.

“There is one more thing I wish to say. [13] To accomplish a plan, it is unmanly to await a propitious time. Because then you are still in the sphere of desires, which slows down your progress. Similarly, to avoid inauspiciousness is, indirectly, to invite hate and that makes the mind turbid.

“Sometimes, for want of pace and progress hope droops low; forbearance, courage and enthusiasm dip down; you grow sad. But, when a person is situated in faith, regulated by holy do's and don'ts, and he acts enterprising, then these things prove to be a boon, not a curse.

“And listen. Not only sweet curd but even sour curd [14] necessarily yields butter upon proper churning.

“What I have said proves only this, blessed child, that a struggling life, as a rule, results in joy. That is why I remind you time and again, my dear, that a child's early signs of character are seen in how far it obeys the dicta of holy men and women.”

And a silence prevails for some moments.



Inauguration of the 3rd School : Pratibhasthali at Ramtek  
“Let the goodness spread - far and wide”

**The clay feels lighter, and now the earth tells her that her guru, the potter will come the next morning and turn her into a saint. All she must do is surrender herself totally to him.**

The silence is broken by the clay, who, moist with feeling, pronounces: "May my life be guided by what you've said. I feel overwhelmed, ma. I feel light, [15] and I have glimpsed something.

"I've sensed something that is invisible to the outward eye and not on display in the physical world, which touches the inside. Your moving words are unheard before.

"When nature – prakriti, and the supreme soul – purush, unite, and when deformity and sin combine, then the subtlest third element is born within the human soul. No telescope can sight it. One's farsight brings it into view. It is one's karmic burden, mother.

"The clustering of karmas, and their subsequent dissociation from the soul, with the feeling of mine and yours, [16] depends on whether you have a sense of attachment or evenness of mind. This is what you have told her and this she has registered. It amounts to a religious churning in her, mother.

"Who pays heed to this creativity of consciousness? Who is aware of the mutability of consciousness? Indeed, who takes interest in discussing it? Who listens to it whole-heartedly? Who has the time to devote to it? A life devoid of faith is a country covered with leather, mother."

"Wonderful! Thank you, child. The sense, the import of what I said has sunk into your soul. Now I don't worry at all. Tomorrow morning you have to inaugurate your journey. The potter will come in the morning to change you from a sinner to a saint, [17] you will have to bow at his comforting feet in self-surrender. You have to start your journey under his guiding care, your life to come will glitter like gold. You are not to labour, rather he will labour over you. You have to simply gaze steadily at his service, workmanship and art.

"You have to start your journey.

"Day and night you have to merely keep a watch over your powers that are dormant for their own reasons, and over the fickle fancies of the mind.

"You have to launch on your journey."

**After a restless wait, the magnificent dawn of her renewal arrives.**

The day somehow went by in rumination and discussion talk but...

[18] The n...i...g...h...t goes on and on.

The earth is soundly asleep, while the clay is sleepless.

She is turning over, waiting for the dawn.

The clay looks upon even the n...i...g...h...t as the morn. When the pangs of sorrow subside, the sorrow, too, looks like joy. It is the result of your feeling – a useful observation this!

Finally, the moment arrived on which she had lidlessly set her eyes. The clay welcomed the moment and exclaimed:

“Many a morning have I seen, but [19] never in the past have I found a morning like this. And the morning, using a light red ink, writes something on the dark back of the night – that here is the last night and here the very first morning, that here is the last body, and here the primeval colossus.”

And the dawn, from an excess of joy, makes a gift to the night of a sari dyed in the light green of delicate young leaves. And the night honours the morning with a gentle smile, as a sister honours a brother.



Dr Vilas S. Sapkal, Hon. Vice Chancellor, Rashtrasant Tukdoji Maharaj Nagpur University ( R.T.M.N.U. ), Nagpur receiving copy of 'The Mute Clay'. V.C. announcing to take up 'The Mute Clay' as a subject for research studies at the R.T.M.N.U.

**On this morning, auspicious omens occur for the good and the opposite for the evil.**

Here, the river carries to the bank countless wreaths of countless flowers afloat, outshining the waves' silver glow [20] and mocking at it. These flowers, sent by the river, fall at the clay's feet.

It is a rare, rewarding sight when the river, in the guise of foam, spills, as it were, curds from auspicious and smiling urns, held by the river banks who are all standing with them...

And look at this! The earth, with the dewdrops on leaves of grass, acts like an ebullient river; and in the earth's gentle core wakes up a surge of compassion which marvellously thrills every limb of hers, making her break out into a natural dance.

[21] Today, one can see in the dewdrops an energetic enthusiasm, and cheery smiles, and good sense.

Today, one can see, in the moments of vigour, an illumination and detachment, and growth and seamless contentment.

Today, one can see in angry minds the dejection of the god of carnal love, and signs of their destruction, and loss of their consciousness.

Today, one can see in the grains of faults, asphyxiating torture, a diminution of being, and a revelation of a bundle of base qualities.



Acharyashri before  
the holy rituals





**The traveller on the path of spiritual self-reinvention makes her first fumbling step.**

After all, today the journey is set to commence. Even while the traveller makes her first step where the path begins, [22] at the end of the path something begins to pulsate; a disturbance is set in motion.

From the traveller's nonviolent sole, a communication flows that is quick like electricity. And success stands up at the end of the passage, waiting humbly and respectfully for the traveller who had been sleeping for ages, sunk in despair.

When two parties' thoughts match and their customs are similar, communication gets better. Else it is distorted.

Proper communication is marked by a purposive movement like that of a fluent river-stream firmly held in place by solid banks and heading for its goal.

[23] Listen! The special thing on this subject is that a feeling of having a right on the receiver of message is a misuse of one's communicative power, and fails in its aim. On the other hand, a feeling of cooperation amounts to its good use and makes it meaningful.

Communication is the manure that nourishes and strengthens the plant of good feelings, makes it cheerful. Communication is the fodder which satisfies the hunger for the knowledge of the principles.

Indeed, one has to accept, too, that in the initial stage, the means of communication as a part of saadhana appear to be something of a burden, somewhat meaningless, and produce a painful strain on the mind.

[24] But, the later stage is just the opposite. Even a seasoned writer writing with a new nib necessarily finds it rough at the start; however, by dint of use, the nib smoothens and the handwriting becomes comparatively neat. And then the pen becomes a servitor and a companion of thoughts. Towards the end, the pen floats as it were on the current of the thoughts. This, we can say, is the common law.



Acharyashri with his Guru Gyansagar :  
The FAITH moves on from the revered Guru to his Disciples

**Amid cheerful portents, the clay's guide and guard for the times to come, the potter, appears on the scene.**

Look at this! What is it? A sign of an auspicious event. [25] An alertly wide-eyed deer wakes from slumber, jumps from field to field, field to field, and speedily crosses the path. It disappears far into the distance.

One remembers the saying: "From left to right a deer runs across/ Ram goes to Lanka and is home victorious." The clay sees in the distant valley someone known or unknown. His laborious steps are coming towards her. The simple clay is puffed with joy and looks on lidlessly towards the valley.

[26] In the morning itself, she is overcome with a surge of delight. And now those steps have come near, the distance closes in. Slowly the scene condenses and thickens, and the large skyey expanse fades from sight. When the eye zeroes in on a dear one close at hand, all else goes out of focus.

What blessedness! A face appears before her that is imbued with unique feelings, boundless zeal.

The one whose forehead this is, is not a child but a grown-up, and he is large of heart and a storehouse of great luck. Listen, [27] it is a forehead that is never tense or burdened.

He is a man of a steady, strong will, one who does not even for a moment like to chatter idly. He is an expert craftsman. Taking the clay scattered as particles, his craft gives it various shapes.

The government does not levy taxes on him because through his craft he is always free from the offence of thieving.

Leave entirely alone any misuse of money, this craftsman does not even handle the spending of money. His craft makes him rich. He has not degenerated his culture since the beginning of the age. [28] It is a spotless craft and he is an expert craftsman.

At the beginning of the age, he was named the potter – kumbhakaara. Etymologically, in Hindi it means the lucky luck-bringer. In reality, although it is his own self that he fashions in whatever he crafts, tradition calls him a potter.

**The potter, a liberated soul, offers his salutation to the divine at the start of his work.**

Well, now the potmaker, at the start of his work, makes an obeisance to the holy syllable AUM. As for his ego, he has already got rid of it. He is free from the feeling of being the doer [29] and is established in his duty.

O aya, these tendencies need to be absorbed till the job is accomplished.



A few glimpses in the day of revered 108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji at Ramtek

**The potter digs the clay, packs her into a bag, and loads the bag on his helpmate, a kindly donkey.**

Oh, oh, what is this! What kind of duty is this? Who ordered it? What is its purpose? A cruel, hard pick-axe hits at the clay head-on. The pick-axe digs deep into the soft clay. Is it the clay's merciful nature that has attracted the pick-axe's mercilessness? Are mercy and mercilessness close friends? If not, why don't we hear an agonized cry from the clay's lips?

[30] And why doesn't the clay see red? Is this the secret of achieving majesty? It seems that barring some exceptions, you cannot rightly meet the inner person by observing the outward actions. And you cannot live by taking wrong decisions, either. Thus life proceeds nonstop all by itself, raising doubts and counter-doubts and answering them as best it can.

And here, the simple clay said nothing. It is being packed into a bag, both the ends of which are closed. In the middle is an opening. The simple clay is decked and ornamented like a newly-wed bride which is feeling shy, shrunken and is peeping through her veil.

[31] She peers from the bag again and again, this simple clay. This ancient custom of veiling women is dear to chaste women and yogis. Compared to it, the modern trend of wedlock-free unions is rated low.

That is why the sensitive craftsman asked the clay: "Free from baseness, your pure cheeks have something like wounds or holes on them. I feel a bit puzzled, so if you don't mind, will you kindly explain?"

For some moments the clay looks into her past and can make no answer but fetches only a deep sigh.

[32] The sigh resolved the craftsman's doubt, and faith found a body to breathe in. Nevertheless, he did not quite get her meaning and was not satisfied. The craftsman's curiosity remained. Seeing this, the clay expressed her hidden feelings in words:

"It is a tale not of rich but of poor people, not of a palace but a hut.

"In the rainy season, the roof drips and then the ground below becomes full of holes. And then all life I have had nothing but tears and more tears in these hapless eyes. [33] The tears have flown on the cheeks, so naturally they are full of

holes. And then there is a difference between the wounds of love and those of pain. Is the feeling of attachment the same as that of detachment?"

Hearing the clay's story from her own lips, the craftsman spontaneously said, "This is a true life, blessed one, this is a pure life."

And it is a changeless law that without an extreme experience you cannot have the ultimate experience. And without a vision of the ultimate, you cannot know the beginnings. It means that excess of sorrow is the end of sorrows, and the end of sorrows is the beginning of happiness.

[34] For a few moments, the craftsman stands in a fearless posture, as if consoling the clay. He then calls to his unsalaried helpmate, the donkey. This creature who used to roam about freely in the valley also takes some wages for giving his body. He likes no bondage, but is tied down by the commands of his master. He is carrying the footless clay to the master's shelter on his strong back.



The Temple of FAITH - the auspicious *Bhumipujan* at the venue of the Parvarpura Itwari Temple, Nagpur

**The clay, being unwilling to be a load on others, feels sad for the donkey and develops a sisterly kinship with him.**

On the way, the clay's eyes fall on the donkey's back. Friction with the rough bag is skinning his back. In commiseration, the clay feels stirred up deep within.

[35] The frail being of the clay constantly trembles with fear born of compassion. A companionable love blooms within and without. For this kind of feeling, not merely physical but emotional nearness is a must. Here, it is not an unconscious sympathy but a conscious and active one.

Nearness of feelings in a way bridges physical distances. And every moment the clay is sieved through the holes in the bag, and it provides the softest balm to the wounds caused by skinning. Her compassion gets warmer as she goes.

[36] Even the dry feel of the bag turns into a deep soft feel. All the same, the clay is downcast and feels averse to a journey riding on others.

And why does the clay feel so?

Because, knowing that the skinning and the inflammation is on account of her, she sort of burns in penitential fires.

And how can there be any rest for compassion in such a heart? She could no more bear the donkey's agony, and by means of the tears she wept and the sweat she released, [37] she kindly wetted the whole bag.

There can be no doubt that a sensuous person ruminates only on desires and sense objects. On the other hand, in compassionate eyes, day and night only spiritual life is reflected, regardless whether life has been harsh or kind to the seer.

And to have sensitivity and feeling is what rightly distinguishes life from non-life.

But to most eyes, a show of mercy to others appears to be a sign of an outward-looking eye, of foolish attachment, of an incorrect vision of self, and remote from spirituality.

[38] Such a self-centred notion is damaging to spirituality, though.

Because, listen! The knowledge of the other via self and of self via the other is inevitable, though there may be a distinction as to which is minor and which major. When we look at the moon, the wide sky is seen, too. To be kind to others is to

remember self, which leads to kindness to self.

Along with this, one has to note that to indulge in lust is to stay attached to the world; to evolve one's compassion is liberation. The one is a fire that burns life frightfully; the other is a holy decoration that makes life stronger.

[39] And listen! Incomplete mercy and compassion is not due to partial attachment; it is thanks to partial destruction of attachment.

The circle of lust is insentient... the body. The sphere of mercy and compassion is unbounded. Compassion radiates from the conscient centre, which is sensitive by nature. It is a store of nectar.

From the stem of compassion emanates, constantly, the fragrance of justice. This being so, who can say that compassion is related to passion?

A servant of passions, obeying the senses, must be blind. A slave of the mind has to be arrogant.

Agreed that everybody is the doer in relation to his self, [40] but in relation to others the person can be a sub-doer as well as kind to him. Everybody is an instrument unto his self; unto others a person can be an apparatus or a sub-instrument, too. That is how the donkey is not blind or arrogant. He is all moist within with feeling, and his feelings easily show outside. He prays to God:

“Let my name be justified. Etymology says that I, a gada-haa, am a remover of diseases. I wish to be exactly that, nothing else.”

And what is this? It is a rare happening. The clay is surprised no end.

[41] The essence of this extraordinary event is that the flowers of feelings have bloomed, and all flowers have ripened into fruits: the clay's cheeks have become free from wounds, from holes; the skin is clear. The donkey is true to his name as “a remover of diseases”.

The kindness of the clay and the donkey is spontaneous. They appear to be twin sisters, with a natural sympathy for each other. They do not appear to be younger or older than each other.

They exemplify the time-honoured saying that living beings live by mutual concord. This is a living demo of life, rejuvenation, revival.

Even so, the kind clay declares herself to be the younger of the two.

With or without feet, a ride on a living thing is incomplete mercy, which she

does not like.

[42] And she holds her breath, as though reducing her weight and gazes towards the shelter in a waiting posture. She appears like a queen in a silver palanquin, bored, shy and hesitant, gazing towards the queenly quarters of the palace.

Here one finds the raised head of good deeds. And the clay finds her first opportunity.



Generations of the noble Faith -  
Acharya Vidyasagar-ji and Muni Viragsagar-ji, at Nagpur



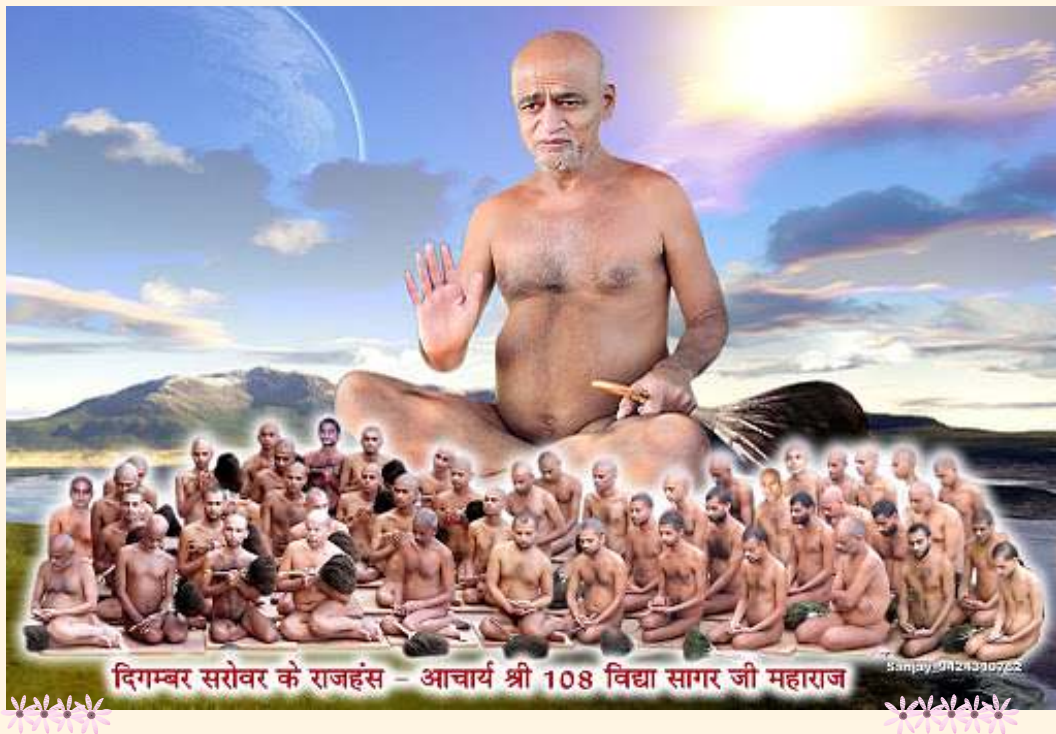
### The potter reaches the clay to his shelter.

This is the campus of the potmaker's shelter where there is hard labour going on day and night. Here there is a school for yoga, and a first rate laboratory too.

Here, every moment of time the craftsman imparts education and training, [43] which directly affects the learners' inner life.

Here he is not concerned with making a living but with making a life. History is witness to this.

Here, a downward-flowing life gets an upward turn and elevation. A lost and homeless being also becomes a support unto others! Seekers find ideals here. Centuries-old historical riddles are effortlessly solved with just a little bit of his company. And those looking for tips on a simple, sensible culture get the necessary advice without asking. Here, the sword and the ink, the tiller and the rishi, find authoritative preachments without looking for them.



A holy congregation of the Guru and his Disciples -  
in pursuit of *shanti* peace to the World

**He sieves the clay to separate it from grains, who protest their exclusion.**

[44] Well, now the clay has been unloaded in the shelter. At once, a thin-wired sieve is brought and the clay is being sieved.

The potmaker himself sieves. With his kind eyes, he soulfully looks at the fine clay coming through the sieve. With his benign, keen hands, he touches the true clay. He rejoices in body and mind without envy. Then he spontaneously utters these words:

“Blessed one! This is the crowning state of righteousness, [45] and you, being so soft, are the greatest achievement of clayhood.”

The clay is purified. The clay is spoken to. But the grains that are cast aside simmer with a justified-looking protest. Even so, they submit to the potmaker in modulated language: “Why are we being separated from the clay? Is it without reason, or is there a reason?”

To this, the potmaker gently replies: “When I use soft fine clay, of a humble caste, my craft attains splendour. When I use rough hard stuff of a proud caste, my work is scattered. Secondly, [46] I have to avoid a hybrid product of clay and grains. So I have separated you grains.”

On hearing this, the grains get inflamed. Their lips flutter. Their words get hotter than before: “Whether you talk of body or caste, it's one and the same thing. We and the clay are alike, we can't see any dissimilarity. Do you, potmaker sir? Have your eyes been surgically treated?”

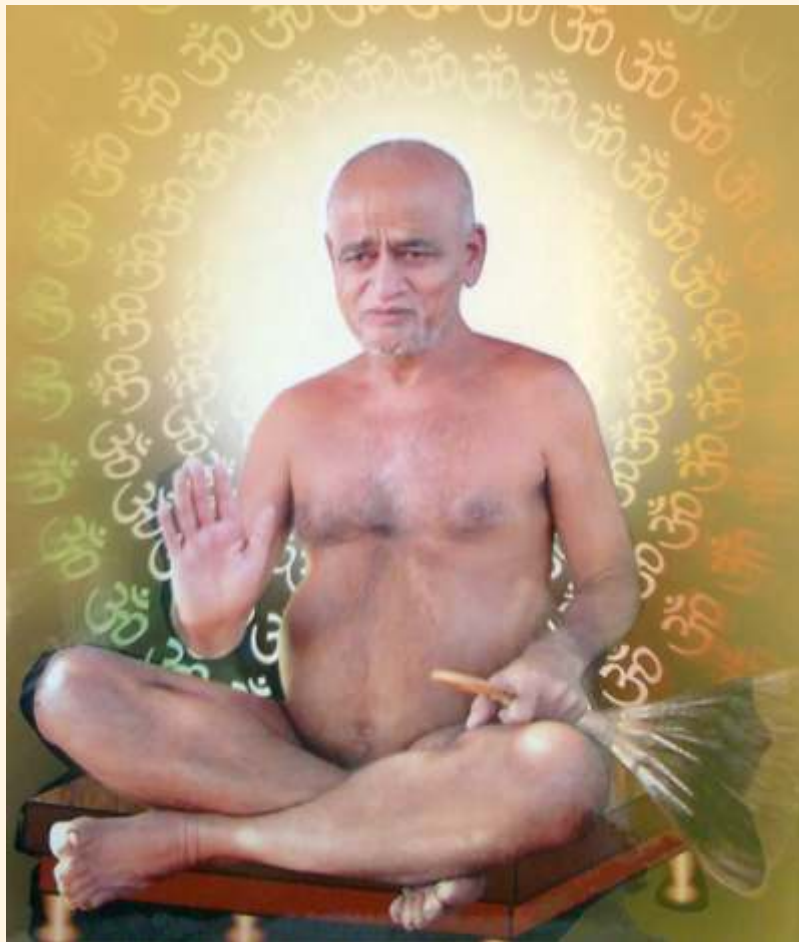
“And as for the colour, what is there to describe? Our colours are the same, and that's before you. The dark colour of Krishna is not despicable. [47] Do you hear or not? Are your ears all right? Then how can anyone talk of a colour-hybrid? We too silently worship Lord Shankar of the same colour.” And the grains fall silent.

Even on hearing these words, the potmaker does not in the least lose his temper. He presents a naturally quiet face like the earth.

He suggests, “In this context, 'colour' does not imply the skin-tone but the style and character. That is to say, the adoptee has to change to the ways and manners of the adopter. [48] Otherwise one's work is blemished with a hybrid. This is inevitable.

“However, this does not deny the very possibility of upgrading someone through cross-breeding. Water is of one caste, milk of another. Their feel, their taste, their colour – they all differ. And it is well-known that to suit one's pocket and the practice, water is added to milk, whereby water becomes milk. And listen. As for colour, cow-milk is white, and so also is the white sap of the poison-herb aak that we call 'milk'. To the plain eye, each of them is plain white, but mix them, and cow-milk will be denatured, it will turn sour, it will be hurt, so to say.

[49] “Turning water into milk is an upgradation of species, that is, of the water species, which is a blessing. Milk turning sour by addition of aak is a degradation, a curse.” Enough has been said.



Acharyashri Vidyasagar-jī showering his blessings on the followers

**The potter calmly but categorically justifies the removal of the grains, clarifying that unlike the clay they do not absorb water and swell with it. The clay advises them, too, and when they see their misarguments, she forgives them and blesses them.**

The potter speaks on, "O grains, you mingled with clay but didn't unite with it. You touched clay but didn't homogenize with it. Not only that, if one puts you into a grinder, you don't forget your qualities. You become sand, not clay.

"If irrigated with water, you get wet [50] but you don't swell. You don't acquire moisture like the clay. Is it not your shortcoming, you rascals?

"When do you have the capacity to hold water? You may be in a lake for ages, but you can't be the lake. I can't call you heartless, but you surely are stone-hearted. Even when you see others' pain and sorrow, you don't melt with compassion, such is your breast.

"All the same, saints and rishis have always advised and directed us not to scorn the sinner but the sin, not the mud-born lotus but mud. [51] O best of men! Act timely and godhood attain."

With this bitter dose from the craftsman, the grains look down upon the clay with piteous eyes. And the clay turns upon the grains with eyes awash with freedom.

The polite clay sort of advises them:

"You certainly have to explore the Universal Mother, regulate your desires, and come out of your narrow existence. What I mean is that the giving up of smallness, and aspiration for greatness, is an auspicious enterprise. A boat navigates across a seemingly shoreless sea when it has no hole in it. [52] Yet sometimes the boat trembles with fear, and this fear is not on account of water or the depth of the water but on account of the tremulous liquidity of the water. Consider the iceberg tipping above the surface of the sea, floating along the sea-currents. What a symbol of arrogance it is!

"It is a blockade to a straight journey and a symbol of vicious intents. Moreover, it consumes liquidity and becomes solidity.

"It doesn't know swimming, nor wants to swim. Unfortunately, it wants to sink things and men that float. It wants to remain in water but [53] not in a spirit of co-existence.

It wants to dispatch the world to the sea-bottom and remain on top, quite against the spirit of live and let live. O arrogant creatures! Look at water and feel some shame.

“O God witness to all, when will this arrogance be crushed?”

The flow of the clay's sermon was not broken yet. She turned from the literal to the suggestive mode of discourse:

“A seed is sown. Rains fall. The seed sprout, and within a few days a hairy waving crop stands... powerless. Now, leave alone hails, even an icy wind burns down the standing crop [54] like a fire. Water gives life, ice takes away life. Between good nature and perversity, this is the difference, as the saints say, who know all about the world and life.

“This goes to show that although the outer skin of ice is cool, inside it there is now no coolness. Surely, there has instead arisen a tendency to inflame. Consider this. You are thirsty and your throat is parched, and your eyes are burning. Suppose in this state you consume for relief ice instead of water. What happens? Your thirst gets worse and your nose waters.

[55] “This is a triumph of perversity and a case of helpless obedience to innate evil nature.

“In spite of all this, the spirit of the sea, or of the Universal Mother still does not sink the iceberg. What is the secret?

“It appears that this follows from Mother's tender affection towards her child, which is after all a part of her own race. She cannot take such a step even by mistake. She takes all burden and trouble on herself and keeps silent over it.

“Granted that separation comes into being on account of arrogance, yet one cannot deny that too low a pride leads to dishonour. But it may just be the seed for reaping high honour [56] in future.”

Thus an ironical dig was addressed to the grains in the middle of the potter's work. It touched the grains not only on the surface but also in their inner being.

At once the grains apologized saying, “No, no. We were rude. Mother, forgive us. We should not have brought this upon you.” And the host of grains wept and prayed, “You are beyond honour and dishonour, O gentle mother clay. Give us a mantra to be a diamond and precious like gold.”

On listening to the grains' prayer, the clay smiled and said, "Control your passions, [57] and walking this path you will be diamonds. You will have to follow a hard discipline of body and mind. In Hindi the inversion of the word for a traveller is a 'diamond'. You will have to burn yourself down to ash, do rigorous penance. In Hindi the inversion of the word for ash is 'true'. Then the soul-power will descend in you. Burning down your passions is the key to true achievement." With this the clay, generous like the sea, gives the grains her blessings.



The refreshing preachings of the Guru are omni-present even in the dew drops

**The potter gets ready to draw water from the well, but the rope to tie to the bucket has a stubborn knot in it. The teeth and the salivating tongue rally to loosen the knot.**

Today, the clay has to be swelled with the help of water from a pot in proper measure. [58] It has to be mixed with water and swelled. By and by she has to forget her past, her old ways. She has to be swelled today. In those particles, a new spirit has to be inspired every moment. She has to be swelled today.

For this very purpose, there is a well in the yard and the potter stands near the well with a bucket in hand. The bucket has a wavy handle to it. The potter keeps it down and unknots a snarled rope. It comes straight [59] except for a knot, and a hard knot it is.

It is necessary to remove this knot, and the craftsman's job begins. He concentrates all the energy in his thumbs and index fingers, and his breath stops.

Now, that amounts to yogic holding of breath within – kumbhak praanaayaam – without willing it. He sort of bites his lips, the veins and arteries of his arms tense up, and the skin is sort of swollen. But the knot is not untied. The thumbs have grown weaker, the index fingers are nearly senseless, and the nails are flushed with blood. But the knot does not come untied.

[60] Just then, the teeth pray to the craftsman, “Sir, grant these servants an opportunity to serve. The time demands it. We have heard the rule that when words are powerless, we use hands, and when hands are powerless we use instruments. Hence give us the rope without hesitation, sir.”

And the rope is passed on to the teeth. At once the right upper sharp tooth said to its companions, “Brother, you cannot [61] locate the joint in the knot!”

And the right lower sharp tooth feels the knot from all sides and at once dips into the depth of the joint with the help of the upper sharp tooth. The two teeth unite with each other and their strong roots gain strength from each other.

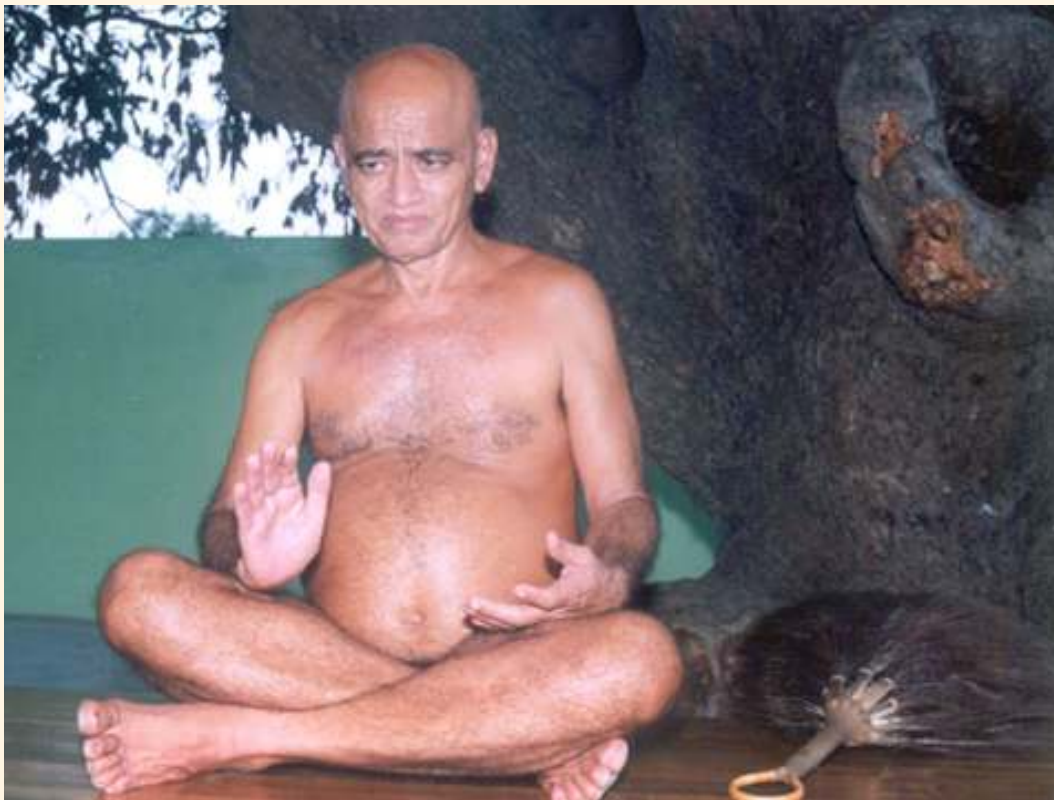
Even after this, the knot does not come untied; in fact it does not even stir while the teeth threaten to shake and their tops threaten to crack.

And look, the soft gums have been skinned in this struggle [62] and the flesh is about to peep from them.

Even the tongue got excited to see this and addressed the rope: "Today you are acting feelingless. You used to be single; you were reputed to be like grandmother and elder sister, kind and slender, but you're no longer straight. You are dense and knotty, and very obstinate.

"Give up your tantrums, loosen the knot, or else you will repent when your indivisible life is split into two."

[63] And pooh-poohing the rope's despicable act, the tongue, as if in condemnation, spits on the rope at the knot, covers it with saliva. As a result, the rope trembled at the thought of its frightful fate. And, within a few moments the knot got wet, softened down and became loose. It was wonderful! The teeth get active as they watch this success. All the upper and lower teeth together untie the knot.



Like the tree gives us the shadow,  
so the Guru gives us and guides us on the path of enlightenment



**The tongue tells the rope of the master's nonviolent ways.**

Now the rope asks the tongue curiously; “What was your master's problem with the knot?”

The tongue replies, “Listen, rope. [64] My master is a man of self-control, shy of violence. Only nonviolence is his life. He says that without self-control, a man is no man.

“Our duty is to worship nonviolence, and whenever there is a knot, violence plays its deceitful part. That is to say, a knot engenders violence.

“Only in a knot-free state does nonviolence grow up, prosper, gain strength.

“We are marchers on a knotless path. We always favour, praise and worship this path alone. May this life [65] go on in this same way in future, too.

“That's all. We wish for nothing else.

“You had fostered a hard, difficult knot. Without untying it, if a filled bucket had been hauled up, the knot would've stumbled on the wheel; the bucket would then have been sure to lose its balance, and the rope would have tripped on the wheel.

“As a result, much of the water in the bucket would surely have been spilled back into the well. The creatures living in that water would have died prematurely owing to the injuries received. How can my master commit such a sin? For this reason, it was not just necessary but essential to untie the knot. Do you see? [66] O rope, crazy thing! My friend!”



The Guru listening to a point in a community meeting

**An upward-aspiring fish in the well wants to grow out of the confines of the well and be transformed into a higher being, a swan.**

Now what has happened here? The shadow of the craftsman's smooth-smiling, happy body falls far below on the clean water where a fish was swimming freely. The fish looked up and aspired to reach higher. But it worried how its body would rise to the top. The body is material, and material things require a support – that too of moving conscious beings.

The fish says: “And listen! Maya prevails because of the body. My mind is affected by maya. [67] The mind can take the righteous path if maya is overcome.

“I'm lying in a blind well with the complex that I'm ugly. I'm like frog in the well. My fate, my mind, my circumstances are all deformed. How can I know my true form? Not a single ray of light reaches me from the top.”

A painful cry escapes the fish's mouth: “Someone take me out of the blind well and give me the form of a swan.”

But no one hears the cry. She says again, “O folks with ears, have you all grown deaf?” This cry is a cry in the wilderness, the fish thinks, and is again lost in musings.

Therein [68] she finds a ray:

“In vain musings, one loses the hope of life and goes out to eat poison; but in the lap of a firm resolve one finds the long-asleep capability to act with courage and patience.” Thus the fish was determined to come to the top.

In the fish's heart, her attachment to the perishable body loosens and an aspiration to attain divinity rises. She is detached, now. How much longer would she stay in love with water? Her attraction is instantly gone. She had found a sanctuary, her fears have vanished.

This marked in the fish's life [69] the beginning of a blessed victory.



The Guru is omni-present in the five *tatvas* ( elements ) of LIFE

**The other fish are happy enough with their limited existence.**

Now the task ahead is taken on. The craftsman whose limbs were well-disciplined and hands trained in self-control, took charge of himself. He tied a bucket to the rope's end and slowly lowered it into the well so as to avoid injury to fish and other water creatures. This is done in order to avert a karmic backlash to the spirit here as well as hereafter, now as well as later on.

[70] Wow! The fish's resolve appeared to fructify within no time. Her hopeful, quiet eyes, wanting to see the dream come true, look upward. A sort of airplane seemed to land with the inscriptions: "Kindness is the core of religious conduct," and "I take refuge under religion." As the bucket went lower and lower, frogs and innumerable other water-creatures quickly went deeper into the water for dear life.

But all kinds of fish, slaves to the tongue and greedy, come to a standstill and gaze at the lowering bucket blinklessly, hoping to get some food.

But what do they see? A disappointment coming their way. [71] The bucket is empty.

All these fish mistook the bucket for a net and ran away scared. Only the one fish, who had made a resolve, stayed where she was. She said to a friend of hers, "Come on. Let's take refuge under this bucket. 'Kindness is the core of religious conduct.' This is the sole refuge of the refugeless. This is a great abode, which will care for us. Otherwise we are sure to be swallowed by death today or tomorrow.

"Don't you know that here big fish devour small ones whole?"

"Among souls of the same religion and caste, animosities flourish. A dog digs the ground with nails upon seeing another dog and growls violently."

[72] The friends replied, "What you say may be true. But if by eating us, our kind is fulfilled and nourished, that is the way things should be. Because when your time is up, only your caste-mates come to your aid. Others are only spectators, idle preachers. And how can you believe those of another caste? In practical life, every moment we witness a breach of trust.

"And listen. It is rare to see the product inside live up to the claims on the wrappings outside. In this world, deceptions are rife.

"The claims of kindness are vain. The world is empty of kind souls. [73]

Kindness is life, claims of kindness are mere acting. Nowadays, even weapons, clothes, swords are branded with the slogan 'Kindness is the root of religion.' But swords are not kind to anyone. They are the very opposite of kindness.

“How much more to say? A flagpole of religious banner also becomes an instrument of fight. Religious maxims, too, when they find an opportunity, become an instrument of fight. And a flute of reed that sings praises to the lord can also become a beating stick to beat true devotees. I salute the times.”

On hearing her friend, our fish responded again, “If you don't wish to come, then don't. But don't waste my time with your preachments.”

[74] And the fish proceeded without her friend and her worldly wisdom. To face every obstacle cautiously is to find new light of awareness. Or, in other words, it is to find the final solution.

It is essential to know what virtues are as well as what faults are. But to despise faults is to encourage them and, at the same time, to undermine virtues. Depriving oneself of the pollen and fragrance of flowers by despising thorns is a sign of ignorance. Enjoying fragrance by avoiding thorns is a sign of wisdom, which is rare.



Guru Acharya Vidyasagar-ji - The lighthouse of Knowledge & Wisdom

**The potter's bucket lowers into the well, and the aspiring fish enters it with great hopes.**

[75] Here, water enters the gently landed bucket and the bucket enters water fully. The fish enters it, living the mantra: "I take refuge in religion." Her faith is firming up and her soul gaining strength. All the fish around were surprised to see this image of fortitude and faith. For a while, they forgot their fears.

One of the fish conceived the thought and made the resolve to do a good deed. All others seconded it.

[76] One was inspired, the others impressed. One had found sight, and all others had found a direction.

The refuge of kindness was found. The heart was illumined. All of them were enlightened, and had an immediate ablution within and without.



On the path of peace 'n meditation 'n tyaga 'renunciation

**The spiritually ambitious fish makes a wish to transcend the sphere of passions.**

Now, the whole family of fish assembled in a cheerful mood. As they swam, ripples arose, and it appeared as if they each had a flowery wreath in their hands to felicitate the great fish. Slogans were raised: "Wish you a happy journey to liberation." "May ignorance perish." "May religion be victorious." "May the karmas be all worked out." "Hail to you, hail to you, hail to you thrice."

[77] Wow! The time is near for the airplane-like bucket to take off. The fish makes the auspicious oath: "In the limitless time to come, may my heart be emptied of desires.

"This auspicious journey has only one end, that I may look upon all beings with equanimity. May my mind be always bright and cheerful. May I not do violence to demonic bodies or human minds.

"In heaven and on earth, and in the bowels of earth, [78] may the spirit of nonviolence and kindness prevail."



The apostles of the 'satvikta' goodness of religion :  
108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji and Mallisagar-ji Maharaj

**The fish jumps out of the bucket to where the clay lies, amid visions of an immediate liberated life.**

The bucket, full to the brim with water, now rose up from the lowly world of degradation to elevation. The fish merely looked on. Water was not in short supply nor was her power to swim, but she did not swim. She had, as it were, forgotten to swim, her mind was still and she had a vision of her self. Her actions seemed to cease. She is wised up.

The bucket safely rose to the top, the fish is freed of the bondage of the well. The salute of golden sunshine is to her a source of joy.

[79] With the splendour of sunshine, this haven appeared perfectly blissful. The vermilion-faced fish turns her eyes straight to the shelter.

The sun has sent his beautiful wife to serve the shelter all day, and she dutifully illumines every corner of it, as if kissing it in every limb. She is manifest in the gross form, she is a treasure-house of beauty, but beyond grasp. She is not touchable by a stranger but only by the sun – who is, like God, beyond the subtle touch. Sunshine! Such is, we must say, the result of the shelter's shade. [80] The fish broke out of her folly – and out of her sorrow.

Now, this scene comes alive in the shelter yard: on the mouth of the largest pot is tied a doubled, clean cloth of hand-spun cotton fibre. The potmaker approaches it with the bucket in hand.

Very carefully he pours it into the pot in a stream, and the water is slowly filtered. Just then, the craftsman's eye slips elsewhere.

The fish, restless to leap, jumps out of the bucket and falls at the clay's holy feet. Then she cries effusively, her eyes saturate with feeling. [81] Pain overbrims. These eyes are thirsting for an unknown experience. These eyes are popping out like a handmaiden of God, and from them pour bright tears to wash the clay's feet.

The drops which have entirely imbibed the holiness of the mythical ocean of milk have rained profusely a sea of pain.

*Ariyaka Adarsh Mati Mataji,*  
Principal of Principals  
along with all Teachers,  
M.A. & B.Ed, of Pratibhasthali -  
THE HOLY COMMUNION



**The fish begs of the clay to preach her, and desires death by fasting. The clay dissuades her from such an untoward course and discourses her in soothing words. She asks the potter to restore the fish to the well.**

Here this pen asks the age whether humanity is all extinct from human affairs. Have demonic forces taken charge? It seems that generosity is entirely missing from human nature. And then, [82] when was demonic nature generous?

A soul who treats “the world as his family” is rare for these eyes to see, know and experience. Even if it exists, it is not in India – Bhaarat – but in the epic of another age namely Mahabhaarat. In India, selfishness prevails.

Yes, this change is seen, that the ancient Sanskrit saying which enjoins you to treat the world as your family has been twisted into a modern meaning. For us, acquisition of wealth has become our motto, wealth is our family, wealth is the crowning glory of life.

The fish says to the clay, “Say something, mother. Enlarge on this very theme of the sign of the times.”

In response to the fish's prayer, the clay pithily says, “Listen, child. This is the true sign of the age of falsehood – kaliyug – [83] the wickedest of all ages. In this age, truth is always treated as falsehood. Truth is always objectionable. And the age of truth – satayug – is the age in which falsehood and evil are discarded from human affairs.

The fish again interrupts and submits, “The discourse is getting too deep. Please simplify.”

So mother says, “Child, try to understand. Whether satayug or kaliyug, they are not external phenomena but internal happenings. An eye that seeks after truth – sat – is living in satyug, my child. And an eye which is lost in asat – the attractions of the senses – and which treats true as false, is living in kaliyug. Kali is like death, the house of cruelty, very merciless. And sat is like an ivy abloom with delicate buds, it has always been very kind, very, very soft.

[84] “The eyes of Kali are always full of dark illusions while the eyes of sat always brim with peace.

“One hankers after selfish ends, the other cares for all humanity. The first is flighty, the other is steadfast.



“One is like a lacklustre corpse, the other is the nectarine, immortal deity Shiv. We have to cremate the corpse and arouse love for permanence. Do you follow, child?”

[85] The fish replied, “I was ignorant, but I've wised up, mother. I was confused, now I'm clear-headed. I don't look for water to drink. I don't look for power in life. All I long for is that this shattered and tethered life of mine should somehow connect with the permanent truth, that my mind should become whole by means of stabilized thinking. I don't look for a needle and thread.

“This fish, though born in water, has burnt in the fire of jealousy of water and water-creatures. Where can you find any coolness in ignorant hearts, mother, which I found in just a few moments at your feet?

“I no longer crave for the sandalwood of Malayaachal or prepossessing bright moonlight. I don't long for their cool, soothing touch. Your cool words flood me with joy. Mother, you're a spring of coolness, verily the house of purity.

[86] “Only in your lap will I find knowledge, mother. Only in your lap will I pursue my quest – the quest for the source of infinite good qualities.

