

Mystic



A couple of years in My Journey
With **Sainath** and **CANCER**

Devaguptapu Babu

(Dev Uncle)

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“ Put full faith in God’s providence ”

1

SAMAARABH - GENESIS

It was evening, and the sun had set. The street lamps were lit, and I was sitting in the back seat of a four-door “Standard” automobile. It was a tourer, as they called it then. The top of the convertible was down, and a breeze was fluttering my black hair, as I was sitting beside my cousin Janakiram. His mother and my mother were sisters. When I was asked to go away to my uncle's home, I insisted that my cousin should accompany me. For one who never questioned the elders and their thought processes, I was at first unsure but was surprised when my wish was granted, and he was allowed to accompany me.

It was always fun to go to the Madras Central Station. As you entered it there was a vast hall. Toward the north there were many platforms which had railway tracks on both sides. There were gates that were monitored by uniformed ticket collectors. We had to pay two annas to get a platform ticket. My ticket was one which allowed travel. We both were escorted to the area where First Class bogies were parked. We both were given a lower berth. I was only in single digits as far as my age was concerned, while John was in his early teens. As soon as our two bags were loaded we were told that Ongole would come early in the morning and that we should embark, and that there would be someone to take us home. While my mom, dad, and aunt headed back, we both saw them through the window in the compartment. Those were still the days when the windows did not have bars; they were open. I guess the human species was still trustworthy.

There was a whistle blown by the guard from his compartment, waving a green flag. As the train was a very long one there was a relay whistle from half the way by the platform conductor. I was eagerly waiting for the acknowledgment of the engine driver. The hoarse whistle of the Canadian Locomotive sounded. With a huff and puff, the steam engine started lethargically. I commented to John that the moment of inertia had to be overcome before there is motion for the train. He just nodded. That was what I liked about him; he never passed judgments. Moment of inertia from a six-year-old, and that too in the mid-forties, in India: thus started my journey. The Canadian picked up speed; the puffing became insistent as the train picked up speed. The steady rocking of the compartment, and the steady clanking of the wheels as they passed over the fish plates usually put most of the passengers to sleep. John started to read a book. I was sitting beside the window, looking out. Time passed. Curiously, I was looking at various things that were passing by which were close, but those that were far away were trying to catch up with us. It was an anomaly for me at that time, but I soon understood the concept of relativity, and sometimes its illogical manifestation.

I looked at John. His book was on his chest, and he was already in the process of getting to the deep sleep state. For me, it was always fascinating why one cannot be in

the fully conscious state and still continue to be unconscious. That was the question that got me into trouble in the first place. Why am I being shipped away from my home to my maternal uncle's home? I did not understand the reasoning, nor did I have the courage to question it. I just accepted it without question. Now after having lived close to three-quarters of a century, looking back, it seems as if there was an unknown force behind it,

and blind faith that guided me toward the future events, none of which were by "The Grand Design". Yes, there was intent for sure, but not orchestration.

Looking up into the sky, I spotted the big bear. The four bright stars like the kite, and three stars representing the tail. The middle star in the tail had a smaller star right beside it. I remembered someone telling me that it was called Arundhati.

Ours was a large combined family. Usually, the hierarchy was handed down to the elder in the family. My paternal elder was the grandfather, whose namesake I was. There was a raft of them sprinkled all over with the same name, first cousins, second cousins, and those who were not even related to us. My special distinction was that I was the first offspring of the eldest son. It is supposed to be a special status and an envious one. My grandfather was a collector in the British Raj.

Being an American now, I have the distinction of being born a slave in India.

My maternal Grandfather was a Tanguturi. Two brothers flanked him. The eldest brother Prakasam was a freedom fighter, and his younger brother Janakiramayya was a homeopathic doctor. Tanguturi Prakasam was nicknamed Andhra Kesari, and he was in and out of prison with alarming frequency due to his freedom struggles alongside Gandhi. When Britain gave India independence as a reward for fighting in World War II and before it was finalized, he was made the Chief Minister of Madras Presidency in the interim period. His heroics got him the title Lion of Andhra. He was the patriarch.

