



DEAR BLESSED LORD

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BOOK - 1



BY

**H H SWAMI ATHMANANDA JI
MAHARAJ**

These are the precious, divine and holy works of

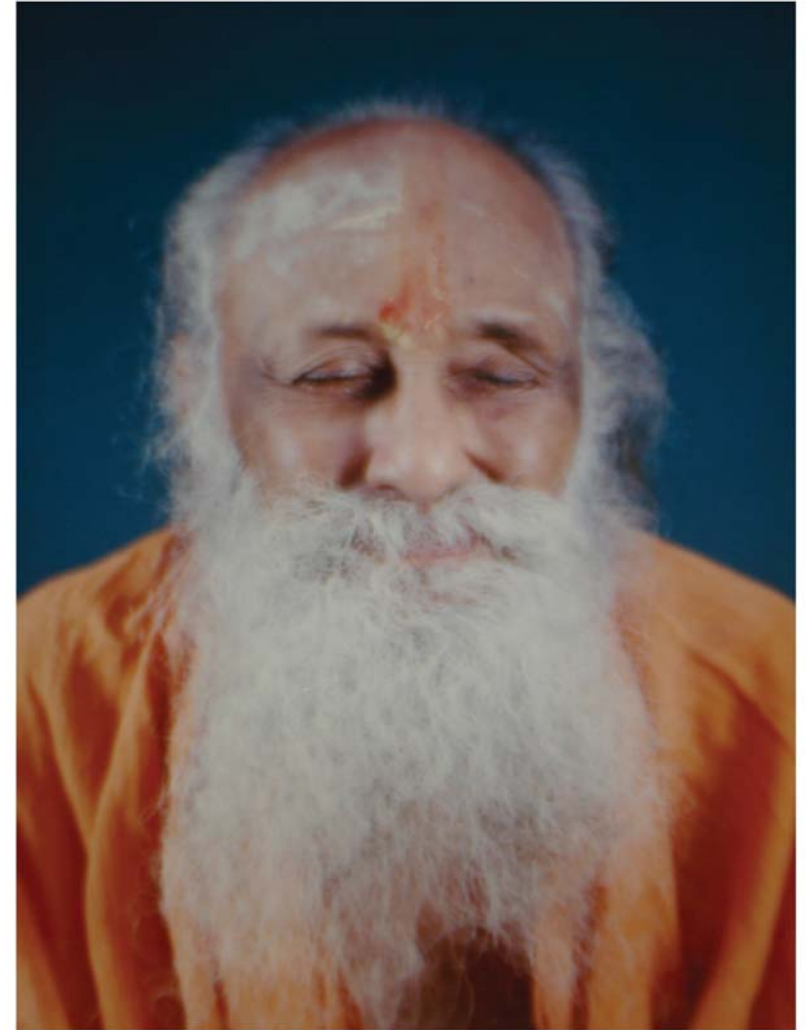
HH SWAMI ATHMANANDA JI MAHARAJ

parts of which have been published in some
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Madipakkam Chennai - 91, India



**HH SWAMI ATHMANANDA JI
MAHARAJ**

Dear Blessed Lord

Devotional Surrender That Maketh For The Light Liberation And The Goal

Dear Blessed Lord,

In this mysterious world of diversities, everything always dynamic and moving let my spirit be up and moving, doing what is ordained. Let me be of some help in kindling the spark in everyone, under which light, there will be proper vision, everywhere, in and outside the homes. At the enlightened plane, harmony and peace are natural; feuds and bickerings are totally absent. This is what I wish and pray for.

Some people get frustrated and express that peace could be achieved only at death. This need not necessarily be the case. If you could kill your little self of all the limitations, even while in this body, you can enjoy this vast peace right here itself. This small self, gross and full of limitations, not competent to deal with the heat and cold around, woven by its own prarabhda, becomes compulsarily involved in the karmic plane. This cage

Dear Blessed Lord

with limitations is best dealt with, by a surrender unto the Supreme. Even the knowledge, that you possess a mightier self in you makes you somewhat competent to face the music of prarabhda karma, even while residing in the body. Once you finish the hot and cold prarabhda, you automatically enter the plane of peace.

The little self in you dies and the true self in you dawns, in all its grandeur and glory. You are transformed and you transcend. Hence the body need not be physically laid down for peace. If you lay down the little self, you are mightier under the reign of your true self and you have the peace that you have been seeking for, right here and right now, because you have stampeded the fouling little self with your higher mightier self, with the help of the grace. For this, please beseech from the Lord His benign grace, which will solidly stand by your side and light your path. All miseries, worries, anxieties and what not which are negative, are your own making. With faith and hope in the Supreme, all ordeals are made easy and the cobweb of these around are easily brushed off.

Dear Blessed Lord

When you find yourself in your own true self, you will smilingly understand the game of mockery played upon you by your impish self which was deceptive all along.

We pray unto the Supreme Lord for His blessings for one and all of us, which the superme merciful One will by His causeless mercy bestow upon us, helping us to totally devotionally surrender unto Him, that maketh for the light, liberation and the blessed goal-verily His Lotus Feet-the absolute retreat and refuge of the entire cosmos.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Lord, Thy Vision With The Flute

Oh, Beloved blessed Nandalala with the flute,
Shree Krishna, is Thy charming name and Thou our hearts do
loot,
Simply, simply like that, Oh, Most beloved beauty of beauties,
And on reaching Thee, we have neither any duty nor a host of
duties.

Oh, Most charming One, with a smile so very fine and nice,
Our hearts do leapeth in all love unto Thy presence,
With their contents beyond definition in their essence,
And full of bliss in Thy gracious presence.

All duty's knots are just snapped by Thy grace,
And fond, fonder and fondest love for Thee removes their very
trace,

And man or woman or beast or bird of any race,
Are no exemption to Thy flooding love and benign grace.

From amidst resplendent bluish hue of boundless grace,
Thou emergeth and standeth in front of your lover of any race,
And what a supreme gift it is to perceive Thy smiling face,
And enjoy in person Thy matchless beauty and limitless grace.

Dear Blessed Lord

When Thou smileth at Thy beloved devoted one,
From him all the Universes and this world as well are simply
gone,
And he revels in joy in solo in Thy company,
Speechless, wordless, memoryless and sans any other company.

Thou standeth in such a charming captivating way,
Smiling and blessing Thy beloved ones in Thy own love filled
way,
And after such a graceful 'Darshan' who can have any other say,
Save jumping and dancing in all joy in their own maddest way.

Oh, Beloved Lord, where could be a fulfillment matching the one
of this day,
Where could be a better path than this, that shows the way,
Where could be a better existence than this one, of this day,
And where could be a better place than this, with Thee present
everday.

Let me humbly voice unto Thee M'Lord, this day and every day,
That the boons unto me are only Thy mercy's special say,
And a beggar I am beseeching Thy guidance for my every move
and way,
And surely Thy kindness unto me is Thy own causeless mercy's
say.

Dear Blessed Lord

M'Lord M'Lord, My bosom's dearest, friend and Lord,
By Thy grace may this 'Vision' be everything for me-Thy ward,
And pray let me by my fickleness never separate from Thee and
go,
And let me by Thy grace apart from Thee have no other know.

M'Lord, Pray, hold me by Thy strength and Will,
Though deservance from my side for even this request is only
frail,
And I am drawn all along mad, mad only by Thy Will,
Unto Thy supreme glorious presence so August and full.

M'Lord, As I address Thee, in this way with all my love mad
say,
Oh, What a wonder! Thou lifteth Thy flute in Thy own grace
filled way,
To Thy ruby lips and floodeth melody filled notes,
And Oh, great Lord, upon those melodious tunes my bosom
for ever dotes.

Spell bound and God bound I am for ever and ever and ever,
And now that I am blessed with Thy 'vision' of supreme
splendour,

Dear Blessed Lord

Alongwith Thy flute's melody for ever and for ever,
Pray, May I by Thy grace only Thee in my bosom harbour.

Oh, Dear Blessed Lord, By Thy grace now that I am in such a
blessed plane,
I am sure I'll have no other troublesome transmigratory another
plane,
And M'Lord, gratitude for ever and for ever from my humble
self in this plane,
And pray by Thy mercy, may I be for ever with Thee in this
blessed plane.

Crores and crores of prostrations at Thy Lotus Feet, M'Lord,
And grace me that this 'Vision' of Thine, in my bosom I for ever
guard,
And let me worship Thee day and night as Thy simple sincere
devoted ward,
With my humble devotion which is to me, Thy invaluable eternal
reward.

Praise and glory be unto Thee for ever M'Lord,
Pray, please by Thy mercy, us, for ever guard,
Salutations at Thy Lotus Feet from all of us, Oh, Our dearest
Lord,

Dear Blessed Lord

And pray please accept us, Thy infant children Oh, Our beloved
Lord.

As I pen these lines, by Thy grace, this Absolute Truth in all its
glory unshakably and eternally, dawns and remains imprinted in
my simple humble sincere devoted loving self-

o'kh foHk"kr djkr uouhjnHkr
ihrkEcjkr v#.k fccQy v/kjk"Vkr
ii.kUnlUnje[kkr vjfoUn u=kr
—'.kr ij fdefi rRa vg u tku AA

I don't know, any other greater philosophy (truth) other than
Krishna, whose hand is adorned with the flute, who is beautiful
like the fresh cloud, who wears the yellow garment, whose lips
are reddish like the Bimba fruit, who has the beautiful face like
the full moon and who has the lotus eye.

By Madhusudana Saraswati,

in Anandamandakini.



Dear Blessed Lord

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol

Beloved friend, Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and again and again Hari
Bhol,

And sure fate will be powerless to have on you any toll,
And sunk in devotion unto Him roll and roll,
And sure you can reach Hari's Lotus Feet-the Absolute goal.