“I'm not so scared of bodily ills as of mental ills. And I'm even more scared of worldly decorations. I need no outer possessions, mother. All I wish for is a trance of equanimity, not an idle waste of time. An instrument of mind-control helps, doesn't it? And a collection of worldly possessions hinders, doesn't it?

And the fish adds, “Hence give me the scriptural, spiritual fast unto death *sallekhanaa*, mother. Give me seeds of knowledge, your preachings mother. Give me the eye to see the truth, give me the experience of yogic trance.”

To this the clay smiles and says, [87] “*Sallekhanaa* means thinning down the body and its impurities, child. When you emaciate the body, the impurities thin down – they ought to thin down. And this body is not for dissolution. Feel neither sorrow nor joy in the dissolution of the body or the gain of wealth. This is true *sallekhanaa*, child, otherwise the wealth of the soul is lost.

“Whether conditions are favourable or not, whether you get your wish-world or not, whether you get sorrows or joys, it's all for your welfare. The eyes of equanimity can see it. Whatever fate befalls you, it is for your ultimate betterment.

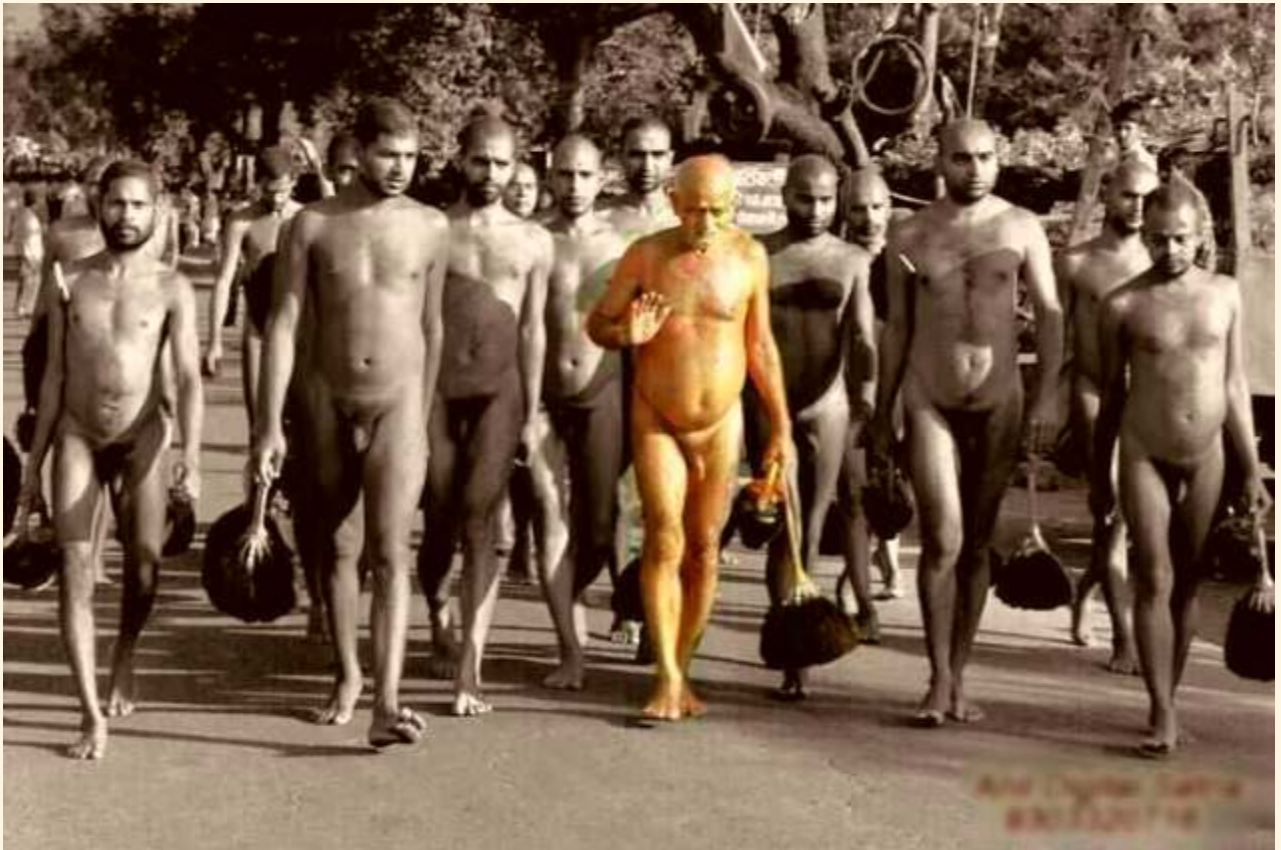
“Towards the end, I wish to say this, that never in your life be like those

cunning fish, never be swayed by the attractions of the senses. [88] And listen, child, be innocent, that is the way to attaining trance.”

With this, the clay signals to the craftsman: “Please reach this great soul to the well, safely and at once. Otherwise she will perish and you will be to blame. That will result in unbearable sorrow.”

The water has been filtered. The fish and water-creatures remain in the cloth. The craftsman pours some pure water into the bucket, puts the fish and other creatures into it and carefully escorts them into the well.

The well resounds once again with the words, “Religious conduct is purified by kindness.” The words echo from the walls, reach the shelter and dissolve in the air.



108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji leading  
his disciples ‘sangh’ on the path of righteousness

## CANTO II : Words Are Not Knowledge, Knowledge Is Not Realization

### Section 1

**Summary :** The potter adds water to the clay, and the clay discovers that he is so strong of will that a thin cotton sheet is enough covering for him on bitterly cold nights.

[89] See, now the craftsman adds an appropriate quantity of water to the soft, kumkum-like clay, soft as the red powder that is a woman's forehead decoration. He is infusing new life into every particle of the kind clay.

The clay swells, changing from a scattered state to cohesion, feeling an infusion of a unifying force. The water was fluid by nature but it experienced stillness. Being one with the life of the clay, the water found a new life: an ignorant being found new knowledge at the feet of the sage. An unsteady being found stability, the impermanent found permanence – that was the ever-fresh transformation. [90] This is the dance of consciousness in body. Which are the eyes – whose and where – that can see this dance?

Now we talk of winter. It is a season of deformity. On every branch and leaf of trees and plants, snow has fallen. And hand-in-glove with the snow is the wind, impure of mind and unclean of body. Soft, beautiful, shy creepers – they sort of pale at the touch of the winter and burn off.

Everybody's limbs have experienced tremors and shivers, but who has a heart that feels the vibrations of kindness? Whose indeed is that soul, and where? [91] When does he bestow his kindness? The rain of grace is a great blessing on earth.

Everybody's teeth dance as a learner does, even if not initiated to singing or trained in the art. The day has shrunk and even the brilliance of the sun appears scared and scattered. The sun, even though high in the sky, stands with a bowed head. Today, wherever the eye went, it saw on the earth the reigning power of ice and snow. The night is born of fear and pride, twice its usual length, dark as the beetle or a mine on Saturn. The winter troubles all, but the special thing is that the craftsman sleeps quietly through the night. A thin cotton sheet [92] is spread over his body. It suffices, it is enough protection from the cold.

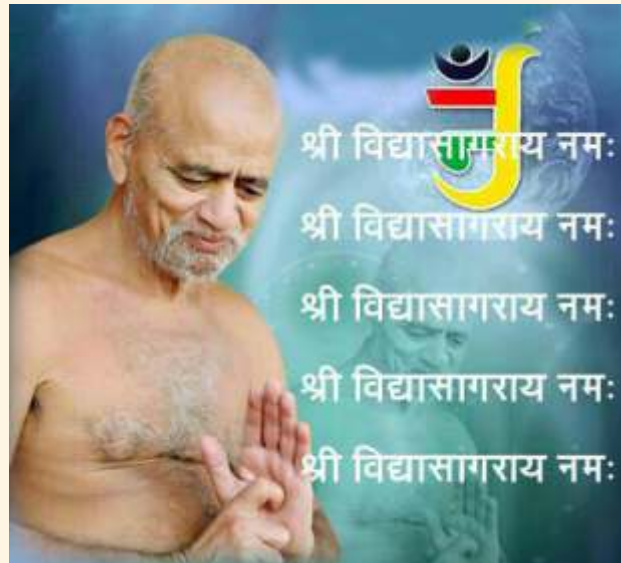
All the same, from the yard itself the clay says to the craftsman out of formality, “The body has its own demands. It is a shadow, it is maya, and made of inanimate stuff, but it is like your wife. So, please take a blanket to cover yourself so that...”

And the clay falls silent at once as she hears the craftsman say, “Only weak souls need a blanket, being slaves to passions. We are strong souls, slaves of God, and we sleep near God. We don't need the protection of a blanket. We cherish a cheap cotton sheet. Secondly, [93] only hot-tempered people are scared of cold and run contrary to moral injunctions. I'm cool-tempered, and the season is also cold, and we are matched. That is how we play uninterrupted as friends.

“We are possessed of a loving nature and this nature ensures our welfare. If a man be removed from his nature, he will turn into a house of deformities. For a human being, harmony with nature leads to a meaningful life and salvation. Disharmony with nature amounts to a misguided life, it is deluded, and that is the way of the common crowd.

“And listen, self-controlled saints [94] give us this piece of advice: 'True cowardice lies not just in physical inertia but in the enslavement of the mind to desires, in unclean conduct, in sensuous indulgence.'

“Listen, listen well. Listen with all your heart. Rise above the sensuous attractions. Let both – sensuousness and cowardice – perish for the eternity to come.”



Holy chants : *Shri Vidyasagaraya namah:*

**A thorn that was broken when the clay had been dug, and thorns as a group, argue their superiority over flowers. The damaged thorn desires the craftsman to beg his pardon.**

The clay has fully swollen, like a branch of flowers, and its buttery feel reveals its original loving nature. The process of swelling also spells the end of dryness and hatred in her heart.

This state of the clay [95] is the result of consuming water. But when will it acquire the ability to hold water? That will be when it grows smoother and drinks fire. To take the clay's smoothness to its climax, the craftsman is coming.

It is the holy morning hour and the clay's joy knows no bounds. And there lies a thorn watching the scene through the gloom of the night, like a surprised thief.

When the clay was dug, a hit of the pick-axe had broken his head, sliced his arm, hurt his thin waist, removed a leg of his, and damaged one of his eyes. The term of his life, which is anyway uncertain, [96] also stands reduced by the hit.

How far can one tell? The thorn's pointed body is awkward to look at. His life is about to expire. There is no saying how much longer he will live. All is in the hands of heaven. The strength of the body is a mere grain, the strength of the mind is a ton by comparison. This rule is unimpeachable.

And that is what is happening here. The thorn's body is highly feverish but he doesn't die. And his mind is flooded with sweet thoughts, and he drinks in this sweetness. Who will not be amazed to know this?

Hear the cause of this wonder. The mind has been fortified by a deceiving thought. The mind is by nature flighty, but [97] this particular mind has an unshakable resolve to cheat. After all, the mind is a mine of deceptions. It is determined to take revenge on the craftsman. It will find its peace only when it pricks him. Mind is a house of hatred.

Pride prospers under the shelter of the mind. Its head is never bent low. Only when the mind is extinct can one truly bow to a saint. That is the reason why the mind always chants, "Bow, bow, bow."

The clay wishes that this cloud of hatred and revenge should melt somehow. She says, "The thought of revenge is the mud in which mighty oxen and even groups of elephants get awfully mired. They sink neck-deep, eye-deep in the mud.

[98] “The thought of revenge is a fire which burns the body, the mind for ages after ages.

“The thought of revenge is like the evil planet in whose gaping, ferocious mouth even the brilliant sun becomes a morsel and loses its existence.

“And listen! The demon-king Dashaanan had resolved to take revenge on Baali, and what did he come to? His bodily might was shaken, his mental strength was crushed, and his reputation sank. Isn't that so? 'Save me, lord save me, lord save me,' he had wailed, and wept. Thus he acquired the name Raavan – the weeper.”

The thorn wails, “Enough, enough, mother. Stop your preaching. See not just the name, but turn to see the qualities as well.” [99] Here, where an aggression is on, a fragrant rose plant stands nearby, and the band of thorns intones:

“We agree that we are instrumental in causing hurt to others, that is why we are thorns. But it is a blunder to always see us in this light. Sometimes, thorns are tenderer than flowers, and flowers are harsher than thorns.

“Blooming flowers touch us with their soft, fleshy cheeks, and because of our piercing touch, soft buds blossom into flowers. [100] A never-before kind of joy and peace pervades the buds.

“Now tell us, why are we thorns and they flowers?

“This passion-play has aggressed on us and greatly disturbed our worship. Then isn't the flower a thorn? If you don't see things this way, it's a defect of your eye.

“These lovely creepers try to cause our downfall and tend to rob us of our purity by their voluptuous embraces. Even so, we thorns do not slip off from our chastity.

“On our pointed mouth they shed their love, their pollen. Even so they cannot make us enamoured, cannot put a blemish on us.

“Their fragrance obtrudes on our passionless nose [101] but can they awaken desire?

“They, with their surprised eyes and smiling lips, desperately try to infect our eyes with their attractions, their enchantment. And as for their gestures and movements – they dance and play before us.

“It is generally seen that those with a charming skin have crooked ways.

Their outward appearance is soft and fair, but inside they're of a polluted, harsh breed.

“Tradition tells us that the god of love Kaamdeo uses a flower as his weapon. His destroyer Mahaadeo uses a pointed, penetrating weapon. The one has pollen and deep erotic love, which make one do the rounds of worldliness. [102] The other has dispassion and sinless sacrifice in it, which give us liberation.

“The one robs people of their power and fills them with pride instead. The other fills them with power and at once frees them from pride.

“Power is happiness, the source of happiness. Pride is sorrow, the end of happiness. Even so, what an irony it is that everyone sings praises to flowers and crushes thorns. Is it not an attack on truth?

“The western civilization is not against aggression. Rather, it is extremely aggressive. Its eyes are always flushed with visions of holocaust.

“And the direction in which great souls have proceeded – [103] going into the forest, giving up all their passions and attaining fullness, becoming naked and self-situated – is the direction in which Indian culture goes. This latter culture is an index, a guide to great souls and a gateway to happiness and peace.

“Since thorns are worshipped, flowers earn a name. No doubt flowers are used for worship and placed at the feet of God, but God does not touch flowers even though he carries thorns. God incinerated desire, which is the reason why flowers, becoming shelterless, come to God's feet seeking shelter.

“And listen. Thanks to the holy touch of God, thorns have undergone a transformation opposite to that of flowers. Since where up to here, and from here up to where? Since when until now and from now until when... [104] and so on. The subtlest signs of time and place are reflected easily in thorns. Otherwise, why would compasses and clocks have pointed arms – in the image of thorns?

“Nor should we forget that a penal code is provided for the arrogant souls lush with pride. The ruler's bed is not a bed of roses but laid with thorns. Otherwise, a king's power and his capital will be handmaidens of passions.

“That is the reason why change is desirable in the craftsman's mindset to turn him in the right direction. And so this injured and mutilated thorn again says that the craftsman should at least [105] beg the thorn's pardon, mother.”

**The clay rises in the potter's defence against the misarguing thorn, and the potter himself advises the thorn tenderly. The thorn, converted, seeks to know the means and the literature that would remove his delusion. On being duly advised, he feels suprasensory joy.**

Now the clay speaks, "Listen, do you even know the purity of the potmaker's nature? He is a large, magnanimous soul who has all along scattered forgiveness in his life's voyage. He is the very image of forgiveness, he is forgiveness incarnate."

Just then the potmaker, having digested the fire of the thorn's anger, uttered these words, sweet with grace and profound of import: "I pardon everyone and wish for everybody's pardon. May I have a natural friendship with all at all times. Why should I grow hostile to anyone, and when? In this wide world, none is my enemy."

[106] That humble utterance penetrated the thorn's body like mica that is powdered finest fine, and touched his timeless consciousness.

Just as a flame towering to great heights turns downward when short of fuel, the thorn's rage cools down. Moment to moment the sinful desire for vengeance is purged off. His mind is being illumined. He naturally pays homage to a purifying influence. Right here.

This pen which aims to throw clearer light on the matter at hand, strives to say that the plants of words do not flourish unless irrigated by sense. It is also true that flowers rich with fragrance and pollen [107] do not bloom on the plants of words. When will the plants swing with bunches of fruits of experience and taste?

Now listen with all your heart. This pen tells you that when the flower of sense is metamorphosed, the ripe fruit is itself called experience. In knowledge there is restlessness, in experience lies restfulness. Not flowers but fruits give a sense of fulfilment. Let flowers be protected and fruits be consumed. Yes, indeed. The flower may be perfumed, but where is there juice in it? The fruit contains juice as well as fragrance.

The mutilated thorn's heart was shaken. Gone was his hard-heartedness as he heard the sensible, never-before words of the craftsman. [108] Full of remorse, the thorn says, "I thought the harmful to be helpful and the helpful to be harmful. I



didn't grasp the root of the matter, nor felt attracted to the highest. I made a blunder.

"I went too far on the wrong way, veering from the right path. I abhorred fragrance, calling it names. I called the illuminator as blind.

"I thought nectar to be poison. Pardon me, master. Give me a beneficent mantra, so that my whole life grows peaceful, quiet. By and by, then, may the time come when I too become a shelter and sanctuary, and I too become venerable."

To this, the craftsman says, "A mantra is neither good nor bad, it is the mind that makes it what it will, good or bad. [109] A steady mind is the master-mantra and an unsteady mind is sinful and self-governed. The one is a ladder to happiness, the other is the slumber of sorrow."

The thorn again queries, "What is the calamity called delusion and what is the way to liberation? I look for the signs to recognize them and not for their definition. Only when I understand the implications shall I pay my fee due to my guru – gurudakshinaa. A long, sky-high definition takes away from the value of the original word. True appreciation cannot come from it.

"When you add a quantity of water to milk, even if to suit your convenience, its sweetness is surely reduced. The tongue can feel the cunning of diluting milk with water."

The thorn's query is answered by the craftsman in these words: "To be affected by things other than your self is the result of delusion. To give up everything and take rest in yourself [110] is liberation."

Upon learning this, the thorn repeatedly exclaimed, "Praises be! Praises be! Today he finds himself in the shadow of right words.

"Your utterances shimmer like pearls. The way you explain the implications is extraordinary. I have heard many people but what I've heard just now is rare.

"And even your suggestive talk is blameless. It makes me forget the tools used for suggestion and takes me to the sense. It will help me a lot and it will be kind of you if in your generosity you guide me to the true path, my lord. Kindly enlarge on the means and the literature that will be helpful in my quest. It will be wonderful, it will be the best thing at this time."

The craftsman moulds in his creative consciousness [111] the word

“literature” – saahitya in Hindi, which also means material – and says, “That which is for the reader's welfare is, in the proper sense, literature. If by reading or hearing certain words, you experience happiness, it is literature. Or else it is like a flower without perfume, without the power to make you happy, and the words are inane clusters.

“You can also say that if the writer is living a peaceful, meaningful life, then alone can he produce everlasting literature. The eye can read it, the ear can hear it. Even hands can serve it. It is living literature, isn't it?”

Now the thorn experiences an ecstasy greater than in union with one's wife. Even with a broken head, [112] he delves into literature, churns it. His head becomes, as it were, a churner to separate butter from buttermilk. Engrossed in rejoicing literature, the legless thorn breaks out into a dance.

Smiling gently, the craftsman's soul makes him aware that the soul has to live for centuries on centuries to be free from sin. But everybody's body hurts him/her, and is finally burnt on the funeral pyre. O body, burning in fire repeatedly, turned to ash again and again, you still cause inflammation to the soul by being born time after time.



Acharya Vidyasagar-ji and his holy clan looking at the Tiger cubs, and in turn, the Tiger cubs are looking hither-thither with curiosity & amusement

**The author speaks of the good ways of listening to discourses.**

Now, on the topic under discussion – literature – this pen rises to say this, that compared to a gifted writer and a skilled maker of discourses, [113] a listener imbued with faith takes in many times more of the essence of the matter. He is skilled in the art of listening to discourses, he is like the swan, the kingswan, with the discrimination to know milk from water. This is as it should be, that is to say, the cook's tongue can hardly savour his own tasty cooking. Because, the speaker during his discourse and the writer during his writing, return to the past.

In those moments there is neither interest nor boredom in the job, only a wrestle with a feelingless past.



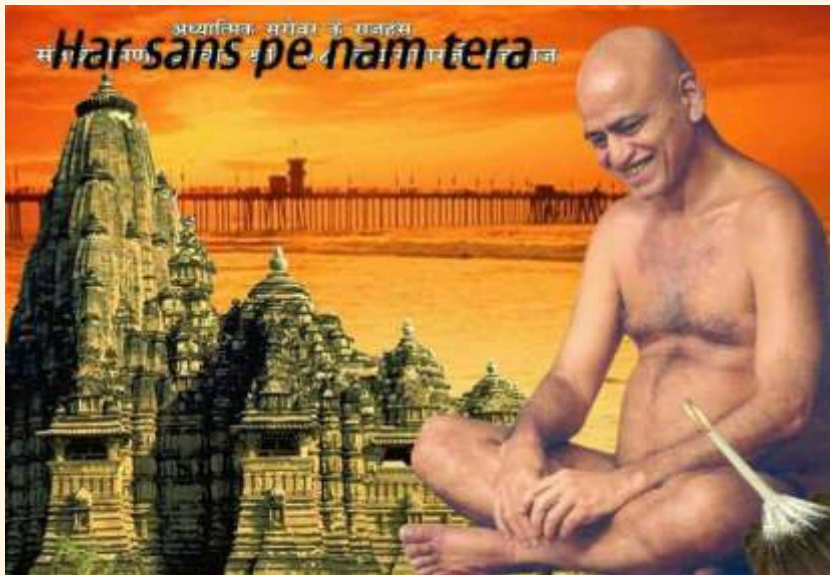
Release of stamp of Guru Gyansagar-ji by Shri Ashok-ji Patni  
( of R.K.Marble, Kishangarh ) at Ramtek

**The potter kneads with his legs the mud with a view to making a pot, his leg grows numb with cold, and he feels apologetic that he must trample on the clay.**

The craftsman is coming towards the clay. He has to trample over the swollen clay and turn it into a lump and this is not possible with hands. He has to convert it into gum, [114] and only the feet can do so. For, here to work with hands is like extracting a duty, a tax, and that too openly, and levying such a tax is a sign of inhumanity. It is a dishonour.

The nature of the leg is just the reverse. It agrees to labour and exerts itself till it is hurt. It bends humbly and becomes purified.

See, what's up here all of sudden? The sun of breath seems to be setting. The craftsman's right foot is getting numb. Where blood was circulating, it is freezing now. [115] The other foot prays to God at every step: "Let me not hanker after positions. Let me not step on other's feet. Let me not commit any mischief. Let me not exploit or rob anyone, my lord. But how is this possible? This my footfall on the clay, who is the chaste empress of peace, is the same as trampling on the head of mother clay! Cataclysm overtakes a safe zone. On a mount of love and compassion, a thunderbolt strikes. This age is not to be deprived of peace and joy, it is not to be sunk in sorrow and pain.



'Har sans pe naam tera' literally means,  
'With every breath is inhaled your holy name'

**Silence argues that the trampling of the clay by the potter has shaken down his faith in the potter. The clay, however, vouches for her undeflecting trust in him. The craftsman discourses on the inanity of inconscient nature – prakriti – and the substantiality of the supreme soul – purush.**

The clay is overcome with a surge of impatience. This state, even if momentary, leaves behind it some poison. [116] One does not know what will happen hereafter. In what form will a portion of the future event appear, and how long will it last? What will be its consequences? All this is hidden in the womb of the future. But a knower of what is, was and will be is situated in divine consciousness.

The clay's thoughts dimly subside into silence. The craftsman sadly bows to this silence and is entirely unable to command his feet. And without a signal from the mind, what can the mouth say?

At this, the tongue said, "A tongue that obeys an improper signal leads to degradation. That is to say, a man who conquers his tongue overcomes sorrow and leads a happy life, becomes immortal; [117] and his utterances are a life-giving pill to remove the sorrows of self and others.

"To walk, to walk wrongly and to trample – these are three different things. We are talking of trampling, for mother clay will be trampled upon. Then what shall I say, why and how?"

And the tongue becomes serious.

A foul odour fills the craftsman's nose and it does not permit him to trample on the clay, calling it a condemnable act. The nose gets twisted a little, takes in the smell, and supports the legs in thinking that it is only proper to take a break from this act.

The forehead that is golden like a newly risen sun [118] gets dim and furrowed, and upon seeing this, the craftsman directs both his eyes far away, also within, and brings down the lids. The closing of the eyes signifies that the craftsman wishes to prevent the impending calamity. These eyes are very far-sighted. Briefly speaking, every little limb of the craftsman, even his head, is a traveller on the same path which the feet tread.

The clay and the craftsman watch the silence prevailing between them and

also regard Him who is larger than the silence. Only that entity is larger than silence which can bedwarf the quietude and listen to what the silence hums.

The body of speech is time-confined, isn't it? The hollow of a tree is circled by the tree-stem, isn't it? But listen. [119] How far can the shadow of hollowness extend? It is the treasure of treasures, it is like the mate of knowledge and holy for centuries, isn't it? The silence first turns to the clay and melts like wax and his smiling mouth opens. It speaks sweet, temperate words:

“O mother clay, even your faith in the craftsman appears to be shaky. This is true, that that which slides is a river and is impermanent. The sea does not slide and is permanent. But the river slides towards the sea, doesn't it? [120] Otherwise there would be no river and no sea. This sliding comes naturally to the river and its seaward vision defines it. That is called faith. Faith remains restless as long as it does not find the feet to walk. Without faith there is no joy in conducting one's life, there cannot be. And then, faith-empowered activity is trust – let this be known.

“From deep trust comes the sheer fragrance like that of the night-flower which pervades the mind and the air. An effective establishment of such trust is the installation of a deity in the mind and it comforts and enchants one and all, especially the devoted.

“Gradually, the trust established in the mind expands and strives to reach a pinnacle, and it gets institutionalized. Thus, mother, proper faith, which deepens only by and by, and sees to it that trust is getting established, eventually finds a permanent state, free from buying and selling, in the institution called existence-consciousness-bliss.” [121] And the silence sinks into himself.

The clay's faith challenges the silence who is standing face across to her and says, “O silence, just listen. Don't merely talk of faith but converse with faith. I am free from sin, you are devoid of faith. You are empty of all things except sins. The eyes can catch hope, but a vision of faith is possible only by faith, neither by eyes, nor by hopes and desires. A foundation can be laid not by a sensory vision that divides actions into sinful and meritorious but by the vision of religious faith.”

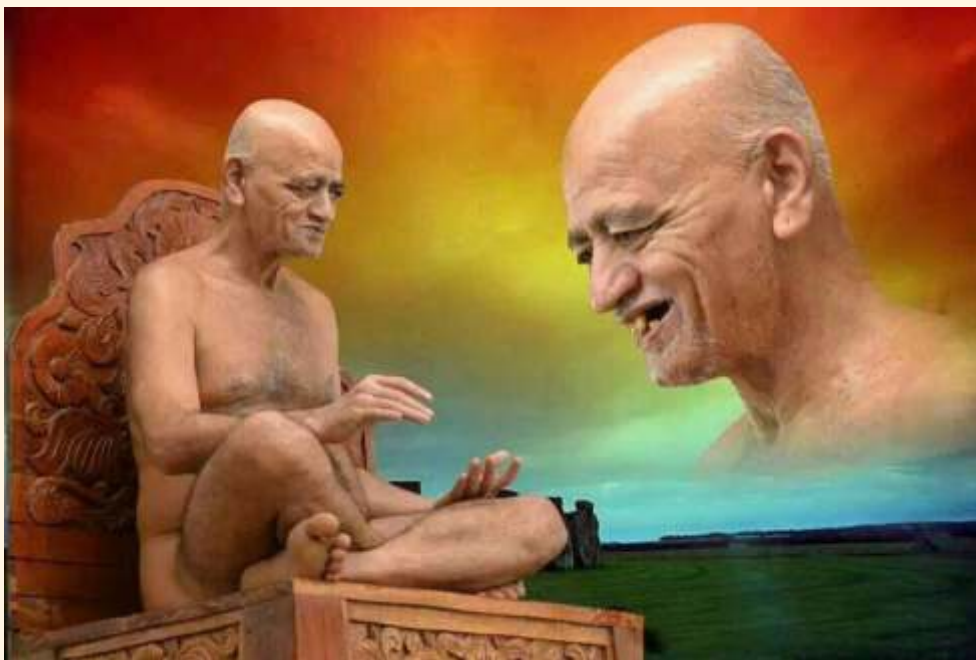
The clay's faith, having thus expressed itself, returns into the retreat of reflection and turns back to gaze at the silence. Her eyes turn reddish. [122] On these eyes, which inspire fear in silence, the craftsman's blue eyes spread momentarily a blue hue.

The craftsman, on seeing physicality standing opposed to him, alerted the party of consciousness with these words: “We have found body, mind and speech many times over, and they, having completed their destined term, have melted off. Out of the density of the mind and delusion, we have embraced them, but the pity is that even while living with the supreme soul – purush – they do not side with him.

“Inconscient nature – prakriti – has till now never given anything to the supreme soul, never given him any sap but only empty shell, a mere deception.

“Yes, it has deceived the supreme soul. And man has, even while recognizing this again and yet again, wept tears and consumed the fare. Even today [123] foolish man hopes to find something worthwhile from inconscient nature.”

The supreme soul – purush –now addresses the craftsman with these meaningful words: “Salary-minded people can pay scant attention to their duty to the country. And those who are centred in a quest of the knowledge of the soul, rarely care for the comforts of the body. That is why the king dies on the battlefield, protecting his subjects, and the ascetic dies in a forest protecting the banner of religion – the banner under which the whole earth lives, breathing happiness and comfort.”



His Holiness Acharya Vidyasagar-ji,  
you are the message of PEACE and CONTENTMENT for us

**Inconscient nature – prakriti – serenades the supreme soul – purush – calling him sinful and arguing that the greatest use of intellect is to understand the world of things. The craftsman illumines the whole chain of duties of successive layers of consciousness.**

Inconscient nature – prakriti – was discomposed to hear her bitter criticism and her steel-hard eyes became red with anger. [124] They radiate bright rays which illumine the base of her forehead, on which these lines are written:

“Not prakriti but purush is a cluster of sins. Prakriti's cultural tradition is not defeated by an outsider – it always radiates fellow-feeling.”

And then prakriti offers some more advice to purush on how to acquire prowess. “O purush, don't point out the faults in those of opposite nature, instead judge them rightly.

“Free your mind of all sin by every means, rather, get rid of it. In fact, examine for a moment the nature of sin. Then whatever judgement is passed, accept your share in it.

“And then, when knowledge can catch the subtlest subtle faults, which is extremely agonizing, it can understand things. The aim of knowledge, the aim of the highest sport of knowledge, is to understand the world of things. [125] That indeed is the right game for the spiritual-minded people. The former, knowledge, is dressed in rags and shamed with defeat. The latter, the world of things, lives, as it were, in a free country: it has caught the glorifying essence.”

Thus prakriti gave a bashing to purush and, indirectly, the individual soul was also caught up in the beating. When a virtuous being is beaten, his virtues are under attack, too.

When the blow is on the root, the tree dries. When you water the root, it flourishes. Hence the craftsman's mind sits up and sheds light on the duties of one's own self and others.

“Let there always be the governance of purush not on prakriti but on the individual soul; the governance of the individual soul not on the senses but on the heart and mind; the governance of the mind not on the body but on the group of senses; the governance of the senses not on others but on the body. But the body should always be ruled and not be the ruler, since it is an object of enjoyment. [126]



And let the purush be the supreme ruler of all, being the aggregate of all attributes, the ultimate enjoyer.”

The creative power of the unsalaried consciousness, gets active. The craftsman smiles in support of this posture of the consciousness.

The inner drive behind the use of a thing, the colouration of motive, is what matters in yoga. All the limbs of the craftsman are operated like a machine. First the right foot makes an auspicious beginning. It gradually rises and comes down on the clay's head. As a clever chakavi bird yearns for moonbeams, the clay raises its head in welcome to the shaping foot.

That which is at the top goes below, that which is below comes to the top. [127] Quickly, very quickly the clay is turned over and kneaded.

The craftsman's feet feel that the impossible has been made possible. The sensation of softness which he is feeling seems to examine the lord who is beyond grasp.

Here, the softness of velvet is outdone. The fleshiness of the softest of sweet mango leaves is put to shame, and it, unable to bear the insult, hides behind a veil. It is a little angry, otherwise why would its thin outer skin be lightly flushed.

The softness of the clay – the mother of wax – could not remain silent. It could not hold the secret within and blurted out, “If you wish, then listen. I'll tell you some useful things. [128] How shall I tell you the secret, the innermost secret?

“The eyes which are dark with compassion are teaching you something. Learn to recognize consciousness. The lips which are flushed red like the dawn are giving you a message: always practice equanimity. The cheeks which are fleshy with youth are telling you: use your power for appropriate sacrifice.

“The hair which is dark like the wasp is saying: [129] don't overvalue the body. The feet which are trembling out of respect are humming: walk all the way and then rest.

“And listen, where are the boundaries of that larger being? Where are the shores of a guru's guruhood? Whatever is presented here is a droplet of the limitless waters of the ocean, and that, too, while staying in the ocean.” Thus saying, the cheerful clay's softness puts on a veil of silence.

The valiant mood of classical aesthetics promotes himself above the other eight aesthetic moods. The craftsman's valour puts him down, which makes the clay laugh out loud. The humorous mood takes this as a cue to assert his paramouncy. The craftsman, however, points out his inadequacies, and goes on to denounce the fierce mood, too.

The phrase “walk all the way and then rest” awakened the craftsman's consciousness. His mind was churned and his slack body felt an access of energy.

[130] The act of trampling picks up speed and the craftsman's legs sink in the clay knee-deep. It is as if prakriti is clinging to the powerful calves of purush. The clay is thirsting for fragrance, like a cobress clinging to a sandal tree.

As she clings to the craftsman's legs, the great clay's arms exude the mood of valour – veer ras. He asks the craftsman, “Why have you remembered him? Why have you called out to him? He is praised by brave people and acts brave. For centuries he has provided strength to humanity.

“Come on, drink a full cup of it. May your victory-wish come true. Be the bravest man of the age. Be supremely brave like Mahaveer. Never spill your semen.”

Now the craftsman's valour speaks to the valiant mood: “You speak in a drunken state. Our faith has grown firmer in the matter, [131] inasmuch as the valiant mood can never provide an arrow nor ever assuage pain and sorrow.

“When cold water is heated on fire, it comes to a boil, but still it can control the fire and even put it off.

“But imbibing the valiant mood may at once boil a person's blood, make him uncontrollable. What to talk of pacifying others, even a peaceful atmosphere begins to erupt like a volcano. Imbibing of this mood leads to an excess of rude outbursts in your behaviour. The urge to rule over others is the result of such an act. The root of pride is hard like the acacia stump. [132] It stands to negate others and trample on their values. As soon as one's pride is hurt, the valiant mood cries out, it is beside itself with rage, and ignores the lofty and holy traditions of the puranic souls.

“The human race was gifted the teachings of Manu; have they been forgotten or have they perished? Your first step should be to think of the nature of pride and the next should be to overcome it – entirely and without any letup.”

When the uselessness of the valiant mood was thus pronounced and it was dishonoured, the great clay burst out laughing.

The humorous mood – haasya ras – guffawed at the craftsman:

“The valiant mood has its history, and valiant souls know it. Dare not to mock at it. Those who are not valiant, are cowards – their photos are not honoured with a sprinkling of the festive red powder of abeer. Yes, when they die, their hearse may be sprinkled with it. [133] Their history makes you neither laugh nor cry.”

And so saying, the humorous mood quoted the familiar saying in a crackling voice: “Fill half your stomach with food, and drink twice as much of water. Work thrice as hard and laugh four times as much – and you'll live a full life, well past hundred.

“Cheerfulness is a friend to those near to greatness. Cheerfulness is a shelter, a glorious branch on which flowers and fruits always, always hang.”

The craftsman rejoined:

“You laugher, don't argue through your laughter, and don't overvalue the humorous mood. We don't concur with you. What is said in a joke, we cannot at any cost accept as truth.

“Laughter may be an antidote to a depressed mood, but to understand the Divine, it is necessary to give up laughter, which is a kind of impurity.

“A laughter-inclined person is often impatient and lacks discrimination [134] of what to do and what not to do. He lacks sobriety. He is crazy like a child.

“That's why steadfast souls don't laugh. The knowers of the self don't get trapped in delusion and maya.”

The humorous mood saw that he could not have his way and changed his stance. He remembered his friend the fierce mood – bhayankar ras – which dwelt deep inside the great clay. This mood, ferocious and dark, was boiling in the depths, being inflammable, heartless and cruel.

He came to know what had happened. His mind was agitated, angry juices trickled within, his eyebrows were furrowed, and his eyes became red. He turned acidic.

In a matter of minutes, his long nose was inflated like a balloon. If incense did not find a flame, [135] it would be a different matter, it would be an incomplete

thing. But here there was gunpowder stashed within. So what can one say? The nostrils of the fierce mood emitted angry flames, red and flickering, wrapped in thick smoke. Its nose looked dangerous. This gives us the feeling that the nose is the storehouse of anger. If someone pesters you, you say that you choke my breath. Your nose feels inflamed. There is no doubt about this.

The pure quality – sato gun – appeared to come to an end here, and the passionate and the base qualities – rajo gun and tamo gun – became the ruling qualities and spoke.

The fearless craftsman, mild like the moon, said to the fierce mood, “Don't say more about yourself. Ferocity is a deformity of the mind and flows deathward. Gentility is more proper to human nature, its play is unending. And listen. Have you not heard the sayings: 'Low income and high expenses is the way to dissolution. Poor strength and great rage is the way to getting beaten.'”

[136] In the meantime, an adversity comes to pass and the craftsman loses his temper. A great being, with a very terrifying, cavernous open mouth, where seven elephants that are each seven arms tall, can together enter or exit appears and looks on. Vermilion-eyed fear is staring on and on. In its mouth one saw deadly fangs and a ruddy tongue half hanging out, with bloodlike red saliva dripping from it.

The craftsman's intellect got scared by this vision as his eyes slipped down the bottomless mouth, so much like the nether world. It cried, “My feet, as they slipped down, rested upon an arrow, and my breath, as it was about to expire, stopped in pain. My eyes feel giddy as those eyes looked upon me. I too saw something foggy – fear. Consternation.

[137] “Someone was yelling, 'Save, save, save. Save me, won't you?' Tell me master.” And the craftsman's intellect trembles with fear and clings to his chest. He caresses her head with his protective hand, and this is enough.

His intellect wakes up a little, and her tresses lying on her forehead move swiftly.

On the one hand is fear and on the other is fearlessness, and between the two stands the intellect with a mixture of fear and a sense of security. Let's see which way it will lean – whether it will fall into the clutches of fear or settle down in the holy shed of fearlessness. Just a few moments pass and his intellect becomes fearless. [138] She is in an abundant measure influenced by purush, and the influence of prakriti gets subdued. This hasn't happened before.

**Now the entity called surprise is itself amazed. The craftsman thereafter shows sensuality its place and describes the joys of inner peace. Sensuality pleads that music is the backbone of happiness, a plea which the craftsman quashes squarely. He adores the music that is beyond the sum of the seven notes.**

Look, fear is itself scared, it shows its back in the battlefield. The brave fellow is turned a coward and the fierce fellow is down with disease.

This unprecedented happening amazed the entity called surprise: on his wide forehead rose the wavy lines of amazement, and for some moments he stood blinkless. He was speechless, too, and his hunger was diminished.

To see surprise in this state, the mouth of sensuality nearly went dry and the tale that enchants sensual minds went blind.

[139] The craftsman sighs, "God, when will the passion-blind souls find illumination?"

And thus speaks his voice: "He who has been enamoured of detachment – can he get interested in sensuous joys? He who has savoured the joy of abstract divinity – can he desire the touch of the world? He who has been away from sweet and foul smells, what fragrance will his nose adore?

"Secondly, human beings inherit a body that is beautiful or ugly. The beautiful person enhances his charms, the ugly person tries to improve his looks – both using apparel and ornaments. But he who does not hanker after bodily beauty but abstract divinity – why would he care for lifeless decorations?

"Since when have humans been worshipping desire – the varied sources of sensuous gratification, and that which belongs to others!

[140] "This consciousness of mine aspires for a change of outlook – not to go for sense objects but for God.

"What awful heat is this, these volcanic winds within and without! My body is as though scorched and now wishes for a different touch – not of labour and sweat but of an abode of enduring peace. These days my inner makeup has progressed a great deal.

"The radiance of desire has dimmed and the churning for the truth of life has been stepped up. It continues. The mind seems to be tired and the body seems to stop. I aspire not for an empty form but for the sweet substance. I agree that this bud is imbued with infinite possibilities, but how long will it remain a bud? [141] When will it emit the fragrance trapped in its inner joints? This veil stands in the way of a

view of its heart. I look not for attachment but the pollen, the fragrance of liberation.”

And the craftsman gives sensuality this rich advice: “O sensuality, whether you accept it or not, it is a fact that every creature thirsts for happiness, but a worldly person goes for wealth whereas a detached soul goes after supreme bliss. This subtle but unassailable dividing line is not based on outward give-and-take but it is an inner event organized by oneself, it is the outcome of one's knowledge. O sensuality, look within and understand what is true ornament and true decoration.”

He asks the softness of sensuality, “In what tune do the newly sprung leaves sing and why? From which circle do they come and into which circle are they sold? And towards the end, in what rhythm does their breath expire? [142] In what tune do the newly sprung leaves sing and why?”

He further illumines the subtle difference between worldly and spiritual wealth: “The balance which weighs the least little thing, a hair, is not that ordinary balance on which coal is weighed; it is the extraordinary one on which gold is weighed. And since gold is something that is weighed, it is not incomparable. The balance is never weighed, so it is incomparable. Spiritual wealth is never weighed on a balance for worldly wealth. To make money the standard of things is not to know economics at all – it pushes the world into tragic circumstances. Does the economist know this?”

On hearing this, sensuality could not even find its full-blooded voice. In a subdued voice it speaks, “The voice is compared to effulgent God. Even God resorted to voice. [143] How can one savour everlasting and glowing joy without a voice?

“The voice, the notes are the life of music, and music is the backbone of happiness. Further, who can doubt that everybody aims for happiness? One can, no doubt, say that if you wish to be bodiless, you have to give recognition to the body of voice. Do you get it, O embodied one, O craftsman?”

To this the craftsman's clean turban of hand-spun fabric speaks clearly: “Voices rise from the struggle between purush and prakriti, from the dull and perishable nature. They don't rise from the supreme soul – param purush. Whether harsh or melodious, all voices are perishable.

“And even if Lord God is immortal, His voice is mortal.

“And even if the joy of hearing is arisen from voice, and even if to an extent

and at an early stage, the outer tool of immortal joy may have been voice, [144] still voice is not the aim, nor is it a desirable object, it is neither immeasurable nor nectarine. The seeker should know this well.”

And the craftsman sinks into meditation: “O sense of hearing, how often have you heard a voice? O beautiful one, how often have you remembered a voice? Since when do this music and song continue? How much time have you spent in reflection over the past – if you know this, then tell me. The inner organs haven't got wet yet. Both the organs have remained deaf, where have they grown to fullness? O unmoved lord, now we want not word, but the right conditions.

“O sensuality, don't boast, nor murder true music by calling music the backbone of pleasure.

“I deem music to be that which is unattached, and true love to be that [145] which is not sensual. My companion is the music beyond the seven notes.

“The limbs of sensuality are like the sword's edge, but the times are being befuddled. The colours of sensuality are like embers, and the times are burning. This speaker has found a remedy for this damage – it is a never-before drink.