My father's immediate younger brother did not follow the norm and named his son after his father-in-law. His name was Vissa Appa Rao. He was a professor as well as a stargazer. He was the one who enlightened me about the star Arundhati. She was the loving wife of the sage Vashishta, one of the seven sages, Saptarushis, who are identified with the Ursa Major. She is identified with the star Alcor, which forms a double star with Mizar, identified as Vashishta in Ursa Major. She is regarded as the epitome of chastity, conjugal bliss, and wifely devotion. I was a sponge, absorbing whatever knowledge that I could get from any source, from anyone, or anyone of the faculties endowed by my physical existence. Hum...what about Ursa Minor?

One of the sources was my paternal grandfather. His teaching method was peculiar.

He used to take me to the beach and with his walking stick used to write on the banks of the Bay of Bengal, between the waves. I was supposed to remember everything before the next wave came and erased what was shown. It encompassed everything: Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics and English Literature. All was in a précis mode. He used to tell

“ Always think of God and you will see what he does ”

4

AADHYAATMIKA - SPIRITUAL

“Oray nenu chachi potanu”--that statement by the old widow was ringing in my ear incessantly. Death was the second ultimate reality, the first being birth. It always was a constant companion for me. It might have been because of the impact it had on me when I was young and very unsure of the happenings around me. Each and every time on my trips with my grandfather to the Marina Beach we did see one procession to the crematorium. One instance did have a great impact on me.

India was given independence on Aug. 15, 1947. I was relieved of the bondage to the Queen as a slave and felt a new exuberance at being free. All the citizens of India felt an unknown pride and accomplishment, without using even one bullet. For me there still was a vacuum in my thought process. Reprocessing all that was imparted by both my paternal grandfather and my aunt, still the void existed. We were all enthralled by the little “half naked fakir” Mahatma Gandhi, who asked Indians to practice non-violence and truth in all situations, advocated that others (British) do the same, along with dedicated vegetarianism and fasts as a means of both self-purification and a path for salvation. I was blown away by his pragmatic approach, practicing in real time, with a message that was “My life is my message.” I was told he meditated every morning for a little while. I resolved to follow his lifestyle. Little did I know it was an impossible task.

In those days we lived in a quaint little street called Sripuram. Our house had a little veranda, with two doors. One entered into my dad’s office and the other was where my paternal grandfather resided. Behind it was a large multipurpose hall. To the left was again a small open patio with stairs going up to the bedrooms. Attached to the hall was a kitchen; behind it was a bathroom and a yard with a well which was never used. Beside it was a Papaya tree.

It was in this big hall everything was happening. It was late October. As I came back from Kesari High School, it was my routine to head to the main hall through my dad’s office, trying to avoid an encounter with my paternal grandfather and his interrogation. This time it was not necessary, because it was also routine that my paternal grandfather had an issue or other and in protest would leave to an unknown destination and show up after some time. Since he was in his respite, I cut across and entered the main hall, shouting to the maami, our cook, for my coffee since I was late for my cricket game.

As I entered the main hall, seeing my paternal aunt from Rajamundri, I ran to her and embraced her. She used to sit in this main hall with her two legs stretched out. We loved her; she was the sweetest of all our clan. It is customary that when someone was pregnant, she would go to her parents’ house to have the baby. Ever since my paternal grandfather retired, living with my father, the eldest sibling, this responsibility fell upon our family. She was expecting one more baby.

Very near our house was Rangachari Nursing Home; that's where many a cousin of mine was born. The combined family business is a really a Wall Street affair.

The valuation is virtual and non-substantial and is based on writings on the wall.

It is an unfathomable, complicated, total mess of psychological mind games of perceived entitlements, with no rhythm or rhyme. She was above all and called spade a spade, truth in all situations, by her pragmatic approach. She was one of a kind. She was an angel as far as I was concerned.

Our house was very scantily furnished. We still did not stoop to using the four-pronged fork but used the God-given five-pronged hand. We did not use the grand English China but a God-given Banana leaf. As such we neither had a dining table nor the associated chairs. The main hall was just an open expanse.

November rolled in. My aunt went into the pains of labor. As usual this was a routine which we were all used to. A couple of years ago we went through the same routine. As usual she left for the Rangachari Nursing Home, in our Studebaker Champion Car, where she was going to deliver the baby. Everything was going according to the routine schedule. Late that evening something was not right. There was a monkey wrench in the smooth flow of the wheel of time.