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and again and again Hari Bhol,
Fears, anxieties and miseries will never dare on you their toll,
And sing and sing Hari Bhol and again Hari Bhol,
Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol.

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and again and again Hari Bhol,
And sure in ecstasy you will dance and roll,
For, realising that you are under His total rule,
You will do wonderfully well as His chosen tool.

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and again and again Hari Bhol,
And by His grace you will become undauntedly bold,
To sing His praise and glory, already by sages sung and told,
And by this you will ever be in His gentle embracing fold.

Dear Blessed Lord

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and again and again Hari Bhol,
And realise that verily He does you hold,
And this truth has been already well felt by devotees and told,
And mark, you are in His loving gentle unfailing hold.

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and behold His glorious presence,
The very absolute essence of complete existence,
And blessed by this unique all filling divine vision,
Mark, you have verily achieved life's most blessed mission.

Come on my friends, Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol,
Chant repeatedly Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol,
Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol,
Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol.

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and rush unto Him post-haste,
And enjoy His Song Divine's nectarian taste,
Hari Bhol Hari Bhol and again and again Hari Bhol,
And rest assured that you are graced with the divine goal.

Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol,
Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol Hari Bhol,
Prostrations countless, Oh, Dearest Blessed Lord,
And we are at Thy Lotus Feet for ever, Oh, Most beloved

Lord.



Dear Blessed Lord

A True Nobody

A true Nobody is the blessed one,
Who has about him personal will none,
And who is too sure of everything that is by him done,
To be the Will of the Supreme One matched by none.

His personal quota of vice and virtue is nil,
Since everyone of his move is at the behest of the Will,
And like a babe he wanders and roams many a mile,
With about his profile nothing save the adorning blessed smile.

Cares cast on him by the mind and senses are nil,
Since his karmas are already well pounded at the Almighty's mill,
And in such a freedom and bliss he roams sans any individual
will,

With about him constraints and restraints absolutely nil.

For compliments and condemnations, he does not by himself
react,

And any churning in him is after all the Supreme's act,

Dear Blessed Lord

Since about him there is neither an individual will nor an impetus
to act,
And he by the Will does his games as a surrendered act.

The pain of the thought, "Oh! I am a sinny one,"
Or the pleasure of the idea, "I am an exalted one,"
Tarnish not this blessed realised one,
Who tells the Lord, "But for Thee I'm after all an absolute no
one."

"The Lord is my crown," is his announced renown,
And any other claim by him, or upon him, is to him unknown,
And on and on marches this lonely blessed one,
Who in truth, is never alone and apart from the August One.

How long he will roam and how far he is to go,
Is none of his concern or desire to know,
And shown all along the path and on the go,
He marches onwards with, "Well, My Lord! I'm unto Thy
homeward ho!"

Dear Blessed Lord

In this advanced stage reached by a blessed one,
Even the awareness of an instrument of the One,
Is by the grace and mercy of the greatest One,
Unburdened, it is no longer an appendage to this sincere one.

This way for everybody as a blessing, the Nobody continues,
As for each and everyone he brings only Almighty's blessed
news,

Originated and announced by the Will at His own pleasure,
Having been chosen for this mission by His beloved glance.

Being made a Nobody by Him, the greatest One,
All cares, sorrows, arrogance and Ego's many a one,
Are for ever erased in him by the powerful August One,
Who is known to be the most blessed merciful loving One.

Such a being is a treasure house of the Lord,
Through whom the blessed Lord issues His cheques of reward,
In packs of knowledge, joy, bliss, mirth and peace,
That elates everyone's conscience and keeps him in bliss-filled
ease.

Dear Blessed Lord

May praise and glory be upon the supreme greatest One,
And His many a blessed beloved chosen one,
Who for ever pray of the greatest merciful One,
“Well My Lord! Pray, To Thy grace may there be exception
none.”



Oh, Lord, Thou Art The Absolute Saviour

Dear Blessed Lord,

Where comes the question of fear when Thou standeth guard!
Where comes the question of blindness when Thou art the vision!
Where comes the question of lack when Thou art the filler!
Where comes the question of dejection and despondency when
Thou art the company!

Where comes the question of anything save joy, bliss,
And happiness in regions, where Thy grace surges!
Praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever,
At Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Salutations Oh, Blessed Candle

The candle for its own sake is not in need of a light,
And it is ever aware of its own dormant potent light,
It can calmly rest all the days and many a night,
In silence and peace in a cupboard's cosy retreat.

Keeping this way its cool and calm demeanour,
There is no limitation for its existence or its span's tenure,
And on and on it can simply rest without damage for its shape
or size,
Tucked far far away from any on-looking, demanding eyes.

This way it shall have about it neither the strain of standing
erect,
Nor any influence of damaging heat upon it downright,
And is free of any fear of a smoke-stained wick or a slowly
melting wax,
For, a lighted candle, with its wick and wax, is sure to pay the
damaging tax.

But the purpose for which the candle is by the Maker made,
Is simply to obey and carry out His Will and its bade,
And spreading the guiding light, the way it is firmly bade,
It unfailingly answers the Cause for which it has been made.

Dear Blessed Lord

Sacrifice and surrender are in its very make to answer His bade,
And unmindful of the heat or the melting, that makes its size
slowly wane and fade,
The candle lights the path for many a one who in darkness
helplessly wade,
For, by His mercy, a correct enlightened lead for them, is His
bade.

Oh! Great candle! The mother of the illumining blessed Light,
Delivering this babe from within, with all your sincerity, joy
and might,
Salutations, salutations, again and again, through all days and
many a night,
For, truly thou spreadeth at thy own expense the non- failing
guiding light.

Oh! Enlightened and lighting one of supreme height!
Made of materials melting, frail, flimsy and light-
The wick, the wax and what not-and thou function to the great
delight,
Of the Maker who never fails to keep you under His kindly
loving sight.

Dear Blessed Lord

The needy folk around, with the guiding light, you greet,
And the co-born heat is for yourself a self reserved treat,
And albeit you know that it may a little harm the gross,
You say, "Its all okay, as long as there is enlightenment for the
needy mass."

Under His tender and promising look which is your true retreat,
You take the heat and melting as your allotted treat,
And once on the mission of spreading the blessed light,
There is neither recess nor rest for you anywhere in sight.

You know for certain that under His cooling and soothing glance,
You will truly experience neither the heat nor any loss in the stance,
Thou art adored and venerated since in carrying out His Will,
You are unmindful of an involvement with a Solomon or a Devil
that is all ill.

We are filled and touched by your act of surrender,
But knowing that nothing will go wrong with you, with Him yonder,
We, Oh! candle of light! worship Thee with awe, reverence and
wonder,
At thy sacrifice and thy light that is all purposeful, soothing and
tender.

Dear Blessed Lord

Having the required lessons learnt in thy guiding light,
Many a one obtains the Supreme's grace and in the same delight,
And blessedly get under the shelter of Him, the most worshipful
One,
On completion of their allotted bid, by the bidder the supreme
greatest One.

May praise and glory be to the supreme greatest One,
And to His candles which light the path for many a one,
Who march on and on, with about them fear or anxiety nil,
Graced and blessed this way by His benign Supreme Will.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Lord, This Little Dwelling Is Verily Thine

As we go back fifty centuries in the annals of time,
When the Pandavas had the personal company of the Lord all
the time,
We recall Shree Krishna's walk on the festooned roads of
Hasthinapur,
On His 'peace mission', in all His majesty, graciousness, glory
and gtandeur.

As the Lord walked pleasantly on the roads all along,
With many an inviting prominent person from amongst the throng,
He smilingly pointed at every mansion enquiring, "To whom does
this belong?
And on came the reply, "Dear Shree Krishna! sure, this is verily
mine all along".

The Lord nodded smilingly and continued His grace filled walk,
Engaging the inviting persons around with many a pleasant talk,
And replied them in His own nice and enchanting way,
That at some other time, to their mansion He will make His way.

When the Lord pointed at a very simple old dwelling place,
And asked in a gentle voice "Whose is this dwelling place?"
There came a reply in a feeble voice, from Vidhura the most
humble one,

Dear Blessed Lord

Who in all his humility said, "Oh, Lord, This little dwelling is
verily Thine"

At Vidhura's voicing a reply of this humble sort,
Meaning that the dwelling is the Lord's very own resort,
The Lord exclaimed with joy, "Oh, Is this dwelling verily Mine!
Has Yasodha Ma kept over here a dwelling for her beloved son!".

The Lord with full of love and mercy for His devoted ones,
Entered Vidhura's dwelling, a 'purity patronised' one, at once,
And as Vidhura offered a seat in all his humility and devotion,
The Lord smilingly accepted the same with great joy and elation.

Highly overjoyed by Bhagawan's this magnanimous move,
Vidhura was on 'head over heels' and was hither and thither on
the move,
And not knowing how and when and to where is to be the next
move,
He got lost in a flooding love that was in all directions on an
abundant move.

In this state of ecstasy - the maddest love for the Lord,
Vidhura could not follow any conventional rule or the same
accord,

Dear Blessed Lord

And sans any logic or reason, he offered in his own way,
Everything he could humbly offer, in his heartiest love-mad way.

Instead of a well peeled plantain, that should have been in the
Hands of the Lord,
The plantain peel found its way unto the accepting Hands of the
Lord,

And Lo, the Lord though well aware of this anomaly's sway,
Yet smiled and smiled and went Vidhura's own love-mad way.

These devotional offerings went on for quite a good while,
With Vidhura offering unto the Lord, simple things all the while,
And the Lord with great joy accepted the same all the while,
Beaming at Vidhura with a paternal benign blessed charming smile.

Now the Lord desiring a different offering for a change,
Bade Vidhura to give some simple porridge as a change,
Saying that He is quite filled with the offering of fruits so far
made,
And this is for Vidhura the Supreme Person's next love filled
bade.