“If you drink it, the pain of the body vanishes in no time, the sufferings of the mind vanish in no time.

“My companion music is made of equanimity, it's colourless and cool.

“I cannot live tied down to any age, I cannot be tied down to any particular tune.

“My companion is the music whose style is free and bare. [146] If the eye turns towards the sea, it appears large, it appears like the image of epicycles of time. If the eye turns towards the wave, the sea appears short-lived. A thing has many facets, many colours, it is fluid.

“My companion is the music whose style has seven aspects.

“It was bored with a drop of happiness and immersed into a sea of sorrow. Sometimes garlands honoured it, sometimes repeated defeat dishonoured it. At some places it was lured by a gain, at places it felt sad on account of a loss. At some places it found a friendly soul, at places a cheat. This unfortunate being wandered on and on. But today, all the sorrows have been wiped out, when it found this music.

[147] “My companion is music and my victory is a wholesome victory in war.”

**When inconscient nature - prakriti - hears sensuality belittled, she presents a disgusting sight. This becomes ground for Mother Nature to show tearful compassion. God expresses sorrow over preachers who preach without practicing.**

When prakriti heard of the impermanence and inanity of voice, her nose that was always drawn towards sensuality, began to run. Mucus that was partly thick and partly thin, partly green and partly yellow, flowed out of it. It was a disgusting sight.

On this mucus, flies circled - flies that breed attachment and are immersed in sense objects. It appears that the mood of disgust has also negated sensuality, not opted for it. Why does everybody's nose utter the nasal sound No?

The mucus stuck to the upper lip and dripped down to the lower lip. And the tongue of sensuality savoured it with great gusto. [148] On seeing this thoughtless act of sensuality, Mother Nature, the originator of all aesthetic moods, was angered. She gave a few slaps on the cheeks of sensuality, whose childlike pink cheeks turned to a coral shade.

A mother's virtue is not glorified and made meaningful by merely giving birth to a child and presenting him to the world. Rather, she has to awaken the dormant potential in the child to the full by pure conditioning. This is what we have heard from saints.

When a child takes to evil, the mother's hand rises in punishment; when the child progresses towards truth, her hand rises in blessing. And this is exactly what happened.

Mother Nature's eyes, wet with compassion, shed tears, and her compassion is saying something to one and all: [149] "You quarrelled among yourselves such a lot, and it was all wrong. Why are you so keen to kill others - and be killed? Is that what your sagacity comes to? You are flush with poison and are out to bring down holocaust. The Mother feels deeply hurt by these goings on. Don't make your life a battlefield, heal the wounds of Mother Nature.

"Be merciful. Be kind to the cruel. Be fearless. On those who are terrorized, rain the nectar of fearlessness. Always think of everybody's welfare. O heart, live the life of humanity. Don't make a battlefield of your life, rather repay the debt you owe to Mother Nature.



“Don't just flaunt your own worth but see the good in others. Also, see to it that you don't desire what is others' and don't speak ill of others. Don't make life a battlefield, don't hurt the mind of Mother Nature. [150] Try to discover what life is and what the world is. Overcome craving. Cravings bond you to the impermanent world.”

Then the compassionate Mother gets serious and says, “If my weeping brings you smiles and makes you glad, here I cry. I can cry even more.

“And if the very fact of my being alive gives you palpitations of the heart, makes you sad and scared, well, I would like to give up my life as well. I would like to sleep forever. I pray to God that He should take away my life as early as possible. My being should be reduced to naught, that is all.”

To this, God says, “That which comes into being cannot be annihilated, my child. Life has for its companion constant struggle, yes, life is the merry song of immortality.

“I beg your pardon that your wish could not be fulfilled, O enjoyer soul.”

[151] Upon seeing this scene, this pen, too, chokes with sorrow. It backs up the Mother, saying, “Its eyes moisten with compassion for some and beam with joy for others. What should I do? Should I weep or laugh at this strange world?

“The world sees this sobbing pen, puts it to vigorous tests, believes in God, and is greatly influenced by God. But its only shortcoming is that this influence is limited to the head. Why, otherwise, would today's man go topsy-turvy. Its feet are fixed, Mother. Mother, there is no dearth of the teachings of Brahmaa, or the first Tirthankara, or Adinaath. But grass has grown on the holy path [152] shown by them.

“This grass is not because of rains but because of the crowd of preachers who shower their preachments of compassion without practicing what they preach.

“Mother, today the guides don't know the path. The reason is known: they whom the path is being shown do not wish to follow the path but want others to follow it. Innumerable are the cunning folk who are driving others.

“What shall I do? I write whatever is happening. I get a taste of it, I weep, and keep writing. After all it is my job, my fate to write.”

**Now when compassion starts shedding tears, the craftsman points out her sentimental limitations. He then finds fault with the mood of motherly tenderness, too, and finally enthrones the quiet mood as the supreme amongst them all.**

On seeing the craftsman stunned, did compassion also feel inadequate? “Don't split hairs like this,” she said, and started weeping.

[153] At this, the craftsman says, “It is not in the nature of compassion to weep. But compassion cannot be exercised without weeping. To have compassion somewhere in the heart is one thing and to act out of it is quite another. All the same, such an excess seems out of place.

“I agree that the crop of a manured field is richer than that of an unmanured field. But if a seed is sown in manure, it is burnt. Yes, that is so. If you use well-measured quantities of manure and water and scatter seed, they don't sprout unless covered by soil. Not only that, if the seed are covered with an excess of soil, they may sprout within, but they will be choked in the depths [154] and won't rise to the surface of the earth. Compassion is not despicable – it has its own applications, and its limits. Even so, we have to understand the right place of compassion.

“One who exercises compassion must not nurture an ego, nor should he have the sense of being a chief disciple. The one who receives compassion does consider himself to be a minor disciple. The heart of both is moved. The disciple is moved by taking shelter, the guru by giving shelter. They both experience something never-before, but that cannot be called true happiness. The door is opened so as to remove sorrow and provide happiness; even so, at that moment, both of them forget their sorrow.

“The one who exercises compassion does not fall, but his face is downward, that is to say outward-looking. [155] The one who receives compassion does not look downward, he sure is upward-looking. Even so, there is no certainty about one's becoming upward-moving.

“There are two types of compassion – one is attracted to sense objects, the other is producer of detachment and a guiding light. The first kind is not under discussion here, we're talking about the second kind. In what words shall I relate the taste of this quality called compassion? If you believe in this, it tastes like salt tears.

“As such, it is a big mistake to consider the pathetic mood – karun ras –

subsumed in the tranquil mood – shaant ras.

“Compassion is like a canal, utility-oriented in a bouncing way. The tranquil mood is like a river, utility-oriented in a bright way. When a canal enters a field, [156] it allays the burning of the soil and itself dries up. The river obliterates everything in its way and reaches the sea to find its happiness.

“I would like to explain this subject further. When water falls into dust, it changes into mud. But when ice falls into dust, it cannot change itself. It does not absorb anything. When water is exposed to fire, its coolness is gone. It boils and scalds others. But if ice is exposed to fire, its coolness is preserved. It neither boils nor scalds. Almost similar is the position of the compassionate mood.

“Compassion is fluid, it flows and is soon influenced by others.

[157] “The peaceful mood does not get carried away by any current. The times may change but it sticks to its position. This also signals that there can be no mixture of motherly tenderness in compassion. And motherly affection is neither hollow nor imaginary.”

On hearing this, on the surface of the great clay's round cheeks there is a thrill of motherly affection.

The craftsman continues, “Like compassion, motherly tenderness feeds on duality. It is whimsical with its attachment; outer give-and-take dominate in it. Its inner grasp is weak, hence non-duality does not show up in it.

“It is exercised only on those of the same religion, conduct and thoughts. It cannot be expressed without a gentle smile. In motherly tenderness, you glimpse a mild sweetness... [158] and then impermanence. Dewdrops don't satisfy your thirst nor your hope nor desire. The lamp of breath gets extinguished. So tell me, how can motherly affection subsume the peaceful mood?

“If a baby is in a mother's lap and the mother is giving suckle to it, the baby does look upward at the mother's lips, eyes and cheeks. It examines how action and reaction are related. If the mother's eyes reflect compassionate softness or hardening, the baby will tend to cry. If the mother's cheeks quiver with a gentle smile on the lips, the baby's throat will convulse. This is the sole reason why a mother covers a suckling's face with her sari when nursing it. [159] That is to say, to experience the peaceful mood you should be in joyous solitude.

“The experience of the peaceful mood results from the confluence of your colourless and coloured body with the depth of a lake that is free from colours and waves.

“The compassionate mood is the life of life, unstable like the wind. Motherly tenderness is the saviour of life, white and fluid like water. But they belong to the world of duality. The peaceful mood is the song of life, sweet and milk-like.

“The compassionate mood is that which softens the hardest stone to wax. Motherly tenderness is made of the stuff that changes the dullest fool to a wise person. But these are worldly miracles. But as for the peaceful mood, [160] it changes a self-controlled discreet person into God.

“As far as the peaceful mood is concerned, it is something to be internalized. If I have to speak briefly and negatively, the end of all other moods is the peaceful mood. This wisdom is straight from the heart of saints. Glory be.”



The holy congregation of the devoted disciples ‘Muni Sangh’  
engrossed in Acharya Bhakti - the worship of the Guru

**The clay has been kneaded by now and the potter shapes it on his wheel.  
The clay prays to him to free her from the cycle of births.**

Here, the craftsman completes the kneading of the clay with legs even while bringing out the importance of the peaceful mood, which is according to him the king of moods, the essence of moods. And the craftsman rotates his wheel on the wooden rod embedded in the earth and rising like a tower, with a two-arms-long stick in his hand. Then he places the lump of clay on the rotating wheel. The lump also rotates along with the wheel. Just then the clay addresses the craftsman: [161] “Going by the Sanskrit etymology of the word 'samsaar' – the world – it is something which moves in a balanced way. Time is not a wheel by itself, it is the ruler of the wheel of the world. That is why, traditionally, time is called a wheel. This has resulted in my passing through four phases, through an excruciating cycle of eight million four hundred thousand births.

“Now, you have put her on the potter's wheel as well. She feels giddy. Take her down from this one more round now, liberate her.”

In answer, the craftsman pacifies her:

“Wheels are of many kind. The wheel of the world is that which causes attachment, anger and such other things. A self-conquering soul's wheel is that which puts an end to the cycle of physical births. [162] This potter's wheel is like the whetstone which makes your life shine with incomparable qualities. It is the source of the glory of a holy life.

“And as for your giddiness, it is not because of the potter's wheel but because of your faulty vision. By looking at the circumference, a conscious being undergoes a fall. By looking at the centre of centres, a conscious being is preserved. The circumference moves round and round and life is wasted. In the centre, life is entertained and there appears happiness.

“And listen, it is a common thing that only a circuitous way takes the climber unhindered to an invincible mountain-peak that touches the sky.”



Acharya Vidyasagar-ji  
and his brother  
Muni Yogsagar-ji  
taking  
bits of food 'aahar'

**The lump of clay takes on the shape of a pitcher. The potter removes the imperfections in his shape.**

Now the craftsman first of all makes a spontaneous resolve. [163] He conceives the shape of a pitcher. His mind knows what is to be known, his will is focused on the object.

The body follows the mind. The potter's arms take the shape of the pitcher. An initial touch it was, which sent a never-before thrill into the clay, the beginning of an experience of affection. From time to time there surface, in a set order, various kinds of sweet images of the clay, which had lain in a veil of secrecy since time immemorial.

It is a job for prowess to unveil secrets. Only a sensitive sufferer has a severe thirst to nose out a secret – it is not a passive act of destiny.

A person who lacks the instrument of exploring – that is, hands – he neither does anything for others, nor gets it done. He who lacks feet to walk neither walks a step [164] nor makes anyone walk. Time is inert, beyond buying and selling. Since the beginnings, time has rested in one place, indifferent to others. All the same, the presence of time here in this fashion is essential, owing to the mutual efficient relationship.

The clay, devoid of pride, gives up its lump shape and takes on the pitcher shape. The earth is pitcher-shaped. The clay steadfastly rises above the earth.

In a way, a creature ordinarily travels all the time unobstructed, even staying at his own place. Even so, when his ego-free good sense rises to his help, he develops into a superior being. He goes to his perishing when he is foolishly and proudly attached to the world. This is a prefatory observation on man's rise and fall.

[165] The potter carefully took off the pitcher-like shape from the wheel and placed it on earth. It remained there for a space of time and got nearly dried up. Gone was its sinking softness.

Today, the potter feels very happy as he picks up the pitcher. With a club in one hand and guarding the pitcher with the other, he knocked off the defects in the pitcher.

When you see the protection given by one hand, you feel that the craftsman is being kind. When you regard the hits he makes with the club, you feel that it is an act of cruelty. But the hit is on the defect, isn't it? The potter's eyes are cautious and blinkless. That is how he has given it a beautiful shape, round and smooth – he has not throttled it.

**The potter writes some numbers and words on the pitcher's body, indicative of the deceptive non-self as well as of the reality.**

On the body of the pitcher, some revelatory numbers, strange pictures and poems get written. The numbers 99 and 9 in devanagari look like ear ornaments, introducing themselves.

The one talks about the salty world, the other about the milky essence. The one enlarges the sphere of delusion, the other opens the door to liberation. When you multiply 99 by 9 and other numbers, you get a larger number, no doubt, but the sum of the multiplication comes back to 9.

For example :

$$99 \times 2 = 198, 1+9+8 = 18, 1+8 = 9$$

$$99 \times 3 = 297, 2+9+7 = 18, 1+8 = 9$$

$$99 \times 4 = 396, 3+9+6 = 18, 1+8 = 9$$

In this way, you can continue the multiplication series to 9.

Also, when you multiply 9 by 2 and other numbers, the multiplication gets to be a higher and higher number, [167] but the sum of the digits boils down to 9.

For example :

$$9 \times 2 = 18, 1+8 = 9$$

$$9 \times 3 = 27, 2+7 = 9$$

$$9 \times 4 = 36, 3+6 = 9$$

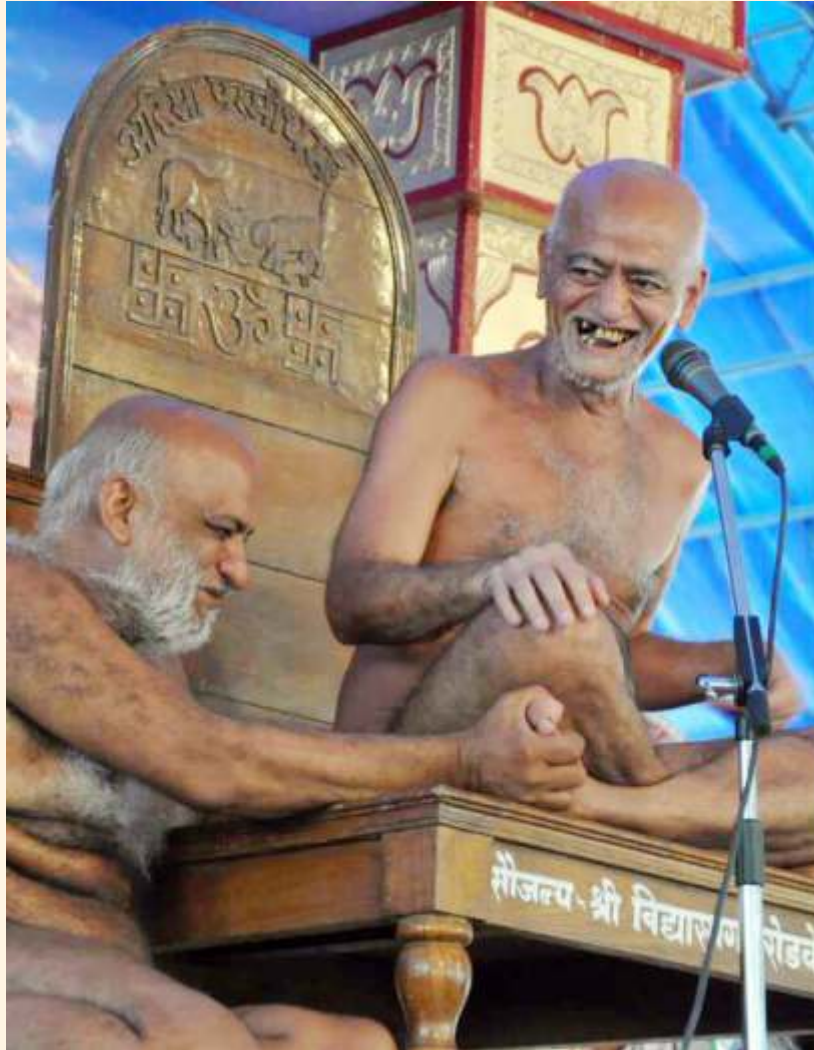
And so on. you can take the multiplier to 9 and what will result finally, what will remain, what will be seen is only 9.

That is the reason why 99 is a magic deception, perishable by virtue, and indicative of the non-self, and 9 is the number in a deep shade, a cradle in which life is fostered. It is imperishable by nature, immune to old-age and death, and a teacher of the self. No more needs to be said.

The saying that "The world is a trap of 99" appears to be true here. For worldly seekers of liberation, 99 should be held in scorn and 9 held up as an aim, a source of new life. [168] On the pitcher's neck, the number 63 is inscribed. Written in Hindi, it reminds us of the puranic figures. Its speciality is that 6 faces 3, and 3 faces 6. To share in each other's happiness and sorrows is a sign of gentlemanliness. To be

jealous of those who are happy and to buoy up to see people sad is a sign of roguery. When you forget ideal beings, the digits of 63 are reversed and 36 is formed.

36, when written in Hindi, has 3 and 6 facing away from each other. Distortion in thinking makes one's behaviour untoward. Quarrels are sparked off. What can one say thereafter! Another 3 gets added to 36 and altogether 363 opinions are engendered, thirsting for one another's blood. This is an all-too-common sight on our earth today.



The sublime HAPPINESS prevails when the *Shishya* Muni Sudhasagar-ji meets his Guru Acharya Vidyasagar-ji after a gap of 18 years



**The potter paints on the pitcher a lion and a dog for their praiseworthy and despicable qualities respectively. This is followed by pictures of a tortoise and a rabbit, and the philosophical seed-words hee and bhee, symbolizing, respectively, the desirable and the undesirable. He writes a scriptural message, too, to do one's essential, God-ward duty.**

A lion and a dog are also painted on the pitcher, silently conveying their symbolic significance. The two have different ways of life. The lion does not attack its victim from behind, does not roar unnecessarily, and does not pounce upon anyone without roaring. In short, it stays away from deception.

The dog, on the other hand, bites from behind and barks every now and then for no reason at all.

The lion never begs for its livelihood, [170] whereas the dog shakes its tail and tags along its master for bread. No neck-strap can be tied to a lion. If a lion somehow gets caged, it moves about strapless. Its tail is stiff and up-curved. It never compromises on its freedom and self-respect. The dog does not understand the value of freedom, and slavery and humiliation do not prick it. A strap around a dog's neck is a decoration.

And what is special is that if you stone a dog, it bites the stone and not the hitter of the stone. The lion uses judgement and always turns upon the real cause. It attacks the hitter. [171] People speak ill of the dog culture and civilization because the dog digs the earth and growls at its own kind. The lion lives friendly with its kind. Such is the nature of the king, and such it ought to be.

Some dogs go mad, too, and the person they bite also barks like a dog and dies within a few days. But we have never heard that a lion went mad.

There is yet another highly disreputable act of the dogkind. When it is overcome with hunger and goes foodless, it feeds on dung. And if even dung is not available, it consumes its own progeny.

But listen. The lion never eats dung to satisfy its hunger [172] nor consumes its newborn babies.

On the pitcher, right there, a tortoise and a rabbit are drawn, alerting a spiritual seeker to the way to proper saadhanaa. The tortoise walk slowly and reaches its goal within time. The rabbit, though a quick runner, remains way

behind. The reason is well-known – the one is steadfast while the other sleeps in the way. Laziness is the arch-enemy of the wayfarer.

Now, an observer can see on the mouth of the pitcher two words in Hindi – “hee” and “bhee”. Both are seed-words, signifying their respective philosophies.

Hee supports absolutism, a kind of false perception – ekaantavaad; bhee symbolizes relative pluralism – anekaantavaad, also known as syaadvaad, a doctrine of manifold standpoints or possibilities in describing matter.

Hee says that we are everything, you are worthless, a nobody. Bhee says that we as well as you are equally worthwhile.

[173] Hee looks down on others; bhee looks upon all impartially. Hee catches only the shape of things, bhee touches the insides.

Hee is western civilization, bhee Indian culture, a maker of destiny. Raavan was a worshipper of hee; Ram espoused bhee. That is why Ram is worshipped and will continue to be worshipped.

People seem to throng around hee more and more, but the real backbone of democracy is bhee, not the crowd.

In this world, the rest of democracy will be safe as long as bhee lives and breathes. Bhee ends libertine behaviour and blind arrogance. It realizes the dream of liberty, and sows the seed of good thinking and action. These seeds are only in bhee, not in hee. We pray to God that hee may be eradicated from the world now or any time later. May all actualize bhee.

The line “Join hand with hand,” is written on the pitcher, which tells us that [174] for a bright future, God has commanded thus: “Why do you sit wasting your breath? Do your proper work, keep away from sin and hypocrisy. Join hand with hand and you'll be saved. Otherwise you'll blindly lose yourself, get confined in jail and your life will be wasted.”

The spirit of togetherness -  
all for a holy cause  
- Muni Samtasagar-ji  
with Acharyashri-ji



**The potter writes short multi-meaning poems on the pitcher, reflecting the aspiration to be useful to all and necessity to lose one's ego.**

There is a short poem on the pitcher: "Dying, we should become a balm." It can only mean that our life is stony hard. How many wayfarers have stumbled upon it, stopped and fallen down? How many have left the path and turned away? Then, how many feet have become blood-spattered, how many have sustained deep injuries? Were they really properly treated? And anyway, how can a sinful stone offer treatment? [175] Today, just a thought of giving has sprouted in its mind. Even this is a sign of good luck. The feet can go no further. God, these mean sinners only pray that if not in this life, at least in the next life, they should become a balm when they die.

There is another poem on it in Hindi: "Mai do gala." It means, first, that I'm double-tongued. I have one thing in my heart and another on my lips. I contaminate milk with poison. Its second meaning is: "I'm a bastard, I'm deceitful, cunning and false. I've been hiding this deception only out of ignorance and pride." Thus, all who seek their higher self-interest may also accept this bitter truth and see wherein lies their welfare. And there is a third meaning in it which hardly needs to be told. "Melt away my pride, the root of all deformities and pollution." [176] Thus the Hindi line "Mai do gala" is a pun emanating three meanings.



Acharya Vidyasagarji sharing pearls of wisdom in a discourse with the faithfulls

**The heat of penance is now necessary to toughen the pitcher, and the entire atmosphere gets pervaded by a searing heat.**

The pitcher still has a trace of moisture in it which has to be entirely evaporated. The potter keeps it on hot, open ground.

Without penance – tap – the moisture of ignorance cannot be got rid of. Without heat – taap – there can be no rains. For want of penance, this inner mind has suffered too many desires and counter-desires for ages on ages. It has only met with failure, it has only been restless. How to tell it, how to bear it, how to live? In this life, so far we have been hearing mere talk of success.

The heart yearns to get lost in the fragrance of the infinite, it leaps up to transcend the physical end. [177] The saint's disturbed mind queries, “You who sport a light yellow shade, Mother Earth, where have you gone? Where is the beauty of spring, where indeed?”

At this, the saint gets to hear these few words: “Spring has ended. The finite is lost in the infinite, only the body remains to be cremated. Summer was invited, and it has arrived. The sun appears in a terrifying form, the sunshine is scorching, flames rule outside and within, left and right, before and behind, above and below.

Only heat and more heat is beating down.

The condition of all the ten directions has changed. The earth's most generous heart, its thighs and belly, have developed great cracks. Fiery winds enter them, as if revealing their identity to the boiling lava in the nether world. [178] All that you see here is heat and more heat. The lake of blue water, the drains and the rivers, though carriers of an endless amount of water, have shrunk and eventually become waterless. The river has come to a piteous condition. The drain has sunk into the earth out of shame.

Here, all you feel is heat and more heat.

The sun rises early and sets late. It takes longer to complete its journey. It appears as if its pace has slacked down, otherwise why would the days be longer now?

Here, there is only one power – heat and more heat.

[179] Who has robbed green nature of her greenery? What use is the creator's

greenery then? Where have disappeared the tenderness of supple ivies and the sweetness of ripe fruits? Where have vanished the mild gusts of fragrant breeze that shake branches laden with fruit? Where have gone the smiles of flowers, the continual whisperings of leaves, and the sweet humming of honey-sipping bees? Hidden is the touch of the cool creeper, the grey picture of the dried up creeper. It did not survive even for a moment – one doesn't know when it was gone.

Here, all that dominates is heat and more heat.

Where is that emotion, where the pollen, where is that awakening of consciousness? Missing is that perfume, that chirping of birds, those dear, dear things and that enthusiasm. Where is that “vi” which denotes speciality, where is the poet, and where the sun of sweet rays? Where are the limbs, where the colour, and where the humour of the god of love? Missing are those expressions and gestures, and missing is the protective shadow of consciousness.

[180] Here only one thing rules – heat and more heat.

The objects of enjoyment are lying about, the enjoyer is gone. The science of yoga is here, the yogi is gone. Which is for whom – wealth is for life or life for wealth? Which is more valuable – the body or material earnings, the inert matter or consciousness? From the body of Spring, the decorations and ornaments have been taken off as also the dress. Behind them, desire hides. Desire lives neither in the body nor in the dress but in the maya-driven mind.

Spring's physical body lies all bare and inert like a dry smell-less flower. Its mouth is slightly open and its tongue slightly hangs out, it turns this way and that. It seems to be saying something – that it has no interest in physicalities. [181] When you are governed by your tongue, you are acting thoughtlessly. Spring had no discrimination to know its own true interests. That is why those who live a spring-like life are unaffected by the preachings of saints. It is a time for cremation of that which is no more, and a spell of detachment falls on all. Now, from the body of the spring the shroud is taken off.

Here, all that seeps in is heat and more heat.

After a short while, nothing was visible any more. The corpse of the spring sank into the lap of the past, leaving behind it mere bones. And the bones smirk at

the world's woodenheadedness. They say:

“He who dies, has to be reborn. He who is born, has to die. This law is inviolate. [182] It is impossible to count those that were ever born. The earth has been dug up countless times – deep, deeper – and countless times have these bones been buried. At least now refrain from burying us. Our burial is the sowing for the welcome of another spring.”

Here, all that is seen is heat and more heat.

At times, the deadly dark Raahu appeared to swallow the brilliant sun entire. At times, the sun appeared to spit fire. Because of sun's fire-spitting, trees and plants, hills and stones, and the entire nether world appeared to melt. At times, fire became air, and air became water, and water rapidly became solid ground. They changed into one another and the mixture became turbid sometimes. Sometimes one saw a night born of solid substance, sometimes the laughter of the moon, [183] sometimes gay laughter, sometimes the night was seen to be pitch-dark, sometimes odours were sweet and foul, sometimes one saw a treaty and sometimes a conspiracy, sometimes sight and sometimes blindness, sometimes a free soul and sometime a captive soul.

Sometimes a sweet one appeared devoid of sweetness, sometimes a pleasant one appeared lacking pleasantness. Sometimes a brother appeared without a brother. Sentimentality played its trick. Sometimes a child advanced in life. Troubles kept increasing on and on. Someone became a guardian, a conductor. Sometimes the hair greyed. Sometimes urges were repressed, sometimes they were satisfied. Sometimes one found a merry garden. Sometimes one vomitted in disgust, sometimes one paid obeisance. Sometimes one underwent a modification... and so on. It doesn't stop now, nor does it get tired of talking. The bones say something more, that upon seeing these conditions and situations, do not form the view that they may be nothing... that they are nothing but vaporous dreams that you see at night... dreams... dreams... dreams.

[184] Here, all that one sees is heat and more heat.

Why do we find this mutability and impermanence in things, and whence has come this steadiness? An easy and natural permanence seems to be hidden here. Who is that? Why does he keep mum? When shall one see his form and shape?

When shall one find that rich wellspring of joy? Why can one not catch the fluidity behind getting and losing, the simplicity behind momentary inspiration? The answer to all these queries is the smile of the bones.

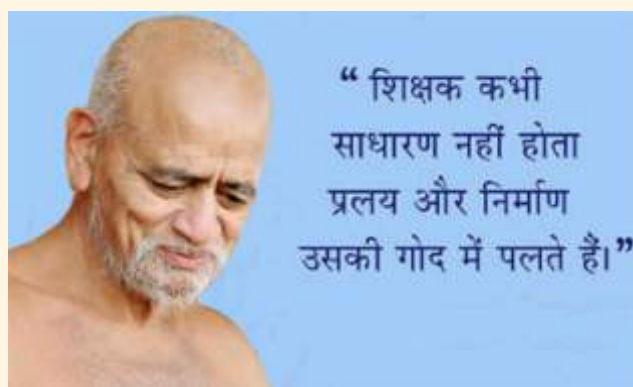
Saints give us the aphorism: “Existence is a combine of creation, dissolution and permanence.” It sort of sums up the nature of the infinite. This is a mirror in which the past, the intended, and the likely – they all glimmer and shimmer. You can see it if you have eyes of faith. [185] The gist of this can be translated in everyday speech thus: “Coming and going is an ongoing phenomenon. 'Coming' means birth and production. 'Going' means death or consumption. 'Ongoing' signifies it is steady and permanent. 'Is' means it is the permanent truth. That is the truth, the reality.”

This also leads to the inference that substances give refuge to one another, they are mixed like milk and sugar. Still they do not give up their qualities nor their nature through the ages. Then who can take whom and when? Who can steal what and when?

You are your master. You engender your desires. Then who can feed whom?

Even so, unfortunately there is a tendency to grasp and store, which is a sin that is born of your worldly nature. Let no more be said and let there be a pause here. Where has this secret been revealed till now? Good nature alone improves all that is, [186] that is one's selfhood... selfhood... selfhood. At least now let us wake up and think and take a look at ourselves... let us... let us... let us.

Here, all that one sees is heat and more heat.



The Teacher is never an ordinary Teacher, a mega-force of destruction and creation thoughts are evolved due to the guidance of the Teacher

**A threatening omen looms large, meaning to consume all.**

The spring has departed, its body has been burnt. Even so, this has affected woods and gardens, every particle and every creature's life here. Its juice flows like the blood in veins and arteries.

The effect on form and smell and taste and touch is that thick layers have been formed. All that is natural is covered. The subject has become very abstruse, so even after the cremation of the spring it is necessary to give a bath to the whole campus.

But what is this? Why should a guest commit an excess? If there is no income, let it be so. [187] There is no worry about the expenses either. But misspending is very dangerous. Now the future does not appear to be good. The forehead of fate is dark. These crowding billowing clouds that hang midway – they appear to be an untimely vision of death. But why? Does someone want to make a single morsel of the whole world and swallow it up, without chewing?



The Holy cluster of Faithfulls 'Munisangh' yearning for the 'Acharya-Bhakti' at the new Temple at Ramtek





## CANTO III : Nurturing Merit, Washing away Sins

### Section 1

**Summary : The earth is all-tolerating and saintly while the sea steals her wealth, stores it up, and the clouds collude with it. The nectar gathered by the sea from the earth is transferred and stored up in the moon.**

[189] Whenever a cataclysm has taken place on earth, it has been because of flooding of water.

Tempting the earth with coolness, someone has robbed it, which is why it has been reduced to its pathetic state that we see today – it is neither a sustainer nor a giver of wealth. And water is a storehouse of gems, with riches flowing to it from the earth.

To cast a craving glance on another's wealth shows ignorance, and when you grab and shore up another's property, it is a severe case of living in a sleep of delusion. It is a very base act, for it troubles both yourself and others, and leads to a term in hell.

The sea, having committed this despicable act, has revealed its ignorance, its thoughtlessness. [190] The earth is sworn not to retaliate even against a harm-doer. That is why the earth is called the all-tolerating one, not the all-consuming one. And, to be all-tolerating is to find everything in life. That is the path the saints have trodden.

The Sun-god, just and fair, could not tolerate this injustice by the sea, nor could he tell this to anyone. Even so, he did not rest passive, he constantly endeavoured to dissolve the unjust side and help the just side to win.

So, with his hottest rays he evaporated all the water of the sea. Now the endless wealth accumulated by the sea by thievery could be seen by the gods and the king of gods. But see the working of one's inherent nature – the evaporated water became steam, [191] turned into clouds and kept concealing its sins and deception, filling up the sea again and again.

Many were the attempts to bribe the sun, but he did not deflect from his lawful path. But the moon got disturbed in this matter and sided with the water principle. He deviated from his divine aim and took a heavy bribe. That is how this owner of meager wealth is a holder of nectar – sudhaakar – today.

All the nectar of the earth accumulates in the sea, then gets transmitted upward, and it is sudhaakar, the moon, that consumes the nectar, not the sea. The sea is fated to remain salt. The moon reflects that what he did was not befitting his position and feels ashamed. His bright forehead is marked with a blot. [192] Otherwise why would he not come out in daytime, why would he come out of his home only at night? That, too, like a thief – scared and hiding his little face. And why does he stay so far away from the earth while the sun goes from close quarters?

It's a pity. The stars imitate the moon. Here the sea is in the same situation, it surges up on seeing the moon and boils upon seeing the sun.

It is a bitter truth that money-minded eyes cannot make out spiritual riches. The craze for money has reduced big names to shameful acts.



108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji with his Muni-sangh for the deep meditation '*tapasya*' under a cave during Vihar ( travel )

**The earth aims to exalt the sea to a respectable position – the sea that shores up pearls and guards them with the help of violent creatures.**

It is a different matter that even the sea is a house of authentic pearls, because pearls are made of water – water is transformed into pearls. [193] All the same, when you think on this subject you realize that the earth plays the lead role in this act. Water is turned into a pearl in an oyster, which is made of earth. The earth has trained the oyster and sent it into the sea. The patient earth's aim is to liberate water from ignorance, make it a pearl – to draw it up from the pit into which it has fallen and to place it in a high position.

This is compassion. This is the right action for a human being.

But how is it possible for all to have a truth-ward nature? Water cannot give up its wayward ways. The nature of water is not to murmur and bounce – that is a mere pretext. Its nature is... deceptive.

On the sea's wide chest, innumerable oysters float with an open mouth, waiting for water drops. [194] As soon as a drop or two fall into oysters, the sea shuts their mouth and sinks them, afraid that someone might grab them. And it hides them in its fathomless, unreachable depth. If a diver reaches there to bring back the wealth to the earth, he is himself robbed. It is difficult for him even to return empty-handed.

Day and night an army guards this wealth – deadly venomous pythons, crocodiles that move about freely. At the sight of anyone unfamiliar they swallow him whole. If he eludes their grasp... then... then what? At least the surroundings can be made poisonous by emitting venom. That is why the sea has a rich store of poison.



A warm welcome is extended to 108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji and his 'Munisangh' at Nagpur

**The earth stays firm in her generosity despite the water principle's mean and vengeful ways.**

The earth, though fully familiar with the ways of water, is not shaken from its stance. Leave aside obstructing an ungrateful being, [195] she doesn't even think of such an act. Look at the earth's generosity for the sake of living untroubled. She always thinks of everybody's welfare.

Just look. The bamboo is a fragment of the earth. She has told the bamboo that its beauty – the beauty of its race – lies in turning water into pearls and in doing this ages after ages. It should breathe deeply in times of struggle as well as in joyous times. What to say now? Mother Earth, having so ordained, the water raining from the clouds on dense bamboo forests on tall hills, where the trees touch the sky, started turning into vanshamuktaa – bamboo pearls. That is why Krishna the flute-player freely praises his flute and adorns himself with a pearl necklace. And he caresses the flute lovingly with his beautiful red lips. [196] Then in return he hears with his ears the melodious music, getting spellbound, losing himself in his daily and nightly dreams.

Similarly, the cobra, the pig, the crocodile, the elephant and the cloud – after whose names pearls have been named – are engaged in obeying the earth. The pearls so named are the bamboo-pearl, the oyster-pearl, the cobra-pearl, the pig-pearl, the crocodile-pearl, the elephant-pearl and the cloud-pearl. Even in the formation of the cloud-pearls, it is the earth which is responsible, as will be clear presently.

Because of all these peculiarities, the fame of the earth grew to the uttermost limit. And the moonbeam developed a fever.

The disdain for the earth grew further, and the water principle very quickly made its chess-moves under the moon's direction: occasionally the rainfall was scant. It started creating mires on the earth. To hurt the unity and [197] integrity of the earth, it started creating numerous parties.

A multiplicity of parties is a slayer of peace, isn't it? As many schools of thought, so many types of propaganda, so many ways of life. If you mix liquor with water, it exhausts you, doesn't it?

That is why here you find support for excess of rains, shortfall of rains and unseasonal rains.

For a minor selfish end, for some useless fame, all kind of untoward happenings can take place.

Where is the prayer, where the worship of the lord for everybody's welfare?

While this went on, this wide-eyed pen spoke up: "Shame on the degrading, world-destroying evil mentality! Shame on the oppressive, grievous money-minded men that are like a great vulture!"



*108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji, alongwith his brother :  
Muni Shri Samaysagar-ji and Muni Shri Yogsagar-ji on a holy pilgrimage*

**The potter goes out of town on an errand, and the evil sea deutes three wickedly trained female clouds to flood and destroy the dry pitcher. The sun dissuades these clouds by discoursing on the virtues of womankind, defining a woman as something more than just a body – a pure, sobering principle.**

[198] Three or four days have passed. the potter was under compulsion to go out of town on some errand. But only his body is away, his mind again and again returns to his home.

The body is called an organ – ang – while the mind is the bodiless one inside. From it, the god of love is born. It is the generator of all attachments, the disturber of all shades and moods.

Body control is easy while mind control, though not impossible, is problematic. It is like drinking bitter poison.

The sea thought, “The absence of the potter and the presence of dryness in the pitcher is my golden opportunity.” So, in its diplomatic way, through the agency of waves that called out to Lord Shiv, saying “Har, Har,” it signalled to the clouds. And the clouds had been already trained. [199] The sea is dull-brained. This doesn't imply that it is brainless.

The sea lacks the instinct to help others. That is its inborn nature.

Real intelligence lies only in this – in achieving others' welfare and destroying the calamities that befall one's own self and others.

At a signal from the sea, three female clouds start off. They are thin-waisted; they're respectfully alert, a storehouse of immense quantities of water, slow-paced like the elephant, and deluded. They walk down a lane in the sky. The first cloud, wearing a sari white as curds, outwardly looks like a chaste woman engaged in spiritual practice.

The next cloud has a mind contrary to the god of love. She is of one mind with her husband. [200] Her sari is like the laughter of the orange-coloured flame-of-the-forest flower. Her feet are dyed red in a way that puts the rose to shame. The renowned beauty Padmini feels shy before her. Wherever this cloud went, it changed the glow of the place. The last cloud is wearing a sari of the hue of pure gold, not imitation.

Their effort is, first of all, to influence the light of the sun. They circumambulated the sun. Within a matter of minutes, the sunlight was affected no doubt, but the sun was not affected or defeated. He did not change his routine a bit.

Seeing that his wife was affected, he launched into a discourse that was opportune but edgy: “In the boundless time past, [201] we have never heard nor seen a cataclysm on the earth triggered by womenfolk. These clouds that have come intent on bringing a cataclysm appear to deface their culture, don't they?

“Whether the hungry and thirsty children are her own or somebody else's, a mother's milk is not withheld but rather gushes out. The milk is waiting only for this opportunity.

“Is the compassionate heart also thirsting for bringing a cataclysm today? Are people selling off their religion for the protection of the body? Are people losing their shame to garner wealth?

“Womankind has many peculiarities that are held as ideal by men.

“Though always in bondage, women don't – even for a moment – commit an excess of sins. They are sin-shy. Why otherwise would they be called timid?

“Usually, women have to walk on the evil path only when forced by men. [202] But womenfolk have been honoured for their discrimination between good and bad.

“Their eyes radiate compassion. Hostility never touches them. One freely gets sociability and friendly gestures from them. A woman has no enemies and she is not a cutting tool like the saw.

“It is a woman who brings a holy environment or a great festival in life.

“She inspires unique faith in the heart of a forlorn, helpless, supportless man who is tired of life – a faith in the patient Mother Earth.

“It is she who tells man the right way to his destination.

“Not only this, listen further. A man who suffers from diarrhoea, [203] a man whose power of self-control has gone slack, a man who suffers from a craving for amassing overmuch wealth, is treated by a woman with a drink of butter-milk.

“The one who inspires decisive knowledge, who dispels darkness and

ignorance and awakens life is called weak – abalaa, a Hindi synonym for 'woman' in common parlance. Or, the one who focuses man's wandering mind from the past happenings and the hopes of the future to the present moment is called a woman.

“A woman is not a calamity, as the synonym 'abalaa' for woman signifies. She is a solution without a problem. In the absence of a woman, even a strong man becomes weak and the whole world proves to be a nest of problems. That is why the synonym 'abalaa' for woman is justified – she is not a calamity.

[204] “The Hindi word for a maiden, 'kumari', signifies that she is the earth that yields wealth. Hence, this earth will be lush with treasures as long as maidens are there. That is the reason why saints consider a maiden to be the first among the auspicious beings of the world.

“A householder's life appears seemly when he performs his religious duty – dharm; acquires lawful wealth – arth; and satisfies his due desires – kaam. These are his scripture-given tasks of a worthwhile life, his purusharthas. While trying to complete these tasks, normally it is the man who commits sins, and it is the woman who always endeavours to neutralize sin with merit. Only in order to impose control on man's desire and to make his worship fault-free, she conceives. She saves man from the tendency to over-accumulate and overspend by duly distributing the wealth earned.

[205] “Woman assists man in a householder's religious duties such as charity, worship and service. She makes him do all this, thereby guarding the religious tradition.

“She is a picture of equanimity, purity and self-control and she makes man proficient in the three scriptural tasks (purusharthas) namely righteous conduct (dharm), earning of wealth (arth) and fulfilling desires (kaam).

“You who desire happiness, listen. A daughter is a home of pleasant qualities and a source of comforts and conveniences. So say the scriptures.

“A daughter is one who accomplishes the welfare of two – her own and that of her husband, however fallen he may be. [206] Her presence is auspicious in two families – her own and her in-laws'. She brings happiness in this world and the next. Wherever she may be, she anyhow looks after the welfare of those around.



“We need to understand the importance of the word 'mother' as well. This word is closely related to knowledge. The power of understanding can never be acquired except by the blessings of the mother principle. That is why there is no man here – father or grandfather – who is the foundation stone of all. The birth-giver of all is the mother principle.

“In the absence of the mother principle, the knower-known relationship comes to a standstill. Such being the case, you tell me who will find peace, joy and liberation, why and how. That is why in this life let mother be always respected and honoured. Praises be.

[207] “For centuries, woman has been advising the male kind: 'You who are inflamed with desire, listen for a while. I am a woman but I'm not merely a body, I'm something else as well. Try to peep within the physical form, ask for something other than this composite of flesh and bones. What I have to give, you want to receive. That is something that is permanent; that is spotless brilliance. Be grateful to that weightless glow?’”



*Ashok Patni-ji and Sushila Bhabhi offering bits of food 'Aahar' to Acharyashri-ji*

**The sun's disquisition changes the heart of the lady clouds and they worship him. Dust particles embrace the water-drops, and cloud-pearls are born, which rain on the pitcher.**

This discourse of the sun touched the clouds' heart, and contrary feelings vanished. The debate came to a close, and in a few moments the dialogue also came to a close. As the outer form changed, so did the inner form. All three clouds changed.