My aunt returned without the baby, and she was not breathing; she was dead. Her body was brought to the home and placed in the room which my paternal grandfather used. It was there till my uncle could come from Rajamundri. The body was left there with an oil lamp lit and placed six inches away from her head overnight. Everything was at a standstill until my uncle's arrival.

The sun showed up to the news of what transpired last evening. There was a big commotion in the family. We kids were asked to stay in our maternal home, which was a mirror image of our home right next to it. As usual I was curious.

My mind was racing with questions, which I could not ask anyone in that situation. I knew that there was something unusual had taken place. What is it? Why is it? How is it? Who did it? What was the connection? Is it related to the passing away of my aunt? Is she an angel? I decided to investigate. Lo and behold...

The main hall and the vast expanse in our house were filled with designs drawn with customary rice flour, by whom no one knows. Speculation was that Gopi, our servant boy, went into overdrive and spent the night drawing them. Can he draw something which is as complicated with such precession and accuracy? These were questions that were bothering me ever since that instance, even till this day, while I am penning this documentation. What were they?

“ Mukti is impossible for those addicted to lust. ”

8

AHAMKARA - PRIDE

It was the month of February 2011. Padma and I decided to go and visit the IKEA store in Austin, a three-hour ride from where we live in Helotes. The ride was smooth and uneventful. We stopped at the McDonald's on the way to get a senior coffee. You may wonder what that is; it is discounted coffee for senior citizens. Once on my trip to visit a friend of mine (Suri in LA, a dear friend from our college days), he offered to take me out to have a coffee, and have a tete-a-tete with him. I was expecting to go to the usual Starbucks and was surprised that we ended up at the local McDonald's. He explained at that particular time the joint would be empty and moreover they serve seniors coffee for a paltry sum of 25 cents. It reminded me of Saturday, September 9, 1967.

It was the day after Padma and I arrived in Montreal, Canada--oops, I should say Quebec. Having left India with only eight Canadian dollars each, and having spent a few of them in London on the way, seeing the graves of British Royalty at Westminster Abbey, and left with only some change, we were sitting in the 'Green Cafe' on Saint Catherine street. I was used to having a cup of coffee in the morning and one in the afternoon, and many in between. On that day I did not have even one. Padma was insisting that we should be careful with the 1.25 we had in hand and approaching Sunday when everything would be in the Sabbath mode. Our discussion slowly heated up. The coffee only cost 10 cents each, for a total of 20 cents. Those were the days, like the Irish song. The restaurant was practically empty, it was three in the afternoon and suddenly the waiter appeared with two cups of coffee and placed them before us. Padma was surprised and was looking puzzled, as she was looking at my face, which was changing colors, since I had to admit I did not have funds to pay for the coffee. I muttered, "Excuse moi, Je n'ai pas l'argent pour payer monsieur."

He was surprised that I spoke French and replied, "N'inquiétez pas les compliments de ce monsieur, ne doivent pas payer."

Padma was eagerly waiting for translation. I whispered, "Don't worry; compliments from that gentleman, we don't have to pay."

Padma said, "We cannot take it from people we don't know."

Saying "Mercy Beaucoup," I started mixing sugar and cream in my coffee.

Padma was puzzled at first, then started to mix cream and sugar. Whatever happened to my pride? I, who am the grandson of two of the illustrious families, Devaguptapu and Tanguturi; who always travelled in a Studebaker, ate in posh hotels and had never once worried about lack of anything in his life, now was forced to accept a cup of coffee

compliments of an unknown donor, in a country 8000 miles away, on the other side of the globe--a day and night difference, literally. What is it, if it is not Kismet?

It was twenty days after we landed. I was still very happy with the new toy, the TV. Through the twenty days I was watching TV day and night. Mission Impossible was for my wife to get me off the TV. She could no longer wait and started to give me the silent treatment. She insisted that I get up and get cracking to find a job. I was a smoker and thought it would be great if I found a job with a cigarette company. Off I went out early in the morning to the Benson Hedges factory in Montreal, and applied for a job. To my great surprise, I was interviewed the same day. The personnel officer said he would contact me in a day or two, and the call did come in two weeks.

On my way back, for the heck of it, I stopped at the Stanvac Gas Station. I asked if they could give me a job. The owner asked me, 'Are you a mechanic?' I promptly lied with an emphatic yes. When asked what cars, I replied Studebaker.

"We don't have them around anymore," he said.