Much moved by the Lord's demand for a very simple food,
And since the Lord asked of him on this count only what little he
could,

Vidhura offered rice porridge of a very simple lot,
Feeling all the while for his inability to offer food of a better sort.

Dear Blessed Lord

The Blessed Lord who looks more into a devoted heart than the
external act,
Knew too well that all Vidhura's actions were impelled by a love
filled heart,
And condescendingly approved of the same, with a smiling face,
Extending unto him the gentlest of the gentle enfolding embrace.

Vidhura was all in joy and in the greatest of fulfillment,
When his dearest blessed Lord, did extend unto him this
compliment,
With, "My dear Vidhura, I am much tired after all the walk,
And this rice porridge is exactly what I want after my marathon
walk."

Having been blessed with the supreme privilege,
Of offering food unto the Supreme Personage,
Vidhura in all humility fell at the Lord's Lotus Feet,
And offered his entire being unto Him as his humblest personal
treat.

Mighty pleased with this devotee's deepest devotion,
The Lord smilingly glanced with great love and affection,
At the devoted Vidhura and his closest kin,
And richly blessed them from his divine deep within.

The blessed Lord having pleasantly spent a complete day,
With Vidhura, accepting what all he offered in his 'love-mad'
way,

Dear Blessed Lord

Again embraced him in a love filled gentle way,
And after blessing him and his kin, moved on, on His peace
mission's way.

Dear blessed Lord, May praise and glory be unto Thee for
ever and for ever,
And may Thy grace, love and protection be upon us for ever
and for ever,

Crores and crores of prostrations at Thy saving Lotus Feet,
And pray, protect us all from any troublesome unwanted Karmic
heat.

As I pen these lines I hear the blessed Lord's gentle say and
assurance,

**i= i"i Qy rk; ;k e HkDR;k i;PNfr A
rngi HkDR;iâreÜukfe i; rkReut AA**

“If one offers Me with love and devotion a leaf, a flower, a fruit,
or water, I will accept it.”

-B.G. Ch-9 Sloka-26

**eUeuk Hko e~Drk e|kth ek ueLd# A
ekeo";fl ;DroekReku eRijk;.k AA**

“Engage your mind always in thinking of Me, become My devotee,
offer obeisances to Me and worship Me. Being completely
absorbed in Me, surely you will come to Me”.

-B.G. Ch-9 Sloka-34.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Lord, Thy Charming Blessed Smile

Dear Blessed Lord, Won't you smile at me, pray, just for once,
Though I am a little nobody and never of any significance;
And yet I fondly hope very much, for once, a smile from Thee,
For, Thou, the most merciful One, too well knoweth this little me.

M' Lord, My devotion for hosting Thee is quite insignificant,
And I know too well that Thou art. everything and the supreme
significant,
But still by Thy kindness I hope that once, at me, you will surely
smile,
Though for that, I may have to trot and trot many an unlimited
mile.

Dear Blessed Lord, Do kindly oblige me once with Thy charming
smile,
And pray, please march me all that many, many the needed mile,
For, when Thou hath marched me many, many of that needed
mile,

I am sure you will oblige me with Thy most charming,
condescending smile.

Dear Blessed Lord

I know that I have neither the strength nor any deservance all the
while,
But yet my longing to have Thy smile is too intense all the while,
And it is not just a longing but the very fibre and core of this little
self,
And pray, won't you oblige for once this aching, humble, begging
self.

Thou art noted for Thy gracious smile for Thy simple humble
devoted ones,
And why should I be an exemption for Thy gift of a smile, just
for once,
And it will be a slur on Thy fathomless, causeless, mercy if you
let down this helpless self,
When by Thy grace I have solely surrendered unto Thee, this
little humble self.

Dear Blessed Lord, Pray, pray permit me by Thy grace, such
liberties,
That will allow me all my moods upon Thee with privileged
liberties,
Such as entreating Thee or begging of Thee to my limited capacity,
For, M'Lord, by Thy grace I am mad of you sans any sense of
sanity.

Dear Blessed Lord

Pray, pray, forgive me, M'Lord, all my vagaries and oddities,
For, Thou art the very person who has erased all my
reasoning and logic of duties,
And when Thou hath gifted me with this blissfilled blessed
madness by Thy grace,
What else can I do excepting going mad and mad for Thy
gracious smiling Face.

M' Lord, Thou art solely responsible for all the aches in me,
And now, at last by Thy grace, I visualise Thee glancing at me,
And pray, why not Thy glance be with Thy blessed charming
smile,
Since Thou hast condescended for me Thy mercifilled glance
meanwhile.

Oh, My dearest Blessed Lord, And my everything all the while,
Pray, pray, just for once at me do kindly smile,
And quench this intense thirst in me which is there all the while,
And Oh, What a wonder, "Well, My boy-How is it" -The charming
blessed smile!

Well M'Lord, with the grant of this invaluable boon,
My bosom, sings again and again in many a love filled tune,
Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Oh, The One that granteth many a
boon,
Hare Govinda, Hare Govinda, The greatest merciful loving
supreme One.

Dear Blessed Lord

M'Lord, Thou art for ever my bosom friend,
And pray, Let me upon Thee only, for everything solely depend,
And under this truth, why for me Thy smile, just for only once,
And why not the smile be for many more times but for only once.

Well, M'Lord, How grand and magnificent for ever Thou art,
And in all joy unto Thee, leapeth my love filled heart,
For, Thou hast not only smiled unto me for more than once,
But also have removed the ache in my heart, all at once.

Now I do sing and dance in all joy M'Lord,
For Thou hath most mercifully gifted me with this supreme reward,
And transformed this insignificant beggar into a millionaire of
millionaires,
And may I by Thy grace for ever sing Thy praise and glory and
glory of glories

Praise and glory be unto Thee, oh. dearest Lord of Lords,
Prostrations countless at Thy Lotus Feet, oh, greatest God of
Gods,
And singing Thy glory let us march on and on in full cheer,
For, Thou art for ever and for ever our dearest of the dear.

Dear Blessed Lord

Now as I pen Thy glories and greatness in these lines Thy gentle
voice speaketh these words unto me.

**vul;kfupur;urk ek ;| tuk i;|ikl r| A
r'kk fur;kfkk;|akuk ;|x{ke ogkE;ge AA**

Those persons, who think of nothing else and worship Me through
meditation-the accession to and the maintenance of the welfare of
such ever devout persons I look after.(B.G.Ch.9 Solka22)

**eueuk Hko e~Drk e|kth ek ueLd# A
ekeo";fl IR;| r| ifrtku fi;|k-fl e AA**

Fix your mind on Me, be devoted to Me, worship Me, and bow
down to Me; then you shall come to Me. Truly do I promise to
you,for you are dear to Me. (B.G.CH.18 Sloka 65)

**lo/keWifjR;T; eked| 'kj.k ot A
vg| Rok loikiH;k ek{f;";kfe ek 'kp| AA**

Giving up all duties, take refuge in Me alone. I will liberate you
from all sins, do not grieve. (B.G.Ch.18 Sloka 66)

Now our praise unto Thee M'Lord in the following lines.

**—".kk; okl|nok; nodh uUnuk; pA
uUnxki d|ekjk; xkfounk; uek ue!AA**

Dear Blessed Lord

May my salutations be for Krishna, the son of Vasudeva and
the son of Devaki, also the son of Nandagopa and the nourisher
of cows!

Kunthi Stuthi
(Srimad Bhagavatham)

**JhoRl k³ d egkjLd ouekyk fojft re A
'kd pØ/kj no —".k oUn txrx#e AA**

I salute Krishna the teacher of the world who has the mole called
Srivatsa in his broad chest, who shines with Thulasi Garland and
the Lord who holds the conch and the discus

(KRISHNASHTAGAM
By Sri Adhi Sankara)

Now once again a personal prayer unto Thee, Oh, The Supreme
dearest One,

**Roeo ekrk p fir k Roeo
Roeo cu/kÜp I [kk Roeo A
Roeo fo | k nfo.k Roeo
Roeo l d ee nono AA**

Dear Blessed Lord

You are only my mother; You are only me father; You are only
my relative; You are only my friend; You are only my knowledge;
You are only my wealth; Oh, God of Gods, You are all-in-all to
me.

(Prapanna Gita -V28)



Unto Our Beloved Hari With Prem And Om

Unto Thee, Oh, beloved Hari, we offer with Prem and Om,
From our bosoms flooding with love for Thee, 'Hari Om',
And by Thy blessings we are ever blissfilled and do we roam,
Singing Thy glory unto everyone, everywhere and to every
devoted home.

Oh, Hari, Thy smiling charming profile, we always yearn to
perceive,

Dear Blessed Lord

And by Thy grace, let us our trueselves, never never deceive,
And in our bosoms we, in all humility, heartily Thee greet,
And Oh, Hari, our humble prostrations countless at Thy saving
Lotus Feet.

Neither at birth nor till we by Thy grace got chanalised ourselves
unto Thee,
Were we aware of a plane so tranquil, limitless, vast and bondage-
free,
And true indeed it is, a matchless boon for any and every created
race,
And we do gratefully cherish this invaluable boon of Thine, be
we of any origin or race.

Oh, Most adorable Lord, enshrined in the heart of every devoted
one,
Whose bosom for Thy darshan does constantly do pine,
May we beg of Thee in all our humility and devoted surrender,
To grace us with Thy darshan atleast at a distant time yonder.

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord, 'distant time' is a term by us helplessly used,
For, knoweth not we, by us, Thy privileges properly used or
abused,
And that being a clouded affair in our limited know,
Farther than a begging for Thy mercy's droplet, we dare no farther
go.