[208] They felt that the side of their husband, the sea, was wrong while the side of the sun, the master of the world, was right. On learning of their bright tradition, they felt disgust at the crime they had committed, even disgust at themselves. So they at once said, "Master, pardon us our wrong. This servant begs for an opportunity to serve. When shall these eyes see a spectacular sight? May the dust settle down, master.

"The food which is untasted by us but which is an endless source of joy – may we taste that food."

The discrimination that knows milk from water, which knows what to do and what not to do, awakened in their heart. They became servants of a worthy master. They saw with even-minded eyes, and their body, mind and speech became gentle and pleasant.

They became engaged in charity, compassion, they became humble. They gave up their passions, [209] became detached and simple like the swan.

They became tolerant, nonviolent. They became reverential to sages and saints, worshipful of ascetics. They became impartial, and sang praises of the just side.

They cursed, as it were, the craving for the sensuous enjoyment to come. With wet eyes that were white, red and yellow, and full of respect and courtesy, they circumambulated the sun, to convert sins into meritorious deeds.

The earth's eyes observed all these happenings: the surface physicality shimmered and united with the affectionate heart within.

The earth's innumerable hands, in the form of innumerable particles of dust, quickly rise into the air. They reach the action point. They are there to caress the

water-drops that flow from the eyes of the clouds, rest awhile on the cheeks and shine, being the spotless white indicators of a pure life. [210] As soon as the distances were bridged, the solid particles met with the liquid particles in an embrace.

The residual conditionings – sanskaaras – of deception were also wiped out and all became deceit-free. This is how water was liberated. This is how the cloud-pearl was born of the clouds.

Whose was the qualification? What was the material cause? Whose is this help? What is this contribution? Whose is the pain? What is the life? Whose is the inspiration? Who is the saviour? All these doubts were cleared automatically. The whole mystery was out as pearls rained on raw pitchers in the potter's yard. A devotee appeared to prostrate himself before his revered feet.



*Acharyashri-ji and his holy Faithfulls ( Shravak-gan ) during Vihar  
( travel on foot ) in scorching heat*

**The king comes to know of the pearl-rain and rushes with his team to appropriate the gems. But his mates fall unconscious upon touching the unearned wealth. The potter arrives, prays for the sufferers' recovery, gives them the pearls and apologizes to the king for the unwitting discomfort to him.**

[211] The potter is absent and pearls rain in his yard. The whole atmosphere was lost in wonder. The neighbouring eyes peer greedily.

The news travelled in no time to the ears of the king. What to say now! The king's mouth waters. He comes with his train of courtiers that are lured and greedy. They are amazed to see the unique sight.

The troop is signalled to pack up the pearls in large bags. For the courtiers, the signal is like a command. As soon as they bend to pick up the treasures, a solemn voice thunders in the sky: "Terrible, terrible, terrible. It's a sin... it's a sin... it's a sin. What are you doing? Exert yourself, exude sweat. [212] You have been given the strength of arms, to show your prowess. Understand man rightly. If you swallow a ball of butter without doing physical labour, you'll never be able to digest it. Rather, your life will be in danger.

"A stranger woman is like mother, and unearned wealth, even pebbles of gold, are like dirt in the eyes of a noble man. But alas, where on this whole earth do you find such goodness? Only wickedness survives."

Even upon hearing these bitter and mocking words, the courtiers stretch out their hands. And as soon as they touch the pearls, they are as if stung by scorpions. Their body was roasted like a paapad on embers or a flame. They flounced and turned from side to side. From head to foot, in every limb they experienced an acute pain, as if on account of venom. The greedy troop including the grasping minister fell unconscious, their bodies turning blue. [213] On seeing this, the king also got scared. He could not open his mouth, as if his lips were locked. His pulse slowed down. He feels that somebody's mantric power has transfixed him. The hands cannot move – they are arrested. The feet cannot move – they are frozen. The eyes are blurred. The ears cannot hear, they are lost. He wants to retaliate but he cannot. He is in a fix. The atmosphere gets serious.

At that moment, onlookers crowd the place. The potter, too, arrives. As soon as he sees the sight, three lines are drawn in his eyes – of wonder, sadness and detachment.

The wonder is on account of the huge crowd, [214] the sadness is on account of the unconscious courtiers and the transfixing of the king; and the detachment is on account of the revelation that those who are enmeshed in woman and wealth are never free from unbearable sorrow. The potter wept at the thought that his yard had become an accident spot. Where people were prepared for heaven and other higher regions, a calamity had befallen that day. God, why is this auspicious yard a rink of fights?

It appears to him that his meritorious deeds had fructified into this happening. He prays to the lord for his own and others' good:

“May life not be robbed. May peace and joy prevail. May these people come to their senses – both physically and morally. May they be flooded with energy.”

For some moments, the atmosphere stops pulsating. The potter is lost in prayers. [215] Then the silence breaks with a loud utterance of the syllable AUM. The potter charges with the silent chant of a mantra some cold water on his palm. He prays in his heart for the well-being of people and sprinkles the water on the unconscious cabinet of ministers. Then, what to say!

Within a moment, their eyelids stir and the eyes open like a lotus in a lake, whose petals open into a gentle smile at the touch of sunrays.

On recovering their consciousness, the troop runs away from the pearls; the king, too, moves away, afraid that the mishap might be repeated. Then, the potter speaks without any eagerness, with a choked throat and a subdued trembling voice. His eyes water, his hands are joined, he bows with humility: “Master, my crime may please be pardoned. [216] You are the keeper of subjects, you are merciful. We are subjects, fit to receive your mercy. You are our parent, we are your children. This is your wealth. Our protection lies in your company.

“You and your courtiers had to suffer because of my absence. But such a thing will not repeat itself, master. Have no fear.”

So saying, the potter packed the bags with pearls with his own hands, with no fear in his heart. When the royal brigade and the king see this sight, they at once utter: “Hail the religion of truth. Hail the religion of truth.”

### The pitcher criticizes the king for his greed.

At this moment, even the raw pitcher addresses the king with these germane words: “Your majesty, you have been saved by a hair's breadth. You are very lucky indeed. Otherwise you would have been evaporated by the heat [217] and you would have been lost in thin air. And what kind of wisdom is it that you touched a lighted scented stick? If the scented stick was drinking in its own fragrance, it would have been a different matter. But it was sending its mild perfume to your nose.

“Secondly, the crossing of the line of caution – Laxman-rekha – whether by Raavan or Seeta, or even by Raam himself, is sure to attract a nemesis.” One who burns in a desire for excess of money, who treats money as his life-breath and salvation, one who is enchanted by money, is not a pundit of ethical economics.

“In the shadow of this sensuous age of falsehood – kaliyug – most of the world has learnt only this lesson, being affected by business-minded surroundings, by prostitution...



The perfect ‘mudra’ of peaceful prayers - to be in touch with the Almighty

**The pitcher's words ire the king. The potter instructs the pitcher not to preach to elders, and the king's rage subsides. The potter prays to the king to accept the gift of the pearls.**

[218] The pitcher's ironical dig produces all at once three reactions on the king's wide forehead – shame, waves of anger, and worried thoughts on account of the actuality of the happening.

On seeing the transformation on the king's face, the potter considered the king's mind, then cast a sideward glance at the pitcher.

May the pitcher's words – knowledgeable about the self but piercing, producers of sweetness over time but bitter today – may these words come to a stop, so that his goodwill for the king may be expressed. The pitcher comes to know the king's hereditary tender nobility.

The potter addresses the pitcher, “If a youngster even by mistake preaches to elders, it is a sign of great and sorrow-generating ignorance. But to inculcate elders' good qualities, [219] that is to say to promise that you will follow the holy path, is a great, nectarine blessing. And, for an elder to give advice to youngsters suo motto even in a dream, that is to say, to imitate them in preaching, is to close the doors to happiness.

“But yes. If youngsters humbly ask for what is good for them, then to preach to them in sweet, short words about their welfare, impartially and without spiritual loss to yourself, is to balm one's sorrows.”

As the potter advises the pitcher, the king's rage gradually subsides – like the mercury in a thermometer or like the boiling milk into which a few drops of water have been added. [220] His excitement was quelled and his mental disorder gave way to peace. Seeing this, the potter with joined hands submits thus: “O wielder of the sword, O merciful, be kind to us who deserve your kindness. Do the favour of accepting this wealth.

“Don't treat it as a gift. Your majesty, this is your necklace, your decoration. This is your victory. For us to use or enjoy this wealth would be our defeat.”

**The pearls, too, plead for their acceptance by the king, and the ruler does so.**

The pearls on top in the bag peep outside and see and listen to the potter's humble prayer to the king. They even understood, through the king's gentle smile, the excitement of joy in the king's mind, his inclination to accept the offer. They are as if saying, "O king, this befits your status. Do accept."

But listen, the pearl – muktaa – is true to its name; it is free – mukt – [221] from attachment or aversion, free from the faults of pride, arrogance and envy. First they dropped from the sky into the yard, then scattered apart and were stashed in bags. Now they are proceeding to the royal palace with honour. They are being freely praised, but when did they listen to their praises as if hypnotized? They become crisis-quelling necklaces of happy women. They become protective festoons on doors, placing their hands on the heads of visitors. Even then the pearls remain unchained, free from pride.

The king thinks over the potter's prayer and the supporting words of the pearls, he thinks over the atmosphere and gladly accepts the offer. [222] He takes the rare wealth of pearls and enriches the royal coffers.



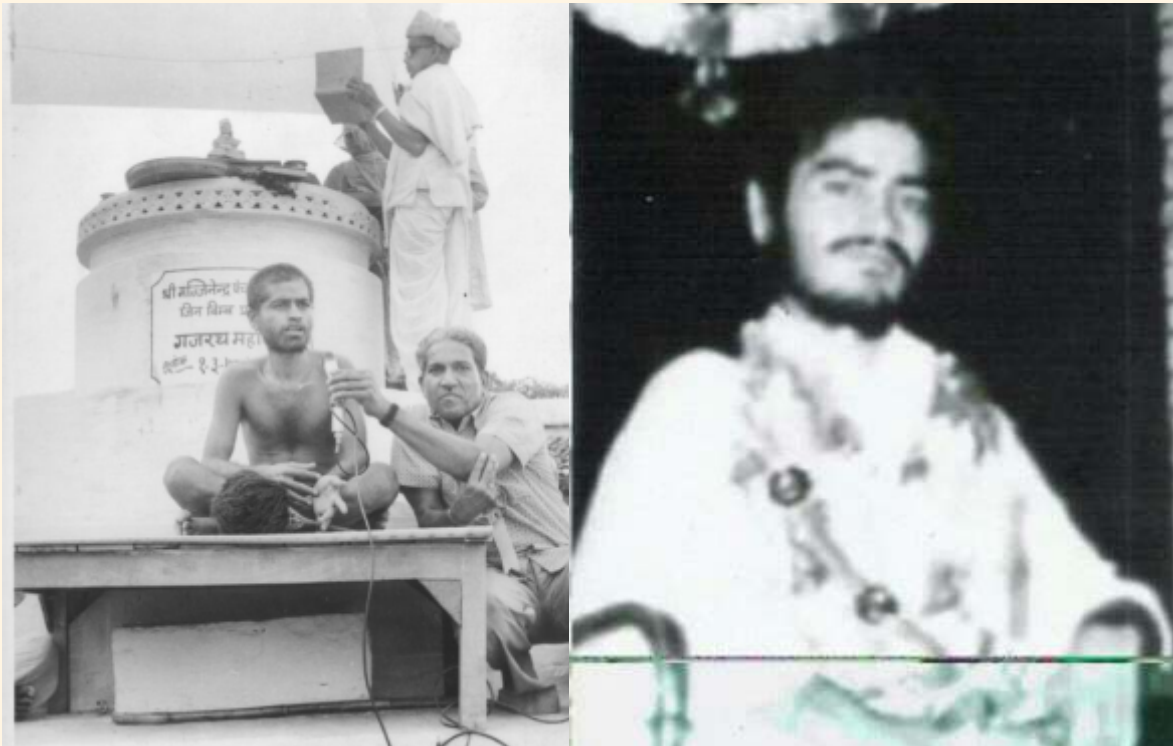
A life of simplicity and penance - now & ever



**The earth's brilliance, outshining the moon's, increases.**

Similarly, the earth's white radiance puts to shame the rays of the moon and spreads in ten directions, into the limitless void.

The simple love for the earth which varied kinds of glow cherish, goes on increasing – the glow of men valiant like the sun, of rich folk, intelligent folk, courageous folk, of pictures, of infants and animals, of lucky adolescents, of young men and women, of bands of ascetics, of landlords and saints, of chaste women, of hardworking rishi-like farmers, of wielders of the sword or the pen, of men rich in supernatural powers, of enlightened souls, of men of great qualities, of trees and gurus, of fragrant leaves, of larger clusters of bushes, of bunches of fruits and tender flowers, of smooth newly-sprung leaves, of hills and festivals, of ever-sliding rivers, of beautiful lotus-rich lakes... and so on.



The intensity & depth of the Discourse being lucidly explained by Acharyashri-ji, when young.  
And, Acharyashri-ji, taking the 'Diksha' - the holy moment of being true to oneself,  
one's faith and the FAITH-GIVER

**The sea schemes afresh to damage the pitcher. The fire of the sea-bottom threatens the sea, at which the sea rejoins with vehement hostility.**

[223] Oh, what is this topsy-turvy outcome? This is the poisonous way of the sea. It gets irritated on observing the earth's rising fame. O friend, this is a feeling of intolerance, no doubt.

The clouds had been sent to destroy the pitcher and reduce it to clay, for this they had been trained. But seeing that they were returning shyly, having worshipped the foe and enhanced the earth's glory with a rain of pearls, the sea instantly became extremely agitated. Its eyes grew red, its brows were furrowed, and its solemnity turned to fear. [224] It foresaw an unhappy future. With a sinful and polluted mind, the sea reflectively utters these words: "A woman – whether your own wife or another's – has this inveterate nature: she never clings to any one side. Otherwise, is it an easy thing to give your resignation to your motherland and mother's home? And that too without a twinge of sorrow, without effort? As for men, this is not only a tough job, it is impossible at all times. That's why a woman should not, even by mistake, become the controller of a family's cultural tradition. And she should not be told of confidential parlays, of your secret stand."

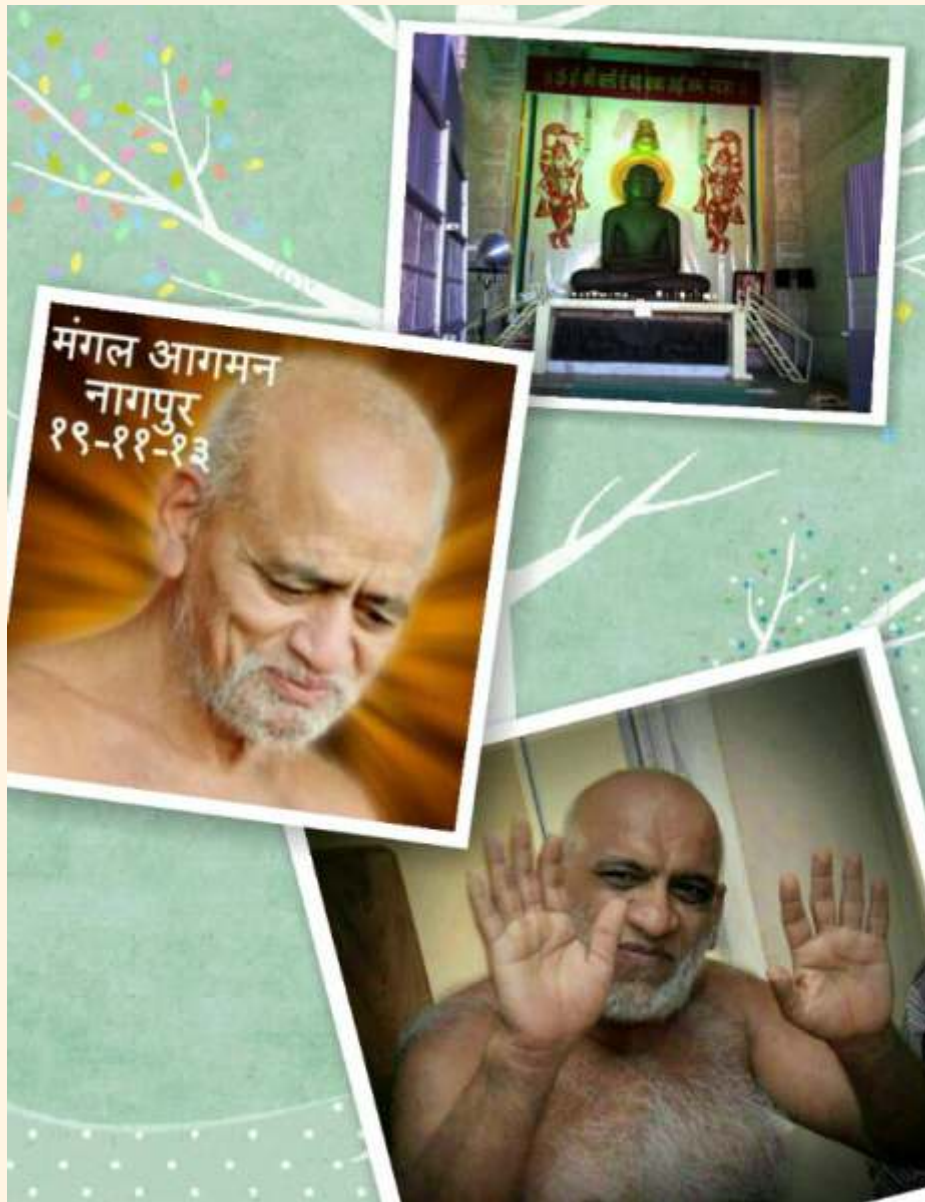
The sea cherished a bitter hostility towards the earth, arrogance towards its elders and an insatiable lust to rule over all, to consume all. [225] The glowing sun could not stand the position taken by the sea. The sun, therefore, secretly signalled to the fiery principle which was an inhabitant of the sea-bottom, which was of the same caste as the sea. However, in result, the sea-bottom fire flared up, declaring, "O sea, a house of salt, even a moment is enough for me to drink you up."

When occasion calls, even gentlemen and noble souls have to resort to an outburst of feeling to accomplish their job. Otherwise their nobility turns base, and wicked people get worshipped. How can good people ever like such a thing?

The sea guffaws and says sarcastically, "What you say is one thing and what you do is quite another. You don't do what you say nor say what you do. [226] The sun is burning overhead, you are flaring up beneath, but where is there a change in the coolness of my waters? The waters neither burn nor boil. What a pity that despite my cool company you didn't cool down, you didn't give up your hot temper.

“Secondly, because of your hot nature, your bile always overflows and your mind is always stirred up.

“Why otherwise would you rave like a madman as to what you would do? To normalize your bile, beg of me for a remedy, drink in the nectar that is like moonbeams. And don't ever side with the sun.”



The FAITH-GIVER Almighty. the FAITHFUL follower and the blessings receiver

**The sea launches three male clouds, evil by nature and long trained by himself in warfare, on a mission to demolish the pitcher.**

[227] The sea is chockfull of deceptions. Its labours begin again with the chief aim of inundating the earth with a cataclysm.

That is why this time it has trained, over a long, long period of time, three male clouds. They are not female clouds to change their party or to melt with pity within no time.

The chief job of these clouds has been to obstruct good work. The job is heinous and its consequences miserable.

They rise one by one from the salty, watery sea like airplanes, taking their party along. The first cloud is so dark that a swarm of beetles that has confusedly separated from its companion looks upon this cloud as the lost friend and repeatedly goes and meets it. And it returns disappointed. It means the first cloud is darker than the beetle.

[228] The second one is blue like a venomous snake spitting venom. It is blue-throated, sportive. In its blue glow, a ripe and yellowed rice field looks green. The last group of clouds is pigeon-grey. All three of them are dark of the heart as they are dark outwardly, too.

To comment on their mindset: they are mighty and sinful. They nurture an unmitigated ego. Their hearts are pitiless and they continually engage in quarrels. They cannot digest their food unless they quarrel. The ghosts run away scared on seeing them from afar. The no-moon night also gets terrified and hides somewhere far from them. That's why this kind of night comes out of its house only once in a month. [229] The night is a sister of the clouds. The sea befriended the moon and the moon earned a bad name, a blot on his character. Because the moon could not marry a beautiful woman, he got related to the night. The sea is responsible for this.

They are possessed by the ghost of attachment and can never be controlled by anyone, whatever one does. They have been full of ill-will, crooked, engaged in evil acts. They find their satisfaction in troubling others. As soon as they see others, they get hot with anger. Vengefulness is their inborn nature. They don't easily give up their animosity against anyone. They blame the innocent, create unrest among

those who are contented, they speak ill of respectable people and disrupt good work.

Even by mistake they do not wish to savour the good feeling of noble work. They are lost in sensuality, they cultivate passions. [230] These clouds are carriers of dead matter namely water, thereby becoming dull-brained and supercilious.

Though clouds are also called payodhar – holders of water – they only rain poison in the rainy season. Why, otherwise, are they dark as beetles? It is a different matter that as soon as they unite with the earth, the poison becomes nectar. The question also arises – why are the autumn clouds, which follows the rainy season, diamond-white?



The purification before the way to holiness

**These clouds make a threatening war of words on the sun.**

The availability of a remedy is not enough to achieve your object. It is essential that the obstructions are removed. And this does not happen automatically, you have to exert yourself.

Keeping in mind this scheme of cause and effect, the party of clouds first quickly dashes against the sun which comes in their way. Drunk with pride, [231] they thunder loudly, “Why do you side with the earth? Why does the sea irritate you?

“You donkey, listen. You may be termed the jewel of the sky, you may be the lord-planet of the solar system, you may be the foremost among the planets, but you seem extremely perturbed. O fiercest of the fierce, you have assumed a body in vain. Where is your resthouse? That's why all day you wander from door to door like a poor wretch. How dare you enter into a struggle against the sea?

“You wretch, at least now take the side of the sea and be kind to yourself. Earn happiness, peace and a good name. This is your opportunity, encash it. Now use your head, give up your perversity. [232] Otherwise we shall soon arrange for an eclipse. Ill-fame results from stubbornness and a stubborn person has always been consigned to jail.”



A humble effort to shift the Lord Parshwanath Idol, a symbol of Divine Faith

**The sea counter-argues robustly and expresses his determination to do the enemy in.**

The ten directions were deafened to hear this hard, harsh and bitter barrage of words. The sky dimmed, sinking into the cluster of clouds scattered all over the place. That into which others sink was itself sunk.

The halo of the sun was somewhat dulled and it said, “You cheats, you who dupe others and laugh! You who live a fragmented life, you who side with hypocrites and fly! It will take some time for you to understand this mystery.

“A devotee and not a sinful person is scared of this dreadful and hollow world. A sighted person and not a blind one is scared of deep dense darkness. [233] To slay violence is to worship nonviolence and adore it. To slay a violent person or to worship him regularly is to slay nonviolence... which is heinous. The earth has fortitude because she goes by her intellect, her discretion. The sea is cowardly because he is engrossed in his body.

The sun offered soft flowers in worship to the earth's intelligence and rewarded the sea's baseness with hard thorns of rebuke – dealing with each according to their deserts. Then the sun felt an access of self-respect and all of its intense heat rose to the surface. His eyebrows became tense. They were as if drenched in blood and looked frightful. The tongue leapt out and seemed to drip with thick drops of fire. He roared, “No, no, I shall spare no one.” [234] He conflagrated like a forest-fire. One doesn't understand this properly.

In both his fully open eyes, is there lava rising? It is an illusion! The volcano is glaring outward, being the primary source of the fire element and the powerhouse of the world.

The fire-principle is exported to all parts of the world only from here. In its absence, the traffic of the animate and the inanimate would come to a standstill. There would be total darkness all around.

On the path leading to Divine BLISS :  
Sudhsagar-ji with  
Abhaysagar-ji Maharaj  
and other Munishri



**The sea witnesses the war between the clouds and the sun and invokes the evil planet Raahu, bribes him heavily with jewels, and deposes him to eclipse the sun.**

The sea, who is engaged in looking down upon others, sees how the sun tries to burn the mean parties of clouds. And he remembered the demon Raahu and spoke: "How long shall the sun behave thus arrogantly? Influenced by the earth and serving her, the sun is swallowing down the decency of the solar system. Aren't you acquainted with him? [235] Does the deer also act according to its own wishes before the king of the forest, the lion?

"Can the frog, too, play at the mouth of a venomous snake? Does it so happen that under the pretext of serving the earth, the sun is mocking at you? Whatever happens, and whatever you wish to have, you shall have. Your demands will be fulfilled with all respect. This immeasurable wealth is waiting for you.

"Doesn't the true fulfilment and proper use of wealth lie in this, that decent folk are fostered and fed, and the wicked are punished and liquidated?"

Raahu saw the wealth coming his way along his passage and he went astray. Alas, it is a pity that Raahu has changed his way. This sin went on secretly in broad daylight – export from the sea to the solar sphere. [236] Airplane loads of countless shimmering jewels, looking like white laughter, enchanting diamonds, authentic stones of varied kinds, pearls, corals, rubies, slabs of yellow topaz, sapphires and silver sticks – all these were transported.

Raahu consented to the sea's proposal and accepted the presents. Gone was the sea's weakness, his side gained strength. When Raahu's house was filled with immeasurable wealth of the unearned kind, his head was filled with poisonous sinful thoughts.

Having touched untouchable wealth, Raahu became so black a house of sin, he became near-invisible. His merit was at the lowest low. None could see him, none could touch him.

Look, with similar thoughts, two powers joined hands. The ivy of gurgel is bitter by itself. When it climbs on the bitter-gourd plant what can one say of its bitterness?



[237] A happy outcome or a sad one lies in the lap of the future, turning from side to side. Even then, where do the two have peace of mind? Their anxieties have multiplied.

By day or by night, in light or in darkness, they see a cataclysm with closed eyes. They feed on thoughts of a cataclysm, it is their *raison d'etre*.



The image of the postal stamp on Guru Gyansagar-ji Maharaj, released by the Postal Deptt., Govt. of India

**Raahu virulently engulfs the sun, robbing the natural world on the earth – animals and vegetation – of their usual liveliness and cheer.**

If the earth is submerged, how will anyone find a home and a livelihood? If the earth wins, who will not find a sanctuary and the incomparable wealth that life is.

We, you and they, anyone who wishes for it, will find it. But alas, where does the evil duo know the ramifications of this thought? The one who had the gait of a sly serpent, cheeks terrifying like death itself, devoid of the blessings of saints, acquired the strength of arms. [238] Raahu, the traveller on the path of the swine, lacking the discrimination between good and evil, and cruel by nature, lost its temper. In fact he became furious, and noiselessly, without breaking the powerful sun into morsels, swallowed him whole. Like a drip in an ocean, like a child in its mother's ample lap, the sun merged into Raahu's mouth. As the sun disappeared, it looked like the end of the day. The day looked poor and miserable – a poor householder surrounded by hard times.

Is it evening or the advent of untimely death? Where is the joy of the courtyard of lady sky, like the vermilion mark that women wear on their forehead? The state of the directions changed and they looked like the body of one suffering from chronic illness. The sun, a lotus-friend, could not be seen and as a result the cluster of lotuses bloomed with lesser charm – an untimely happening. The life of forests and gardens appeared to be wiped out. [239] The elixir of the wind appeared to be scattered off. Fire, as you know, is a friend to the wind, and the sun is the fountainhead of fire.

Although the wind is a nonstop and untiring traveller, today his feet stop upon seeing his friend lose his livelihood.

Flocks of languorous birds give up their panoramic views and quickly go and sit in their nests, deeply anxious about the future. These are the birds who are images of innocent lovingkindness, they fly unrestricted with minds of their own, they live by music, restrain their impulses, and are free from all attachments. Their sole companion is their body, they serve their society, and their hearts are flush with motherly tenderness. They are destroyers of baseness and of the passionate tendency, they are pure, their labour is their wealth, they shun animosity towards

anyone, and know the Vedas. They now wonder if this is evening, are alarmed by the sudden happening, and their wings are tired.

Every moment they are trembling with compassion, so their bodies shiver. [240] Because of their deep fear, the moist particles within come out as tears.

These are the same ears that we had yesterday, but where is yesterday's chirping? Even the cuckoo's throat is choked. Forests, gardens and lovely parks are all filled with pathetic cries.

And what is the condition of animals and vegetation? Crows, cuckoos, pigeons, kites, sparrows, pied cuckoos, tigers, sheep, hawks, herons, antelopes, deer, lions, rabbits, donkeys, rogues; lovely sky creepers; highest mountain peaks; grown-up trees and plants; leaves, fruits and flowers – are all filled with the sorrow of separation that is hard to look at even for a moment. The flocks of birds resolve that they would give up food and water till the calamitous eclipse got over. They would give up entertainment of themselves and others and all sorts of pleasures, too.



108 Acharya Vidyasagar-ji offering the blessed Acharya Bhakti with the group of Faithfuls the 'Muni Sangh' at Ramtek

### Dust particles rise to the occasion to save the earth.

[241] When the clouds saw the lament of creatures of the sky and earth, and noted that the sun was writhing in Raahu's mouth, they felt greatly empowered.

When your enemy faces defeat, this is what always happens. But it ought not to happen. When your own side loses, you get a heart attack. This is out of the foolishness of the world. Now who can stop the clouds? The stage is set for the clouds to send down cataclysmic rains. So says the atmosphere.

The earth thinks, "When the winds don't work, medicine works. When medicines also don't work, prayers work. And when prayers also don't work, what remains? Who gives support? Listen, then. This firm, eternal, self-controlled consciousness works all by itself."

All particles of dust humbly request the earth: [242] "May the mother be duly honoured. We belong to the race of Raghu, Lord Ram. We admire dexterity, but are destroyers of proud races.

"The family in which saints and supreme saints were born, are born, and will be born should not be forgotten. Allow us to serve the family tradition. May that which has deserved labour only be the subject of discussion.

"Today, instead of juicy talk, insipid food appears to be more delicious and healthful."

They place their heads respectfully at the holy feet of him who wishes the whole world's welfare. She blesses them thus: "Attack sin and hypocrisy. Accept the path of goodness and merit."



*Chief Minister Hon. Mr. Raman Singh ( of Chattisgarh ) seeking blessing of Acharyashri-ji*

**The dust particles clash with the falling water-drops and absorb them in midair. The king of gods Indra rallies, too, and shines a rainbow in the sky.**

The innumerable particles – capable like a strong-willed ascetic, ready for the job and imbued with boundless zeal – fly into the limitless void. They look like warriors – dignified, devoted to their motherland and red-eyed – who jump into the battlefield when they hear the battle call. Like the sparks that fly off when red-hot iron is struck with a sledge-hammer, these red particles of dust absorb water-drops from moment to moment. A single particle absorbs several drops of water. The water-drops exert themselves fully but cannot penetrate the dust particles, cannot reach the earth. [244] The downward-moving water-drops and the upward-flying dust particles clash mightily. As a result, every single drop of water is violently scattered into tiny droplets. There is tumult all round and a smoky atmosphere is seen in the boundless solar system.

The clouds are in trouble. Dust particles, though solid, are free from sin. But how can the drops falling from the clouds be sinless? Loaded with a hundred kinds of sin, they run away terrified. The dust particles hunger for them, and deadly like death, chase the water-drops. At this moment, the king of gods, Indra, also appeared. He descended secretly. He was not seen himself, only his bow – the rainbow – is seen.

[245] Great souls don't come to light, nor do they want to. They are happy enough shedding light. It is a different matter that light necessarily illumines all – its friends and strangers – all who can be illumined. Then, where is there a thing which has no existence? Further, how is it possible that a thing exists and cannot be seen? Like Indra, I desire the same.

I want to be a reporter of facts, not a source of agony. I want to be a giver of shape, not a storyteller. This pen feels the same: “May the work survive, may culture survive for eternity – wakeful, alive, unconquered. The works should reflect in captivating shapes the beauty of spontaneous nature. The doer should never appear before the world [246] with the rumble of pride, full of the deformities of the salty world. The welfare of one's self and others is surely shapeless.”

**Indra shoots arrows at the clouds, and the sea in response sends a reinforcement of more evil clouds. Hails rain on the earth.**

Today, Indra's prowess touches a peak. He draws the bow-string with his right hand all the way to the right ear and continuously shoots sharp arrows to prick and pierce the bodies of clusters of clouds, making them all deformed and torn.

They become pitiable like wild marble. One feels like crying.

Wherever the eye goes, one sees only dust particles – only a few water-drops remain. That is why the sea sends more of water-saturated clouds with instructions as to what they should do. [247] As instructed, the clouds produce lightnings. Angry lightnings flashed, dazzling everybody's eyes. All eyes got clamped as if stuck with gum. What to speak of others, even Indra, who is blinkless by nature, instantly started blinking. His eyelids started batting again and again. Now Indra got enraged and hurled his failsafe missile vajra at the clouds. Struck by vajra, the clouds groaned with an “Ah”, which deafened the solar system.

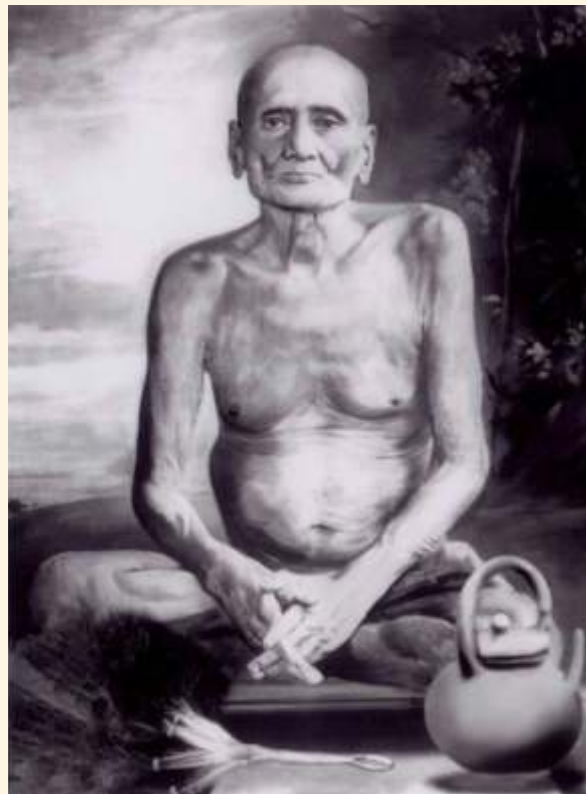
This Raavan-like lament of clouds proved to be inauspicious for the sea. A large amount of dust particles invaded the fire-spitting eyes of the lightning, causing her unbearable pain. In this adversity, even the lightning started trembling. That must be the reason why [248] the lightning is a moving thing, unstable and evanescent. As this mishap occurs, the scared clouds get the signal from the sea that if Indra has used the vajra, they should use Raam's arrow – Raam-baan – the unfailing remedy.

The sea encourages the clouds, “Don't talk of retreating. Give tit for tat. Make no delay in raining hails, launch a hailstorm. The clouds felt a surge of enthusiasm and their pride awoke. They started manufacturing hails. It appeared more of an inauguration and unveiling of endless stores rather than their manufacture.

The hails came in many shapes and forms – small and large, microscopic and giant, triangular, quadrangular, pentangular, of different shapes and weights, round and well-proportioned... What to say and what to hear? The solar system was filled with hails. [249] This pen sets out to compare the solar system with the earthly world. In the solar system, nuclear energy works while on the earth human

power works. Above, a machine is rolling; below, a mantra is being chanted. The first is a killer, the second a saviour. One lives by logic, the other by faith, careless of a livelihood. One is hanging in space with no foothold, the other is sheltered by the earth. That's why the solar system has brains but no feet. Maybe white ants have eaten away its feet. The earthly world can walk as well as climb up, as the occasion demands. The world above may lose its temper and then it follows the course of destruction and fall.

This, too, is known to all: a question-mark is always suspended above, [250] while a full-stop always rests below. The answer to a question is always below, not above. In the answer is rest and peace without end. A question is always restless, but after the answer there is no room for a question. A question ends its life as a drop merges into the ocean.



*Munishri Shantisagar-ji,  
a Life dedicated to spread the goodness of the FAITH to all the Faithfulls*

**A violent war flares up between the hails and dust particles in which the dust particles outclass the hails.**

In this comparison made by the pen, the countless hails felt belittled and they unleashed their fury on the dust particles. The particles countered by giving them a taste of their strength. They clashed with the hails head-on and flung them far away into the space, beyond the earth's gravitational pull, the way satellites such as Aryabhata and Rohini have been launched.

During this clash, some hails were shattered instantly into numerous bits. The scene appeared [251] as if the fragrant coral flower was scattering its petals and they slowly descended to the earth with happy smiles. They appeared to be rained by the gods from heaven to felicitate the earth.

As if wanting to avoid pain to some hails, dust particles flew holding them on their head. This looks as if the Monkey-god Hanuman is flying with the Himalaya on his head. This kind of attack and counter-attack went on or hours on end. The currently much talked-about Star Wars fades into insignificance before this.

The gathering of pitchers is also watching the drama in the sky with open eyes. Our pitcher, though, feels no tremors of fear because of it. He watches like a mere disinterested witness, registering everything – the simple and the poisonous, the whole as well as the part. [252] Yet the wonder is that not a single hailstone can come down to break the pitcher. Talking of victory and defeat, the dust-particles have won and the clouds and hailstones don a garland of defeat – devoid of fragrance, faded and lifeless.

Even then, new clouds keep coming, new hailstones are produced, lightnings flash from time to time. The struggle intensifies, the dispute, the tug-of-war, the deception go on. The sea keeps sending its cruel signals. And so it goes. All this results from the inflammation caused by defeat. Anger does not easily accept its defeat.



Coins in Ancient India



**The craftsman prays ardently for a happy resolution of the drama in the sky. Days go by, and the rose plant wishes to aid the potter's cause.**

Even in this adversity, unique is the courage, sacrifice and penance of the dust particles. The honour of motherland, the glory of Mother Earth cannot be upheld except with unflinching faith. The honour and glory would have been lost long ago.

[253] The craftsman calls to mind these things and is immersed in the worship of his deity. He does not ask for anything.

This does not mean that he feels no pain, no privation. Yes, the want of money is no want. To ask God for money is vain, isn't it?

What should you ask for that which you don't have and don't wish to keep? But O lord, the want of spiritual wealth has become unbearable. When will this want be removed?

When an adolescent is for some reason overcome with sorrow and exhausted, and goes to sleep with the help of the death pose of hathayoga – shavaasan - the mother senses the odour of solidified sorrow in his least little sobbing. She can hear the movement of his respiratory system, the incoming and outgoing breath. (253)

Just because he is not tearing the clothes on his body, not beating about his limbs on the ground, not contorting his face and wailing aloud, if one infers that he has no sorrow, the inference cannot be held as correct.

Here, only the outward expression of sorrow is missing but the inner sky is overcast with sorrow. If even God, who is immanent in all beings, cannot see it, then whose are the eyes that can see it and console him sympathetically? May the honour of Mother Earth be upheld, God. May the pride of water be subdued. There is a limit to testing anyone. Too much of testing deflects a traveller from his path and he/she feels less attraction for the journey's provision. Frequent deep breathing shakes the wall of courage and tends to cause a crack. [255] Ugh! Would our life be lost prematurely?

Days passed. Several days passed. Only then was the reason known why the

craftsman – his soft, loving smile, his affectionate words – were missing. The rose plant remembered the gentle caresses of his hands and the cool, affectionate watering to the accompaniment of music, the memorable moments of the past.

The plant cast a glance far away, where the craftsman was sitting in the yard. He is tired of sensuous enjoyment and immersed in yoga and devotions. His mind is a handmaiden at God's feet. His face reflects a little bit of sadness.

Looking at his master in a state of dilemma about his true duty, the rose plant spoke up: “May this calamity end soon. [256] God, when we remember you, the direst calamities vanish in no time. When I find you the nearest near in my heart, why this delay in the work of the master – the arya?”



*Munishri Shantisagar-ji, the seeker of DIVINE FAITH, and  
the Giver of the Blessed HOPE to the needy*

**Rose thorns also rise to act on behalf of the potter, but the flowers quiet down their enthusiasm. The roses summon up their friend the wind.**

At this moment, that is to say in response to the current calamity, the rose thorns also chatter their teeth and speak these bitter words: “O calamity, what a heartless and deceiving fellow you are! Don't spread like thorns in the path of sinless, blameless, pure-hearted, passion-free travellers.

“Give up your stubbornness. It is high time you went away far somewhere. Otherwise, don't you know that a thorn removes a thorn. Take care, within a few moments there won't be any trace of you.”

In the meantime the flower dangling from the branch gets active on the same subject. [257] He neither contradicts the thorns nor scolds them. He speaks some pertinent words to cool down the thorns' heat and excitement.

When a needle is enough, why should anyone strike with a sword? When a flower is enough, why should anyone use thorny words? If you can pluck fruit standing on the ground, then climbing to the tree-top is not only a waste of time and energy, it shows your poor judgement. Thus the fragrant rose demonstrates to his fast friend the use of right policy, and displays his abundant stores of love in action. He spreads his fragrance in every atom, in every particle far and wide. He thus remembers the fragrance-bearing wind.

A few moments pass and the wind arrives. And what is he like? He resembles nature in that he is polite, loyal and thoughtful like her. He wanders among graves and gardens, [258] equally busy in spring, rainy season and summer. He radiates a friendly feeling every moment of life and greets with a paternal feeling. Such a wind has arrived.

It is about such personalities that saints have pronounced: “He whose allegiance to duty touches the limit, has his standing in society cross all bounds.”



*108 Muni Mahasagar-ji, during his one of the discourses to spread Faith & Sunshine at Rehali, Patnaganj (Atishay Shetra)*

**The wind arrives and launches an attack on the clouds.**

The rose was overjoyed that a mere memory had brought about a meeting with his friend. With a glad face, he swung on the branch, thus offering a spontaneous welcome to his friend.

The flower bathed the wind in his love, and in return the wind shook down the flower.

[259] They remain silent for a while. Then the wind courteously asked, "You've remembered me, so I wish to know the purpose so that I may perform my due and earn heaps of merit, sanctify myself. I have nothing else in mind. And yes. The sentiment that I should help and assist is merely a pretext.

"Through the agency of others I advance towards equanimity of mind. This is the easiest path, and a catharsis of the negative feelings towards others that choke the mind." When the wind spoke thus, the flower said no word in reply but only gazed solemnly at the earth. Then, overcome with a feeling of charity, he cast a compassionate glance at the distant craftsman, [260] who does not gaze even at his own body – what to talk of others' bodies?

A few moments slid by and the flower's face flushed with anger. His petal-lips trembled with emotion. With a red-sandal glow in eyes, he looks up at the clouds – the ungrateful, quarrelsome clouds. They are a calamity incarnate and display anger at the detached way of life. Their terrible fate resembles the ruin of good feelings.

The flower saw different characters and their varied expressions and rejected some while greeting others respectfully. The change in its behaviour was enough for the wind. Yes, indeed. The unspoken also certainly gets known to one who strives. In disciplined devotion, will anyone be perturbed by things that are unexpressed?

[261] All will be revealed to him/her in no time.

The wind, as soon as he comes to know the duty of the moment, braces himself at once. Expressing his gratitude to the earth, he assumes a formidable form and thunders angrily: "You misguided clouds, use your powers for good purposes, don't take delight in torturing others. Your crooked ways will not solve any problem. Whatever you do or not do, the end of your party is dissolution – and it is near, very near."

**The clouds and hails are routed and collapse into the sea.**

The wind reaches the sky with the speed of thought and ropes in the arch-sinners among the clouds. He then turns towards the source of the inanimate principle, the sea.

Then mustering all his strength he pushed them.

[262] He lifts both his arms a little and plants one foot firmly on earth. The wind looks on like a child who kicks a ball with his heel, drawing one's legs backward.

What to say now! Along with the cloud party, innumerable hailstones all at once fall into the sea head-first. It looks as if the leaders of the wicked, bound by their sins and terribly sad, are falling into hell whirling.