He asked me if I would fill gas. With a grin on my face, I agreed.

That was Friday Sept 29, 1967, about twenty-two days after we landed. I started to fill gas. It was all fine till a French Canadian customer asked me to fill oil in a local colloquial accent. We did not understand each other. As quickly as I got my first job, I got a pink slip within four hours.

He paid me ten dollars for four hours of work, my first pay in Canada at minimum wage. I did not share episode with my dear wife, except to say that finding a job was not difficult and I did get one. The following day, I started calling chemical equipment manufacturers listed in the yellow pages, one after other. It took just three calls. The third one landed me with an interview, on Monday, October 2, 1967. That was the first step in my career on the American continent.

Eating my pride has now become a habit for me, but it also has made me stronger, all along diving me closer to that universal energy which people of my country call "Prakruti." It's all-encompassing Nature of the Universe, dependence on an abstract entity called God, and always understanding that there is something called celestial entitlement that is showered on you, called Kismet, and believing in Destiny.

Kismet, i.e., Destiny, started playing tricks on me. They took me on a journey with a GURU, and started to teach me the efficacy of the word GURU. This arduous journey was played on three distinct levels:

Level one: The mundane existence and sustenance level.

Level two: A virtual level of pride and exalted self elevation that creates a false mental image and fuels one's ego.

“Do not kick against the pricks of life.”

11

ADHVAN - JOURNEY

In April 2011 one early morning a call came from Austin. The voice said that they wanted to meet with me regarding a play on Shirdi Sai Baba. The journey began. I dusted off the copy of Sat Charitra, read it and prepared for my so-called audition with the author, writer and producer of the play. She is a very accomplished writer and poet who ventured into a musical play in English titled EK. It was introduced to me as the first musical in English written on Shirdi Baba and that it was also inspired by Baba. It came to her in a very short span of time, in which it was penned. It was short of a miracle as Baba devotees call it Chamatkar. Hats off to her. She was on a mission to produce her first stage play. Now, come to think of it, maybe it was meant to be. The interview went as follows.

I dressed up in my usual attire, drove to Austin, parked my car, walked down the driveway onto the porch, and rang the doorbell. There was no response. Then I used my cell phone and called. The door was opened and I was greeted by the author. Her name was Usha, a poetess.

“We have been so long looking for you. You are our Baba ... I see Baba in you.”

My rational brain went into overdrive. The first thought that came to me was that I was being typecast in that role because of my beard. They don't need to find a wig because of the headgear worn by Baba and the beard walked in with the guy looking for the gig. What else would you need? I was told that there were two other people I had to meet, as she called him and insisted that he come to her house that instant. The time was fixed after lunch. Then I was driven to the Sai Baba Temple, the same one which moved from the shopping mall, that my wife and I visited earlier. It was madhyanna arati and as it was customary for me, I did my Yoga routine for the salutation number, prostrating eight times. We had to come back quickly because of the appointment.

On our way back she apprised me of Sri, who was the CEO of a large company. What she said after that came as a surprise. She informed me that in his house there was ash, i.e., Vibhuthi was spilling over and over again from the big Sai Baba Picture. Little did I know that I was being pulled completely by Sai Baba; the string tied to my leg now was being drawn in with such a force that it was in itself a unique feeling.

I walked into the audition to act the role of Sai Baba, but did not think I would have to start acting like a Baba and become a Baba-like person. It was really alien for my taste, as well as being completely out of normal rhythm and rhyme. As a senior executive in a major corporation, having to manage many business locations all across Europe, while coordinating all of them with headquarters in Chicago, and enforcing Senior VPs'

mandates, I did need to have a little bit of an authoritarian attitude and leadership qualities. What I mean to say is it was indeed taught to us to deal with a double-edged knife, with jam on both sides. Sai Baba's mandate was to be free of aHamkara (ego). Sai Baba explicitly asked for two qualities in his devotees, Shradha and Saburi, and he insisted that they practice devotion and patience at all times.

In preparation for the role, I read all about Baba that was on the Internet and started to recall all the things that happened in the Hillcroft Baba temple. I knew that I had to be very humble, and at the same time be very amicable, and portray Baba with all the embedded qualities. Not to say the least, acting the role of Baba began.