Dear dear Blessed Lord, in whichever direction or nook to where
I turn,
With a heart full of love that aches and for Thee does yearn,
I get filled with a reverential sublime silence,
That wholly and totally melteth me in Thy mighty presence.

Oh, Dear Blessed Lord, Prostrations countless at Thy Lotus Feet,
And our hearts jump with joy, as we, Thee, heartily greet,
And all along we hear Thy kindly gentle assuring voice,
Calling unto us with, 'Come my boys; Be with me and for ever
rejoice'.

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear dear Blessed Lord, Oh, Most merciful and loving One,
Once again we prostrate at Thy Lotus Feet; Oh, Lotus eyed One,
And again, and yet again we seek Thy Lotus Feet,
The most trusted, unfailing refuge - our eternal tranquil retreat.

Dear Blessed Lord, as we complete these prayers in all our
sincerity, we do in a strange way hear from Thy Blessed Self;

**vuU;kfÜpUr;Urk ek ;| tuk i ;|ikl r| A
r"kk fuR;kfk;|äkuk ;kx{ke ogkE;ge AA**

“For those who, to the exclusion of everything else, think of
me and worship me constantly, I procure for them what they lack
and preserve for them what they already have.”



[B.G. Ch9 Sloka 22]

Dear Blessed Lord

From A Cricket Ball - A Touching Tale

Dear Blessed Lord,

Oh, Great Manager of the game! Thou were a witness to
the shine and solidity of me when I was brought and made over
for the Game. Now after many a throw and shot in the field, for
which match Thou were a spectator, I am what I am now - A
shineless, clumsy, worn out saggy withered remnant of what I
was once - a memory of a cricket ball and that too an apology to
the memory! Well Master! Can't help, after the blows, beatings,
sixers, boundaries, hatricks and what not in Thy game! Now, My
Lord! Casteth not me in the far away dust bin. I was in Thy game
all along. With all mercy (now that I have neither game nor claimant)
give me a place in one of Thy countless attics where I will for
ever happily bide (though not daily at Thy sight, yet in Thy attic
after all!) atleast as an apology to a memory of an instrument, in
once upon-a-time game of cricket of Thine. If Thou casteth me
away (which I am sure, as a most merciful Being Thou will not) I
have place and person none! A saddest tale that could have been

Dear Blessed Lord

ever lived and told. I am sure that with Thee around me such a tale will only be an unborn one! Praise be unto Thee, Oh Greatest One.



A Say On The Way To Reach

Well! My Lord! What is the way for me to reach,
The most beloved supreme Thee of whom many a scripture teach,
Tell me, my Lord, tell me for definite in person,
So that I will have from Thy very Self the correct lesson.

There is no time to waste hither and thither,
In guess, asking, contemplation or surmise rather,
And let us have the affair in person by Thy grace,
So that for certain and definite I will not lose the race!

This is what the life in this frame is meant for my Lord,
And kindly fail not by Thy mercy to grant me this reward,
For upon Thee and only Thee I, for this affair totally bank.
Since there is none, save Thee, does belong to this Supreme
rank.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

During many a transmigration, I have wandered, with efforts too little to my credit or time too little utilised by me, to know who I was. As long as an answer to this question remains unknown, I will have to keep on passing, from one start unknown, to another destination unknown, helplessly, in simple asking, with no return -reply. My dear, dear blessed Lord! It is not at all a big thing for you, to enlighten such souls, and bring to a halt, their unilluminated strain-bound dark, many a voyage. Why should not Thou, the most merciful and benign Being do this very simple thing for Thee, yet an invaluable favour for us, in this birth, and bring to a comfortable halt, our worthless many a journey, which are full of boulders, stones and pits, all looking too alluring till reached, but terribly brutal to us, when involved with. My dear blessed Lord! Till you save us from this round of births and deaths, I am unable to accept, that you have done us any true favour at all, despite the fact that Thou might have sanctioned all earthly

Dear Blessed Lord

boons and conferred them upon us the ignorant mortals. Pray, please be truly kind to all of us and grant us a merger in this birth itself, with Thy great eternal Self when our job of this birth is done.

If Thou art prepared to give any exemption from the tasks ahead, that is also most welcome, with our supreme gratitude unto Thee. Only let me and my co-souls know Thee in all Thy glory splendour and sweetness.



A Prayer

Dear Blessed Lord,

Fail not to keep a place for me over there, by Thy grace, for, the moment I am given an entry over here, I find the availability of an unavoidable exit also shown into, once the show is over. If I do not have a place over there with you, I will have to face the

Dear Blessed Lord

rains, gales and storms and what not, that permanently storm the path of long, long, long, transmigrations. Thou hath promised that Thou wilt save. Hence kindly reserve for me a place of safety by Thy side, conferring upon me the required requisites by Thy grace, lest I may foul Thy abode, and abuse Thy kindness and mercy. Save me from the sin of abuse of Thy trust and grace, by processing me the way, that Thou knowest to be supremely apt.



Oh, Lord! Pray, Judgeth Us Not

A blind one can't be blamed for fumbling and faltering,
A dumb one can't be charged for irrational stammering,
A deaf one can't be blamed for the negligence of hearing,
A lame one can't be blamed for unsteady limping.

Pray what for a mundane one could be taken to task,
When the one is under such captivities, totally caught,
We created not, over here, the good and bad,
And we have no knowledge as to what will bring us punishment
or reward.

Dear Blessed Lord

Well, M'Lord, what is that, that Thou holdeth against us for,
When in Thy eyes, Thou knoweth that we are far, far and farther
far,

From either the correct sight or hearing or anything in those
lines rather,
Born and grown completely blind to everything near at hand and
farther.

Born and enmeshed in elements fickle and frail,
It is not fair on Thy part to judge and us pathetically fail,
For all our oddities and vagaries and what not,
But instead, offer Thy unfailing mercy and love and better our
lot.

Thou knoweth that the eye can see but not penetrate,
And she has only such superficial things for her mate,
What compliment or condemnation Thou couldst award,
To us, who in Thy yardstick are many an unwise ignorant ward.

Judgeth us not at any time M'Lord, by our clownish vagaries,
For, the true 'inner one' is really not in need of any of these
varieties,

Dear Blessed Lord

And on Thy flashing Thy beam of grace it reckons the award,
To be none other than Thee - the supreme sweetest reward.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh! Greatet One,
Noted for unparalleled compassion and love of matchless renown,
At Thy Lotus Feet we surrender ourselves and our every deed,
And lovingly minding us is Thy unfailing wont indeed.



The Blessed Liners

At the yonder harbour the panorama of a fleet of ocean liners is
the scene,
And back from the rugged seas they are in all their majesty,
stationed seen;
Having done their lot over there pretty pretty well,
They are now berthed at home, for ever in sublime peace to dwell.

A most filling sight it is to see them all in an array,
Magnificent, majestic and grand in each and every way,
And each one of them did carry out his dictate and say,
With utmost sincerity and devotion in the commanded way.

Dear Blessed Lord

During their voyages in a way as per The Supreme's say,
They did carry many a devoted one along the ordained ordered
way,
And having now completed their allotted mission,
They blithely rest with Him in harmonious unison.

Having got us berthed, by Thy grace in them on a blessed day,
They mercilessly denied us any contact with the fickle waves or
frailty's say,
And keeping us safely and firmly in their fold day and night,
They sailed and sailed till we were taken to the shores of wisdom's
light.

“Oh! Blessed Liners! Our hearts do in gratitude tearfully melt,
At the kindness and mercy shown to us which you always readily
felt,
And unmindful of the storms and tempests all along the way,
You didst help us to end our difficult times on the dangerous
bay”

Dear Blessed Lord

Praise and glory be unto the Maker of the liners of the oceans
and bays,
And prostrations unto these blessed ones, who relentlessly
sailed many nights and days,
Carrying the devoted sincere ones safe unto the safety's
shore,
And this is the blessed tale of the Truth for ever from the
times of yore.



A Flying Bird

A flying bird harbours no fear of a fall,
A running deer is not afraid of her speed,
A swimming fish has no fear of a drown indeed,
And a man of God, by Thy grace, knows no fear at all!



Dear Blessed Lord

Pray - Just For A Say, M'lord

Dear Blessed Lord!

Are we to be here just for a fill of fleeting things and the such,
And not destined for anything worthier at all than this much,
Like a pot with many a pore and hole and the such,
That never never gets filled, try however much.

Are we to trot along here with many an uncertainty and forlorn,
Simply by fate hither and thither in wilderness to be tossed and
torn,

With a knot made hither and another one somewhat unmade
thither,
And the 'Why' and 'How' of these, never to us known either
hither or thither.

Knowing fully well that the tales of the body, mind and intellect
phenomena,
Can never in truth afford us a sooth of nectar or manna,

Dear Blessed Lord

We fondly believe that Thou from somewhere at sometime will
smilingly say,
“Well! My boy! Don't worry. All these will be okay on a blessed
day.”

But for Thy graceful, unfailing guiding Hand,
We will be roaming hither and thither as a nomad band,
Little knowing why and by what a knot is one day somewhere
made,
And another knotty one is somewhere else somewhat unmade.

Groups and groups do somewhere in ignorance throng,
Without any idea of who they are and to whom they really belong,
With for their feed, a little of the fill for the senses, body and
mind,
And these fills to them of their higher values never never remind.

Unless a valuable truth and a say thereupon is somehow got,
Any other gain is simply transcient and after all not worth the
wrought,

Dear Blessed Lord

And wading day by day on a weary aimless zigzag track,
Does one, one day under unbearable load do pathetically crack.

“Well, My Lord! A say from Thee on all these is our justified
claim,
And Thou will kindly grace us with a response which we do
reverentially acclaim,
By bading us on a clear go with a valuable divine aim,
And that in turn will make us deserving upon Thee a fond
privileged claim.