The Master and the Disciple - in perfect communion - all PEACE ( 'SHANTI' )

**After several days of unquiet, under a clear blue sky, everything on the earth experiences a renewal.**

Here, after several days one could see a cloudless, clear sky. The wind felt glad and the solar sphere zealously and joyfully spoke: “May the honour of the earth be preserved and may we all have deep faith in her. That's all.”

[263] The buds opened up and mingled with the wind's laughter in the lanes of the sky with a new enthusiasm, new spirit, with a wave of energy in their limbs. A new dawn brought fresh warmth. There was a new décor for the new festival. One saw with new eyes and had a new appreciation. There was fresh watering and fresh thinking, a new refuge and a new choice, a new diet and a new devotion. New feet walked a new path, new tools fashioned a new product. There reigned a new music, a new pollen. There was a new awakening and there was no running away. There were new gestures and a new satisfaction, new feelings and a new grace, a new joy and new laughter. These new things had great import in them.

There was a new goodness and a new sunrise, a new forest and new soil, a new date and a new mind, a new consciousness and new striving, a new state and a new direction. The falsehood being given up, there is new success. There is a new hunger and new thirst, a new nectar and sin-free food. [264] This is new yoga and a new experiment: these are new policies. The greenery has decked itself up with new art. This new wealth is excellent. New eyelids enjoy a new thrill. A new yearning has a new look. The new house has new sensations, and they in turn have new inspirations.



Paad Prakshalan of Acharyashri-ji - The worshipful ritual of the holy feet ( 'paad' )of Acharya Vidyasagar-ji

**The craftsman is unmoved by the fragrant wind that seeks to delight him. He is situated in equanimity and feels neither joyous excitement nor depression in anything.**

Thus did a newness come about. But where is there an effect of this on the craftsman, who sits still? The mild fragrant wind blows and blows, to no effect. Where is there a thrill in the craftsman's body? When could the beyond-touch be affected by touch? The rosy perfume reached the craftsman's nose but could not stir him. These sense objects have never satiated those immersed in enjoying them. And here they are inviting a yogi, trying to enchant him to come out of himself.

[265] Even the chirping of the bird-flocks, which had flown out of their nests to watch the blooming forest, could not touch the dispassionate craftsman. The sound of their voices dissolved in space. In other words the craftsman's ears ignored the melodious chirping.

In this unusual situation, the dustless sun, even though situated far away, spreads thousands of hands. With the gentle fingers of his rays he caresses the craftsman's eyelids the way he caresses the closed petals of the lotus.

In this caress, the craftsman senses the gentle touch of motherly love. His eyes opened wide and he viewed the sun, a bundle of immense capabilities, and a storehouse of light. Even with a distant view of the sun, the craftsman's eyes rained tears of joy. And here, the particles of dust grew restless to find the purification and peace that lies in the white particles of devotion.

[266] Thus the whole atmosphere was immersed in touch, sight, glee and yearning.



*The blessed is that Follower, who is immersed in Happiness,  
due to the personal blessings received from Acharyashri-ji*

**The pitcher shows its awareness of a hard destiny ahead, and the potter, surprised at his precocity, cautions him of the adversities to come.**

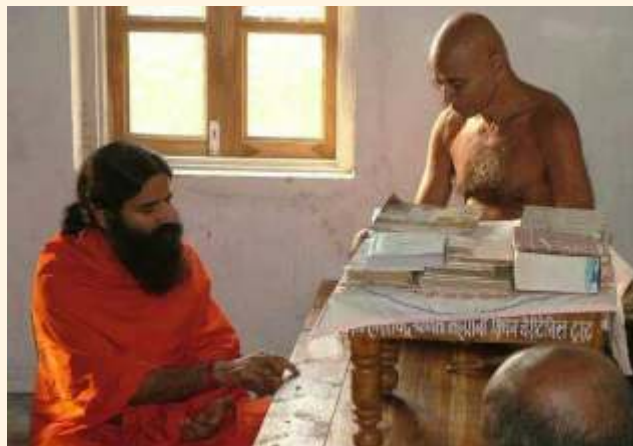
Seeing the potter return to good health, the pitcher said, "Without trials and calamities, no one has found heaven and liberation, nor one can. This is a timeless truth."

The potter was amazed at the raw pitcher's maturity that bespoke his secret saadhanaa. He said, "I'd never thought that you'd succeed so well in such a short time. Here I have seen major seekers panting and coming to their knees in the course of hard penance.

"Now I feel assured that you will earn all success in future too. Even then, be aware that your journey [267] is yet passing through the early valleys. There is a series of valleys to traverse still. And listen, you have to cross the river of fire without a boat. You have to swim with your own arms. You cannot find the other shore unless you swim across."

The pitcher responds, "In a seeker's inner eyes, water does not differ from fire that burns. In continuous saadhanaa, the seeker advances from the differentiated reality to the undifferentiated, from the known to the unknown – and thus, indeed, he must advance. Otherwise it's a journey only in the name, the real journey hasn't yet begun."

These words of the pitcher proved to be very lively and effective.



*Yoga Guru Ramdevbaba having a spiritual dialogue with Acharyshri-ji*



## CANTO IV : The Test by Fire, the Silver-like Ash

### Section 1

**Summary : The potter organizes his kiln with sticks of acacia, margosa, pine and tamarind wood so as to bake the pitchers. The sticks hesitate to burn the pitcher, but at the potter's behest agree to do so.**

[269] Here the earth's heart trembled, was in fact shaken down, and her lips quivered. Her fortitude was nowhere to be seen.

It was a time when neither the goddess of carnal love nor of the ascetic kind could think aright. The earth's surface fecundity, her power to nurture and sustain plants, might flow away, no one knows where. Generally, this is what we have heard: the creatures of the sky make few gifts to the creatures of the earth but give them ample beatings. What can an undisciplined soul give to one that lives by rules? What can a dispassionate soul take from a passion-ridden one? And we have not only heard but often seen that in the face of a well-regulated and restrained person, not only the unruly soul but even the Death-god comes to his knees. The inhabitants of the sky as well as gods and demons have to alike accept their defeat.

[270] Today, we just passingly saw the kiln. The pitcher has to be placed in the kiln within the set time, without losing a moment. The kiln is being cleaned.

At the base of the kiln, large, knotted, shapeless and black-barked sticks of acacia are being arranged one on top of another. They are being supported by margosa sticks with their red-yellow bark. Some quickly flammable pine sticks are being laid in between, and smooth, slow-burning tamarind sticks stand around the kiln. At the centre of the kiln, the batch of pitchers is neatly piled up.

The acacia stick, hemmed in from all sides and choked in the throat, expresses her last inner agony to the potter. Her sorry posture feels bold enough to say these words: [271] "We, being wood, are hard-natured by birth. The weight of our sins is so heavy that the scales nearly dip down to touch the earth.

"The sphere of merit is left far behind. A gap of space as well as time dies between merit and this sinful life of ours. Sometimes they make the hardest hard canes out of us to clobber criminals. But generally, the real criminals go scot-free while innocent people are beaten up. And we break while beating them. How can we call this a republic? This is an out-and-out rule of wealth or a rule of caprice.

“We too get a taste of these untoward happenings. This scheme of burning the innocent pitcher through our agency [272] is another link in the murderous chain in which I am involved. I can no more take the bitter draught, my throat feels choked with pain. There is no room within for poison or nectar. And anyway, for some time nectar will have no effect on this life which has become poison-like by being in a poisonous atmosphere.

“When there is an overlong delay, injustice does not look like justice; in fact, then even justice looks like injustice. This is the order of the day.”

The stick's tongue stumbles, pauses now and then, and continues, “The *raison d'etre* of the powerful is not to trouble the weak but to empower them, support them and save them.”

On hearing this, the unruffled craftsman speaks these gentle, affectionate, honeyed words: “When someone raises [273] a weak person, his/her arm may ache. But that is no fault of the person who raises him/her. The powerlessness to raise them is at fault. Yes, indeed. The person raising is incidental to the pain, and in the present situation such is the case. Moreover, in this task, none other than you yourself has to be the instrument.”

When the stick hears these words of the craftsman, she seems to agree inwardly. She is abashed and hesitant, like a wife before her husband, slightly nodding her head. The stick says, “I understand certain things and do not understand certain others. Still, looking at your magnanimity, I dare not contradict you.” And the stick gives her assent to the auspicious work at hand.

So, granular ash and soil were so packed on the mouth of the kiln that even an external sound could not penetrate into it. To the north of the kiln [274] there is a small opening at the base. The potter goes to this opening and chants the *navakaar* mantra nine times, with the eternal pure principle in his heart. Then with a small burning stick, fire is kindled in the kiln. But the flames go out within a few moments. Again a fire is lit and again it goes out.

This lighting of fire and its going out goes on for some time. Then the potter courteously addresses the stick again: “It appears that in this auspicious job, your full consent is yet to be given, otherwise this hindrance would not have cropped up.”

The stick pronounces again in mild, intimate words: “No, no. This hindrance is not from my side. Once accepted, forever accepted. Once surrendered, forever surrendered. [275] What is within is without, what is without is within. Body, mind and tongue act in concord. Only a single current of service flows here. And listen, the real obstruction comes from someone else – the fire itself. I want to burn, but the fire does not want to burn me, for reasons best known to herself.”

Principal of Principals : Originator of the concept of Pratibhasthali



105 Aryaka Adarshmati Mata-ji



105 Aryaka Mata-ji



Acharya Vidyasagar-ji, the Inspiration & the strength of the righteousness of the purity of LIFE

**Fire also refuses to burn the pitcher but the potter solicits her cooperation. The potter requests fire to burn not the pitcher but his shortcomings.**

The craftsman thinks, "In what words shall I implore fire? Will she be able to hear me? Will the sight of this heart move her heart? Will the flames act like water? When will its thirst be quenched? What if she gets angry with me?" Thus thinking, the doubtful craftsman once again lights the fire.

And wow, the lit-up fire said, "I believe that without a fire-test no one has yet been liberated, nor will one ever be. That's the standing law in this matter. Then! [276] Will fire not be tested? Who will test me?"

"To test yourself by your standards is quite easy. But to take the right decision is very difficult, for you cannot see the redness of your own eye. Another thing. He whose life is a touchstone for others need not be a touchstone to himself. This being the case, one has to take a false decision, saying that one is living by one's standards. But fire cannot do it.

"My standard is to live a life of goodwill and good conduct. That's my real touchstone. Hence leave aside burning the pitcher, I find it a sin even to think of burning him. This I submit with due respect to you."

The pitcher overhears this dialogue from within the kiln and humbly submits, "To show kindness to well-behaved people is, indeed, the proper and dutiful use of your inborn powers. [277] And not to destroy evil forces is to waste your powers, it amounts to dereliction of duty. I am not innocent, I am a house of faults.

"Unless you burn them I cannot become innocent. You inherit the power to burn. I don't say burn me. Burn my shortcomings.

"To burn my shortcomings is to give life to me. Saints have regarded it as the highest act of religious conduct to burn one's own and others' faults. Faults are lifeless, incidental; in a way they creep in from outside. Virtues are part and parcel of a human being, hence they're welcome. You will attain spiritual advancement by this act. Life will gain through you. I have the power to hold water, waiting for you. For its full expression, your helping hand is necessary." [278]

**A fire now starts in the kiln, which belches thick dark smoke. It chokes the pitcher's nose, but he performs yoga to withstand the onslaught.**

The fire understood the pitcher. The potter smiled happily. The line of despair on his face blossomed into a line of self-confidence. His expression changed fully. He shook off his languor and perked up.

And look! Within a matter of moments, a hissing fire was lit up, taking the whole kiln in its embrace. It consumed all sticks, large and small. The kiln started continuously to emit puffs of collyrium-black smoke, like the awful and thundering rain-clouds of the first rainy month of *Aashaadh*. Within a radius of thirty to forty hands all was lightless. It appeared as if the earth had turned like the dark nether region of *tamaprabhaa* and was sending up purest pure darkness. The craftsman walked out of the agitated circle of smoke, but could not see the kiln. If the outward conditions are so frightful, what of the inner state?

The entire kiln was filled with smoke, which spun rapidly [279] in it like a cataclysmic cyclone. There was nothing but smoke and more smoke. The potter's head went giddy, and as for the pitcher, ask us not.

Smoke pervades the mouth, belly, eyes, ears and nose of the pitcher. He chokes on the smoke. From his eyes not tears but the vital element, life itself, seeks to go out. But the smoke that invades him from outside doesn't allow life to leave him. The pitcher's nasal nerve is as if paralyzed by the pungent odour of the smoke. Even then, the pitcher exerted himself fully, breathed in the smoke to fill his belly, and retained it there – that is, performed *kumbhak praanaayaam*. This *praanaayaam* is the best instrument in yogic practice and the root of a healthy yoga-tree.



Acharyashri-ji - the glow of Divinity

**By and by the smoke ceases to arise and a red glow pervades the kiln.**

The pitcher started consuming the smoke to find out whether it had the power to digest – not food but fire. [280] The pitcher felt no distaste as it consumed the smoke nor did he vomit it. Vomitting is caused by nothing but an inward distaste. From this we infer that if sense attractions and passions are not being vomitted, the reason is an inner liking for them.

Gradually, the smoke ceased to rise. A smokeless fire illumined the kiln. Even the reddish glow of heated gold is second to the inside glow of the kiln. Today, at this time, the heat of the fire has been expressed one hundred per cent.

The touch of fire has burnt the lustre of the pitcher and this lustre is sinking into languor. Its soul has brightened, nearly to sink into effortless peace. [281] The pitcher's sense of touch asked the pitcher what that touch was. The pitcher said that it was a touch of purity, and this cannot be experienced unless you go through a fiery penance. In this context, the pitcher's tongue also declared that the intellectuals who believe that fire is deficient in an appeal to the sense of taste are wrong. Experience and inference contradict them. So, why should the tongue not taste fire? Indeed, only that tongue can enjoy taste which is above not only a desire for life but also the fear of death. A person who is a slave to his tongue can never truly know the taste of anything. When you mix milk with rice, you don't get the separate taste of milk and rice but a mixed taste. And if you add sugar to it, all the three individual tastes are overthrown.

The pitcher's slender nose, which had been struck unconscious by the suffocating smoke, now, in the absence [282] of smoke seemed to support the tongue. It hastens to smell the pure perfume of fire. The pitcher's eyes had been sort of closed, blinded by the smoke. Now they have opened. They bloom like a lotus owing to the salutation of the glow of pure fire and the dispelling of darkness.

The pitcher's eyes fall first on the dispassionate smokeless fire. There was no second sight for a second glance. The seer looked all round to find only one object – fire, fire, fire.

**Fire sermonizes the pitcher, preparing him for greater trials and giving him a vision of becoming useful through penance. The pitcher prays to loosen his attachments.**

The varied types of sticks are no longer what they had been. They have all drunk and internalized fire. Shall I put it this way – they gave birth to fire and then immersed into it.

Everything is wiped out by the emotions it generates; in them it is absorbed. This rise and wiping out of emotions is [283] natural and spontaneous, it is self-dependent. It has no beginning nor an end.

Fire looks at the industrious pitcher, and to express her evolving experience, she speaks a little bashfully about her excesses: “My speed doesn't exceed proper limits yet. And listen. The extreme of excess is still very far, very far. My burning reminds me of cold water. My burning gives a taste of bitter eye-black. It is a rule that in the first step, one feels merciless sorrow and labour. My burning provides drinking water to people afterwards. As such, have forgiveness in the heart, forgive me. It is the religious duty of a seeker to conduct himself/herself according to the scriptures.”

On hearing this, the pitcher's strength was fortified. His zeal was infused with new life and he spoke: [284] “I keep in mind the aphorism that 'The height of labour is when you achieve your desired goal.' That is why this traveller is averse to resting on the way. He prays to God again for more strength than before.

“This vessel desires neither worldly pleasures nor even liberation. He is indifferent to applause when people praise it. I wish to swim across the river of fire without ever raising a sigh in moments of crisis. I don't worry if the baseness of the world pervades all its cells. I should be even-minded in the face of a base, ignorant world.

“And master, listen further. I am tired of the awareness of self and am fully immersed in duty. [285] Now a silent smile on your cheerful face is not enough, my lord. I look for a discourse.

“Lord, I wish to be saved from the cycle of cause and effect, from spells of charming happy experience. O all-pervading lord, I want to be beyond attractive shapes and smells and touch. Lord, I wish to be like iron that is rust free. Without attachments, I wish to immerse in the fire of meditation.”

**Fire blesses the pitcher with advice on meditation, delighting him. She also explains to him that philosophy is merely an intellectual exercise while spirituality is healthy knowledge.**

Fire hears the pitcher pray to the lord, his absorption in this emotion, his talk of the fire of meditation, of the path of knowledge, and intervenes: "This is the memory of ages after ages. I know many souls, for I have spent time in the company of saints and ascetics. [286] To talk of meditation and to talk carefully are two different things, with a world of difference between them. Just by opening centres for meditation, it is not possible to focus your mind in meditation. Talking of meditation, here are a few lines to paint the modern scene: 'In our times, two men want to lose themselves. The first goes for sensory pleasures and liquor, the second gets absorbed in yoga, sacrifice and meditation on the self. Both are freed from the wanderings of the mind within a matter of minutes. What to say then! The first lies still like a corpse, the second is true like God in human form.'"

[287] The pitcher thinks, "Today I got to hear from fire some words of experience which are rarely heard even from profound thinkers and philosophers."

He wants to imbibe more of philosophy and fathomless words of spiritual lore, and submits to fire again: "Are philosophy and spirituality two feet of the same life? Are they related as the revered and the reverential. If yes, then who worships whom? Are they related by links of cause and effect? If so, then which is the cause and which the effect? Which one speaks and which one listens silently? Who breaks out into a perfume of meditation? Who smells it with his clever nose? Which leads to liberation? Which gives satisfaction? Just let this world hear a discourse on these two.

[288] At this the fire begins her discourse: "So listen now. Philosophy originates in the head. Spirituality flows from a heart marked with the holy swastik. Without philosophy, a spiritual life can go on, it does go on. But without spirituality, philosophy is not illuminated. A lake can be without waves, it is in fact waveless at times. But without a lake, a wave cannot be. Spirituality is an eye self-governed, philosophy is the glasses that are dependent. Philosophy cannot give you a vision of the absolute reality. Truth and untruth revolve around philosophy –



it is sometimes true, sometimes untrue. Spirituality always shines with truth. Spirituality is healthy knowledge. The life of philosophy is preoccupied with resolutions and afterthoughts. An extrovert or multifaceted talent delivers philosophical knowledge. An introverted, silent glow of consciousness speaks of the spotless reality. [289] The weapon of philosophy is words and thoughts. Spirituality is weaponless – it is absolutely still and free from thoughts. The first is knowledge and knowable. The second is meditation and the object of meditation. When a swimmer swims in a lake, he sees not the underwater sights but only those that are outside. At the same place, another person, a diver, dives and sees the underwater sights, being dissociated from the outside world.”

Wow, wow! What a deep dive is this – the commentary on philosophy and spiritualism! The pitcher expresses his respectful thanks to fire.

Now listen to what happened next. The fire, as it accepts the thanks, flares up. A dawn breeze – sweet and cool – now blows outside, but it makes no impact on the kiln. The degree of heat goes on increasing. No difference remains between day and night, afternoon and morning. [290] Nowadays, where can you find the time that changes its direction now and again. The divisions of time have ceased in the kiln, only undifferentiated time flows.

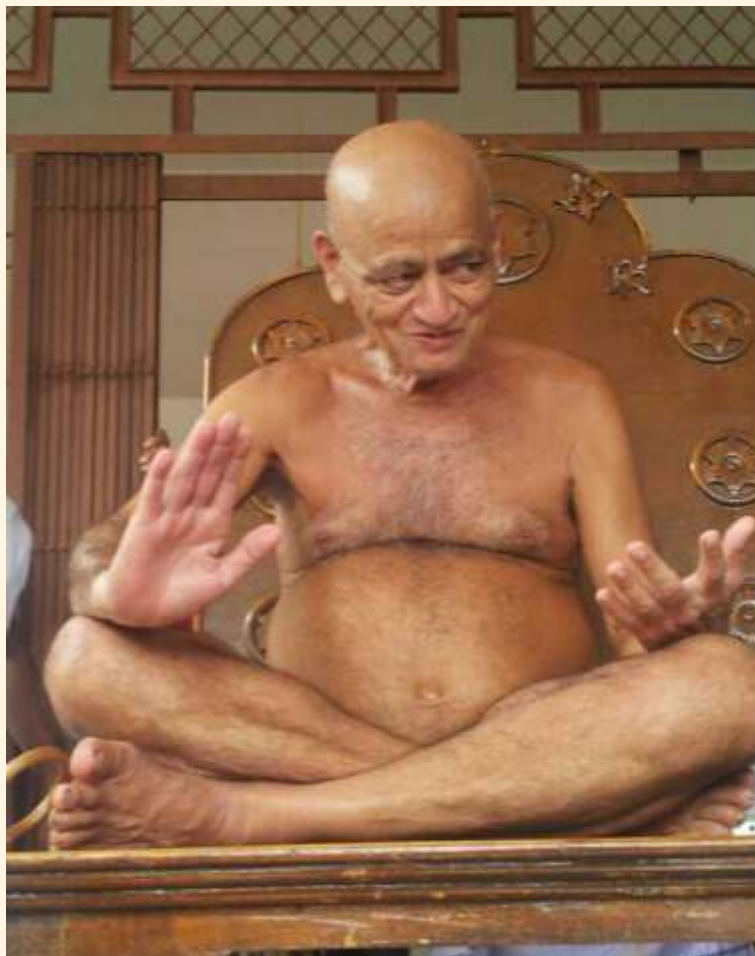


Blessed be you....an appreciative look

**A tune arises in the kiln, singing of the impermanence of everything except the act of flowing.**

On this subject we suddenly hear a self-willed tune that expresses its agreement with what has been stated. O traveller, listen.

The flow of time is the flow of a river, it just goes on and on. Flowing it says, "The life of things living or lifeless is flowing every moment in this flow. None was, is or will be stable, immovable, eternal. Only the act of flowing is permanent. This is the secret of being, which is laughing.



convincingly told... and... to the point

**The pitcher begs the potter for relief from the heat and asks for water. The potter kindly obliges.**

[291] O what do we see here? A patch of painful time. From where comes this sound of begging? Where is it, why, and in whose quest?

Does the voice belong to a man or a woman, a boy or a girl? It surely does not belong to a man because it sounds sufficiently thin to the ears. What is its purpose? Now we learn of it clearly:

“O Mother Earth, you who have tender feelings for your children, can you not hear a baby's desperate cry? Leave alone reaching the destination, one cannot find a drop of water along the way. What to say of fruits and flowers, the path scarcely has any shades.

[292] “Don't push me into the jaws of death. Holding out hopes of the light to come, don't darken my present. I can no more stand this heat. Progressively I can bear less and less. Don't burn this life – give it a cool drink of water. Mother, if you wish, give me life.”

When Mother Earth uttered no words of assurance or blessing, the pitcher said to the potter: “Have all sanctuaries departed from here? Although you are the maker and guardian of the pitcher, you too have forgotten it. Unless I get water now, I will not be able to entertain anyone. That is to say, my exit is imminent. I cannot take this fire-test any longer. Even a small vow appears mountainous to me. Faith is at sixes and sevens and I have no curiosity for the future.

“It's a pity that I think [293] that unless I quench my thirst, the desire to provide water to others is a mere fancy, just idle talk.”

The large-hearted potter was pained to hear the pitcher's entreaty that verged on tears and he thought of his, the pitcher's, serious condition and his extreme agony of the heart.

And he started off towards the pitcher in the kiln with refreshments and water to infuse courage into him and satisfy his hunger and thirst. The potter had stirred out of his deep sleep and come out of his dreamy state.

### **The potter is impatient to see his work, the pitcher.**

And mind you, how can you dream at will the dreams that you want? That is why the craftsman broke into laughter at the dreamy state. Then his eyes became solemn.

[294] In his eyes, there shone vaguely and heavily not only the vanished past but also the dreamy and nebulous vision of the future – the certainties, the possibilities.

After concluding the prayers, the potter came out and saw that the golden morning sunshine could not settle on the earth's cheeks. Since before dawn, his heart has been impatient to inspect the kiln that day.

The potter administered the fire-test and the pitcher underwent it. He not only hopes for one hundred per cent result, he is confident of them. Even so, where is his patience? For he has seen an inauspicious beam. The kiln noted the potter's approaching feet, and she spoke on behalf of the pitcher, "Sir, [295] dreams are generally without fruits. Excessive belief in them is dangerous.

"I define a dream thus on the basis of its Sanskrit name – it cannot bring up and protect itself. He who cannot protect himself – how can he support others? A mind that is linked to the past, alienated, is a mind that dreams. In the dreamy state, the threads of wakefulness are lost. In sleep, the mantra given by a realized soul is also dead, and self-realization is not possible."

Hearing these words of the kiln, the potter came still closer to her. But, from where can one hear the scream of the pitcher? Where is someone begging for alms from the potter?

There was no torture of the pitcher nor his entreaty. He stood alone. Where is the thirsty soul; [296] where is his grief, his wails? Where is his disease; where is his face, and where the house of fire which these ears, eyes and hands had heard. Seen and touched in dream? The dream proved to be false, its disastrous foreboding was averted.

**The potter opens the kiln with a spade and looks at the pitcher that has come heart-whole through extreme pain.**

“If a pitcher is all right, it is my skill,” said the potter, welcoming the kiln enthusiastically. With a spade he removes the sandy ash from the bosom of the kiln. As the ash is removed, he gets more keenly curious to see his pitcher safe and sound...

Ah, here he is seen. The colour of the ash and the body of the pitcher are alike. His eyes cannot make out one from the other. Burnt by fire, the pitcher acquires a body dark as the night.

[297] The pitcher had undergone excruciating pain. Great calamities had befallen it. And yet the pitcher escaped by a hair's breadth from the jaws of death. The potter experienced pain and misery, much tumult, the joy of seeing the result of the fire-test, and a sense of pride. When he witnessed the fluid principle, he experienced neither surprise nor wonder. At the same time, the consequences of weighing things on the scales of time shimmered in his mind.

A holy personality has to have a holy future. But his past must remain a subject of mockery - unholy, unholy, unholy.



A prayer together - Aadarshmati Mataji  
alongwith Teachers from  
Pratibhastali, Ramtek



The glow of the power within -  
Panchbalyati at the garbhgraha of  
Shantinath Digambar Jain Temple, Ramtek

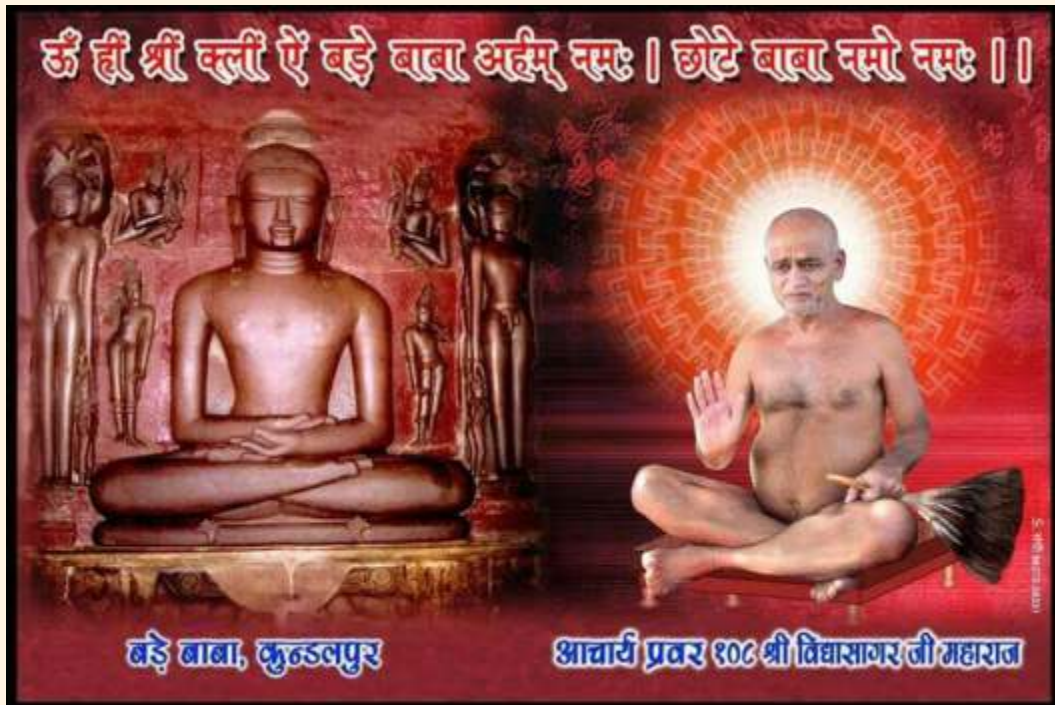
**The pitcher is dark as Lord Krishna but not bothered about his complexion.**

Today the pitcher has come out safely from the kiln. His body radiates a blue aura like the body of Krishna.

[298] It looks as if all its inner faults have been burnt and come out. Now there is no shelter to sins in his life. And anyway, when does a sinner offer water to a thirsty person?

On the face of the pitcher is the glee of a free soul who has swum across the shoreless ocean of worldliness. The pitcher scarcely pays attention to his burnt body. A chain of experiences is running in his mind. When is a beetle sad? His body is black, too, and he is constantly sipping nectar.

Being embodied is not enough to experience the body. Being in the mayic world, you are not necessarily enmeshed in maya. You have to have an attachment for and interest in it.



Meditation sublime...and...THE medium of that divine bliss

**Divine music floats all over and the pitcher has come to a point from where he cannot fall. He realizes what the qualities of a pure soul are.**

The potter gingerly picks up the pitchers with his hands and places them down on the earth. The clay was, is and will be of the earth. [299] But earlier it was in the earth's lap, now it is at her breast, and the breasts have the form of pitchers. From the cells of the pitcher's body, from within and from without, waves of music emanate. The earth and the sky swim in this music.

Now, hardly have two or three days passed since the pitcher was taken out of the kiln, than the surge of good sentiments in him reveals to everyone that now there can be no fall for him, only a steady climb to moral elevation. He will reap a crop of good fortune. Nothing is unattainable for him, everything is before him.

A devotee's devotion draws the deity to himself/herself. This devotion consists in giving alms to the deserving. [300] The receiver of alms must be pure, walker on the feet, with the cup of his hands as his receptacle. He should be nectar-sipping and soft as butter towards others. He should consider others' suffering as his own, and praying to the lord must be his sport. He should be fully free from sin, unattached like the wind, scared of subjugation, as free from pride as the mirror. He should be lush green and fruit-bearing like a plant. Like the river he should be running towards his goal non-stop and untiring.

He is equal in honour and insult, steadfast like the Mount Meru in yogic observances, useful to others like the simple cow, above any craving for fame, but ahead in the search for the pure principle. He should not be a fault-finder but one who picks up others' good qualities. [301] He never assaults hostile enemies, nor is too happy to find helpful friends. He never craves for fame and gain.

He is not cruel and is fearless like the lion. He never begs anything of anyone, is charitable like the sun, and never – even by mistake – craves for the results of his actions. He has conquered sleep and his senses, he is helpful like a water reservoir, eats little and speaks but few and useful words. His aim is to earn the pearl of the experience of absolute consciousness. For washing away his sins he criticizes himself. He never indulges in fault-finding with others – in fact he doesn't

wish to hear others' criticism. He goes deaf to it. Although he is successful, strong of will and a penancee, his tongue is mute when it comes to self-praise.

He spends his winter night on the edge of a sea, a river or a lake. [302] His summer days are spent on hills under the merciless rays of the sun.

Thus the pitcher conceived a mental picture. "Your emotions free you from the world," say the saints, and this had to be proven here. It was.



The holiness in totality



**A rich merchant, upon receiving a signal in a holy dream, sends his servant to buy a pitcher. The messenger is mesmerized by our pitcher's miraculous shape, the fruit of the craftsman's consummate skill.**

Here, a rich man of the town dreamt that he had himself welcomed in his own yard, with an auspicious clay pitcher in his hands, a mendicant who is a great saint. He woke up at dawn, felt fulfilled, thanked the dream, and narrated it to his family. He sent a messenger to the potter to fetch a pitcher. The messenger told the potter what his master had said. The potter was gladdened and he said, "Our stamina helped us attain our goal. Our labour has proved to be fruitful. We are fulfilled."

The messenger was glad with the potter's gladness. [303] He held the pitcher with one hand and sounded it with a pebble to test it. The pitcher said in a surprised tone, "After the fire-test, is there any more test to go through still? Go on, test me. You are testing others, why not test yourself a little? Sound yourself and find out which note emanates. Hear it with your own ears. Is it the prattle of the crow or the high-pitched braying of the donkey?"

"Before you become an examiner, you have to pass exams yourself. Otherwise you will be a laughing stock."

At this, the messenger politely returned, "It is true that you have passed the fire-test. But how far is the test administered by fire right? This cannot be judged except by testing you. That is to say, [304] through your agency I'm putting fire itself to a fire-test.

"Secondly, I am not a servant of any master. I am myself the master and enjoyer of certain things necessary for life.

"You cannot judge things right merely by commerce, by a give-and-take, because vision is money-oriented. In the eyes of a customer the value of a thing lies in its utility. It is this utility that gives a few moments of pleasure to the consumer."

So, the man has come in the role of a customer and he sounds the pitcher seven times. First comes the first note of the Indian diapason – *saa* – followed by *re*, *ga*, *ma*, *pa*, *dha* and *ni*. Thus the pitcher evidenced his unattached nature – like the

perishable notes. Altogether, the sense that emerged was that [305] it was not his nature to feel any kind of sorrow. This follows from the Hindi meaning of all syllables that constitute the notes *saa, re, ga, ma*, etc. Sorrowing cannot be the innate nature of the soul. Sorrows are felt only when the soul is deluded and attached as a result of its karmas.

The emotional transformations occasioned by particular causes are somewhat alien. To understand the sentiment behind the seven notes truly is to enjoy music rightly and to find a meet companion.

Hence has the pitcher acquired this incomparable powers, the messenger thought, and the pitcher replied, “This is the result of the craftsman's craft, his immense labour, strong will and conditionings of pure *saadhanaa*. And listen, my body that is black like Krishna is not a burnt body. Just as a skilled musician applies ink to the mouth of the *mridang*, the craftsman has applied ink to my limbs, [306] which produce varied kinds of utterances that reveal the differences between inconscient nature – *prakriti* – and the supreme soul – *purush*. This is done when the soft of the palm and the middle finger strike the instrument – *dha... dhin... dhin... dha/ dha... dhin... dhin... dha*. *Salary-mindedness is different from spirituality. Ta... tin... tin... ta/ta... tin... tin... ta*. Why do you worry about the body?”

The messenger who had come as a customer was amazed. His mind was as if hypnotized by a mantra, and a spell appeared to be cast on his body when he saw the shape of the pitcher and the miracle of the potter's craft. What can one say when one sees a miracle of the psyche? The anxieties of the mind, the wailings vanish within a few moments. A wave in the lake dissolves within the lake, not outside.



The FIVE Principles of LIFE

**The potter, being in too joyous a mood, gives the messenger pitchers free.**

The pitcher was tested, inspected. [307] Then the messenger selects one or two small pitchers, one or two large ones and tries to place in the potter's hand a proper price. The potter says, "Today is a day to give in charity, not to engage in a commercial give-and-take. This is a dispeller of all bad times and a gateway to happy days.

"You should honour the pearl, not the oyster, and the flame, not the lamp. Boundless time has been spent in a forgetfulness of consciousness and in indulgences of the body, in deviating from religious life and luxuriating in wealth. It was all a spell of maya. Now we have to live only for the eternal principle and absorb it within ourselves.

"Of course, gold is priced and so is silver, whether it is equal to a grain of corn or a ton of it. Everything carries a price tag on it, but money by itself has no value. [308] It is only a primary thing which is precious. Money is not a primary thing but dependent on other things. It is for others, a make-believe."

Yes indeed. You can value other things by money, that too according to your need. Sometimes you pay more, sometimes less, sometimes merely as a formality. It all depends on moneyed people. Neither a rich man nor a poor one can value a thing correctly even in a dream, because a penniless person is often in a pitiable condition, while a rich person is blind with desires ruled by his arrogance.

When the money offered was not accepted even as a gift, the messenger courteously offered thanks instead and went home happily with the pitchers.



The ritual of Muni Deeksha Samaroh, on the altar of self sacrifice  
- for the bigger good of the World

**The merchant joyfully washes the pitcher and using sandalwood and saffron draws on it holy swastikas with dots as also the divine syllable AUM. He decks it with betel leaves, a coconut and other holy substances.**

[309] The rich merchant stepped down from his seat and enthusiastically took from the smiling messenger our pitcher into his hands. Then he washed it himself with fresh cold water.

Then, holding the pitcher with his left hand, he draws his own symbol, the swastik, with his right ring finger using the beautiful sandalwood from the famed Malayaachal mountain. He makes the wish that everybody should attain selfhood, experience their soul. In all the four petals of each swastik he applies four dots using sandal mixed with saffron from Kashmir.

They tell the world that all the four stages of worldly life are devoid of happiness. Likewise, on the top of each swastik, the merchant drew the holy syllable AUM in the devanagari script, with a crescent and a dot. The purpose is to achieve steadfastness in yoga and worldly activities. Yogis generally [310] meditate on this syllable only.

Two thin lines with turmeric adorn the neck of the pitcher while a touch of the red paste of *kumkum* in between makes it incomparably beautiful. Turmeric, *kumkum*, saffron and sandal gladden the atmosphere with their fragrance.

Four or five beetle leaves – which help digest food and whose green laughter is soft melodious and even-minded – are placed along the mouth of the pitcher. Like the petals of a blooming lotus, their tips show outside. A coconut – that holy fruit – is placed in the middle to fondle them. Turmeric and *kumkum* are sprinkled on the coconut.

At this moment the coconut said to the beetle leaves, “Our body is hard while yours is soft. You will not like this hardness.

“So far, the body only liked a soft treatment, but that was the worldly path. Now this path is just the opposite of it, isn't it? Here, the soul emerges victorious, doesn't it? [311] This path does not lead to bodily pleasures. The body is secondary, it aims at consciousness. Here you find similarity between soft and hard. Is your body as soft as our heart is?

“Well, all you have to do is to peep within. The true test of softness and hardness lies in the heart, not in the body.”

The fibrous covering of the coconut was removed, leaving only a tuft at the top. A fragrant, fully blossomed rose is stuck in it.

Normally, everybody's hair flows downward, but the coconut has its hair pointing upward. Maybe, that's the reason why the gift of a coconut is said to be liberating from the world.

A crystal-bead garland, with pure transparent stones, was placed around the pitcher's neck. It seemed to say, “Repeat the name of the flawless soul – God.”

This auspicious pitcher, as if waiting for a holy guest, [312] was set on an octagonal sandalwood stool.



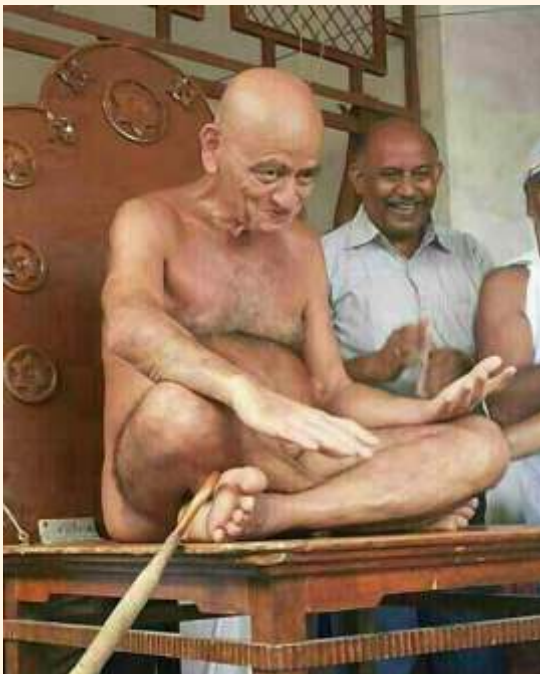
The symbol of PEACE amidst diversity

**The merchant goes for his daily ritual worship, praying for nothing but liberation from the worldly bondage.**

Like every day, the merchant goes for the worship of God to the temple on the fifth story of his palace – a property bestowed on him by virtue of his accumulated merit and religious observances. Here, on a silver throne sits a speechless silver idol of God of unequalled beauty.

First, a prayer was made to God with absolute faith. Then a ritual bath was given to the idol. The merchant applied to himself a forehead mark that is pure in itself and makes others pure. He is reverential, glad.

Then he washed his hands and rubbed the idol with a very clean white cloth. He performed pooja of the lord who is devoid of sin and hypocrisy, without a craving to accumulate wealth, is ever-free, and has given up all worldliness and passions. This worship is with eight auspicious substances and heartfelt devotion and involvement, not for any worldly object. [313] The only object is liberation from bondage, to swim across the ocean of *samsaara*.



A point well conveyed and well received.....THE POISE..the BALANCE

**It is time for holy guests to come seeking for alms in the form of a meal, and the merchant, like so many other townsmen, stands in wait for one. A holy guest appears on the scene.**

By now, playful girls have drawn auspicious figures in the yard. It is about time for saintly guests to go seeking for food. It is just this that the donors are discussing. On every street of the town, in the neighbourhood, a long chain of donors stand in their yards, waiting eagerly for the recipients. Almost in every yard, the donor stands with a common feeling. They all pray that the guest may have his meal unhindered and that he should dine at their house.

The merchant also concludes his prayer and comes down in his yard. He, too, stands with the auspicious pitcher. [314] Some men are standing with a silver urn and some have cupped their hands in the shape of an urn. Some have a copper urn, some a brass urn, some have a mango, some a custard-apple, some a *raamphal*, some a guava, some a banana. Some mount an urn on an urn, some hold an urn on their head, some are empty-handed while some are with a plate. What is notable is that all bowed their heads respectfully, and repeatedly cast a glance in the distance, waiting for the holy guest.

And wow, a guest is seen and the donors exclaim, “Hail, hail.”

Victory to those who wander freely, who regulate their thinking, victory to saints and meritorious people, victory to gentle, peaceful folk.

[315] Victory to the impartial, victory to brave, naked ascetics, victory to compassionate souls who live by the basic teachings of religion, victory to those who look equally on everyone. Victory to the resting places in the weltering sea of the world, victory to the paragons of purity, victory to supremely tolerant souls, victory to those who wash away the dirt of karmas. Victory be, victory be, victory be...



The cleaning from outside for cleansing within...a reflection of the care & devotion by Acharyashri-ji

**The holy guest nears the merchant's house. The houses he has bypassed, silently declining their alms, wear a downcast look.**

Now, the guest has come nearer. His holy feet have passed by several houses at the start. Moment to moment he advances, and the yard which he has bypassed looks morose and crumpled. As the sun declines, the cluster of roses fades. Even then, they conceive the hope that the guest may return any time.

The sun may re-rise the next day. It does rise again. But it does not turn back midway. Leave alone returning, it does not even glance back. It always goes from east to west and never from west to east. Such a thing has never been seen: it is not possible.

When and how does the recipient, the guest, judge the donor and his gift, one doesn't know. It takes place within the flash of a lightning.

One donor wails, "When the holy guest comes to the yard and goes away unfed, the donor is deeply pained." Instantly he remembers the saintly utterance that when extreme merit comes to fruition, you get to receive a holy guest. Our merit is bound to rise, but slowly and in degrees. [317] It is a rare thing to see merit of the highest quality. Some donors remain silent, as if charmed and transfixed.

Some become restless on account of being overlooked and repeatedly touch their forehead. It appears as if they are scolding away their adverse fate.