Now it was not by the thread tied to my foot that I was being pulled toward him but he literally started to guide me through the whole mess I was getting into in my life. The unique thing was that I was not getting upset by every little thing and was trying to foremost keep my aHamkara (ego) under control and check. There was many an occasion when I would have walked away, even before meeting a multi-faceted cast of actors.

Usually all my projects were one person's vision, handled deftly with a free yet firm hand. My knowledge of stagecraft was considered by many as a histrionic talent that was not acquired but was extremely intuitive. It's more a performing art, it encompasses many facets and makes each performance a facet of a unique diamond.

My initial read was that this was an arduous task to take on. My mind was asking me a question: "Do you really want to put yourself through this, a zealot's mission? Austin is three hours away from Helotes. Weekly rehearsal will also mean a lot of driving. At 70 plus, you still want to do this? You have already picked up on the psyche profile. Do you really think you will be able to work with a type A and a group of zealots of Baba? You have seen him as a powerful Guru, and that's what he is. You will have a rough ride. Watch out; don't let your aHamkara play in; do not cast your dice."

As if Baba read my mind and wanted to throw in a monkey wrench, my host made a comment. "I am not a devotee of Baba. I take him as a Guru, a sufi saint". In that instant I knew there was a third person who was trying to poke holes into my logic.

We soon came back to the producer's home and as we entered the couple who would continue auditioning me further arrived: Sri, CEO of a company, yet friendly, and Usha his wife, soft-spoken, and with a very pleasant disposition. Right off the bat, I took to them. No doubt Baba's blessings are in their house. If vibhuthi doesn't shower in their house, it wouldn't be right.

Both of them instantly acknowledged me as the right candidate to play the role of Baba. As our conversation progressed, I was incorporating all Baba's sayings and miracles into the context to assure them. If they chose me they wouldn't be disappointed. I was as curious about the vibhuthi in their house but was not going to be naive enough to let

**“ It is my desire that I always take care of the welfare of those devotees
Who worship me whole heartedly ”**

16

SAT - REALITY

Starting Monday, October 17, 2011, I realized there was an external influence which was orchestrating my life events, as I was following the dictates of Sai Baba. They started as soon as I decided to follow my mandate given by what I call the “voice in meditation”. My wife, now coming into my fold, suggested I should follow his directions. “After all, what is there for you to lose?” She encouraged me to call my doctor’s office for an appointment. It was set for Friday, October 21, 2011. As I suspected, the proceedings with my doctor went as follows:

Following the initial pleasantries, we got down to brass tacks. My doctor was Dr. Neela Patel, a Geriatric Specialist. I was in the age bracket of 70+ and I guess it qualifies me to be a Geriatric patient. After we reviewed all the blood work results and general health and after a small lull in the conversation, I broached the subject...

“Please get my lower body checked.”

“Why? Have you any pains in the abdomen?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

Now I was stuck as what to say. I started to mumble. She came to my rescue.

“Are you afraid of something?”

I did not answer that question, but blankly stared at her. She again came to my rescue.

“If we suspect that there is an abnormality in the blood tests...but there is none. Pain - I don’t see you complaining, no changes in testicles, no swelling in the lymph nodes, no fever, no weight loss, no signs of depression, no fatigue, no persistent cough nor difficulty swallowing, no changes in the skin, no blood where it shouldn't be, no mouth changes, no urinary problems, and no indigestion. You had your prostate checked in Houston. These are the symptoms which would lead me to get a MRI of your abdomen.”

I put on a blank face, I did not know how to respond. I was proud of my doctor niece. She was reeling away all the symptoms for any abnormalities. Finally I had to use the celestial logic mode, and she knew me well enough not to laugh at me.

“I had a premonition while doing my rosary meditation, like someone was asking me to get my lower body checked.”

“Someone who?”

“For lack of an explanation let’s call it a ‘Voice in Meditation’ I can’t explain.”

I got up from my seat and headed toward the door, meekly. She sat there and was looking at me, and her respect for me and my age came to my rescue.

“Uncle, something tells me that I should follow up on this.”

Divine intervention again. Oh, my lord!

“The nurse will set up an appointment and will give you directions. By the way, all next week I will be in Minneapolis for a conference, so don’t worry, I will call you with results. I am positive there is nothing there, so this is just a precaution.”

Neela, my niece, being an Indian Doctor, understood the possibility of a Divine intervention. I have often wondered what would have happened if my doctor was a pragmatist.