Have mercy on us, if at all we are to be in the sojourn over here,
For we know that simple fills of any other sort do not our woes
clear,
And somehow by something from somewhere are we on a stay
over here,
Just to take off to elsewhere - a know of which to us is neither
distinct nor clear.

Dear Blessed Lord

Unless Thou granteth us a solid strong faith as response,
For our sincere prayers unto Thee offered well in advance,
We by ourselves can never have the mettle and courage to clearly
steer,
Along Thy prescribed path that leads us unto Thee, our most
beloved dear.

In this regard my dear dear Blessed Lord,
There is none save Thee capable of granting us a worthy reward,
And in Thee we flow in complete, fond and well - founded trust,
For we know that, only in Thee, can we in perfect peace and bliss
eternally rest.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, Greatest One,
The Supreme trusted Friend of each and everyone,
Prostrations countless at Thy Lotus Feet of saving renown,
From all of us over here to whom Thy love and mercy are very
well known.



Dear Blessed Lord

Om Namō Narayanaya

Dear Blessed Lord!

All the greens that surround me remind me of Thy coolness. The vast, vast blue sky reminds me of Thy Vastness. The twinkling stars seem to tell me that they are the diamonds and pearls that adorn Thy robe. The vast vast blue sea, with its frothing waves reminds me, Oh, Vishnu, of the ocean of milk on which you rest and relax and have Thy yogic slumber. Oh great Vishnu, there is nothing in this world that does not remind me of you in one way or other. The saints in the world remind me of the Naradas and Prahladas. The sinners in this world remind me of the kamsas and chanuras.

Oh, great great Vishnu protect and absorb me in Thee with Thy abundant grace when the time beckons me to leave

Dear Blessed Lord

this frame. Oh, great Vishnu, crores and crores of prostrations at Thy Lotus Feet. Bless all Thy simple souls around me with Thy abundant grace with all auspiciousness and bliss. Bless the readers of these lines also with Thy abundant grace. In short bless Thy entire creation with Thy unfathomable mercy and grace -the creations of the past, the created present and the creations yet to come -all these may for ever bask under Thy protecting grace.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Supreme Friend

A 'C' grade friend depletes you.

A 'B' grade friend keeps the balance by exchange.

An 'A' grade friend gives in full, to his limited capacity.

The supreme Friend of limitless capacity gives, gives and keeps on giving, till you are supremely filled.

Hence kindly miss not the supreme Friend who is sure to knock at the doors of your heart, for the blessed entry, even if you harbour a droplet of inclination to open the same unto Him.



Dear Blessed Lord

It Is An Ache In The Heart

Dear Blessed Lord, Shrimad Bhagavatam clearly says,
The glories and the pastimes of Thy 'earth-abode' days,
And about Thy infancy, childhood and boyhood days,
As well as Thy Lordship's divine and wisdom saturated ways.

Blessed indeed are the cowherd boys and gopis of yore,
Who on their person the pleasant smelling sandal paste wore,
And joined Thy blessed company for a million games,
All blissfilled, charming and heartfilling with varied names.

I visualise in my mind's eye in all purity,
The river Jamuna flowing full in all her crystal clarity,
With the sandy banks on her either side,
Affording Thee planes for games of seek and hide.

On the giggling waters of the blessed Jamuna,
Thou didst jump and swim amidst the flora and fauna,

Dear Blessed Lord

Alongwith Thy boys and girls - Thy dearest near,
Well cheered by the dancing peacocks and the onlooking cows
and deer.

Dear blessed Lord, as an infant, a baby and a growing boy,
And a playful youth and at that a store house of bubbling joy,
Thou induceth the sweetest dreams in this simple loving self,
And Thy mates surely for their merriment, on Thee, did solely
depend.

Dear Blessed Lord, Sweetest and divinely sweetest are Thy days,
For ever unto eternity embracing also the Pandava's days,
And blessed are the ones who unchangeably fall in love with
Thee,
With an ache in their heart for Thee, the hallmark of a true devotee.

Oh, Lord of the heart, Oh, Dearest friend,
Pray, pray let us all on Thee solely depend,
By Thy grace and pray please, us lovingly tend,
And unto us Thy protection and guidance mercifully extend.

Dear Blessed Lord

Thy wisdom filled counselling Song Divine,
Is by Thy grace everybody's unfailing treasure mine,
And when we contemplate upon Thee the supreme perfect One,
Tears of love, well up in our eyes, Oh, Most beloved benignOne.

Oh, Lord, Oh, Greatest Supreme Master and friend,
We by Thy grace, in Thee always find,
A fullness complete and a saturation absolute,
And pray kindly our love-lorn bosoms unfailingly loot.

Blessed are we and at that a privileged lot,
For the Supreme One does His Personal self to us allot,
By His unparalleled love, mercy and grace,
And surrendered are we unto Him be we of any race.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Guide

An unawakened one just on birth,
Elates on hollow and shallow mirth,
With about him the power of true vision nil,
And bound all around by each and everyone's will.

Covered with a veil of ignorance and with knowledge now not in
sight,

The little one is totally oblivious to his own inner light,
And taking for granted that, that is all for him to see,
Gets drifted helplessly hither and thither in the Samsaric Sea.

For his mates and companions on this difficult sea,
He has only unenlightened ones who could seldom anything clearly
see,

And mated with such elements on the rough rugged many a wave,
The single helpless one swims and swims in an effort for himself
to save.

Dear Blessed Lord

The Blessed Lord Himself has declared that at the time of birth,
Many a one is blind to any enlightened joy and mirth,
And deluded by the pairs of opposites in the apparent plane,
He craves for true satiation inside the world, but lo! all in vain.

He is mostly on things, fleeting and apparent,
With the big ignorance by his side, as his patronising parent,
And on and on goes this drama of weary drive,
Though seldom from this, any true good does he derive.

But yet there is born a rare one who gets into a state of unrest,
Despite ignorance's alluring attempts upon him for an enticing
arrest,

Surprised he is by this strange and definite, 'stepped- in' unrest,
And to locate its origin he is on an 'all out' determined quest.

A silence well reconciled with lethargy and sleep,
Is replaced by a craving thirst and hunger very very deep,
And rest he could never never get, try whatever might,
And it seems that he is in need of some indescribable strange
unique sight.

Dear Blessed Lord

The things that kept him comfortably bound so long,
Are no longer able to make him feel that, to them he does solely
belong,
And in asking and 'in-drawn' he is on a desperate run seen,
Judged as running amuck by all those who are in and around
the scene.

In this unrest he starts his very strange roam,
With no idea as to where to approach and to whom,
And yet he is very much on this un understood undesigned hectic
roam,
For, after all he feels deep in him the need for a far far holier
home.

Filled with a nonquenchable thirst and yearning for the Truth,
The churned up one runs unto the waves that bounce and froth,
And gazes at them in deep expectation of a response,
But Lo! They again and again sans any substance bounce and
dance.

Driven on and on hungry for a food of Reality,
To the yonder tall and lofty mountains he runs in totality,

Dear Blessed Lord

But Lo! whatever be the intensity with which he queried what
they opined,
Seldom did he get a note on the Truth for which he all along
pined.

To the east, to the west and to all over on the surface of the earth,
He ran and roamed covering the entire length and breadth,
But Lo! the Reality - his most 'sought-after' Truth,
Is for him still a mirage and that is his only present truth.

Nothing in this world could stop this man's mad run,
And he in agonised search for The Greatest Unseen One,
Continues this sincere pursuit on and on with added drive,
With the fond hope that somewhere sometime some Truth he is
sure to derive.

From where he will get this most wanted strange unique fill,
On this, his concepts and ideas are completely nil,
But relying on a guiding hand that is sure at sometime to manifest,
This true nomad seeker is on his determined continued quest.

Dear Blessed Lord

Gnawed in and out and terribly weary of the run,
This frustrated, worn out, searching and wandering one,
At last with upraised arms in agony wails unto The Greatest One,
“Oh! Dear Blessed Lord! At least now kindly help me, lest I
should be undone.”

Mark! This pathetic note did invite His benign glance,
And as a mark of His kindly assuring reward and response,
He did bid His most trusted one by a command,
To guide the struggling one, the proper way, to join His beloved
band.

To this restless soul that could in no way be halted at peace,
Save by his beckoning signal which alone could work on this
one, his ease,
The ‘God sent one’ powerfully manifests as though from
nowhere,
With “Well! My boy! Halt! Know him to be in and around
everywhere”.

As though a great great magic has truly worked,
Upon the bosom of this searching one that in every way was
erelong irked,

Dear Blessed Lord

By many a doubt and unanswered poignant conscientious query,
In dawned the Light of lights in its full bliss, peace and glory.

Mark the wonder of wonders - The Supreme’s mercy,
That has set at nought all the agony with great clemency,
By rewarding him with an all merciful holy divine guide,
Under whose shelter this searching one thenceforth does in peace
abide.

Pretty, pretty sight it is indeed, to watch the two in all joy walk,
With in between and about them the Truth as their wholesome
talk,
And on and on unto Him they joyously and steadily stride,
With the ward ever safe in the encircling arms of his masterly
guide.

The exchange of tones and whispers from one to the other,
Are sure the mark of the never breakable bondage of the one with
the other,
And to this unique sight of joy of the guide with the guided one,
by His will,
There is comparison, anywhere at anytime, absolutely nil.

Dear Blessed Lord

Invaluable and priceless is such a great reward from the greatest
One,

To many a struggling and labouring sincere one,
Who by the grace yearn and thirst for the one and only Reality,
And the Master without fail leads them unto there in totality.

So goes the blessed tale of a priceless reward,
From Him to His sincere appealing ward,
And grand grand is the vision of the guide striding with his ward,
With, “Well! My boy, Now we both are homeward ho, unto His
yard”.