One donor revealed his heart thus: "Your holiness, if we are bypassed, no matter. At least you could have looked this way. We would have been content."

A donor has many qualities, one of which is discrimination. One donor lost his discrimination itself and in a surge of devout feeling, went too close to the recipient, advancing across his path. He spoke these piteous words: "In this life I didn't get the good fortune of making a gift to a holy recipient. [318] Many times I saw recipients but felt no urge to give. Today the urge is strong, and if even today I see you and don't touch you, touch you but feel no joy, my feelings will starve. Now, when will my hunger to give be satisfied? Please have your today's meal at our place, that's all. If there is anything wrong in this I will be responsible for it, your holiness. O ocean of mercy, be merciful. Don't delay but show charity."

When the donor gets thus sentimental, the silent saint turns his smiling glance to him and walks four steps watching him. At this, the donor utters these despairing words: "When I had teeth I had no grams to eat. When I had grams, I had no teeth. When I had both, I had no stomach to digest them."



**The pitcher cautions the merchant against making the kind of errors that other donors make, telling him what the right manner of making an offer is.**

[319] The donors made many such errors. The pitcher cautioned the merchant, “Well, even we can be reduced to such a condition. You may pray to the recipient saint, but not excessively. At such a moment, you may forget everything but not your discrimination. You may express your servitude through body, mind and words, but not your despair. You may sport a gentle smile but should not joke. You should have zeal and energy, but not impatience. Through every pore of your body you may exude humility, but not invoke pity. In this context, I had heard a verse from saints which I recite now, listen. It is well-respected and praised by wise folk.

“The earth is thirsty for water. She has opened her mouth, the receptacle. [320] She is resolved not to wait for the donor nor to criticize him too much. She wouldn't overstep her limits, her yard, even by mistake. For, a piteous gesture in the recipient arouses pride in the donor and he incurs sin. In a free and self-respecting recipient, slowly and gradually a sense of dependence creeps in. He slips off from his duty. What happens then? Both the donor and the recipient hang midway.

“That is why these dense dark clouds are busy looking for a proper recipient so as to convert their sins into merits. When they do find such a recipient, they are overcome with emotion [321] and rumble with their eyes wet. Their sixty-four torrents in the rainy month of *Saavan* make obeisance at the feet of the receptacle.

And thus the earth easily and effortlessly washes off the clouds' darkness. How otherwise would the clouds be cleaned up after rains?”



A path to be the blessed...as guided by Acharyashri-ji

**The merchant reflects on his error and welcomes the holy guest in a none-too-excited way, just appropriate for the occasion.**

The merchant heard a verse, brief and succinct, from the pitcher's mouth, and he learnt of the glory of giving and the code of conduct for it. In the mirror of these words, he saw his own face which had deviated from the ideal way of life. This face only reflected the conceit of being spotless. His eyes opened. He started controlling himself as all his misconceptions got washed off. [322] Listening to the poem, he was much impressed. The merchant again gets a signal that the holy recipient was sure to come to him. As the recipient approached the merchant's yard, his steps slowed down and he sensed that some highly meritorious face was preventing his steps from passing by and attracting him to itself.

Looking at the recipient's slowing pace, the merchant got alerted. With faith in his heart, and neither too slowly nor too fast, he started welcoming the guest in moderate, sweet words.

“Your holiness, I bow to you, I bow to you, I bow to you. Please come here, come here, come here. Stand, stand, stand.” Thus the words of welcome were repeated two or three times. At the same time, the merchant's slightly swinging earrings also respectfully invited the guest. [323] The holy guest, a house of fearlessness, stops at the yard. He is neither anxious nor perturbed. What to say now! The merchant considers this his good fortune, and uttering the words “Praises be, praises be,” he starts circumambulating the guest from the right, with his wife and family.



The cluster of holy temples nestled in the lap of Mother Nature

**The merchant washes the saint's feet. The pitcher in his turn surrenders at the saint's feet his residual ego. The merchant worships the naked saint ceremonially and offers him food in his cupped palms.**

This sight of today appears as if the sun and moon, along with the planets, stars and asterisms are circumambulating the legendary Mount Meru. They completed three rounds, taking care not to hurt any creature. Ninefold devotion begins now, with an obeisance. "Please come, your holiness. The mind is pure, the words are pure, the body is pure, and the food and water are pure. Please enter the dining hall. [324] And, without showing their back, the whole family lead the way. After they have entered the house, a seat is purified and the saint is requested to occupy the high seat. The saint does so.

The merchant begs for the leave to wash his feet, and the request is granted.

The saint's two feet, which outdo the flame-of-the-forest flowers in grace and charm and which are not afraid of any attachment, descend on the silver plate. And, at the same time, the plate also expresses her fond devotion for the guru's feet. Like these feet, she turns red like *kumkum* and sandalwood. The donor bent at the saint's feet with a pitcher of water that was filtered and heated to make it germ-free and then made lukewarm. At this time the pitcher who was devoid of desires and pride, saw his reflection in the mirror of the guru's toe-nails. "Praises be, praises be," he said.

[325] Victory to the guru, victory to the guru. Long live this moment. The pitcher surrendered here all the dreams that were realized, the pain of traversing the path, the remnant of desires, and all its ego. He said, "O merciful supreme guru, your feet are my refuge. They are my ship to cross the ocean of the world. Take me across." With these words of guru-praise, a head-bath – *abhishek* – as well as a bath of the guru was performed, of him who destroys obstructions and brings prosperity. The whole family joyously applied a forehead mark on the saint. The merchant with his family looks like Indra, the king of gods.

Further, a worship was performed with due ceremony, according to the worshippers' affording, in the proximity of the well-seated naked saint. They used

eight auspicious substances – water, sandalwood, unbroken rice grains, flowers, the sweets of *charu*, lamp, incense and fruits – and prostrated themselves with five limbs touching the ground. [326] Again the whole family prays to the saint with joined hands, “Your holiness, kindly come out of your posture of cupped palms and have meals.” Seeing that the donor was well-versed in the due ceremonies of giving alms, the saint uncups his palms and washes his hands. Then, for a few moments he fixes his eyes on the nose-tip to meditate on semi-realized souls – the *arhatas* – the ones who live a detached life, free from attraction and aversion, who cannot be touched by the cycle of life and death, old age and debility; who feel no pangs of hunger or thirst; who are above pride and the desire to surprise others; whose sight drives away fear; who are free from the seven kinds of fears; who are abodes of security; who remain unaffected by sleepiness or drowsiness; who are ever alert; whose body is never drenched in sweat; who feel sorrow and trouble in nothing; [327] in whom infinite power is manifest; whom, as a result, no terror can touch; who have found inexhaustible happiness; who are devoid of grief, always cheerful; whose life is a picture of detachment; from whom, as a result, the goddess of carnal love runs away; who have no attachment nor affiliation to a union; who are lonely souls free from worries; who are always free from anxieties and free from the eighteen faults described in the scriptures.



An expression of peace and happiness during a discourse of Acharyashri-ji

**The recipient performs meditation and takes his position for having food, standing on a mat offered to him.**

As soon as the guest completed his meditation, he stood on a mat, keeping a distance of four fingers between the heels and eleven fingers between the toes of the two feet. He is in the state in which one not only has his food standing but also takes one meal a day. The recipient joined his palms to form a receptacle and hold them out towards the donor. "This verily is the mendicancy which lowers one's (327) towering pride," says this pen, and comments on hunger: hunger is of two types – bodily and mental. Bodily hunger is slight and natural; as for the mental one, the mind alone knows how large it is. The abnormal hunger is a terrible demon, not related to the past alone but also to that which has not happened. That is why this person has not been overpowered by hunger, having found the self.

As far as the sense organs are concerned, they feel no hunger – only one feels outwardly that they have hunger. The tongue wants no juices, the nose no smells, the skin no touch. The ears are never feverish for melodies. Even deaf persons live. The eyes don't worship spectacular sights. The material cause of inanimate things is inanimate, they have no desire, they have no path.

[329] Darkness and light are alike to them. Indeed, the sense objects are experienced by sensuous persons, only through the senses. The fact is that the five senses are windows, and the supreme soul – purush – sitting in the house that the human body is, peeps through the windows with the eyes of desire, and he experiences the sensory objects.

Secondly, the tastes – sweet, sour, astringent, etc. – whether good or bad, never tell you to taste them.

The skin-feel – light or heavy, smooth or dry, cold or hot, soft or hard – whether good or bad, never tells you to touch it.

The touch-feel of a thing, whether large or small, buttery or rough, cold or hot, soft or hard, never tells you to touch it.

Odours – pleasant or foul, good or bad – never tell you to smell them.

[330] Colours – black, blue, yellow, etc. – good or bad, never tell you to look at them.

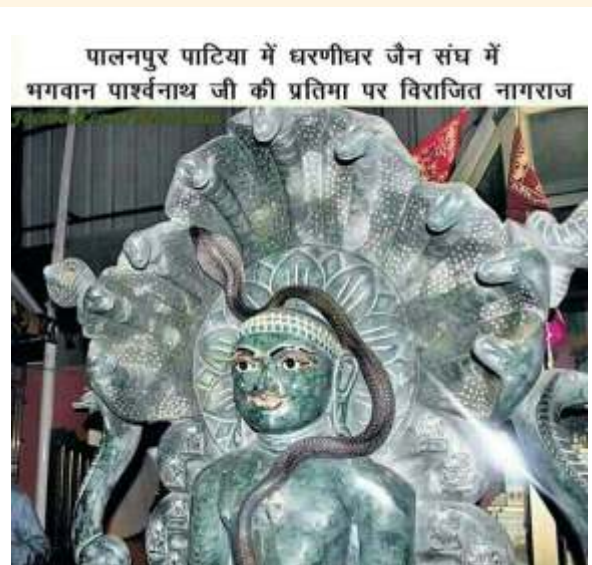
The seven notes of music – *saa, re, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni* – good or bad, never tell you to listen to them.

Listen, listen. Touch, taste, smell, sight and sound are properties of inanimate things and to perceive them is a mayic function.

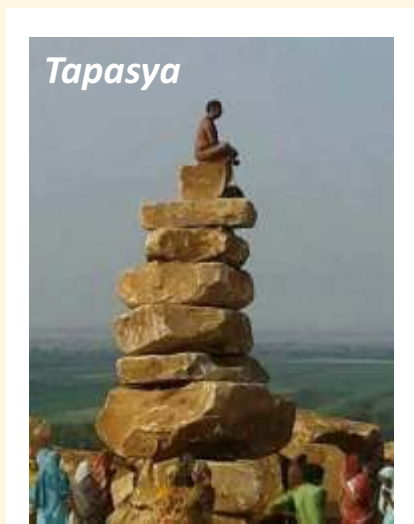
From this we deduce that hunger is felt owing to the rise of delusion and pain – that is the pang of hunger. That is the law of hunger and thirst. That you don't become a saintly soul merely by knowing this, you have to have equanimity. An ascetic's prize quality is equanimity.



Deep meditation, deeper introspection -  
set to the rhythm of flowing water,  
that is Jangalwale Baba  
108 Muni Chinmay Sagar-ji



A live *Nagraj* ( a Cobra ) gliding  
and in search of peace on the  
idol of Bhagwan Parshavnath-ji  
in a temple at Palanpur Patiya,  
under the aegis  
of Dharnidhar Jain Sangh



*Tapasya*, penance  
atop the stones by a  
Muni... there are thousands  
of ways of reaching God

**The merchant offers the guest first germ-free water. Then he offers food. The saint's palms do not open to the golden urn with a tasty milk delicacy, nor to a silver urn with sugarcane juice in it, nor to a crystal urn holding pomegranate juice. His palms open to the earthen pitcher, and he starts having his fill.**

Here, the almsgiving begins with the pouring of germ-free water into the saintly guest's cupped palms. But what is this! Suddenly he has closed his palms. [331] At once, a golden urn is held out with tasty milk in it. The palms still don't open. Seeing this, a third urn – a silver one – is held out with sweet sugarcane juice in it. This too is ignored.

Now comes the turn of the crystal urn with pomegranate juice, red like the glow of youth. And what a surprise! The guest does not look at it even once. In despair, this pot, too, is taken back. Now, the family thinks that further delay would be improper. The guest may consider it to be an obstruction – *antaraaya* – and may leave unfed. They get worried. The merchant, remembering God in his heart, musters all his courage and might, and with trembling hands, extends the earthen pitcher. And wow, the guest's palms open up – like an oyster swimming on the sea-surface at the sight of white raindrops in the asterism of arcturus. [332] He drank four to five palm-cups of water, a little sugarcane juice, then whatever came his way. This went on and on. He had his food not just any time, not following his whims. He took it without begging, without any signal or gesture to ask for it. His condition was that he should be hungry – then whatever food he got, whether savoury or dry and insipid – was alike acceptable.

When you pour food or drink from one pot to another, does the pot change? The vessel neither makes a song and dance nor cries. Blessed is the man and his human body, the best of all bodies.



All that grace,  
all that poise,  
all that peace  
- within

**The saint eats with a cow-like attitude, not for the taste but to fulfil a need of the body. The pitcher is glad that he has been used in the saint's service.**

Before sowing seed, the farmer levels the field that is eroded by a flow of water, by filling up the holes with garbage and pebbles and stones. Thus does the donor go on giving alms [333] and the receptor takes them. After all he has to fill his stomach. This is what is called the way of filling a pit of an even-minded ascetic – *shraman*. When you put grass and fodder before a hungry cow, she does not raise her head to look at the cow-keeper's accessories and decorations and limbs. Such is the tendency of a saint while having his meal, which is called the cow-like tendency.

He has no alternatives – the food may be salt or sweet or whatever kind. The food is like water to extinguish a burning house, just that. The food may be tasty or insipid, or any other kind. It should be eatable. You have to put off the stomach-fire, haven't you? The ascetic's tendency is like that of a fire-extinguisher. It is the best of all. A group of beetles thirsting for pollen drinks the delicious fragrance of bunches of newly sprung leaves, flowers and fruits, but never hurts them. [334] Rather, the beetles make them dance with the throbbing touch of their hands and entertain them by humming songs. Just the same way, the donor gives alms to deserving saints and feels puffed with joy. This dispels deep darkness and brings a new dawn in life. Such is the beetle-like tendency of saints.

Ascetics have many tendencies and practices that reveal their spiritual personality. The merchant's family had heard of them reverentially, but today they got an opportunity to see them close at hand with their own eyes. As a result, the whole family was overjoyed. In the merchant's fair hands the earthen pitcher looks as decorous as a sapphire encrusted in gold.

The hands and the pitcher praise each other. First the pitcher says: [335] “You lifted me and owned me up. This was a great favour. Because of you I could participate in this auspicious act.” At this, the hands at once rejoined, “No, no, listen. It is you who have favoured us, since this act would not have been possible without your help. All the devotional feeling herein is yours, we are merely incidental.”



On hearing this dialogue, the saint's cupped palms say, "Without a vessel, you cannot hold water; without a vessel you cannot sustain the life of a being. He who drinks water off a pot cannot be a good saint. The vessel of hands is the best vessel. After all, to own a vessel is also a sign of one's accumulative tendency.

"Secondly, without a guest who arrives without fixing a date - *atithi* - dates cannot be venerable. An *atithi* is the maker of dates, [336] still he doesn't go by dates, which are dependent on time. Modifications are one's own and they differ from person to person. To be tied down by the bondage of dates is to wander in the worldly states. Perhaps! If a saint gets tied down in bondages, he is in reality taking destiny as a sport." Thus commented the donee.



Acharyashri-ji in a contemplative mudra

**The saint's simplicity and the pitcher's plainness contrast sharply with the showiness of the merchant's rich trappings.**

Here, the giving of food continues unhindered, and the merchant is absorbed in wishing that this job should go on happily in this way. His blue shoulder-cloth flows down from both shoulders, and its ends cling to both his arms – the right one goes to the left, the left one goes to the right. Then they are wrapped tightly around the waist and hang loose.

The shoulder-cloth cannot look up – it is completely defeated by the blueness of the pitcher. [337] It feels ashamed, wants to hide under the earth, and shrinking, it does not want to show its face to anyone.

In the merchant's right middle finger is a cheerful gold ring, encrusted with a ruby which repeatedly compares her red glow with the redness of the guest's lips. At last she is defeated and feels distressed, and weighed down with shame she touches the bottom of the guest's feet. This is a proper thing, too, because by worshipping venerable souls, you get what you wish.

Similarly, in the merchant's left index finger is a silver ring encrusted with a pearl. She feels tired looking at the glow of the saint's fingernails, and develops a fever. This is why her body is a bloodless white.

The saint's cheeks are round and well-shaped, [338] they are fleshy and clear-complexioned. The donor's golden ear-pendants compare themselves with the cheeks. “Are we any less,” they think. “We radiate a glow like a newly risen sun. We are round and shapely as well, are of a good colour, beautiful, and we're golden, not red. Why, then, is there a difference between the glow of the cheeks and our glow? What is lacking in us? Who knows the mystery, whom should we ask? And how should we ask?”

Here, the cheeks advise the ear-pendants, which are in a state of perplexity: “As soon as people see you, they feel a longing for you. As soon as they see us, a spontaneous affection is inspired. Even a worldly soul feels detached for a few moments. The tender affection stored in us comes to the surface [339] and slides down the cheeks, and it turns even the stony chest of a hostile enemy to a gentle

flower. Invaluable words are nurtured in us, you are all hollow.

“One more thing. Whether your life is developed or developing, whatever the brilliant qualities in you, to compare yourself with others is the cause of defeat and a sign of wretchedness. And this act of comparing is in a way a rivalry. Rivalry brings to light the subtle ego that dwells deep inside. And when is ego ever content? Without contentment, life is faulty. That is the sole reason why a wrongful life burning in the desire for praise and fame is deprived of the deep cool shade of spontaneous applause and happy virtues.

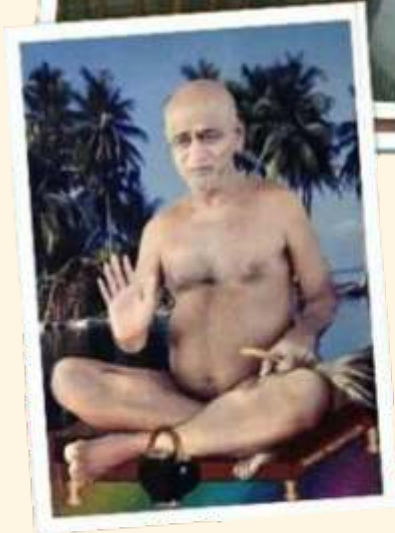
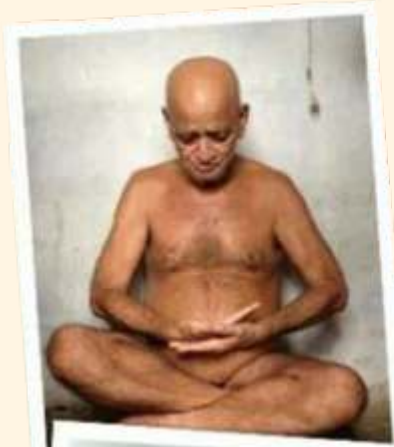
“In a way, the word 'self' is itself saying that [340] self is a wealth, self is the writing of the providence, it is the house of treasures. To attain to one's self is to attain all. Then, why compare oneself with the incomparable?” The golden ear-pendants, being thus exposed by the cheeks, became dull and lustreless.



Acharyashri Vidyasagar-ji on a blessed path that leads to God

**The blue-black pitcher is happily reflected in the merchant's yellow garment.**

The merchant is wearing from foot to head a yellow garment – *peetaambar* – that glows like the lotus-stem. In it, his face shines like the rose. In the mild breeze, the garment flutters, and the reflection of the blue pitcher floats in it. The yellowness of the garment gets eager to drink the pleasant blueness of the pitcher.



The different moods of Acharyashri-ji



**The donee satisfactorily concludes his meal, washes his mouth, and clears off the food particles on his person.**

Here, all the children of the house – boys as well as girls – have been ordered to stay indoors. [341] They are compelled to sit silent. All the same they now and then jostle each other to peep out of the windows.

An unrestrained person cannot remain within the limits imposed. The more you disallow them, the more they act according to their sweet will. In childhood it is not possible for one to give up the unworthy ways of life and embrace the worthy ways. It is owing to fear that children perform what they obey. This is exactly what happens here.

The merchant has tightly tied his head to keep his hair in place. Even then a black wavy lock of hair hangs on his wide forehead and watches the happy scene of giving of food with single-minded attention. This lock fearlessly says to the chief donee, “You saints are even-minded. The donor [343] is rich in charity and loves dispassionate souls. Both of you want liberation from bondage. Then please tell me why I am in bondage. I abhor bondage. I accept that my past is sinful, but then whose past is not? It is depraved, full of stains, rotten and unsteady. But today things have changed and I wish to give up my wrong habits.

“Sin has come to meet merit, poison has come to immerse in nectar. O sun effulgent, listen to the prayer of darkness. Instead of driving him away again and again, please waken him once, master. Give him a place within you. Erase him or own him up. True light is that which illumines all. I make bold to say, lord, that lucky people don't drive away unfortunate souls. They bestow on them luck and godhood. (342) So saying, the lock on the forehead quickly turns and falls silent. Here, the giving of food was happily over, the saint sat down on a seat and washed his mouth with germ-free warm water. The food particles and water drops that fell on the belly, chest, thighs, etc. were cleaned with his hands. Then he half closed his eyes and immersed in the thought of the supreme.

**It is time for the saint to part, and the merchant makes a request to bless him with some words of advice so that he might overcome sensuous attractions. The saint preaches briefly.**

He came out of his meditation, and the merchant humbly placed into the guest's hands, which are marked with signs of fearlessness, a bunch of peacock feathers – an instrument in the observance of restraint.

He filled his special pot of ascetics – *kamandalu* – with germ-free water which is not for quenching thirst but for washing hands and feet before a study of the scriptures and after answering [344] nature's call. This water can be used only for twenty-four hours, whereafter it is held impure.

Neighbours have assembled in the yard for a holy view – *darshan* – of the saint and touching his feet. As soon as the saint stepped into the yard, the sky resounded with shouts hailing him. Along with the emotional public, the merchant prayed to the saint: “While we labour to perform our duty, we also nurture the hope that we shall soon receive your benedictions and become detached from sensory attractions; we nurture the further hope that we walk on your path. Master, as you leave, give us a piece of advice which we should take to heart and be bound by, and whereby we should recognize where we stand in life. A needle which is threaded with a string may fall anywhere – it is not lost. Your advice will be that thread. [345] The saint realizes that neither this place nor this time is suitable for preaching. Nevertheless his compassion wells up and as a pearl emerges from an oyster, some words come out of his lips.

“Whatever I see outside is... not... I, nor is it mine. These eyes cannot see me. I have power to see, and I was, am and shall remain a witness of it. I was, am and shall remain a witness of everything. Whatever is seen outside is... not... I.”

So saying, the saint's feet turned towards the garden and his back was towards the spectators.



The tradition of The Teacher and the Taught...the *Guru Shishya parampara* in full view during Acharya Bhakti in a temple at Ramtek

**The saint sets out and the merchant follows him, unwilling to part. Breaking away from his guru is extremely trying and tears stream down his eyes.**

Close behind the saint like his shadow, holding his *kamandalu* in hand, the merchant walks on. Near the city is a garden [346] and therein is a temple – *nasiyaji* – whose pinnacle kisses the sky. Its torus – *kalash* – shines with a golden sheen and declares that all that glitters in the world is deluded and deluding, not leading one to the true path.

Within the temple is a beautiful idol of Neminath. The merchant viewed it, became self-aware, was thrilled and filled with joy. Once more he fell at the saint's feet and got ready to turn homeward, but his body began to protest and break.

His eyes moistened, the path became blurred, steps became heavy, and much as he tried not to cry, tears broke out. He wept bitterly and rolled at the saint's feet.

“Master, I do not wish to leave the shelter of my guru's feet and return. [347] This is just the way a swan heads for his ultimate spiritual destiny, the Manas Lake. All the same it's a pity that the body has to accompany the mind, and Lord, the mind is swifter. Within a matter of minutes, again and again it is overcome with varied emotions. And Godward steps don't rest on solid earth. Without a resting place for the feet, what can I do?

“In a mountain river, in the floods of the first rainy month of *Aashaadh*, not only small creatures but even elephants disappear. All flows away. My own previous actions have come in the way of my emancipation. While I do aspire to *dharm*, the path of *dharm* is like a hilly climb. And I? I'm not only a dwarf but a lame man. The path is very long – how shall I walk it? The mountain peak [348] touches the sky, how shall I climb it? I have no expert companion – how shall I move forward... now?

“Shall I be entirely optimistic or leave everything to fate? Shall I give up my labours? O supreme soul, tell me what I should do? Should I test myself by the tests

of the time? Should I accept time and destiny as the controllers of all – movement, progress, arrival; fall, rise, change?

“Is the doctrine false that every human being is free, the doer is free? The dictionary has not only to verb 'to become' but also the verb 'to do'.”

In response to the merchant's string of questions, the guru broke his silence, and as a mother tenderly answers her child, said: “The answer to all your questions is here. Look at me, raise your eyes.” The merchant looked up with wet eyes – only to see a silent face completely devoid of a smile. The saint [349] is all seriousness. His eyes are steady, his forehead guileless. He as if reveals the mystery. Stability exists only in the self. To immerse in one's own self is destiny. Therein lies rest. True labour worthy of man – his proper *purusharth* – is to forget everything except the soul, the only quarry that is worthwhile.

The merchant learned the true nature of destiny and effort. Time is a neutral presence, indifferent and fixed at one place.

The merchant's doubts are answered, all the same...



The deliverances to the World are sourced from deep within the scriptures and the antaratma the inner voice



**The saint bids his disciple goodbye, who returns home brokenhearted, having lost sight of the most precious entity in life.**

The merchant is like a silent cloud after rains, devoid of thunder and glory. His face is small and sad as he walks home. When a wick is nearly separated from oil or when very little oil remains in the lamp, it flickers weakly. Like that lamp [350] is the merchant, holding meagre life in his body, and walking like a tortoise. His mind is churning. He is like a trader who has lost his capital and is going home, worried about the future and at a loss what to do. Thus the merchant walks homeward...

He is like the milk from which all ghee or cream has been extracted; he is sensing his own saplessness, has grown insensible. Thus the merchant walks homeward...

At this moment he is experiencing many times more anguish than the anguish of a defeat before colleagues. He is like a flower which, having fallen down, can no longer suck the juice from a branch. He is separated from a dear one and his courage has nearly ebbed out. Thus the merchant walks homeward...

[351] Like a sobbing child, he takes deep breaths. Thus the merchant walks homeward...

As a forest is distressed at the passing of the spring, the merchant is distressed at the parting with the saint. Thus the merchant walks homeward...

As a shallow, thin, weak river slides down a desert devoid of grass and full of mirages, with nothing but the hope of meeting the sea, the merchant walks homeward...

Like the brilliant sun that springs up from the lap of the east and sinks into the west, afraid of the darkness to come, the merchant walks homeward...

He feels like the moon of the dark fortnight. He is like a poem without the peaceful mood – *shaant ras*; like a dawn without any chirping of birds, like a night without the coolness of moonlight, [352] like a woman without a forehead spot – *bindi*. Everything appears quiet, all desires have vanished. Like a piece of rock rolling down a slope, the merchant reaches home...!

**The merchant's family rejoices in the memory of having fed a saint. The pitcher addresses the disheartened merchant with some sobering words of solace.**

The entire family is in a state of boundless joy, having fed a saint. The meritorious pitcher is also puffed with satisfaction. They all sit together to dine. The glorious pitcher looked closely at the merchant's fair but depressed face and said: "Such is the benefit of the company of saints. You can see the end of your worldliness. The one who enjoys such company may or may not become self-controlled all at once – there is no fixed rule about it – but he does become contented. To get the proper directions is to be situated in the right conditions.

"When skilled physicians diagnose an illness correctly, the patient who takes the medicine [353] and wants to be well cannot indulge in immoderate eating. Immoderate eating is the root of disease. And listen, it is a miracle not of medicine but of correct diagnosis. Taking medicine leads to the eradication of disease. Good health – a disease-free state – is an invaluable wealth."

And listen to what else the pitcher said: "In old age, leave alone ornaments and decorations, even the fine muslin from Dhaka appears burdensome. And in a state of detachment, whether you're a child or a youth, middle-aged or old, a forest-dweller or a dweller in a house, it's a burden to face a welcome or gratitude."

These saintly words are also not out of place: "The sky can never love the earth. The god of love can never love old age. [354] This, too, is a rule, that a good soul can never love liquor. A widow never likes beautification of the body. A married woman can never give up togetherness with her mate. It is rare to find someone who defies the ways of the world. A man in ochre – an ascetic – never likes a blemish on his character.



In pursuit of *shraddha* FAITH.....Acharyashri-ji with the devout followers the Munisangh.....and with Prasadsagar-ji, 108 Muni Yogsagar-ji and Samaysagar-ji Maharaj

**The merchant senses a saint in the pitcher, and he and his family resolve to abjure golden and other expensive kitchenware: they take to clay utensils. The golden urn bursts out furiously.**

The moment the merchant heard the pitcher, he felt that he was savouring saintly words.

He had now nothing to do with salt words. He had nothing to do with promises of preachings of the essence. All dormant streams of the essence had burst forth before him. He felt blessed.

A saint was incarnated in the speckless mirror of the pitcher. [355] The pitcher's total surrender was like the thankfulness of a saint.

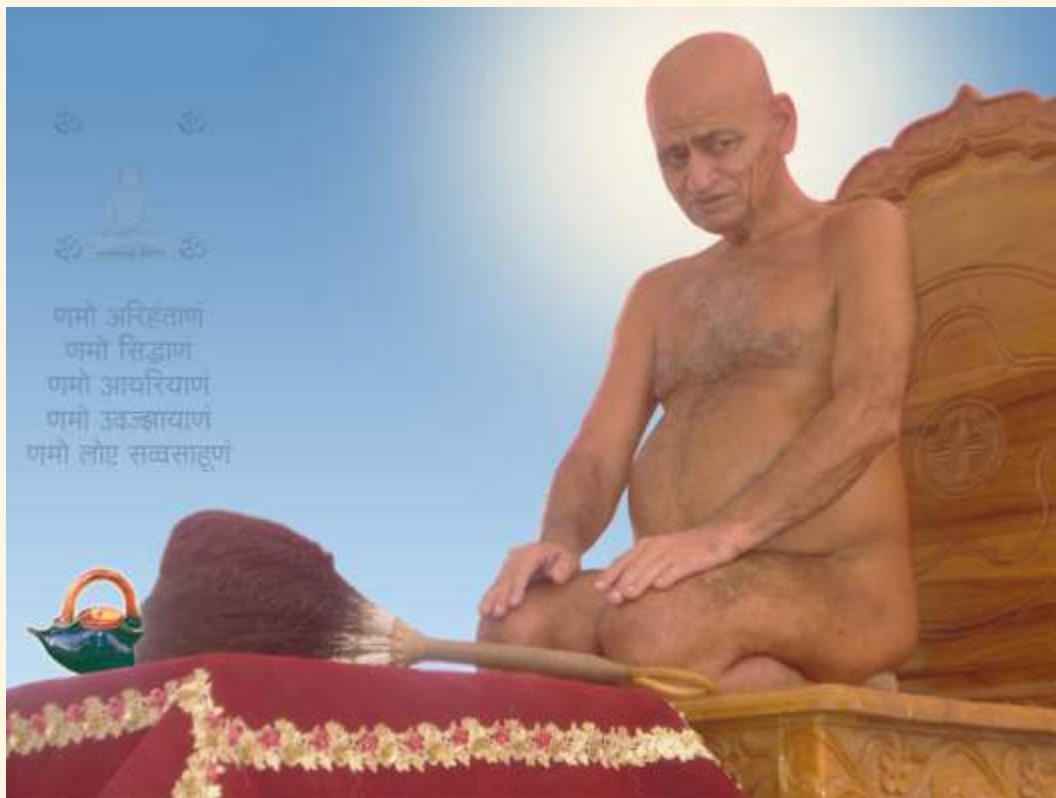
This pen also offers a few pertinent lines: "If you're afraid of sorrow, listen. Love to do labour. And if you cherish your ego, listen. Beware of sense attractions. Control the mind, control the senses."

Thanks to the potent mantra given to the merchant, his poison-like restlessness and anguish disappeared. And he said, "Now except in the worship of God, this fortnight clay utensils will be used as we used them in feeding the saint. He stepped down from his silver seat on to a wooden seat. His family heard him and responded, "We too feel the same."

To see the changed circumstances of the family, gold plates [356] and other beautiful kitchenware – cups, spoons and the rest of them – made of silver and precious stones wondered what was happening.

And then what took place here? A brass urn filled with cold water was inwardly pained, felt defeated, burnt with emotion and turned more yellow. To see the welcome of the black colour on the door of gold, the golden urn was overcome with rage. Its hues cannot be described in words. He was beside himself. From the cavernous mouth of the golden urn, these volcanic words of protest break forth: "This day isn't over yet and such gushing welcome and honour to a visitor! [357] It doesn't look civilized behaviour to put clay on the head and thrash the crown at your feet. Leave alone fellow-feeling for oneself, this shows a lack of even outward ceremonies of owning up another. This is happening all by itself. I believe that to

own up others, to give others precedence over even oneself is to be civilized. It is the religiously enjoined duty of human beings. But this task must be done in its proper turn and with proper ceremonies. I'll elucidate the matter. I don't believe that the higher remains higher and the lower remains lower. The lower can be raised high by means of proper contacts. All are capable of transformation. But one must remember, the lower cannot become higher merely by physical, financial, educational, etc. help. The act of raising depends on a conditioning [358] by purity. If a seasoning is given to buttermilk, it not only becomes tasty but also helpful in digestion. And if you sugar up milk, it makes milk tasty as well as nutritious. Also, if sugar is added to buttermilk it might become beneficial. But to give a seasoning of mustard, cumminseed etc. to milk only proves faulty thinking." By pouring these words the golden urn's raging passion was pacified.



The FIVE Principles / Philosophies of Jainism ,  
and Acharyashri-ji, one of its living examples

**The merchant and the golden urn argue over the former's rejection. The golden urn turns extremely bitter. The urn calls the saint a charlatan.**

The merchant quietly listens to the urn's impassioned speech with both his ears. Then, wishing the urn well-being, he offers a few drops of peace: “As far as dust particles are concerned, none but a fool applies them to the head and pampers them. Dust becomes venerable by the contact of feet. [359] Those feet are venerable which are worshipped by the eyes. Those eyes are right which can recognize the feet which are capable of reaching one to the destination. The libertine eyes which ignore feet are bound to suffer. The word 'feet' preaches to and orders the well-wishing eyes not to stray from the feet.

“O God, I wish to understand what atoms those are that have fashioned eyes. When eyes are infected – in Hindi, 'the eyes come' – there is pain. When the vision is lost – in Hindi 'the eyes go' – there is pain. How much more shall I say, how long shall I speak? [360] When eye meets eye, there is sorrow. When is there any joy in eyes? Eyes are a mine of sorrows, slayers of joy. That is why self-restrained saints and sages don't believe the eyes. They humbly look downward at the feet as they walk. Praises be.

“All the same, it is a pity that eyes are above and feet are below. Thinking that it is worthwhile to take shelter under those who are placed high, and wanting to be revered, some dust particles enter the eyes. Instead of becoming revered, they lose their freedom to fly. Now they cannot free themselves from the bondage of the eyes. [361] Inside the eyes they struggle around and about, lose their identity, and come out as deformed mud – abhorrent, foul-smelling, disgusting.

“All this influence on us is thanks to the even-minded saint.”

Thus the merchant concludes his speech and starts his meal. Just then the urn again speaks sarcastically: “Listen, listen. We have seen many who are saints only in the name. Rare are saints by character. And what use is their equanimity which cannot remove the terror of the terror-stricken and cannot shelter the shelterless? What an irony is this! [362] Only someone like Raam, who labours to battle a lawless Raavan in the battlefield, can bring the age of purity – *satayug* – in

this age of untruth – *kaliyug* – and bring heaven on earth, not those who are unafraid of the rounds of worldliness, dress like ascetics. and merely bless the shelter-seeker with hands of fearlessness.

“A true ascetic – *shraman* – is one who labours. As for an idle, impecunious fellow like this, even the maddest jackal would not want to touch his red cheeks, leave alone eating them.”

Even with these seething words, the urn's passion was not spent. Like rice and lentils boiling in a pot, his feelings continued to boil. And he continued to denounce the saint: “Who says that the saintly guest was even-minded? He was all biased. What to talk of true equanimity, he could not even make a proper show of equanimity. One whose [363] eyes discriminate between high and low, who don't regard a golden and an earthen pot with an equal eye, cannot be even-minded.



Acharyashri-ji in a prayerful meditation

**The sweets in the pitcher vehemently criticize the golden urn and enjoin him to call the clay pitcher as mother.**

[364] Unpolluted by the golden urn's bitterness, the sweet in the clay pitcher, glorified by being gifted to the saint, said placatingly : "You have no sweet in you. Your feet are besmirched with sin, unholy. You are unacquainted with merit... That is why you don't like the worship of holiness. You see hypocrisy in holiness. A person with even black water in his eyes can make out this sight. Your eyes are jaundiced. Why, otherwise, is your body all yellow?"

"You are pricked by others' praise. You're enraged by the welcome and honour bestowed upon the pitcher. What is within, comes out. If you drink buttermilk, your belch will be sour even as you feed others on milk.

"You are gold, you boil in no time. Clay is not gold. It yields gold. You are what the clay has given forth. [365] Till today, we've neither heard nor seen nor read that a seed sown in gold has sprouted, come to flowering and fruition, and grown into a plant waving in the breeze. O golden urn, that soul is invaluable which melts with pity at the sight of poor, unhappy beings. What use is a soul poor in charity? Clay gets moistened with charity and moistens others. A seed sown in earth, duly watered and aired, nourished with nutrients, gives a thousandfold crop.

"If clay were to change her nature even the least bit, for the slightest bit of time, the world would lose faith in everything. A cataclysm would follow.

"There is one more thing, O golden urn! [366] If you'd been really of a high caste, why wouldn't you see, daily, the rare sight of the sun. Possibly you are afraid of light like a day-blind person. That's why you're buried far away, in the depths of the earth. Possibly you find joy in the lowest of the nether worlds. It won't be out of place to say that those who live in your company generally take to the wrong path. The mere sight of you binds the seer. Being bound, you are a cause of bondage to yourself and others.

"You are the foundation stone of bondage. You are the impregnable, hard-to-approach fort of capitalism. You are the cause of endless claims of unrest.

"O golden urn! Listen to me at least once. Be grateful in this life. Give immeasurable respect to mother clay. Henceforth address her as mother."

**The golden urn is likened to a torch, expensive and rough, while the clay pitcher is compared to a lamp on which a yogic practitioner can meditate.**

[367] Seeing that the sweet dares not say more, this pen wishes to add this: “O golden urn! Instead of praising the praiseworthy, you find fault with the faultless and seek to hide your own faults. Your outburst at the saint, your mockery of his equanimity, your insult to the merchant, and so on... are unpardonable sins. Even then I overlook them. I set forth before you not only the greatness of clay but wish to bring out your own worth through two examples.

“Normally, the lamp and the torch are two means of illumination. But their characteristics differ. One takes a bamboo stick about two to three feet long and tightly ties several rags at one end, one on top of another. There is a grip at the lower end. That makes the torch.

[368] Clay is rubbed on the burning end of the torch because the torch-flame is uncontrolled. A torch gives light, but in meager quantity. Flames such as the tongues of demons emanate from it, but these flames cannot be called light. The torch is a spendthrift, for one has to pour oil on it again and again, and that too precious edible oil.

“And yes. Sometimes, for the sake of entertainment, a torch-bearer fills his mouth with kerosene, and holding the torch high in the air, blows into the flame. Then, within an instant the whole kerosene burns up and disappears into space in the form of black cloud-like smoke. The torch appears awe-inspiring like a fire-pit during a cataclysm. A little carelessness would result in an outcry of fear and terrible losses. [369] If you try to blow the torch out, you cannot. Yes, the blower may lose his lips.

“A yogic practitioner cannot concentrate on a torch, which is flickering and unsteady. As they say, 'If the object is unstable, the skilled meditator's quiet mind will also be stirred.' There are many other drawbacks of the torch. How many shall I recount? So saying, this pen turns to the second example.

“The lamp is self-restrained. You can increase or decrease its flame at will. A lamp filled to the full by the inexpensive kerosene burns at its own pace, moment to



moment, it does not consume the fuel all at once. Like an ideal householder, the lamp is frugal. How regular, how passionless! Even a small child can walk holding in his soft, loving hands not the torch but the lamp. [370] It is more light-giving than the torch. The hot, unrestrained, explosive kerosene also, with the loving care of the lamp, turns upwards. A lost and lonely wayfarer, wrapped in darkness and stricken with fear, feels secure at the sight of a lamp. We have heard that in a burning place, ghosts have torches in their hands which compel even a fearless person to close his eyes.

“And look, the red flame of the lamp looks like fire but is not fire. It is a flame which illumines itself and others. It is still, and by gazing at it unblinkingly, a spiritual seeker can turn from the gross to the subtle. Gradually, within a matter of moments, his preoccupied mind becomes calm. Then? What then? He comes face to face with entirety. The lamp is possessed of many virtues, how many shall I [371] recount. There should be some limit, that's that. O golden urn, you are like the torch, full of dark intentions. The clay pitcher is like the path-lighting lamp, dispeller of darkness and courageous, pure by nature.”

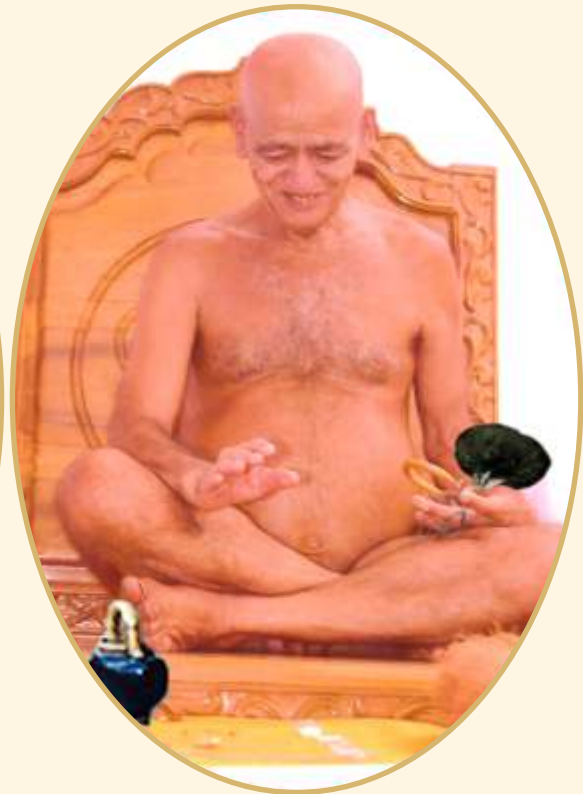


*Kundalpur ke Bade Baba, a devotee paying respects at the feet of the Lord*

**The demeaning comparison of the golden urn with a torch infuriates him. The clay pitcher prays to the lord for equality to all.**

The golden urn, likened to the torch, felt insulted. The clay pitcher condemned himself thinking that the single-eyed pen had, under the guise of praising him, performed the condemnable task of insulting the urn. The pitcher had become instrumental in another's censure, so his guilt was also proved. The pitcher breathed deeply and started praying to God: "These wealthless great ones have, for ages, seen defeat. Now [372] when will they experience the supreme state? Is it possible for them in the near future or not? Tell me at once, O God.

"Before attaining to godhood, one is praised, another blamed; one is raised, another falls; one gets rich, another poor; one becomes beautiful, another ugly. Why all this? I'm anguished to see this disparity, lord. This is too much to see, and perforce I close my eyes. Master, it will be a great kindness of yours, a great favour, if there is equality in all."