The weekend following was a silent one. I was calm and collected.

Monday morning, at the UT health center, I had a MRI taken of my abdomen. The only issue was that I had to go through a doughnut. Since it was only at the lower body, up to the waist, I got through the ordeal by reciting Gayatri Mantra and having a cloth over my eyes.

Padma, my better half, was assuring me that there was nothing wrong with me and that I was as hale and healthy as an elephant. Funny that she used the word elephant as opposed to a horse.

Thursday rolled in; as usual I always think about Guru Raj Raghavendra Swami. This Guru was introduced to me by Mr. Kalyanarao, who hailed from Bangalore and was a client of my father. He was blind and used to come to our house, and we used to spend much time together. Being in the College of Engineering, having a ton of extracurricular activities, such as Student Union, Dramatics, Debating, Music (both Bollywood vocal and instrumental), attending the Toast Masters, my least priority was to let the Deans and others know how much knowledge of engineering I had amassed. Often I used to

“ See the Divine in human beings ”

22

ANUBHUTHI - ESTHESIS

Esthesis is a noun meaning an unelaborated elementary awareness of stimulation. It is a feeling, a mental experience. It is a stimulation of an abstract thought process. Most often it is something one cannot substantiate but can feel it is as real as it can be. One can call it an aberration, which is a departure from the norm, unusual.

My escapade into esthesis was my “Voice in Meditation” that alerted me to get my lower body checked. You remember, earlier my I procrastinated following its dictates for two weeks and was reprimanded for not following through.

This did start my contemplation of what this word ANUBHUTHI or so-called ESTHESIS is. My thought process started to bug me, more and more trying to understand its efficacy in rational mundane logic. It was beyond human comprehension. Once I realized that, it was mandatory for me to distinguish between REALITY and VIRTUALITY. The more I contemplated, the more I was being drawn to understand that illusive concept of that Sanskrit word MAYA, along with it the distinguishing of A-PARAVIDYA and PARAVIDYA.

This endeavor made me feel that I was trapped in quicksand and there was no way out of it; it was dragging me in effortlessly, while for some reason I was not resisting.

My crutch was Sairam. He was all along giving me indication that he was with me. The first day of chemo, when there was a violent allergic reaction, I felt his presence. When I was scared to traverse through the doughnut hole of the Radiation Machine, he manifested his vibhuthi for me to smell. Throughout he was there for me. Still I was hesitant to come out and acknowledge his grace. Maybe I was like Peter denying his friendship with Jesus.

Two weeks of chemotherapy radiation was completed and my struggle started: pains in my abdomen, indigestion, unable to swallow, and most of all unable to pass my stools. The intensity of the pain started to increase by leaps and bounds. My prayers to God started to increase. Funny, we pray only in distress; we forget when we are well and having fun. One day it just became unbearable. I was in so much pain and had no other alternative but to accept that my “Voice in Meditation” was none other than my SadGuru Sairam. I asked him angrily, “Why did you abandon me when I needed you most?”
Ironic, isn’t it?

Out of the blue, I recalled the story of the traveler through the desert. He was weary from walking on the hot sands of Sahara. Being in distress, he summoned GOD. Appearing before him, God started to walk beside him with his arms around him. The traveler felt the coolness of the almighty companion. Like me he had doubt and to confirm that he was not, he looked back and found two tracks of footsteps in the sand. That confirmation gave him strength. He still felt his heartbeat was weak and his strength diminishing. Looking back again, he saw only a single track of footsteps in the sand. His mind played games on him. In disgust he blamed God for abandonment. He cursed him for having left him when he was in a state where he needed his grace. Soon they were at an oasis, and he sat on a rock beside the water hole. Someone splashed cool water on him. He heard a soft, calming voice which said, “When you were feeble I had no choice but to carry you on my back, the last stretch.”

This reminded me of the “Calm, Cool, Soft, Loving, Affectionate and Pleasing Voice in Meditation”. Now my doubts were cleared; it was the voice of SadGuru Sairam.

Suddenly I heard a laugh. I immediately knew that it would be my SadGuru Sairam.

“So you are contemplating on life?”

I just felt I should just keep silent and let him take care of my life.

Just surrender ...surrender ... surrender.

End of Preview.

Rest of the book can be read @
<http://kinige.com/book/Mystic>

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