Praise and glory be unto the Supreme greatest merciful One,
And to the guide - an invaluable blessing from the August One,
And gratitude immeasurable unto their unfailing saving grace,
That sure has helped us unto the Goal - the very end of a
never ending race.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Lord, It Is For Thee To Say

Dear Blessed Lord!

An inert seedling grows to top the sky,
With many many a mighty tree squandered nigh,
How and when M’Lord are the ABC of the same,
Well! It is left for none, save the greatest Thee to name.

In a shallow pond as though from nowhere throng,
Many a watery life singing their own unheard song,
And how and when and where were they all along!
Well! It is only for Thee to say, to whom they belong.

The drifting silvery clouds over bouldered mountains high,
With many a running brook and a musing pond stationed nigh,
And whither and whence, did Thee, these make and mould!
Well! It is for us, by Thee to be clearly told.

The world is all animated, as things move hither and thither,
With lot of dynamism and colourful life rather,
And whither and whence the birth of all these mysteries M’Lord!
Well! It is only for Thee to have the say in this regard.

Dear Blessed Lord

From where, to be where, and to where are we bound,
Are we also to be the same as all these that us surround,
Or, Is there anything very special to us for our walk on the ground?
Please, M'Lord, at least tell us these, lest we will be by confusion
bound.

Thanks, Thanks to Thee, M'Lord, for a say on all these,
That will keep our bubbling bosom in bliss, mirth and peace,
Which are ever attained by Thy unfathomable love, mercy and
grace,
And which keeps us at Thy Lotus Feet for ever for the rest of our
race.



Dear Blessed Lord

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om, chant Hari Om Hari Om,
Chant again and again and again in fond love Hari Om,
And mark your ability to happily and sans any restraint roam,
Singing Hari's glory to every devoted nook and home.

Everything belongs to Hari - the Mother Earth and all the Universes,
Where all the creation sing His glory in divine verses,
And fair and only fair it is, on our part to Hari adore,
Chanting Hari Om from our devoted heart's deepest core.

With the bosom in all devotion consecrated to Hari the Supreme,
Chant Hari Om Hari Om incessantly in a flooding love stream,
And greeting everyone and everything everywhere with love filled
Hari Om,
Divinise with Hari's glory, every devoted nook and home.

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om and again and again Hari Om,
And sure you will have Hari's Lotus Feet for your eternal home,
So nice and so secure a blessed refuge in Hari's name,
That you will for ever dwell there in ecstasy chanting His divine
name.

Dear Blessed Lord

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om and again and again Hari Om,
What joy could be better and where a better home!
Oh, Lord of Lords, Oh, most benign August One,
Surrendered are we, at Thy Lotus Feet, Oh, Supreme adorable
One.

May we by Thy grace ever worship Thee, Oh, Supreme One,
Blending the heart and soul and everything as an integrated one,
And walk the most blessed blissfilled guided way,
Unto Thee as lead by Thy commanded say.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, Supreme Hari,
Who mercifully does away with transmigration's agony,
Salutations again and again at Thy divine Lotus Feet -
Our sole refuge and the supreme secure retreat.



Dear Blessed Lord

Opening Unto The Divine

A man might have opened and still may be opening his heart
for a thousand things, worthy or worthless. But if he is blessed
enough to open his heart even by a microscopic dimension, to
the August One of limitless splendour and glory the divine will
replace the thousand things from within the heart, by its supreme
divine bliss filled blessed reign.

Break Your Little Self

Break your little self to become the self everywhere,
Break your little self, of your limitless heights to be aware,
Break your little self to stampede all gloom and sorrow under
the feet of the mighty Self,
Break your little self and forever become a part of the glorious
splendid, August supreme Self.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Lord! In All Thy Mercy Thou Didst Speak

Oh, Lord! About fifty centuries back, Thou didst speak and
counsel,

Unto Thy friend and disciple Arjun so vividly well,
Knowledge and wisdom of an absolute and profound stand,
Enabling him, the Soul's science, to clearly understand.

With Thy wonderful divine Conch in Thy blessed saving graceful
hand,
Thou didst as Arjun's divine Charioteer, by him firmly stand,
And steered him unscathed, through troublesome emotions of a
powerful stand,
And with Thy counsel he became stable and calm with an
unshakable wanted stand.

First Thou counselled unto him the path of Knowledge,
By which one could easily understand the Soul's subtle
transmigratory nature,

Dear Blessed Lord

And Thou didst say that this is the path for the ones of such
a nature,
Who by this knowledge itself, for deliverance, become sufficiently
mature.

Since Thou hast got for every creation a particular path for
deliverance,
Thou didst speak of doing action for liberation and deliverance,
For those with a flair for dynamism, action and work,
With an advice that they should have a complete non-selfish,
sacrificial outlook.

While questioned in multi and varied ways from bondages, to
get free,
Thou didst elaborate many means to make the 'being' free,
By resting in the plane of the Self and becoming in every respect
free,
Understanding that the Self in reality, is a witness in toto and ever
action-free.

Dear Blessed Lord

Thou didst counsel to a strong willed one desiring the goal,
To sit erect with complete mastery over body, mind and intellect
as a whole,
And contemplate with single pointed devotion upon the Supreme
Thee,
And said that constant practice of this will make one free and
abide in Thee.

Thou didst unravel the knowledge in great length,
Of Brahma, Adhyathma, Karma, Adhibhuta and Adhideiva - all
of mighty strength,
And declared Thy own Self as Adhiyagna of Supreme strength,
And advised Arjun to hold unto Thee at all times to his fullest
strength.

Then Thou didst speak of knowledge most confidential,
In all Thy mercy and love totally paramount and parental,
And said, “By taking unto Me totally, whoever Thou art,
I Promise that unto Me you are sure to steadily dart.”

Dear Blessed Lord

Now by this time Arjun knew a little more of Thee,
For a first step of higher revelation, he begged of Thee,
And Thou didst say, “Well, Come on, hear something about Me,
From an inexhaustible storehouse-but only a few for thee.”

Thou didst elaborate on Thy manifestation and their origin,
Of the Saints, Sages and Seers who are of verily Thy own origin,
And Thy manifested mighty mountains and rivers whose glory is
verily Thine,
As well as Thy manifestation of creation superior and superfine.

Now that Arjun by Thy grace knew of Thee further more,
His ‘being’, simply awed, begged of Thee for Thy Vision of
Cosmic core-
Thy Cosmic form and Supreme Personality, understood even
from times of yore,
And Thou didst reveal Thy Cosmic Universal Form, yearned
for, by his deepermost core.

Dear Blessed Lord

And Thou didst give him the divine eyes with which he could
visualise,
Thy effulgent limitless everything in form, shape and size,
And unable to conceive Thee in Thy inconceivable form - The
Absolute Whole,
He in all humility fell at Thy Lotus Feet - body, mind and intellect
all as a whole.

He addressed Thee, “Oh, Lord! The Absolute Whole of supreme
might”,
Describing to his capacity everything that he could see to his
limited might,
And getting unnerved at Thy most wonderful form of terrible
might and power,
Prayed of Thee, “Oh, Lord, Be Shree Krishna and grace that
I regain back my composure.”

Ever condescending and merciful to keep Thy devotees in peace,
Thou assumed Thy human form, charming, lovely and of supreme
grace,

Dear Blessed Lord

And Arjun Thy greatest friend and disciple belonging to the
human race,
Did get back his normal composure and original ease.

Before Thou condescended to reassume Thy human form of
greatest grace,
Arjun did beg of Thee pardon for the acts of liberty and their
trace,
That with Thee, he had taken not knowing Thy truest form, the
Absolute Whole,
Because of his human ignorance of Thee - The Supreme Cosmic
Whole.

Then Thou didst speak of the easiest and assured path,
That in essence has neither Fate's nor Karma's aftermath,
And Thou didst say that devotion free of logic, reasoning and
the such,
Is the easiest path unto Thee, for the ones with a devotional touch.

Dear Blessed Lord

Thinking of you always and devoted unto Thee to every fibre
and the such,
And working for Thee in every way by thought, deed, action
and the such,
With an equipoised 'being' at all times that Thou advocated
very much,
Thou didst guarantee a sure goal for the ones of this devoted
touch.

Then Thou didst speak about the field, the knower of the field
and the such,
And counselled that knowers of this science as such,
Get easy deliverance from all karmic confusions and the such,
And Thou didst assure that deliverance is sure for the one of this
touch.

Then Thou didst elaborate on Satvic, Rajasic and Tamasic nature,
To educate Arjun about the modes of material nature,

Dear Blessed Lord

And then Thou didst elaborate about Thy own Self -The
Purushothama,
And Parandham, the Abode of Thee-The Supreme Ishwara and
Paramathma.

And Thou spoke of the human nature - Divine and demonic,
And the faiths pertaining to Satvic, Rajasic and Tamasic,
In all fields of existence material and cosmic,
And Arjun gained an insight into nature - worldly and cosmic.

Oh, Lord, Oh, Supreme Ishwara, Oh, Greatest Supreme One,
Thou didst tell conclusively to Arjun, Thy beloved friend
and devoted one,
To renounce totally his everything in Thee and surrender
unto Thee,
And Thou wilt take charge of all his thoughts, deeds and
actions and make him free.

Dear Blessed Lord

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, Supreme Lord of the Lords,
And we are at Thy Lotus Feet, Oh, Greatest God of Gods,
And surrendered are we totally unto Thee by Thy supreme mercy
and grace,
And pray, may we be for ever Thine - be we of any origin or race.

Now as I keep singing Thy glory and praise, I recall Thy dialogue
unto Arjun at the battlefield of Kurukshetra-Thou didst speak
thus;

**; be i je xáí e~ä'ofHk/kkL;fr A
Hkfäí ef; ijk —Rok ekeo";R; l'k; AA**

“He who will impart this profound secret to My devotees, has
supreme devotion to Me, and being free from doubt comes to
Me only.