Blessed be YOU

**The crystal ewer blows the top at the clay pitcher, calling him sinful, with the pitcher refuting the charge. The argument heats up.**

The crystal ewer, rased by the pitcher's prayer, said, "O sinner! [373] God is not pleased with sinful prayers. The holy lord is pleased when you renounce sin.

"He who repeats that he has passed the fire-test to prove his innocence is not only a sinner but an arch-sinner.

"There is so much sin stored in you that it cannot be burnt out over ages, neither can it be washed. During a cataclysm, not only water but also fire rained on you several times. But when is there a change in your blackness?

"And listen further. Even the acacia stick which looks like the moonless night overcast with dark *Sraavan* clouds, takes the fire-test, not many times but only once, to rid itself of all sins. [374] That is how it shines beautifully as white silver-like ash."

At this, the pitcher interposed: "After the fire-test, acacia coal is darker than every other kind of coal. Why? Come on, tell me."

The ewer replies, "O dimwit, O fellow blind with pride, listen. When the supply of fire is less than required, wood does not burn down to oil but remains coal. Otherwise it does turn to ash. It is the fault of fire or the watery element in the wood. It is not the fault of wood at all. Don't you know such a simple thing?

[375] "Out with you. To talk with you further is to attract demerit."

And the ewer quickly turns her face away from the pitcher.

The pitcher responds, "If it is a sin to talk with me, then don't talk. If it hurts you to look at me, then don't look. But all I wish to state is that your conclusion about sin, based on your peculiar thinking, is false. At least listen to this, then judge."

And the pitcher started his discourse: "To know self as self and the other as the other is true knowledge. To dwell and revel in self is the result of true knowledge.

"A person who is attracted to sense objects is a slave to sensuous pleasures, a servant of his senses... and what else... such a servitor of body and mind alone tries [376] to rule over another's objects. This is a sin... the father of all sins.

“O ewer, just look at yourself, your tendencies. When one fills you with milk, you look white. Where, then, goes your transparency? When one fills you with ghee, you turn yellow, whereas when one fills you with sugarcane juice, you turn green like an emerald. With different objects filling you, you instantly change your expressions, your colours. You are like a heavenly danseuse – *apsaraa* – full of sensuality. With your ability to change, you act and react.

“Not only that, you absorb the colours and qualities of things lying near you – black or yellow, green or red or pink. Your sensuous craving is the limit. [377] You don't stop to consider mean caste or high caste. You are ashamed of nothing. This you cannot call equanimity, nor boundless capacity.

“Equanimity means neither to be affected by others nor to affect others in the least. Worldly attachments run in your veins and arteries. Outwardly you may look a thing made of crystal gem – energetic, clear, liquid-like. O deceptive ewer, how long can you hide the secret of your being?

“So don't prattle any more. The heron has taken a lesson from this nature of yours

“And what shall I say of my nature? I am an open book. When did this pitcher ever use a veil? All it is covered with is the sky. All that he likes, all that shelters him – is the cover of the sky. [378] I shall hide sins if I have any. I shall then gather the means to hide them. Others' freedom is not looted here, nor is my own freedom taken away by anyone.

“No colour or paint affects me. My condition is always the same. This is what is called equanimity. For attaining to this state, rishis and maharshis, saints and holies take the shelter of the clay. That is to say, they practice sleeping on earth.

“And liberation – the friend of equanimity – elects not gods, demons, water-creatures or birds but even-minded dwellers of the land. Understand, ewer? You doll of sin, you mistook clay to be out of mind.” And the pitcher sinks into silence.



**The pomegranate juice in the crystal ewer joins the ewer in the verbal war against the pitcher.**

The pomegranate juice in the ewer turned redder with rage when he heard the ewer called a doll of sin. [379] Which servant is not roused to anger to see his master insulted before him? If the foundation is shaken, the superstructure is shaken, too. If the container is shaken, the thing contained is shaken as well. The juice furiously says, "We know too well the courtesy in the merchant, the saintliness of the saint, and what kind of image of equanimity and concentration he has and why. You can sense the depth of water by touching the banks."

And here, a spoon that is standing head downward, in saffron sweet porridge – *halwa* – in a shining silver plate on a black teakwood seat, is hiding his face in shame at his uselessness. He speaks in support of the pomegranate juice:

"You have defined a saint rightly." And he seems to cry tears in the form of excess ghee, having been ignored by the saint.

[380] The fragrance of ghee had, in the hope of finding a shelter in the saint, travelled to his nose. But as soon as the smell tried to enter his nose, she was kicked back in rejection. She ran back and said to the ghee: "I am not permitted into the shelter of the saint. Dreadful things are nurtured there. The nose is a destroyer of happiness. I wish to stay here uncomplainingly, now don't send me there."

And here, the saffron also shook his head in surprise: "Leave alone sheltering the unsheltered, he didn't even get a smiling glance.

"Though his hair is no longer black, and for ages he's been an ascetic, he lacks in ascetic qualities. He has intelligence but he has forgotten his religious duty. He looks mighty and intelligent, but his life is ineffectual. No hope now of simplicity in his body, mind or [381] consciousness. The opportunity has slid into the endless forest of the past. I agree that cognition has always remained in cognition, and the cognizable in the cognizable, but it is natural for cognition to assume the form of the cognizable. So where was the harm in looking this way?

"It seems that the nominal saint's cognition is afraid of things that are cognizable. In this state it's certain that a life displaced from equanimity is rolling not towards immortality but death. And listen."

Saffron raised his voice here and said, "Life's novelty lies in this that it doesn't pass away. That is the way to row across."

**The merchant's family finishes its meal, which tastes more savoury than any other meal in their life. The merchant one night becomes very feverish. A mosquito and a bed-bug, unable to sup on his blood, rate him a miser.**

Thus the pitcher and other utensils debated and argued. [383] The talk no longer remained an easy and natural conversation. Turn by turn, the utensils in the merchant's kitchen mocked at the pitcher and held him to be worthless. Such is often the result of majority view. Even a deserving person comes to be regarded as undeserving, and then there appears to be no sin in worshipping the undeserving. Like addicted rogues, the varied delicacies looked upon the saint's equanimity as a mere pretence and openly showed disrespect for the merchant and the saint.

In the meanwhile the family has finished its meal. They felt , “Today's experience is the real experience.” It is not an experience of want, nor of worldly life. They had truly understood the purpose of having meals. When you turn pure-minded, when you give up your craving for tasty foods, and when you immerse in the worship of your object, liberation is not miles away [383] but seems to run towards the seeker as sunrays run to the lotus.

For some days the utensils intermittently argued like flashes of lightning, then an outward peace was slowly established. What was within their hearts is a different matter. Like the heat of a kiln, passions remain in all embodied beings.

The resolve of one fortnight was happily achieved. Then came the dark fortnight. Through with the day's activities, the whole family was asleep, only the merchant was turning from side to side, unblessed by sleep. The night passed slowly and appeared too long.

His body is burning like a grid from head to foot. All watery element in his body nearly evaporated, which is why although he weeps from time to time, no tears come to his wide open eyes. [384] The intense feelings within him stay choked. As the eyelids wink repeatedly, the eyes burn evermore. A light breeze at first kindles a fire, then makes it burn brightly.

Although the merchant's bedroom is so made that a light, cool breeze should constantly blow into it, yet his fiery breath set the whole atmosphere ablaze.

From his forehead, which had been brought up gently, the touch of gentility vanishes. It turns blood-red, and even a blood-sucking mosquito, eager to land on it, dares not do so. [385] For no sooner did the mosquito reach the forehead than its thirst doubled. Its body heated up, throat completely dried up, and both wings slackened. Its desire for blood flew off. It winged away humming: “Oh, rich people are showy in the performance of religious duty, they are miserly. If you meet them you get nothing. If you get something by pure chance, what you get is polluted by salt, and your thirst doubles up. I first bowed to this rich man and offered obeisance to him. Then I sang his praises at his ears. And after all this, I'm reduced to this shabby state.”

A bed-bug thirsting for blood, on hearing his friend, the mosquito, speak ill of the merchant, circumambulates the merchant and says by way of a reward, [386] “What can I say, pal? You spoke the right thing at the right time to show the path. You defined an arrogant, avaricious miser. You dispelled the night of delusion which had been there from time immemorial and would have gone on endlessly. Which creature except man accumulates in its life-span undue amounts of stores?

“I too agree that certain things are necessary for life – a house, a wife, ghee, pots and so on. These have to be acquired. That is why saints have deemed the wedding ritual of the bridegroom and bride holding their hands – *paanigrahan* – a custom to protect and promote our culture. But alas, greedy, sinful men turn even this ritual of 'taking of hand' to 'taking of life'.

“Generally, they take undue services from servants and pay scant salaries. [387] They call themselves the children of the great prime lawgiver of the race, Manu! Great men indeed! Talk to them of giving, and their 'generous' hands look as though paralyzed. And what they give – or have to give – in spite of everything, they give in the form of a mere drop, and that too with ill-feeling.

“The taker cannot properly digest the thing given. Why, otherwise, should our blood, though red, smell so foul?”

And the bed-bug, without getting angry, devoid of any hope of a reward, gives up his circumambulation and says to the merchant: “Don't hold out a mere temptation. Live life relying on yourself. Abandon your clever deceptions. Adopt humility – the mother of greatness. May the sky be contained in the vast compass of your modesty. [388] May your life set an example of generosity. May you always

remove others' sorrows with no ulterior motive.”

Finally the bed-bug adds this to his discourse: “I am a particle, not a heap. I'm not wealth, hence I'm not a battlefield that causes deaths. I owe nothing to anyone, neither am I a sacrificial animal. I'm not living depending on someone, nor do I wish to live so. I just am... and thus I wish to remain. I have neither a mantra, nor a machine, nor any conspiracy. My whole life is well-regulated. I'm no deceiver or torturer, I don't find fault with others though I live in a hole.” And the bed-bug enters a small hole.

Hearing these original words from the impartial mouth of the bed-bug, the merchant felt gladdened and edified.



Acharyashri-ji, all smiles



**The merchant from time to time becomes semi-conscious. The very best physicians are summoned and they diagnose the ill as inflammation.**

[389] Very slowly the night was dispelled and the dawn arrived. The moments of waiting are very tedious, aren't they? And if you are in a state of sorrow, what can one say? In a way, happy times run briskly at their own pace, like the shoreless sea. One doesn't know where it goes, when and how.

This happened in the morning. World-renowned physicians, each one more experienced than the other, come to treat the merchant. They include such intelligent ones as diagnose the ills correctly by mere face-reading. Some diagnose by examining the colour and appearance of the tongue, and some by the way the pulse goes. [390] Some diagnose by studying the degree of redness of the nails and eyes. One of the physicians has acquired supreme merit and through long, diligent practice achieved success in the rare art of reading the voice. He is a veteran in healing by mantra, occult tantric methods and in removing hindrances.

Each of them examined the merchant using their respective sciences. The merchant lapsed every now and then into a semi-unconscious state. The body is somnolent while the tongue is nearly silent.

One by one they drew their conclusions. They unanimously agreed that the patient was suffering from inflammation. His depressed state aggravated the illness. He had indulged in desires in only one direction, at a uniform pace. [391] The physicians said he ought not to worry so much. One should care for the body, too, a little bit. The body must be given its due, and the mind needs proper rest. No good comes of mere repression of desires. You get nothing by merely repeating "soul, soul" and brooding over it.

*Saadhanaa* does not mean going contrary to your nature. Your *saadhanaa* is not successful if there is no world-love in your detachment. Let one clause be added to the age-old saying that "There can be no love without fear." It would be very nice to say, "A loveless way is no way, and without a proper method there can be no song." What is the song about? It is about your victory, about realizing the truth by means of practice. It is true that the supreme soul – *purush* – is the experiencer [392] while insentient nature – *prakriti* – is that which is experienced. When the

experiencer by means of his tongue savours a taste, that is *prakriti*, the tongue lovingly releases saliva to make the eatables more juicy. The soul, the seer who loves the game-play of the world, interestedly views a sight with wide eyes. What happens then? The ever-active *prakriti* uses the eyelids to remove the obstructions before the eyes with continual flapping. Though the soul is a yogi, nature is his collaborator and helps him all the way to the pinnacle of his *saadhanaa*. She shelters the labouring shelter-seeker, being ever-present and self-dependent.

Neither is it improper to say that the actions and reactions within the soul – movement, excitement, pulsation – are expressed by nature. His love is expressed through her. If woman ceases to exist, man's life is over. [393] Lastly, this too needs to be stated that there is no scent of desire in *prakriti*. Yes, a fragrance does dwell in her. A man – *purush* – may become a slave to desire under various irregular conditions, and to quench his desire he may close his eyes under the shadow of *prakriti*, like a tired traveller. In fact this is man's necessity at that point of time.

A thirsty man's mouth – not a normal man's – waters at the mere memory of a tamarind, when he is yet far from eating it. This is but natural. All the same, the wonder is that the tamarind's mouth does not water even in the mouth of the eater. Yes, indeed. At that point, nature appears attached to and fond of soul. [394] This indeed is man's madness... his baseness. For ages he has been perforce bridled by his lust. And this is woman's purity, her mercury quality, that for ages she has been raising thirst-quenching water without becoming enslaved. She is self-controlled and she releases man from his deformity and compels him to be self-controlled. She opens his path for this. To say that the interplay of *purush* and *prakriti* is the world, is to commit a folly. Such a view is born of delusion. The player is the supreme soul – *purush* – while unconscious nature – *prakriti* – is a mere plaything. To make oneself a plaything is not a matter of play, only an expert player can do it.



Me and myself.....a holy congregation of the Saints.....and,  
Muni Yogsagar-ji Maharaj, brother of Acharyashri-ji

**The merchant's family prays to the healers to make him well soon and not to care for the expenses. The clay pitcher takes control of the treatment.**

We have become acquainted with *prakriti* and *purush*. [395] To get knowledge is to have a mystery revealed. “Without the love of *prakriti*, man does not succeed in his religiously enjoined tasks.”

When the family heard the pronouncement of the physicians, they accepted it and humbly requested: “May the merchant recover soon. Let the cure be so effective that his disease is countered. Your restrictions will be totally followed. Whatever you say, whatever you prescribe, is acceptable.

“And please don't care about the treatment charges. You will get them with all respect. The payment will be readily offered, like an ever-prompt maid in a man's service and well-featured like a shadow.

“In a way the physicians' eyes don't ever turn to the fee, and that's the way things should be. These eyes are like the mind of a well-bred [396] girl from a good family. Even so, *kaliyug* casts its own influence. Life does not progress towards its good, and even if it does progress, it is not steadfast. We hear it and we see it, too – all arts aim at earning and accumulating wealth. People's livelihood – it is disgusting to say – smells foul like the tongue-cleaner. The nose is used to it. But sorry to say, the eyes are silent over this phenomenon. People are not concerned which word means what.

“Basically, the word 'art' denotes that which gives satisfaction to the soul. Whatever the art, it alone brings happiness, peace and prosperity in life. There is no happiness in money, nor from money.”

The team of physicians perked up on hearing the lust-free family pronounce on art. When the family noted this, [397] they brought about an adequate change in the timely discussion. But before they could say anything, the clay pitcher spoke up: “As for the dietary prescriptions, all healing sciences are of the view that by following these prescriptions, you can do away with medicines. And if you do not follow the dietary prescriptions, even then you need no medicines!

“Even then if you ask about medicine, hear. Not only the passing diseases of the body, even the timeless malady of the consciousness, manifest as birth, decay and death, disappears within no time. The three seed syllables are *sa* and the two kinds of *sha* in Sanskrit. The huge tree of health comes to flowering and fruition only with these seed syllables: *sha*, *sa*, and the second *sha*. You've to apply all your force in pronouncing them, [398] hold your breath within and release it through the nose in the form of the syllable AUM. This *sa*-trio is revealing its own identity. The first *sha* reduces passions. It is symbolic of Lord Shankar, beyond doubt, and a school of eternal peace. The *sa* is a companion of all, enfolding entire humanity. It reverses worldly tendencies, an easy means of attaining happiness, and a tremendous source of equanimity. And the second *sha* (used in Sanskrit words like '*shatakon*', a hexagon) is written in Sanskrit with a line across the belly of *pa*. It tears apart sin and merit which make a deluded person do the rounds of worldliness. Hence, this *sha* which slits the belly of sin and non-sin takes you beyond karma. This is the story of the inside. Now listen to the story of the outside, too.

[399] “The earth is the mother of the past. The earth is the mother of the future. The earth is the mother of sentiment. The earth is the mother of effect. The earth is the mother of emotion. The earth is the mother of possibility. The earth is the mother of Bhavaani (consort of Lord Shiv). The earth is the mother of mountains. The earth is the mother of land-creatures. The earth is the mother of hunger. The earth is the mother of roles. The earth is the mother of worldly existence. The earth is the mother of splendour. And the earth is the mother of the self-born. In the three times, that is past, present and future, and in the three worlds, namely nether, terrestrial and upper, everybody's role springs from the earth. You can see nothing but the earth. The earth, the earth, the earth, the earth... here, there and everywhere. Lexicographers pronounced at the beginning of the age: 'It is the rule of the earth.'

[400] “And listen. The earthiness of the earth lies in clay. That is how we have the wise aphorism: 'Clay, water and air drive away a hundred diseases.' This therapy is independent, not extravagant but frugal. It produces no side-effects in any corner of body or mind.”

### **A clay plaster is applied to the merchant's head.**

A lump was made by kneading some oh-so-touchable, strained, kumkum-soft black clay with a well-measured quantity of water, and this lump was shaped into a headgear to revive the merchant from his unconsciousness. First of all, it was mounted on his head.

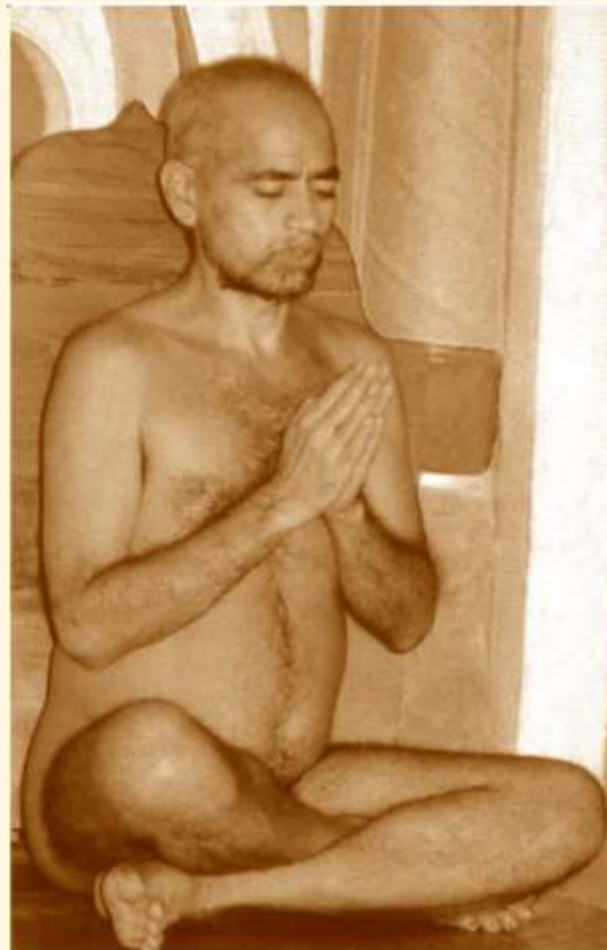
As a heated piece of iron, when dropped in a pot of water, absorbs water from all sides, this headgear started sucking in the heat inside the head. As the heat diminished, consciousness began to surface. [401] And what do we see! The minute movements of the lips seem to indicate that he is trying to pronounce the syllable AUM. In a way, the worship of the three-world-conquering, three-world-sustaining omkaar, the mantra AUM, is going on within – the result of long, long spiritual practice.

The tradition of paraa-vaak, which is unheard-of before and unfamiliar, has been deemed by worldly sciences as fit for yogis. Originating at the base of the spine, and steered by the wind, this force moves upward up to the navel. Circumambulating the navel, it surfaces as pashyanti, which is a type of language, and sings in the navel-well. It is liquid and wavy. But it is all wordless and cannot be grasped by the literate folk who are at a remove from the restraints of the meditative method of vipashyanaa, but only talk about it. [402] This pashyanti rises towards the broad chest, shakes the heart-lotus, speaks merry words with each open petal and tenderly caresses them like a mother. Within the heart, this same force is now called madhyamaa. And, let us learn it, not a grown-up person but an unpolluted child alone can understand a mother's nature. Now this madhyamaa travels from within to without, as intended by the man concerned. A man's intentions are generally found to be of two types – owing to the differences in sin and merit.

Noble souls' words aim to achieve the welfare of others. Ignoble souls' words aim to cause pain and misery to others. When this madhyamaa emerges outside with the help of the palate, the throat, the tongue, etc., becoming the object of common peoples' hearing, it is called vaikhari. [403] Why should we have a common nomenclature for the language coming from a passion-ridden soul and a saint? Such a doubt is unwarranted. The language may appear similar but it is not.

Not only the meanings but even the words differ with the speaker.

The words coming from a noble soul are definitely true, leading to happiness and wealth. Doesn't a stream of water falling from the cloud become sugar in contact with a sugarcane? The words coming from an ignoble soul are definitely full of deceit and sin. They are senseless, bringers of calamities. Doesn't a stream of water coming from a cloud become bitter in contact with the margosa root? [404] Whichever way you look at the words of ignoble people, they are enemies of themselves and others. Let there be peace.



Prayers with a purpose - peace to the World

**The merchant regains consciousness and praises the pure principle. The pitcher lauds clay as a medicament. More clay is applied to the merchant for a better recovery. The merchant is given simple home food scientifically.**

The merchant uttered praises of the Pure Principle with a simple heart and chaste pronunciation. He talked with his family, was introduced to the physicians, told them of the felt symptoms of his disease. But owing to continuous inflammation, [405] his eyes are unable to open. They are yet incapable of seeing light. The gentle rays coming from the precious stones look like sparks of fire. The pitcher saw the unopened eyes and again said: "Don't worry. Clay can be used on any part of the body except the heart.

"Clay is beneficial on a blood-oozing wound, whether raw or ripe, on inner or outer injury, unbearable ear-pain, head-splitting fever, a wound in the nose, a running nose, a nose bleeding from heat or a headache on one side or both. In fact, even a broken bone of a hand or a leg can be quickly joined by the application of clay. You will start working as before within just a few days. [406] What limit is there to the powers and virtues of clay? Where is the balance to weigh them? What can you compare clay with, here? This weighing is not for value but for qualities."

It was enough that the pitcher said so much. Two clay balls of about twenty grams each were made, flattened, and placed on the merchants' eyes. Within a few minutes the physicians noted the efficacy of the remedy.

So, about every half hour ( every *ghari* to be precise, which is twenty-four minutes), clay continued to be also applied on the belly below the navel. This treatment went on systematically, six to seven times in the daytime and six to seven times in the night.

The team of physicians, impressed by the success of [407] the treatment by clay, formulates its prescription about food and drink also as the pitcher dictates. He says that the patient has to be given milk heated in a clay pot and fully cooled. Alternatively, he can be given buttermilk made from curd formed in the same pot with the help of due quantity of curdling, churned with a hand-churner, and fully de-buttered. With buttermilk, he has to be given sweet, easy-to-digest, simple and

pure mash made from *karnataki* millet. The millet should be roughly ground and the mash should not be too thin. This has to be given in the forenoon, but not in the evening.

For, during the conjunction of day and night, the solar principle dwindles, and the dual principle – *sushumna* principle in the yogic parlance – rises. This time is suited for meditation. To indulge in pleasures in times [408] suited for yoga is the cause of disease. And if you are diseased when you wish to enjoy pleasures, you get sad. So when does one see the end of sorrows? When one is out of the flux of time... then does one get the dark shade of the tree of sorrowlessness.



Any & every place is the right place for meditation



**In a few days the merchant recovers fully, and the credit goes to the pitcher.**

Within a few days, the merchant recovered not partly but fully. The raging inflammation was gone with this cure. This is like a poet's pure sentiments which, when they see various metres, give up their waywardness and shrink into themselves.

Sciences tell us to read that the true worth of medicines lies in their ability to cure diseases. Whatever the medicine, it is not worth much or little. Even then, wealthy and intellectual people believe otherwise and go for costly medicines. The merchant is an exception to this rule. [409] The team of physicians was honoured, rewarded service-wise. And with the noble motive of giving a long life to the non-violent method of treatment, with joy-wet eyes, bending low with humility and prayer, he gave a huge nine-digit sum with his own hands into the team's hands. He felt favoured when the team was pleased.

At parting the team turned back to the merchant and said that the miracle had been worked entirely by the pitcher. It was the pitcher's cooperation, too. They, the team members, were merely incidental, subordinate. And full of expressions of thanksgiving, they left.



Noble thoughts waiting for their turn - to be expressed on paper

**The golden urn feels depressed and humiliated. He advocates the use of noble metals and precious stones, rich foods and lavish spending. He spurts with rage. The pitcher asks the golden urn to take a look at himself.**

Here the golden urn thinks: “Once more a moment has come to sorrow and feel the pinch of dishonour.” [410] And helplessly he sinks into depression like an idling forest-dweller who has lost his faith in the soul.

He says, “Once more an opportunity has arisen for these noble ears to hear the glorious saga of those of a low birth. And that too from the mouth of intelligent people greedy after money. Ugh, this is unbearable pain. I feel like hammering nails into my ears.

“The image of truth is blurred. The red glow of the evening is also about to sink and once more a vision has appeared before these chaste eyes. Fallen souls are being regarded as holy and enthroned on a high seat with honour. Those who destroy sins are being called hypocrites and deceivers.

“This nose had not expected this, nor believed that once more a dry wave – the miasma of humanity's fall – would run her way, defiling these tender nostrils and making them unconscious.” [411] Even after pronouncing thus, the golden urn's anger was not pacified and he says with a worried, serious face: “We shall have to call it the impact of *kaliyug* or a foreglimpse of a dark future that the world is turning away from the use of original things and giving precedence to the enjoyment of worldly things. Shame on it. Look at the twinkling garlands of jewels, strings of melodious pearls, necklaces of dazzling, large, countless-faceted diamonds, dumb corals that put to shame a parrot's beak, sapphire crystals pleasant to the eye and making a peacocks blue neck break out into a dance, topaz crystals that spray saffron, transparent quartz, rubies which are fiery-red and yet radiate tranquil waves. [412] These precious lot not only induce coolness in us but also quell incurable diseases like diabetes, cough, breathing trouble, tuberculosis, etc., and normally save one's life from the malefic influence of planets. But today only glass and dirt is getting respect.

“Golden pitchers, urns and plates; silver jugs and cups; copper pitchers

which remove the ills caused by water; large plates and pans – all these authentic utensils are being sold off, and lowly, defective utensils are being bought even by rich and intelligent people. Today people are attracted to and give respect to steel for every other need. In a prison, a prisoner too has steel shackles in his hands and feet. [413] How far can one say? Here, young men and women also wear steel bracelets. Is this what science tells us to do? Is this a sign of progress? Gold is forgotten. What a pity that it has to pit its mettle against iron.

“Listen, listen. There is more to the saga of this *kaliyug*. In case of inflammation and fever, it is considered a boon to take the bright water dripping from the gem *chandrakaant* on a moonlit night, rub the sandalwood of Malayaachal in it, and apply the paste on the forehead and navel . We have also heard, and experienced it, too, that if you mix camphor in due proportion with very fresh, pure, fragrant ghee, lightly finger-massage the ointment on the suture of the skull; and if an expert masseur rubs the spinal column with an efficacious oil, it is a fail-safe remedy against inflammation. [414] To ignore these remedies endorsed by the wise and to apply earth and mud is a sign of poor intelligence.

“Similar things are taking place as regards diet as well. Ignored are varied foods like tasty, nutritious milk; ghee that enhances inner and outer brilliance; and curd-based delicacies that ward off untimely death and induce pure, quiet feelings. The result is that an inflammatory disease prevails and even the merchant is gripped by it. To feed on sapless mash and buttermilk is to invite poverty.

“One more thing needs to be said. It concerns the notion that you should spend frugally, not extravagantly. And never, never should you misspend your money, not even in a dream. Not spending your money is best of all. This notion is far from the correct view [415] because every person spends as much as he earns, and earns as much as he spends. Between earning and spending there is no time-lag in which one may accumulate money.

“Here, the arrangement of income and expenditure has been deemed permanent. Then how can there be excessive spending or misspending?

“Can our exertions alter the true nature of things? No, no, never. Yes, of course we can get an impression of change in our polluted minds. And that is the root of worldly misery – this ego. This proves that we cannot lay down rules, we can

but adopt the rules that already exist.”

[416] Towards the end of his outpouring, the golden urn burst out like a lamp fed with unfiltered oil: he spoke a good deal against the merchant and his family, the team of physicians and, out of jealousy, hate and envy behind his back, against the clay pitcher. But his words had no effect, everything remained as it was.

What is the power of anger, anyway? Where can it stand in the face of forgiveness. A person bitten by a snake may die or not die, may be poisoned or not poisoned. But the snake does fall unconscious. Such was the state of the golden urn. His shadow falls on the small golden and silver urnlets standing nearby. [417] A still silence prevailed for a few moments, then the pitcher himself spoke to the golden urn in a gentle tone: “O urn, you hardly look as you looked yesterday. You're only pretending to repeat your yesterday's behaviour. Where has vanished the soft beauty of your cheeks? It appears that the sweet nectar on your lips is gone, it's gone once and for all. Your body lies forlorn for want of intelligence; it is artless, restless; your face is small. O urn, you hardly look as you looked yesterday.”



Acharyashri-ji sharing pearls of wisdom

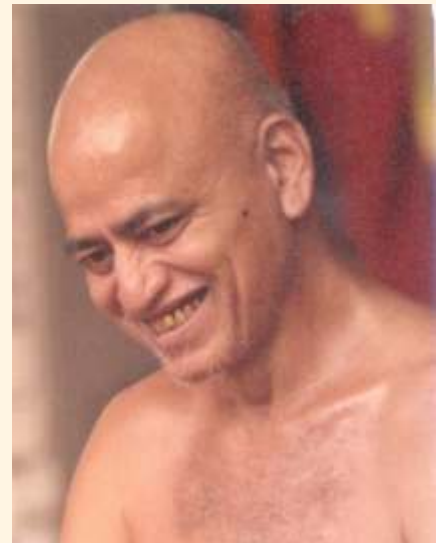
**The golden urn recoils vindictively and with his companions, the other rich kitchenware, conspires in a terroristic way to exterminate the merchant and his family.**

The golden urn, on hearing these teasing words of the pitcher and finding himself the butt of mockery, felt worthless and ignored. He smouldered with a desire for revenge.

[418] And well, there rises a conspiracy to finish off the merchant with family. A day and time is fixed to make a terroristic attack.

It is certain that terrorism is born when the ego is piqued. Similar is the result of pampering or too much exploitation. In such conditions, the aim of life is not purification or investigation but revenge. But it is an act of great ignorance, showing want of foresight, and is harmful not only to others but also to oneself.

The golden urn conducts hush-hush parleys with his companions. No member of the merchant's family can scent this barbarity. Civilized people's nose can remain hungry, but it never – not even in a dream – turns to foul odours. [419] The beetle and the housefly can't be grouped together merely because they feed on smells. The beetle can never leave fragrant flowers to zero in on dung, urine, phlegm and flesh – the places where the dimwit housefly gets trapped and dies.



The 3 stages in the making of the Acharyashri-ji, all exuding message of peace, positivity & eternal hope

**Some of the golden urn's teammates, led by the crystal ewer, break away from the conspiracy and argue with him to dissuade him.**

Today the terrorist gang will storm at midnight calamitously. But at the same time the golden urn faces a big problem – a group of his team-mates is disaffected. It disagrees with the decision taken earlier and calls the proposed act unjust and barbarous. It does not extend its support and cooperation.

The breakaway faction is led by the bright crystal ewer which is impressed by the clay pitcher and says, “Don't unleash injustice at the altar of justice.” [420] By and by many of the team-mates can see the ewer's wisdom, and her side effortlessly gains strength.

Silver urns and urnlets frisking with a slight shine; spoons and spoonlets hoodwinked by clever leaders; copper utensils raging with base desires; and others – thirsty cups and all – that are indulging their passions and giving their love to wrong parties, almost all of them give up their prejudice and no longer pay allegiance to the golden urn. They bend at the ewer's feet, which now says: “O golden urn, in the eyes of him who is advancing towards the World-mother and climbing the steps with equanimity, golden rubble and earth have the same value. And that is what the fundamental truth also says. [421] Here, grab the opportunity, give up your stubbornness, and leave your excessive pride. Make obeisance to them who have attained to such a spiritual height that they are beyond honour and insult. Thereby, be saved from a sea of sins.”



A picture of poise, determination and harmony

**The pitcher, wised up to the murderous revolt brewing in the merchant's house, counsels him to escape. The merchant and his family follow the counsel and leave town. In the forest, a band of elephants is being chased down by a terrible lion, and the family offers them asylum.**

But why would the terrible golden urn be moved by the ewer's words? Did the wise Mandodari, Raavan's wife, succeed in persuading her haughty husband to return Seeta to Raam? So, instead of being cooled, the urn became like a pan of boiling oil into which four or five drops of cold water have been sprinkled. You could see an awful exhibition of uncontrolled rage. And then the golden urn thundered excitedly: "I won't spare any of you. Mercy to you is impossible. You will have to face a cataclysm right away."

What can one say now? [422] A disaster seems to be quite scheduled before its time. Here, the ewer hinted to the clay pitcher, which in turn quietly alerted the merchant's family. The pitcher became active secretly.

With the benign motive of precluding a cyclone on the innocent neighbours, the pitcher said to the merchant, "You have to at once get away from here with family. Delay can be disastrous." And the family escaped from the rear door of the mansion.

No one knew, not even the ewer. Neither were the conditions suitable for informing. The pitcher thought, "A newly acquainted person may be trustworthy, but a deep secret should not be entirely revealed to him/her just yet." He is held by the merchant's in his hands and will act as his guide. The merchant is followed by his sin-fearing family. Time to time they look back, pass through the city gate, and disappear into the dense forest.

Tallest tall trees which touch the sky open an umbrella above. The beautiful green earth is there to relieve fatigue. A shade has spread a carpet on the earth. Large and small plants, loaded with fruit, flowers and leaves, bestow smiles on tired and languid travellers. Lovely creepers that embrace trees from foot to head seem to invite and charm the steadily walking travellers. "Do take some rest," they say. And so the whole family, breathing security, sits down for a while on the ground cleared of creatures.

Their bodies drip with sweat, their minds are wounded with sorrows, and they feel peace at the touch of a cool breeze. [424] A line of muscular-armed bamboo trees, which has been traditionally blessed for ages with the love-nectar of the tips of Vanshidhar, the flute-playing Krishna, and which brings auspiciousness and removes inauspiciousness stands like an arched gateway and feels most fulfilled as it pays obeisance to the pitcher. It rains tears of bamboo pearls which are brilliant white like the character of saints and supreme saints.

Meanwhile the family suddenly sights a band of scared elephants, hounded by a carnivorous lion and seeking shelter. It is approaching the family, which says, "Fear not, come on friends," and lovingly invites the elephants with their eyes. Wow, what can one say now? The elephants found never-before peace at the family's feet, as an infant feels total security in his mother's lap. [425] The elephants mock at the bamboos, outshine the bamboo pearls and humbly offer a quantity of precious pearls to the pitcher. This must be the reason why these pearls are known as elephant pearls.

In a gentle atmosphere of silence, the two kinds of pearls gaze at each other. Some moments slip by. Elephant pearls and bamboo pearls spread their respective glows on each other for quite some distance. They are at this time testing their long-separated feeling of intimacy. But the differences in their brilliance are tongueless. The difference between mine and thine has crumbled down and nearly died. All else is wiped out, what remains is glow... glow... and more glow.



Muni Prasad Sagar-ji releasing stamp of Guru Gyansagar-ji -ONE GURU and many images, also seen Mrs Nidhi Jain Managing Editor 'Aacharan' Sagar



**As the family moves on, a gang of vicious, vigorous robbers accosts them with a design to loot and annihilate them. The elephants make a protective ring around their saviours, the merchant family.**

[426] When the delusion was gone, it was the end of labour. The body gained health and the mind was jolly.

They have to go further, so the family got up – and made a move. Just then a deafening roar came from behind. It had come from a band of men who lived by violence and aggression. These people said: “Stop, you cowards. Where will you run and how far? Now give up your love of the body. Stop, you sinners. You have to receive the wages of your sins. You who hide ill-gotten wealth under a pious garb! Tell us true, how much wealth have you looted and how many lives have you wrecked. Remember this, and now get ready to die.”

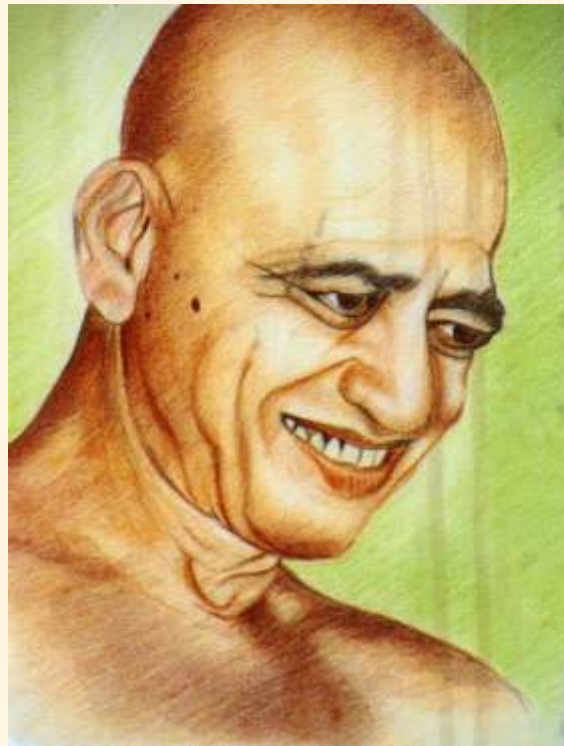
The family turned and saw – it was a group of terrorists which could destroy even elephants. These men had weapons in their hands with which they were repeatedly slashing the air. A fire like the lightning [427] flashed from them, which forced common people to close their eyes. The gangsters were continually biting their lips, surging with anger, and as a result blood was dripping from their lips. Their bodies were muscular, minds determined, and they had tied their lower *dhoti*-ends tightly around their waist.

Like the lion, they have a slim, negligible waist, their thighs are like banana-trunks and muscles of their thighs seem to guffaw. Their knees cannot be made out from a distance, being sunken in the musculature. The hair of their heads is thick, wavy and black and flows down to the shoulders. It looks like ferocious serpents. Their chests are broad, their robust calves show a network of veins standing out. Their restless eyes remind you of banyan roots in the earth and they emit fire like the solar gem *suryakaant*. [428] On their forehead they sport a triangular mark of the red cosmetic powder *kumkum* which looks like Lord Shiva's third eye in the terrible, open state. It seems to be watching you. This gang of foot-to-head black-bodied men follows the ways of the malefic planet Rahu. One glance at them can make even the formidable death itself shiver. These men have moustaches that curve

upward with an excess of pride like the tails of young horses from Kathiyaavaad. Their powerful, muscular arms can madden even the valiant sun. On these arms, they have tightly tied in a black thread the margosa fruit. Finally I may say that their limbs are packed with sheer mercilessness. The mouth follows the heart, doesn't it?

Normally, bodies become thickly muscular only by suppression of kind feelings. That is how saints pronounce: "O embodied being! A lustrous, thickly muscular body is not the purpose [429] of life. Your body-love has disabled you from experiencing, till now, the bodiless state."

When the group of elephants saw the merciless crooks about to attack the merciful souls, it mused. "An attack by swords is irresistible, all the same it is necessary to save this family from an attack. It is the prime duty of aryans." And the elephants made a protective ring around the family.



A master sketch of being true to oneself and to the Supreme

**The elephants trumpet thunderously, awakening snakes and cobras.**

The trumpeting of the elephants resounded in the sky, it shook up the steady earth, and the hilly surroundings also feel troubled. Disinterested birds which flew above, lost their sense of direction out of fear and rushed into others' nests. Pythons were instantly shaken awake from their deep slumber. Those that were awake felt feverish. Deer lost their way and stood face to face with the lion. Large snake-holes [430] crumbled to the ground, and cruel venomous snakes crept out hissing and spitting venom, with fury dancing fiercely in their eyes. They raise their hoods, stand on their tails and look for the source of the disturbance.

At once the snakes realize the root cause of the explosion in the surroundings. The merchant family is innocent and immersed in prayers to their ideal deity. The band of elephants looked angry and preoccupied with the protection of the cultured folk. It was logically concluded that the remaining party was guilty, being engaged in devouring and robbing others.

What to say now! The chief of snakes said to all others: "Don't bite anyone, nor kill anyone. Merely challenge the enemy. The penal code exists to end libertine behaviour. No doubt death punishment is the severest of all. Although it is a lesson to others, yet [431] it deprives the condemned of a chance to improve. Whether the penal code accepts this or not, it is a crime to punish a merciless criminal mercilessly. It amounts to a fall from justice."



Purification from the outside to attain purity in totality

**The robbers are scared of the reptiles. A cobra and his mate declare themselves to be peace-loving and nonviolent and offer obeisance at the reverend feet of the pitcher.**

Now terrorism was surrounded on all sides. Wherever it glanced, it saw countless cobras and cobresses. Things looked as if the god of cobras had with family come out of his lowest nether-world – *paataal* – to render support to the fallen and the downtrodden. This was the first occasion when terrorism was itself terrified. It was about to retreat. It was already black of hue, but to see death staring at it, it turned blacker in the face. [432] The powers of terrorism are gradually draining out, like a mighty elephant bogged down in a mire. A river that clears the earth as it rolls down a slope can hardly look back at the mountain. Such is the state of terrorism. It hides in the dense forest.

Said a cobra and a cobress: “Talk not of killing. Struggle on and on. Talk not of defeat, climb higher and higher. And listen. On a mortally wounded branch, a juicy fruit doesn't grow. And even if it grows, it doesn't ripen. And just in case it does ripen over a long period of time, it won't taste so good. All because the surroundings are deformed.”

The pair added: “O fortunate one, don't count us a cobra and a cobress. [433] Down the ages, history vouches that our race has till now never trampled on any creature, never crushed anyone underfoot. For, we are footless. That is why saints have very thoughtfully and sensibly named us the way they have – *urag* – walking on the chest. Yes, indeed. If anyone steps on us and plays mischief we don't spare him/her. We have not trampled on anyone out of mean selfishness. On the contrary, if anyone is, for whatever reason, downtrodden, we have crawled up to him on our chest – *ura* – and embraced him lovingly. We have given a soothing touch to his wounds.

“Every particle of existence is full of sagas of our love and tenderness; we have healed the sorrows of every atom. [434] We haven't bitten even thorns but rather embraced them gently. For, they are exploited beings. The sap and pollen flowing through the branches is sucked up by the flower; it is the flower that earns

a great name, with the result that those that are left out of the party dry into thorns.

“We wish to say one more thing. It is legged creatures alone who, for the sake of a high positions, tread upon others, indulge in hypocrisy and sin. We pray to God to keep us legless and without a high position. All positions of honour are abodes of calamities. May the snake of craving for position never scent us even in the future. That is what we heartily wish, O lord of all.”

The family stood amazed to hear from footless creatures the fate and ways of footed and high-positioned creatures. [435] The herd of four-legged elephants was also struck numb, stopped still like a machine, and their legs froze like ice. To see the elephants depressed, the snakes took hold of themselves and said: “Please forgive us! Please forgive us! We beg your forgiveness!”

“Normally we don't speak categorically, but there may be an occasional lapse. We could not express ourselves fully. Here is the rest of what we had to say. We speak in our broken words. Not all people in positions of power, and not all who are placed high to protect the public, are like that.

“There are some feet which we long yearned to worship. Today the day has come and our hearts are full of joy.” And first of all they washed the pitcher's reverend feet with tears of joy and offered a hundred obeisances. Then the cobra and cobress fully opened their hoods. [436] They stood respectfully, and their uniquely rare, valuable and lovely gems, shedding a quiet mild glow, were offered in worship. And the congregation of snakes experienced the supreme fulfilment of their life. The snakes bowed, vomitted their ego. Outwardly they engaged in fights, inwardly they carried brotherly love.

The charming soft touch was the genesis of an original, otherworldly and God-revealing poem worth hearing. Who is its author, where is he, and why is he silent? He is the best of men, humble at heart.



The holy congregation of the Saints, the Munisangh, at Ramtek

**The robbers plan an occultist attack on their quarry and invoke the clouds to inundate the place.**

Terrorism now and then leaped and peeped from bushes and watched the unexpected happening with a mind to curse it. [437] Once more its terror rises high owing to the agitation, pain and uncontrolled heat on account of defeat.

What else can a powerless force do in the face of powerful ones?

Seven lemons are charmed with the mantras the robbers have realized. A needle runs through every lemon with a black thread tied to it. Then the lemons are tossed up in the empty sky with a wish for dark clouds. When you employ a mantra, you don't have to wait – the results follow at once. Such is the result of concentration. There is no rub that the user of the mantra should be noble-minded or ignoble. His mind should be in his control. That is the law, that is the experience and that is exactly what happened. [438] Thick clouds floated in the sky, darkness sort of prevailed, and the earth became hard to view. Only the feet can feel whether the earth lives or not. It appears as if a night in the nether region called *raurav* has come overhead. You can no longer feel different colours. An almighty gale is let loose, concealing a cataclysm within. The feet of the mountains stumbled, their turbans fall to the ground. The trees jostled against one another giving rise to the noise of friction. One felt not only touchables but also that which is beyond touch. The difference between soft and hard was levelled off. The mightiest trees were shaken at the roots, some went topsy-turvy. Bamboos lay sprawling, across the breast of the earth.

The bitter loud thunder of the clouds was unbearable to the ears. Peacocks could hardly dance their usual dance of joy. [439] Even their cries became muted. Cracks of lightnings whipped across the sky to infuriate and madden the clouds and these were like a woman who knows no limits of honour and decency. And torrential rains poured. It rained not in small and large drops, but rather like a waterfall. The earth is sinking in the water. The wrath of water is felt all around. One did not know when the day ended and the darkness arrived. Whom to ask and who can tell? The clouds kept rolling, lightnings kept flashing, and intermittently hails rained stormily. A cold wave came over, hours ticked by. In such a situation how could one go to sleep? And who wanted to sleep anyway?

**The elephants protect the family from the torrents, and in course of time the rains abate. The family proceeds to a river, aiming to cross it. But the river is in flood and the hapless refugees think of retreating to their embattled home. The pitcher bolsters their courage and helps the family to start crossing the river.**

In order to experience things that bring us pleasure and enjoyment, we have to have a propitious time and place – and in fact not just those things. [440] Even during these cataclysmic conditions, the appreciative band of elephants ceaselessly offered protection to the family. The clouds dispersed, the dark hours vanished. Why, otherwise, would the distant eastern sky break out in streaks of red? The family goes and stands on the river bank.

Owing to the rains, the river is flush with new water and it flows with great vehemence. It is like a berserk woman who is a stranger to spiritual conduct. A serious problem faces the family, and so formidable it is that the family feels daunted. In fact it feels that it should return home from there. But when it is about to start homeward, the pitcher says: [441] “No, no, no. No retreat. Neither now, nor ever after. For, terrorism has not vanished yet. We have to struggle against it. It is determined, it is firm in its resolve.

“As long as terrorism lives, this earth cannot breath in peace. These eyes can no longer stand the sight of terrorism, these ears can no longer hear of terrorism. This being is also resolved – either that will live or this. Don't make delay now, you have to cross the river. Is the pitcher fated to fail and be reduced to naught? Was his sacrifice inadequate or mean? Did it sacrifice only to live in anxiety and smallness? The slackening faith will get a fresh lease of breath, and this foul air will be replaced by a rich fragrance. [442] Don't entertain fear, puzzlement and hesitation.

“Tie one end of a rope round my neck and line up with little gaps, tying the rope tightly around your waist. Then, with a resounding chant of AUM, jump into the stream.”

When the family's hesitation is not overcome, these words come out of the pitcher's lips: “Who likes bondage here? I, too, like freedom, which is why I don't wish to be tied down in any kind of bondage nor to bind anyone. Let us know this, that to bind is to become tied. All the same I myself wish to be wary of libertine conduct. I manage this, too, as much as I can [443] and whether others want to be

saved or not, I try to save them. I manage, too, as much as I can. Who likes bondage here? I too love freedom.”

This time the words acted like the potent ayurvedic medicine of lavanbhaaskara and the merchant followed the pitcher's advice. He tied the pitcher to his thin, leonine waist and leaped into the strong river-current. Immediately the family followed his example. The support of solid earth disappeared from underfoot and the feet had no base now. Only the rope tied round the waist is now the saviour, verily life itself. And the pitcher is functioning as a large boat. The bodies are immersed in water, only their faces and heads show above its surface. The family experiences extreme cold.

The body's natural heat is ebbing out. The blood [444] is flowing slower. The hands and legs lose their movements. The teeth chatter. And as they enter deeper into the river, large and small fish leap playfully out of the water. The thin tails of water-snakes moving zigzag wind around their round calves effortlessly. Many shy tortoises will also lose their restraint, touch the soft, fleshy thighs of the family, and will then vanish.

Great carnivorous crocodiles, in whose fierce tiger-like jaws there shine rows of large irregular teeth, whose blood-thirsty tongues repeatedly leap out, [445] and whose poisonous and thorny tails are raised up, are rearing their heads around the family in search of food. More of cruel water-creatures of varied species look agitated because of hunger. And yet, to see the family's peaceful faces they have forgotten their basic nature of acting out of their agitation. Their tendency is thoroughly transformed and they have forgotten all about food-gathering. And just as the sight of God inspires devotees to praise Him, the water-creatures have acquired the sense of fit and unfit, the discrimination between milk and water. They turn towards their duty, being awakened variously.

A few words of inspiration  
about the Guru Gyansagar-ji





**The river holds in her heart hostility against the travellers, calling them hypocrites. According to her they ought to remain in one place, not wander like this.**

[446] But, a reverse kind of revolution takes place in water. There are two principles – insentient and sentient – each with its own peculiarities. Sentient beings, when they find knowledge and proper momentum, make progress. Insentient beings remain where they are. The insentient are ignorant, unusually stubborn and unchangeable... troubled. They cannot grow in health. The river, whose nature is opposite to that of water-creatures, gushes and speaks with an access of jealousy: “Although you're protected by me, you act against my will. You wish to live life, drink elixir, as though you are infirm infants, yet you forget your mother. Go on. You'll come to grief. You'll nowhere find tender love, you'll have to repent and yearn bitterly in memory of nectar.

“You're in league with land-creatures and taken in by wicked cheats. I wish to say [447] nothing to you. I pity you. I wish to see those who cheat the innocent and envy water-gods.” And the river, using her countless wave-arms, starts slapping the family's soft cheeks. O this exasperated, bilious river!

And she continues: “You deceitful worshippers of the earth, where will you go? Go and hide in the earth. Go lower down into the nether world – *paataal*. You arch-hypocrites! Don't show us your faces. Your life is all a pretence. Time consumes all. Your life is aimless and miserably poor, siding with snakes. Like the earth you've stayed in one place and appropriated other people and other people's wealth. You are stricken with the malady of acquiring and accumulating – a kind of acute diarrhoea. That is the reason why I stop nowhere even for a moment. [448] Even if I get others' wealth, I don't accept it even in a dream. Neither have I pretended to be generous by gifting wealth to others out of any ulterior motive or for earning a name. That's why saints have justly named us as non-takers – in Hindi, *nali*, that is one who did not take.

“Those who go against our current are miserable. Certain lax ascetics have been rightly activated by the saying 'Waters should be flowing, the yogi should stay in one place.' What other ideal can be worthier than this in the whole world? See yourself in the mirror of this ideal and recognize your true self.”

**The merchant points out that the river, being situated on the earth's back, ought to be grateful to her. The river gives a counter-jab and the family gets gravitated towards a fatal vortex.**

On hearing this chatter of the unrestrained, stupid river, lost in self-praise, the merchant spoke without getting worked up: [449] “Without finding the earth to roll on, where would you be? You would sink below even the lowest nether world. The earth adopted you, embraced you. No god showed mercy to you, no sky sheltered you. When you were small, you fell on the peak of a mountain. All laughed while you cried. You were deeply wounded and you looked liquid and simple. But now you have become poisonous and wicked. Your power lies in your trickery. You run briskly crossing all, you ungrateful wretch! You acquirer of sins! Don't accumulate more sins. The whole world is indebted to the earth, and you too have to set down your debt. Hold the earth reverently in your heart – you have to improve your deeds sincerely.”

Alas, whose misfortune is it? The merchant's or the river's? The merchant's noble intents did not [450] succeed. His critical discourse, too, failed to open the river's eyes. On the contrary, she flamed up with anger: “Wicked folk! You talk of my going to the nether world. Your end is not far.”

And they gravitate from all sides to a vortex, wherein everything disappears, where water goes round itself, the upper water goes down and the lower water rises up, all very briskly. The water goes and comes. Here, the water principle is absorbing the earth-principle with a guffaw.

Here were seen some beasts, some deer, some nonviolent and some violent, some unconscious and some conscious, some dead and some half-dead – with a desire for life written on their faces on account of an untimely end. Helplessly they all flow with the current.

[451] Within a matter of minutes, a huge elephant came flowing with a grownup lion sitting on top of it, scared of the terrible job awaiting him. And it got trapped in the vortex, circled once or twice and disappeared within it. Strong or weak, none could withstand the vortex – all lives were sacrificed here.

**The pitcher defies the river, pointing out that they have reached a safe point in their journey. He asserts his power to hold an ocean in it.**

To keep up the family's morale in the teeth of these terrible happenings, and to keep it focused on its aim, the pitcher challenged the river: "You of sinful feet, listen. This family is well on its way to the other bank, it is not in midstream. He who seeks shelter from the earth is ferried across by the earth. That's the sworn method of the earth. [452] The Hindi word for the earth, 'dharati', when reversed with a slight change, signifies that she carries the banks on it and reaches people to the other bank. She is all holy, a place for pilgrims.

"So, how can you drown us now? And remember, you won't be able to flow us anymore. No trickery can make us drift with the current.

"When we have crossed a river of fire, and have not been laid low by the extreme pressures of spiritual practice, but have loved them, how can you have the powers to drown us? We had resolved beforehand not to serve and praise too much superficially, for how long are we to swim on the surface. The arms are bound to get tired. Generally, those who are content to look at the waves are seen to drown here, on the surface?

"You who drift downward, you who commit base sins, this pitcher has the capacity to hold an ocean. For, we have been fragments of the earth. The pitcher's *raison d'etre* is to hold water, after all. And listen, the word 'earth' - "dharani" in Hindi - on being reversed signifies that it holds water and nurtures it.



A point explained in clarity by Acharyashri-ji to Mr. Sunil Jain ex. M.L.A. Deori

**A whale offers the pitcher a pearl, and the pitcher and company bypass the vortex. The river surrenders.**

Just as the blue gem is held the best among gems, the blue lotus the best among lotuses, the joy of good character the best among joys, Mount Meru [454] the best among mountains, the Milk-sea the best among seas, a brave death the best among deaths, and the fish-pearl the best among pearls, so the best of all virtues is gratitude. On seeing the pitcher charmingly endowed with this virtue, a whale was pleased enough to gift him a valuable pearl. And he says, "May this slight service be accepted, master." And he goes out of sight in the water. This pearl has the great power that when a gentle person gets it, he finds an unhindered passage even in unfathomable waters." And that is what happened immediately. The pitcher and the merchant family effortlessly crossed even the vortex. With a light smile, the pitcher reminds the merchant of the aphorism: "You get pearls without asking for them, and by begging you don't even get alms." It adds, "Such is the outcome of sacrifice and penance, sir." The pitcher's self-confidence [455] and courage greatly inspired the river. She quiets down and is overcome with a will to surrender.

With humility and reverence she started saying: "I beg your forgiveness for my impertinence and unruly conduct." Then she started flowing without fickle waves, in a serious mood. She was without unseemly gestures, mature, modest-eyed and like a woman of good breeding who is long initiated into spiritual life.



LIFE is.....all about Peace & Prayers

**The pitcher party are now suddenly revisited by the robber gang chasing them in a boat, And they beseech their friend the river to do the enemies in. The river asserts her kinship with the pitcher party.**

Almost half the journey is over. The voyagers feel as if the destination is drifting towards them. The pitcher glows with joy like an industrious, humble and extraordinary student that has passed in the first division. The family too feels puffed with joy.

Just then terror repeats itself – in the same way and same style. Every limb of it smirks in mockery. The figures and the faces are the same. [456] The moustaches stand upright, the gait and gestures are the same, same is the spurting of crooked power, same is the deep black hair, same the cruel, deathlike forehead, same the intoxication and overall state. All the directions tremble at them. Their tongues are the same and so are their garbs. They cannot be controlled by anyone. It's a familiar sound which has often been heard. Same is their tune.

Same is the breath and same the doubt. Same is the destruction and same the roaring laugh. Same the awesome dance and same the demonic deeds. Same is the vermilion hue of the eyes which stare and stare. Same are the limbs and same the head, same the feet and same the hands. They are together in every ambush. Same are the cheeks, same the lips. Same is the red colour and same the blood. Same is the intent and same the strategy. Everything is the same, nothing is new. It's the same heart without pity.

And terrorism begins to pray to the river. “Mother, Water-goddess! Tell us, do you ferry even criminals across? [457] It is proper and dutiful conduct to nurture meritorious souls. But do you love sinners, too? If not, then drown these people who, taking the help of the pitcher, praise the earth and wish to cross to the other shore. There is no end to their sins, they don't love righteousness. What they adore is riches and means of sensuous pleasures. Still you are going to support them?! Your bright history will be ridiculed, people will lose faith in you. Then what to talk of others, everybody's life will be in doubt.

“Of course, in the wood you have spellbound even the Fire-goddess who is

short-tempered and hot, who burns and kindles others. Then, sometimes [458] when you saw her manifest as a flickering forest-fire you have used your invincible power to conduct it to the nether world in the form of lava.

“And even now you govern her. Then what has come over you today? O mother, O Water-goddess, tell us. How do we know that such a change has taken place in you?”

To this, the river says now: “Those whom you are asking me to drown – in their absence you'll find here nothing but want and misery. What is a sheath worth without a sword? What use are enjoyable goods in the absence of the enjoyer. Whatever charm the earth has is thanks to these people and service-minded people like them.

“What will happen to the crest when the base is removed? [459] What will happen to the flower in the absence of soil? This I need not say. Now power will not be misused, a surrender has taken place. The energy has been directed to worship, and generosity has taken root in the heart.” And the river goes silent with the words, “That will do.”



The morning prayers TOGETHER

**Terrorism, unfazed, blocks the family's way and pelts it with a shower of stones. It argues that their protestations of socialism are fake. The merchant family's blood is let in the river.**

The river's solemn silence did not deflect or depress terrorism. A few moments of stillness... and then it moves towards its purpose full of rage.

And it is a right policy that after jumping into the fray, one should not linger remembering friendly forces but rather launch an attack on the enemy. It is a sign of wretchedness to take shelter under others. It injures the valour in you. Any help received from friends is, truly speaking, an expression of their pride. It comes in the way [460] of victory like darkness in the path. Now terrorism nearly felt success within its grasp – not a mirage, nor an illusion. Luck seemed to favour it. The opportunity was assessed, their boat gathered more speed. Terrorism's only wish was that the wind should not blow unfavourably.

At last terrorism blocks the family's way and says amidst roars of victorious laughter: “Now give up the thought of reaching the other bank. Resign from life. You are all set to be sent to the nether world. Such are the wages of hypocrisy and sin.” And stones began to be madly pelted on the family.

And these words accompany the shower: “Your sentiments are base: you seek to receive a welcome from people, you seek to enjoy enchanting luxuries, you seek to savour the good things of life. Then tell us [461] where is your faith in socialism? Your motto is, *you* before all, let the society struggle.

“At least look at the meaning of words. Society signifies a group, and group – if you rightly interpret the Hindi word for it – '*samoooh*' – means balanced thinking, which is the foundation of righteous conduct. Altogether what we mean is that far from propaganda and publicity, the life of noble conduct and thought alone amounts to socialism. You cannot become a socialist by merely crying 'Socialism, socialism.'”

Such uncivilized words were being used that just on hearing them one felt enraged – and one's pride was hurt. The deep wounds caused by the stones have sort of deranged everybody's minds. Stream of blood have been let [462] which make the river also ruddy – it is as if two friends of like thinking get angry with terrorism. Except for the merchant, the whole family is helplessly agonized.

**The merchant lies prone to guard the pitcher, their guard, from the stony onslaught, covering him with his belly. Terrorism seeks to cut off the rope connecting the members of the fugitive group. The struggle intensifies, and the robbers get the setback of their life.**

Feet tend to stop upon seeing how someone is conducting themselves, and when a covering appears, eyes tend to bend low. The embodied being, the fool that he is, sometimes considers a serpent to be a rope and indulges in sensuous pleasures. Such are the powers of delusion, which cannot end unless one gets to know the true nature of self.

Yes indeed, even in these circumstances the merchant is foremost, with courage and patience in combating terrorism. [463] To protect the pitcher, he holds him below his belly and lies prone. Self-possessed, he is bearing the torturous fruits of his karmas remembering the happenings in the forest.

The calamity continued mercilessly from a distance of seven to eight arms. Many attempts to break the pitcher – the guide and strength for reaching the other bank – were foiled. The rope which was a saviour of their lives was attempted to be cut off with sharp weapons, but all such attempts failed. Maybe the Water-goddess appreciated the pitcher's hard penance of crossing the river of fire and created through reverse action a protective ring around the family. Or maybe the miracle was worked by the fish pearl. Whatever the case, now terrorism could see its hour of defeat approaching. [464] Simultaneously, it started to understand the nobility of the targets of their attack.

As a result, its physical power started viewing the pitcher and the family with unseeing eyes, its mental power directed the anger upon itself, and the speech power came to its knees before the whole atmosphere. But its deceptive power is still intact, it is as strong as before, and it is up to its old tricks. That is why terrorism is about to cast such a net on the family as can trap huge fishes effortlessly. But the earth-worshipping mind cannot stand the sight. [465] And what do we see? The mind assumes cataclysmic proportions, not with rage. Even an emperor would within a moment feel giddy before this cyclonic wind. At a single stroke the net was



snatched away from the evil gang and tossed far away into the void. It appeared as if it was trying to trap the brilliant sun itself in the clear sea of the sky. The jerk was so strong that the gang's feet lost their resting place, the men turned over many times and fell head-first and dizzy in the boat itself. All went dark before them. Their eyes closed, their heartbeats slackened, and the altered pace of blood circulation made them unconscious. But their moustaches were not unconscious, they stood tightly as before.

How can one find out if they are living – life has nearly ebbed out. The gangsters looked lacklustre, they foamed at the mouth as a sea-shore foams where it meets the land. Their boat rocked, went round itself countless time within a moment. Along with its passengers, the boat was about to sink.



Acharyashri-ji immersed in thoughts and still giving an ear to the faithful 'Bhakt' follower, as they walk along the chosen path of the God

**The pitcher asks the whirlwind to tone down, the terrorist band gets a fresh lease of life, and it reverts to its old murderous ways. It argues that rich people are responsible for provoking the thieves to steal.**

When the cyclone is speedily moving towards mischief and massacre, the pitcher signals to him reproachfully to put an end to extreme measures. And the wind, like a servant who considers his service to a reverend master to be a source of a happy life, quiets down at the pitcher's signal. The boat comes to its original position and goes round the family three times.

The whole atmosphere felt glad when the disaster was averted. [467] Just as Laxman had regained his consciousness when water was sprinkled on him by the gentle palm of Vishalyaa, the terrorism came to consciousness when it was touched by the water-drops' cold spray from the river. Now what can one say! Terrorism again boiled over like Laxman. "Catch, catch! Halt, halt! Do you hear or not, deaf fellows! Die or support us. You who are pushing the world down into hell! You are no one's saviours. You are paradigms of sin. Listen, listen, just listen.

"Now don't collect wealth but people. And duly distribute what you have recklessly accumulated out of greed. Otherwise paupers [468] are provoked to steal, they have been provoked to steal. It is a mere pose of religiosity to say, 'Don't steal, don't steal.' It is superficial decency... a mere formality.

"Thieves are not so sinful as those who generate in them the tendency to thieve. You're thieves yourself, you foster thieves and you father thieves. Good people never hide their faults, never even think of hiding them. Instead, they reveal them.

"When Raavan abducted Seeta, she said, 'If I hadn't been so prepossessing, Raavan would not have been tempted, and my beauty is due to my own karmas. This karmic bondage is due to my own good and bad actions. In such circumstances, holding Raavan alone to be guilty [469] would be to invite a worse fate.'"



The significance of Guru Pournima, the full Moon night dedicated to all the Guru's of this Universe

**To see terrorism's renewed violence, the God-fearing family's resolve again crumbles, but the river gives them a moral boost. It rocks the robbers' boat, and they in turn invoke an occult power to crush their enemy. But the demigods invoked plead their helplessness to hurt the family.**

The overpowering threats of the gang shook down the family except for the merchant. The family's resolve began to dodder. The desire for life rose powerfully, and when it sensed an impending untimely end to their lives, they were compelled to consider self-surrender.

Just then, the river said, "Don't be hasty. Self-surrender of truth, and that too before untruth! O God, what a time has come! Is untruth going to rule now? Will truth be ruled over? Alack, a diamond necklace faces defeat today in a market of jewellers! Alack, glittering glass is outshining the dazzle of diamonds. Now chaste women would subserve a lewd and promiscuous woman. [470] In the eyes of untruth, truth can be false and falsehood can be true. But has goodness also lost the discrimination between truth and falsehood? Has truth also lost its faith in itself?

"Will truth travel now on the back of the crowd? No, no, never.

"All that has happened in water, on land and in the sky is now intolerable. This stream will never deflect from her aim, such a thing will never happen. It won't, it won't."

So saying, the river gets angry, it flows agitated, and makes the boat dance. Terrorism [471] considers the precarious condition of its boat and calls to mind a mantra. A team of gods arrives, pays respects and humbly asks for any service desired: "Master, please let us know why we've been summoned."

Some moments trickle by while they wait for a command. And the gods respectfully submit: "Master, we magician gods *vidyabalas* have our own limits. We have to stay within them. We feel embarrassed to say but we are incapable of accomplishing what you desire at the moment. Hence we beg your pardon.

"In a way, master, you must have compared your powers with the other

party's powers. What did we feel as soon as we arrived here, that we stand here like a fawn [472] before a lion. There is no question of a confrontation in these circumstances. To surrender before the family would be to ensure your safe passage through the river... and also to find your way to God almighty.

“All other endeavours would result in attack and defeat, that's for sure. If you still wish to have a confrontation, listen.

“It is trickier to harness wind than to harness water, and it is even trickier to harness fire than to harness wind. But to harness the sky is... impossible. Water cannot rule ghee, ghee knows how to ride on water. Immortals are unaffected by poison and beetles are unaffected by houseflies.” [473] The team of gods recounted several aphorisms, inspiring quotes, examples and parables, new and old views and rarest experiences. Terrorism somehow swallowed it but how could it digest it. It takes its own time to digest. Your vision may change instantly, but your stride cannot. The force of passions takes time to become ruly.



Rain, shine, wind, or anything else will not deter Acharyashriji from walking on the path as asked by the Supreme

**The robbers now feel remorse and beg the merchant for the gift of life, which he generously grants.**

But where was there the time for such a thing? The event had to happen... and now only a little time remains for that. All would be reduced to nothing.

The boat's girdle sank whereon it was written: [474] "May terrorism win, may socialism perish, may differences end, may divine knowledge prevail." This sight gave a sudden jolt to the gang's self-confidence. It felt as if a thunderbolt was striking.

What the team of gods said came true. Ugh, terrorism suffocates with remorse, feels restless and grief-stricken, and says with a choking throat: "We have no shelter, no saviour but you. Forgive us, forgive us, O forgiveness incarnate. We made a terrible blunder, but believe us, it shall not be repeated.

"We are hemmed in by disasters. If you wish, then save us. We are all pricked by thorns – if you wish, then spread flowers for us. We are guilty and we yearn for the highest wisdom. Tell us the correct path, don't be long. [475] It is a child's nature to be naughty, but a mother does shower her love on him. Whether it is her child or someone else's, when was it in a mother's nature to trouble and torture... do tell us."

Having said this, the gang goes quiet. The merchant muses, "When the mind turns from the surfaces to the core, a person moves from disaster to a meaningful life." And he says: "Brothers, don't belittle yourselves further. If a lush green tree, laden with fruit and flowers, is waiting for a wayfarer, is it not laughable to ask it for just a little bit of shade? If a host has invited a guest to a full tasty meal with respect and persuasion – can he not serve the guest water? Come on, you tell. [476] And as for a mother... well, at times, for some reason, a mother's eyes may also get excited and agitated. This does happen, and this ought to happen, too.

"But till now, one hasn't heard or seen the intrusion of anger into mother's honourable lap – the lap in which a baby easily passes her happy moments.

"And see, such is mother's kindness and generosity. Since ages she has been carrying two urns full of milk on her breast to feed thirsty and hungry babies, and to quietly hold to her heart those that are stricken with fear or devoid of joy. How she holds them tight and caresses them."

**The gang, well-advised by the merchant, has now a thoroughly changed heart. Members of the merchant's family lead the robbers securely to the bank.**

The merchant goes on, "Once you have accepted mother as mother (476) why should you test her again? So, now don't peer into her eyes and be guilty but rather be men of supreme intelligence. Don't be of base intelligence, don't be slaves. In any case don't commit crimes."

These words of the merchant were enough – the gang's hesitations and doubts were over. The gangsters jumped from the sinking boat into the stream, like a child entering a mother's lap fully assured of safety.

As a tender and affectionate mother catches a baby, every member of the family caught hold of a gang member. Every gang member found a support with due respect, and the transformed beings found a fresh lease of life.

And now the boat sank fully. (477) It spelled the end of terrorism and the auspicious beginning of infinitism – a journey to the infinite.



A moment of mirth, a moment of joy, a moment of Bliss  
all bundled together nicely in a *satsang* with Acharyashri-ji

**The family as well as the robbers reach the solid bank and feel the greatest relief.**

Foremost among the party is the pitcher, free from pride and arrogance. Two rows of nine men each follow the pitcher, walking with mutual support. They are like children of one mother – different bodies but one breath.

From the pitcher's mouth emerge these lines of goodwill: “Here, may everybody's life be always happy. May a shade of comfort spread overhead and may ill-will vanish from all. May the life-creeper of everyone be lush green and smiling, may the creepers flower with virtues, may the thoughts of damage to others be wiped out, may they spread fragrance from the roots up... that's all.”

And here, why is the bank restless? [479] He has to welcome the pitcher. The young sun's bright light seems entangled in the continuously rippling waves.

This light looks like passionate women in pink saris bathing shyly.

The whole atmosphere is filled with love of religion. The keenly awaited river-bank is approaching, is quite near.

First of all, the pitcher accepted with a fond kiss the welcome offered by the bank. A foam has been worked up at the bank, and in its whiteness is mingled red sunshine. It appears as if the bank awaits the party with the welcome of a rose garland.

The party came out of the river with a glad breath. All feet felt the rare dust you find on the earth. [480] Then they untied the rope tied in their waists with one another's help. The rope says: “Forgive me, you had to suffer because of me. Your slim, slender waists have been skinned and frayed and have become thinner.”

The family at once spoke these words of gratitude: “No, no, O humble one! You always do favours to others! It is by your grace that we could make it to the shore. Today we know rightly who is capable of what, and how far extends one's field of action. We find that the notion that 'material cause is what accomplishes a job' is false. You also need the blessings of the efficient cause. Yes indeed. [481] It is an inviolable law that the material cause is itself moulded into the thing or the work.

“But in this moulding, the support of the efficient cause is also required. It will be better still to explain the matter in these words – if the material cause has an outside friend here, it is surely the efficient cause which goes with its friend steadily all the way till the destination.”

And the family once again eyed the rope respectfully, filled the pitcher with strained water and proceeded farther. They reach the same old place where the potter had come to take the clay. The pitcher along with the family greeted the potter. Memories were revived. It was as if a lake was rippling on account of the wind.



Acharyashri-ji - a perfect frame of peace, peace and more-peace



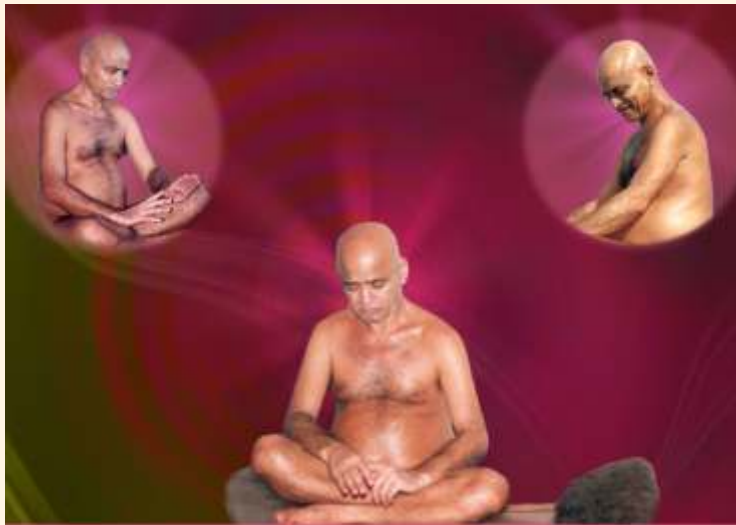
**The earth, the clay's mother, congratulates her on her spiritual attainment, attributing it to her innate God-ward quality.**

[482] The well-endowed earth says, “Child, the mother is happy to see your progress, your pride-quelling submission.

“I did say, didn't I, that a child's nature is known in the cradle. This I did when you had obeyed my command and stayed in touch with the potter. That was the first step towards creative living. You need to surrender to the one whose shelter you seek. You rendered your ego at his feet, which was the second step towards creative living.

“After surrender, you have to undergo great tests. And listen, true criticism follows. You underwent the fire test and bore calamities with zeal and courage. That was the third step. [483] After a test, there has to be the result. Like the nasal sound – *anusvaar* – written in devanagari as a dot on top of a letter, you elevated and advanced your life to become *visarg* – double dots written after a letter – which is the last of vowels. That was the last step to creative living.

“You acquired various attributes from nature and made yourself natural and spontaneous. That was the culmination of creative living, which is beyond classification.”



The 3 dimensions of the Acharyashri-ji -  
narrowing down on the Almighty point of our Universe

**The potter – the shaper of the pitcher's destiny – thanks the grace of sages which has accomplished the transformation of the clay into a noble pitcher. He blesses all. Terrorism at this point is unable to believe in lasting bliss.**

On hearing the earth's utterances, the pitcher and others regarded the potter gratefully. The potter replied unassumingly: [484] “This is thanks to the grace of rishis and saints. I am but a lowly servant in their service, nothing more.” And he invites everybody's attention to a dispassionate saint sitting on a stone slab at some distance under a tree. At once the visitors circumambulated him and paid obeisance at his reverend feet. His feet were washed in worship and the water was applied on the head. Then like the eager *chaatak* bird they waited for the guru's blessings.

Within a few minutes the guru's glad face started distributing grace. His hand rose in a posture of removing fears. It expresses the sentiment: “May you receive eternal happiness.” At this, terrorism at once said, “Master, [485] the whole world is full of sorrows. Happiness is there, but it is from sense objects and fleeting. This we have experienced. But we are unable to believe in undiminishing happiness. But yes, if you find imperishable happiness yourself and then show it to us, or tell us of your experience of it, then it is possible that we too shall believe. And then we may follow spiritual practice like yours. Otherwise desires will linger in the heart. So, kindly bless us with the words, 'May your wish be fulfilled.' That will be a mighty grace.”



The ritual goes on from one generation to the other

**The saint advises the robbers to give up their ego. For him it is a moment of the greatest satisfaction to see that the mute clay is spiritually transformed.**

When the gang had said what it felt, the saint smiled gently. “Such a thing is impossible, because... listen. My guru has told me not to give advice to just about everyone, and I have given my word to my guru. Yes indeed. If a promising person, innocent and strayed from his path, desiring his welfare and full of humility wants directions, I should discourse to him with beneficial but brief and sweet words. But never, not even in a dream by mistake, should I give my advice to the undeserving.

“Secondly, a complete eradication of the binding body, mind and speech is liberation. In this state does one find imperishable bliss. [487] Having attained to it, how can one revert to the world, tell me? When milk is progressively processed, finally ghee is produced. But is it possible for ghee to become milk again? Tell me.”

The saint observed the expressions of the gang and again spoke: “If you don't believe in the ways of an ascetic's spiritual practice and eternal bliss, then here are my final words.

“Be where I am – not place-wise but conduct-wise – and look at me. Then you'll know me in the true sense. Because when I look down from a height, [488] I feel giddy, and from a low point when one looks at a height, the inferences are generally wrong. Hence believe in my words. Yes indeed, faith will achieve realization, that's for sure. But not midway during the journey, only at the destination.”

And the saint immersed into a vast silence, and in a zero-thought frame of mind gazed at the eyes of the...mute clay.



The Truth and the Truth-seeker - in Black & White

## Afterword

### ACHARYA SHRI VIDYASAGARJI MAHARAJ

As we all are aware that the Jain religion is crossing its boundaries from National to International; International to Universal—steadily and with fast pace. It is predicted that the celestial changes will bring many and complete changes as well transformations by 2012.

It is very relevant at this juncture that Jain religion must be brought to create awareness in Universe for teaching of Digamber Jain Acharyas for accepting the changed world during this transformation. The Jain religion being the one which propagates total NON VIOLENCE. In this context the teachings, doctrines and lives of Jain munis should be learned to adopt for peace and culture.

May I present before you the tale of a Jain Muni Acharya Shri Vidya Sagarji Maharaj?

Dik means Dishas or Directions and Ambar means Akash or Sky i.e. Digambar .It is firm belief that a human being can survive and live in the same condition by wearing the clothes of sky and can travel in all directions as he came to this world in naked form. Same way the Acharyas stay naked even in scorching heat or bitter cold or any other adverse conditions. They live with full detachment and follow the path of Non violence. The Acharyas do not travel during Chaturmas that is the 4 months which begin just before rainy season they are bathed in the natural rain water. They travel after Chaturmas for attaining further knowledge and address people to have faith and walk on path of Nonviolence.

After taking the Diksha i.e. taking an oath to follow Jain doctorines the Acharyas have to adopt and follow 28 qualities and rules up to death. The toughest of all to remain naked all over the life without lust, creed and free from all attachments.

Acharya Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj has devoted all his life to this religious cause. He has reestablished faith, reconstructed and relocated many Jain temples. His immense efforts are continues. As mentioned before the Jain Acharyas do not travel during Chaturmas or 4 months; let me brief you all that they go to 50 to 60 such Jain destinations from South to North and West to East after rainy season. Rarely the groups of Acharyas meet at some or the other destinations. Around 200 highly placed officials and big personalities have walked on the footsteps of Acharya Vidyasagarji Maharaj and devoted their lives for the cause of Nonviolence.



Dr Ms Manju Jain

Acharya Vidyasagarji Maharaj was born to Jain religious couple on 10th October 1946 in Karnataka. His father Shri Manasapaji had taken Jain Sanyas i.e. renunciation from worldly and family life. Later he was known as Mallisagarji Maharaj. His mother also followed same principles and blessed with Diksha adopted renunciated life and was known as Samayavatiji. His two younger brothers Shri Samaysagarji and Shri Yogsagarji Maharaj also embarrassed the Jain Munis lives.

At an age of 22 years only Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj adopted Brahmacharya i.e. life without marriage and physical attachment to the other sex. In the year 1972 he was blessed with Diksha on 22nd November by Acharya Shri Gyansagarji Maharaj. This is a state very difficult to achieve. After this Diksha procedure Acharya is supposed to take out his hair with his own hands known as KESH LOCHAN. This is supposed to be an examination of the patience, courage and endurance for the path that he has to adopt. The 28 basic rules to be followed have been followed strictly by Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj. May I repeat here that the child is born without clothes and without Vikaras or negativities? Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj thus is living example of staying naked to win over all negativities adopting the path of nonviolence and all detachments. He lives a balanced life. He takes his food in his own hands and eats it in a standing posture. Only once in a day. He also takes water at the same time once in a day. He eats food without salt and sugar. If there is a hair or small stone in the food he will stop eating the food. This elm keeps his body in perfect shape and balance.

Brahmachari Pankaj Bhaiya from Nagpur says – Acharya Vidyasagarji Maharaj eats only lentils i.e. Dal and vegetables. He has won all over tastes by not taking salt and sugar in the food. Whatever we say about him is less and lesser as his personality cannot be matched. He is the mine of many more qualities beyond imagination. He is one of the best orators and he has power to satisfy the questions coming in the minds of people by quoting scriptures, giving examples from routine lives and scientifically proving them.

Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj has prorogated Non violence by saying to communities to stop animal killings. Cow killing especially must be stopped. Pankaj Bhaiya gives an example by saying - Once two eminent judges were listening to his discourse and they asked the evidence for non killing of animals and Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj immediately quoted a shlokas from Shakuntal a Sanskrit scripture---“Anagatin pratihrtavyam” which means -DO NOT KILL THE INNOCENTS. Spend your life in prayers.

Shri Vidyasagarji deals many social issues in his discourses. He is against the female foeticide.

He delivers – we should not kill a female child in the womb of the mother. She may become Lakshmi Rani, Sita Rani or she may give birth to a saint. She may be a producer of THIRTHANKAR who is the highest saint in Jain religion. We are going ahead in Technology and newer methods, adopting many changes but we are leaving the Indian culture and values. We are going backwards in our religion. This may adversely affect. The Vaidya shalas means the medicine centers are becoming Vadha shalas means the Butcheries.

Pankaj Bhaiya Finally adds – Vidyasagarji's principle of Live and let live is important. We should live for the cause of Human Welfare and follow the trend of Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam. THE EARTH IS THE FAMILY. His literary contributions are amazing specially MUKHMATI on which 400 students have accomplished PhD and is published in various languages.

Millions of Vandanas to Acharya Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj.



The holiness of the holy prayers as invoked by  
108 Acharya Vidyasagar Sangh at Parvarpura Temple, Nagpur



**A Noble Project :** Dayoday Gaushala protecting 30,000 cows from being slaughtered all over India

**A very dear project**  
of Acharyashri Vidyasagar-ji

A Letter addressed to Acharyashri Vidyasagar-ji by Hon. Prime Minister of India, Shri Narendra Modi-ji ( then Chief Minister of Gujarat ) congratulating him on the success of **Shantidhara Dugdha Yojana** for dairy development at Bina Baraha



Inspiration behind the Noble Gaushala Project - Bhamasha Shri Prabhat Jain, Mumbai



*On Independence Day 15 August 2013  
Ramtek, Nagpur  
State - Maharashtra*

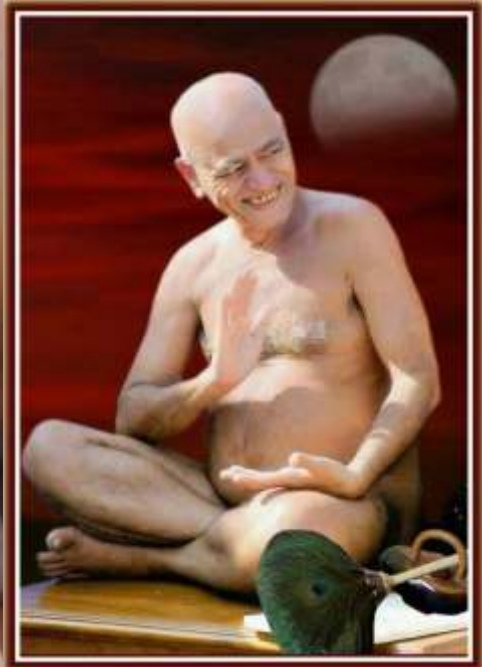
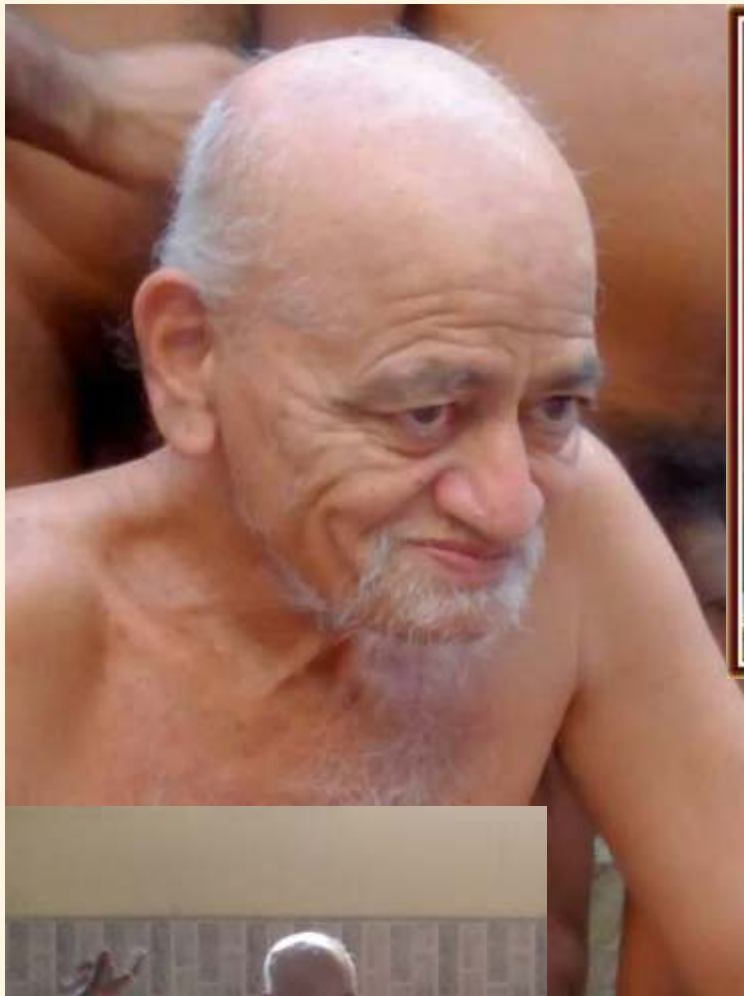


*Acharyashri with Munisangh for Rakshabandhan protecting all Aryakas and Brahmacharnis*



*Acharyashri taking class of Munisangh in summer (Grishmakalin Vachanalaya)*





Acharyashri in different poses

**The GURU and his Disciples  
soaking in the bliss of the Satsang of revered Guru Acharya Vidyasagar-ji  
Acharya Vidyasagar Sangh with Muni, Ariyaka, Shravak and Shrivikas  
at Dhyankendra at Shantinath Digamber Jain Temple, Ramtek**



Ms. Indu Jain, Chairman, Times foundation releasing book The Mute Clay on 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration of International School for Jain Studies in presence of Dr. Shugan Jain, Director ISSJS, Delhi Dr. Manju Jain Director ISJS Nagpur, Mr Saviour- UN Think Tank Representative, Co-ordinater of ISJS in Bangkok. On extreme left is Dr. Jeevanlal Jain, Vice President of Akhil Bhartiya Digamber Parishad

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