(B.G. Ch.18 sloka)-68

**u p rLekUeu";"k dfüple fi;—RreA
Hkfork u p e rLeknU; AA**

Dear Blessed Lord

There is none among men who does dearer service to me than he,
nor will there be any; and there is none on earth dearer to Me than
he”.

(B.G. Ch.18 sloka)-69

Prostrations countless at the Lotus Feet of the Lord.
My humble prostrations at the holy feet of the dearest ones of
The blessed Supreme Lord-The Saints, Sages and Seers, The
Gurumaharajas and the holy Mahatmas. May the Lord’s blessings
and the blessings of these greatest holy ones be always upon us.



Opening unto power, position, enjoyments and the like is
not the ultimate. Opening unto the Supreme One is the only true
ultimate and let us not, by His grace, miss the same, right within
the span of this birth itself. May he by His supreme mercy and
kindness open His great self unto us and save us from many a
transmigration which is otherwise an unavailable misery. May the
sole and Supreme One, who is capable of this most precious gift
- His own patent - oblige us with the same and afford us a place
with Him blissful and supremely peaceful. May He be praised.

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

When the little 'I' for lack of Thy releasing grace and fed by the prarabdha (with the possibility of a misfortune of an Agami or Sanchitha ahead, if not properly led) assumes multi thick coats so opaque that an introverting, glance into the being is nothing short of an impossibility, where comes the question of its release even momentarily to have a little room for the greatest Thee! Well, with all these multi well preferred inseparable roles, where comes even the foundation for contemplation upon Thee, leave alone attaining Thee. Blessed Lord! Thou alone can do something to open a 'being's' eyes to the Reality, detaching the same from its own mutual clutches or the upadhis around- 'I will have to do', 'I am doing', 'It is my duty' etc, etc. Well, M'Lord! Be kind enough to offer enlightenment and consequent release and rest for ever in Thy abode when the self earned prarabdha is worked out by these 'beings' in toto.

Prostrations countless. Praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Gratitude immeasurable. All of us at Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

Even a whisper does not escape Thy hearing.
Even a scribble does not escape Thy sight.
So, Though I am in a nook and in oblivion,
I know for certain that I am heard and reckoned.
Under these conditions I know that I am never never helpless.
May Thee be glorified and praised.

Dear Blessed Lord,

When I creepeth unto Thee, thou do leapeth towards me.
When I think of calling Thee I find that Thou art already by my side.
Hence I never never feel that I am alone and apart from Thee.
May Thee be glorified and praised.

Dear Blessed Lord,

Thou quencheth even before the thirst surges,
Thou feedeth even prior to hunger's birth,
Thou healeth even before the wound could be named,
Thou saveth even the very one who does not know what 'saving' is.

Dear Blessed Lord

Hence, on these and countless such counts Thou art for ever
verily The Lord.
May Thou be glorified and praised.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh! Great Supreme Lord! Oh! The Personified Absolute!
Pray, make us by Thy grace totally resolute,
In tracing the melody of Thy blessed flute,
Lest Ignorance should in each transmigration, us pathetically
loot.

In Thy Song Divine of unparalleled renown,
Thou hath to us, Thy devotees, clearly made known,
The knowledge that Thou deemeth should be by us known,
Lest, we, Thy devotees, should feel cast away and forlorn.

Where is any mercy matching the one that Thou extend,
With a view of caring for Thy devotees and them well tend,

Dear Blessed Lord

For, upon Thee and Thee alone, we for ever solely depend,
And other than Thee where could we have a one - The One without
a second.

Oh! Greatest One! Oh! Everyone's father and mother,
And everyone's everything - a friend, a brother,
A guide, a help and a perennial resource,
And a treasure invaluable beyond any estimation of course.

Oh! Lord, Nearest of the near, and Dearest of the dear,
Oh! Constant Companion! Oh! Dispeller of anxiety and fear,
Save in Thee, where else shall we find a plane,
So secure, so tranquil, so blissfilled and so divinely humane.

Under the roof of Knowledge well sheltered,
By Thy grace and kindness for us well lettered,
We, the commons sing for ever and for ever Thy glory and praise,
And our inner beings, for Thy mercy, unto Thee, in supplication
raise.

Dear Blessed Lord

Surrendered are we at Thy Lotus Feet My Lord,
And may Thee for ever and for ever, us securely guard,
For Thou art verily the Lord of all and Almighty God,
And prostrations countless at Thy Lotus Feet, Oh! Dearest
Blessed Lord.



Dear Bleaseed Lord,

A common needed talk is okay.
A friendly talk is nice.
A talk with love is sweet.
More the love the same is sweeter still.
A talk of Thee or a talk in Thy name is the sweetest of all.
And to top it all a blessed communion with Thee is supremely
sweet, blissfilled, nectarian and unmatched by anything else. It is
beyond the limitations of time, place, space and person. May
praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations
countless at Thy divine, protecting, saving Lotus Feet for ever
and for ever. Surrendered are we at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and
for ever in all our humility, sincerity, veneration and love.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Simple Little Weaver, That I Am

My dear dear Blessed Lord,

If only m' Lord, I could weave an acceptable carpet for
Thee in the humble spinning mill of mine in my heartiest love for
Thee, I will be extremely grateful for this capacity and facility
afforded to me by Thy mercy and grace.

Pray let me have the privilege of weaving this carpet to the
maximum size with optimum speed and pray let me lay it for
Thee, at Thy Lotus Feet along with my humble being, for, till the
very last breath in me, I will be doing nothing save weaving this
carpet for Thee in all my sincerity, love, devotion and surrender
to my humble capacity. Thereafter my permanent refuge will be
Thy protecting, saving Lotus Feet and pray, by Thy love and
mercy, let this carpet of mine be acceptable for a rest upon, for
Thy Lotus feet affording the required tenderness and comfort
for Thy Lordship's Lotus Feet, made such, by Thy mercy and
grace, though personally I am incapable of weaving a carpet with
such qualities which deserves to be of service to Thy divine Lotus
Feet.

Dear Blessed Lord

M' Lord I am totally filled because Thou wilt not deny me this service for Thee, for there are precedence of Thy Lordship's acceptance with very great joy a rice porridge from Vidhura Thy devotee and the pounded rice of Sudhama, Thy Gurukulam friend and mate.

Suffice M'Lord, suffice this dream of mine will take shape as a fact and myself and the simple carpet will be an accepted offering at Thy Lotus Feet once my weaving game for Thee is over.

Praise and glory be upon Thee, the supreme greatest One. Prostrations countless at Thy Lotus Feet. Surrendered am I Oh, Lord supreme, at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

A Perfect Driver - The Geetachari

A man desired and bought a car. Initially the ride was good. He was living in a small, not much populated village. So the drive was easy except for some boulders and stones on the rugged roads of the village.

Soon he grew bigger in status and age. Commitments also grew along with the same. In tune with his largeness he moved into a more populated city. He took his car also along with him, which had by this time gone a little old and started giving minor troubles. The city being more thickly populated and with an old car, greater lines of care dawned on his profile while driving. Still he will not, but drive.

On further promotion he moved into a heavily populated city and by this time he was pretty old. More and more traffic was on the road and driving started to become an agony for him. A stage came, when he could no longer drive, and had to engage a driver, willingly or unwillingly alongwith a hundered cares for the car's maintenance.

Dear Blessed Lord

So what started as a pleasure ended otherwise, with the desire to drive the car, still haunting him and inability to drive the same, all the more agonising him.

He had a friend who never harboured any such desire. He went in whichever conveyance that was made available to him. In the big city he was steered by the appointed driver without any personal care and was travelling with all ease.

Thus non-possession helps one out of all agony and care. On life's long road when you are found burdened and tired and suffering under the heat of the sun, the great Perfect Driver offers you, with a smile, a lift, which if you accept with the blessed faith, drives you unto a shelter of great coolness and pleasance, that you could not have even imagined. Since He is the great mechanic of His own car, fabricated by Himself there will never be a break-down.

But if you want your own vehicle and manage to have one, when the big driver passes by your side, your attachment for your rattling vehicle and the desire not to part with the same will simply make you blind to the offer of the lift, with the added responsibility for moving your broken down vehicle, which neither

Dear Blessed Lord

moves, nor allows you to move. The result is that you and your rattling broken down vehicle suffer the heat of the hot sun, stranded mid-way, far away from the destination and still farther away from your starting point.

What a pity! A bonded slave to the body-mind-intellect, non-compromising monstrous big boss. And what a blessing! A freedom from such a monster and perfect safety in the hands of the true magnificent, loving, generous, matchless, ever trusted friend and deliverer, the supreme greatest Master - the dearest blessed Lord - attained by the very very simple (but supremely blessed) act of surrender, by the grace of the greatest One.

Hence disown all your ownership of the broken-down and useless vehicle and accept with faith and joy the offer of the great driver, for an easy carefree travel unto the destination, cool and pleasant. He will too well, care for you and reach you unto the destination.

Praise and glory be for ever and for ever to The Supreme Perfect Driver-The Geetachari - The Greatest Almighty God.



The Guiding Light From Within

Crores and crores of animate and inanimate things are around. Amongst all, the human being is bestowed with maximum inner and outer freedom, if he cares to have it, in the relative plane. By sheer ignorance he gets caught up in many an invisible inner string and is not able to move about, by his own making. We all clearly see around us the fleeting nature of apparent existence in the earthly plane. Everybody assumes the fabricated relative identity and is able to define himself only as such. Devoid of all these relative references, he is not able to define himself because he has never looked into himself in that angle. But is it not just that he uses, his God given faculties to ask himself, as to who he is, without reference to the relative plane? The relative references assume, a certain pattern in the past, a different pattern at present and a totally different one altogether in future. Men have lived and gone. Men do live and will go, and men will

come and go. “Where have I come from, who am I, and where do I go?” To these questions, only very rare souls wake up and try to get an answer. A man who dares not these questions early, may never probably dare it at all throughout his life. Till an answer for these questions is got, all acquired knowledge is only apparent and is shred off with the shredding of the coat. Factors like attachment and ignorance temporarily provide mirage dosages of drunkenness that permanently keep one down, in that plane only and never allows him an ‘asking’ from above.

The so called conscience with its thousand duties to perform never allows an inner freedom and prescribes duties even on the death-bed. “I have such and such ownings, I should will the same”. Once the show is over all these so called duties are also abruptly over. The man could not continue his so called conscientious duties around him any longer. Though he very much feels that duties are still left

Dear Blessed Lord

behind, yet, helplessly, he has to leave them, with his assumed conscience to go to heaven or hell as per the grade of his actions while in the body. By heaven or hell is meant, a plane of living with comparative ease or difficulty in his next transmigration and once again he starts with the duty of carrying a slate and pencil to the Kindergarten class, if he has by his goodness afforded for himself, a human coat.

Had he abused the privilege of his past human coat, he goes down and gets a coat that he well deserves under the dictates of the supreme judge, with the immediate loss of internal freedom, combined with the compulsory infliction of inner agonies. Well, that is the consequence of a brutish life in a human coat - a life of total ignorance, darkness and inertia. What a pathos! Still, pitying won't do. None can help. He has to compulsorily suffer in the new coat till his debts are paid in full and the coat is dropped down, affording him a release for his next habitation.

Dear Blessed Lord

That is why when we have the opportunity to know who we truly are, it is better to know it at any cost and not to stop till the same is realised. Let the external works go on as per the Prarabdhi schedule, but let at the same time, the inner search continue without prejudice to the external work. Once you find in your within, what you are searching for, your external work will still go on splendidly, with more clarity, yielding greater joy for you and all around you, for, the thing within you that you have found is the light of lights that dispels darkness once and once for all in you and gives you an immediate and instantaneous knowledge that you are for ever free from the burden of the future births in any coat whatsoever and once this coat is shred, there is no further limiting coat for you at all. On realisation, even while within this coat of limitation you feel unlimited because you are no longer strictly demarked by the limitations of the coat, due to your ability to permeate it through and through without feeling the limitation at all. You are able to

Dear Blessed Lord

exist within and without. The limitations of the coat, once broken, you are also instantaneously free from all its limiting invisible strings, for, they are also instantaneously snapped. You reside in the body and yet you are absolutely free in truth. Well, then you know you are a jivanmukta, whether you are so known or not.

Relative happenings lose their capacity to disturb you any longer and you become like the wide large sky, the flying of things in it does not disturb it in any way - you become uncontainable in any womb once and once for all, which is absolute liberation from the cycle of births and deaths.

Birth is due to various desires and vasanas in you which blinden your brilliance and brings you down. Under their soot you are not able to see the shine of your own self and you falter, fumble and fail in darkness. Though the self in you is supremely bright it is not able to light the path

Dear Blessed Lord

for you due to the thick opaque veil of darkness with which you have yourself unwittingly wrapped the same. Just remove the veil with the grace of the Lord and see for yourself how well lit is the path for the goal. Once the inner lamp's shine is known by you, you have travelled the distance to be travelled, unto eternity with no more burden of future births. Somehow beg unto the Lord and get at this lamp within you and steer clear of all darkness once and once for all and go back home - verily the Supreme One's eternal abode.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord!

Thou art so grand, so vast, and so totally filling, that, what impression save Thee can be available in a realised being, having realised by Thy grace a speck of Thy grandest Self! The little just born infant self opening its eyelids to enjoy with awe and bliss the dawn of Thy Supreme Self, in front of its just opened eyes! An ignorant being, a fresh born slumbering infant, patted by Thy grace to wake up from slumber to the vision of the Supreme One! A being remains an ignorant slumbering infant till it wakes up to its own True Self, having been shut till on a blessed day it opens its eyelids to the illumined Vision of the Supreme One by Thy grace -An illumined sight of a supremely soothing most welcome dawn from the darkest, lost in slumber nights! Bright days ahead and dark nights lost for ever! Glory be unto Thee! Oh! Greatest One! The eternal blissful light and Thy light of lights! Oh! Beckoning blessed light house on the secure shore! A shore reaching to where, the roaring sea with its waves wavelets and monster tides is no more a danger! A total freedom from transmigration and the samsaric sea! On realisation a total longing for silence and an indifference to any speech other than on 'Self' and the Greastest One is achieved.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Stride Of The Soul

The Soul on entering this world in its infant cage,
Opens out for itself from its book of life, its first page,
And looks all around in awe and wonderment,
With all the future before its eyes fully dormant.
Upon its dim distant as well as the immediate past,
A veil of darkness and ignorance is at once cast,
Lest the present birth's incentive to walk will be fully lost,
With hosts of scenes from the past, that in those lives it has by
itself wrought.
The babe grows all along and plays many a role, fleeting and
apparent,
As a boy, a man, an elder and an old wrinkled withered parent,
With many a co-actor and actress around playing paramount
multi-coloured roles,
As in this span of life under his past karmas helplessly he groans
and rolls.
But a blessed one, though born by a mistake,
At the earliest chance to the Lord does take,
And commits no fresh folly, for further births to add,
As, it, to the Divine Goal does walk, with about it nothing
absolutely bad.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Grand Unison

As I lay deeply sunk in joy,
Of Thy thought, I heard a call sweet and coy,
From a cuckoo calling “Come, My boy”
Perched on a green pleasant tree, saying ‘ahoy, ahoy!’.

Methinks she beckons unto me in all joy,
With, “Well get up and join us my boy,
This is our sweet unto you a personal call,
To join the ‘Musical-Mela’ at our open air stall”

Under the canopy of the cool vast blue sky,
We did have our musical gaiety pretty well pitched and high,
Full of sweetness and mirth filled with the blessed One’s
grace,
And true indeed it is a day in our life’s pleasant race.

And as this show was done, what a surprise!
A voice gruff and coarse did from nearby arise,

Dear Blessed Lord

And yonder was a crow telling in a language quite coarse,
“Come, Sir, join us too, for we are also from the very same
Source”.

And true, true indeed she is, in her statement precise and
gay,

And to her expressed truth no one could say a nay,
For the Mother Earth contains plants, creepers as well as
grassy stuff,
And what if she sings in a tone a little coarse and gruff!

This show was on with a little difference in note and pitch,
And it was all full of harmony with never never a hitch,
And methinks that this note is equally sweet to the Maker
as well,
Since all His creations have a place in His loving bosom to
dwell.

Dear Blessed Lord

Oh Lord! Where is any match to Thy love and grace,
Upon which all of us bank for our life's long race.
And viewed through a vision devoted for ever unto Thee,
Harmony, peace and love greeteth us in sublime glee.

Praise and Glory be unto Thee Oh! Greatest One!
And may we have love and kindness for each and every
one,
And by Thy grace be devoted for ever unto Thee,
And earn rich blessings verily from The Supreme Thee.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Poor Little 'I'

I do not know how my heart beats or the pulse maintains its
rate,

Yet I am of the belief that I am great,
Folly of follies that one should never underrate!
The numerous exhibits advertised at the Maya's Gate!

I do not know how and when blood into my body did come,
Nor from whence how and whither my limbs are the outcome,
Nor from whither and how this 'I' did manifest
And Maya still teaches obedience to Ego's behest !

Wonder of wonders the mirror of Maya is,
That makes all these futile 'make-believe' vanities,
Look something solid and unfailingly true,
To the bitter helpless encased one, to woo!

Oh, Lord Thou the one and only physician,
Though apparently looking to be at a place, far and distant,
Kindly be with us as a smasher of the impish Ego,
So that we may join Thee and for ever our future births and
troubles forego.

Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Blessed Lord, the greatest and ever Supreme One,
The only knower of the ABC of every one,
Be kind enough from Maya's mirage us to spare,
And for ever march us to Thee over there.

Thanks, thanks unto Thee, Oh, greatest One,
For all Thy grace and kindness to match, there is none,
Grace us the way that ignorance with us is a matter bygone,
And offer us Thy company, as with you for ever we'll be many
a joyful one.



A Poem

Did the Lord in His childish prank,
Scattered the twinkling starry diamonds on the sky!
And did the Lord in His baby prank,
Kicked the Sun and Moon in the cosmos nigh.

Did the Lord in His infant prank,
Run many a river with their sandy bank,
And spread the ocean bed on the ground,
To dance and have His many a merry go round.

Dear Blessed Lord

Did the Lord in His merry mood make clouds rain,
Sometimes in drops, sometimes in droplets, sometimes in ice
cubes as per His fancy's chain!

Did the Lord make the monsoon so pleasantly to suit His
Blessed reign,
With autumn, winter, summer and spring's flowery rain.

Did the Lord make the cuckoo and the such for a singing spree,
For Him to enjoy in all joy the musical 'mela',
Did the Lord make the lion and the such to majestically roar,
For His hearing pleasure of the animal's voicy soar.

Did the Lord the Great Aesthetist create the peacock to dance,
To feed His eyes with great artistic pleasance,
Did the Lord spot the running deer,
To watch the same for its panoramic speed and Himself cheer.

Well! whatever be what, M' Lord ! Oh, greatest One,
These are all the pleasance for Thee and Thy everyone,
And thanks, thanks to Thee for sharing all these with us all,
For, all of us for ever belong to Thee the greatest of all.



Dear Blessed Lord

**Dear Blessed Lord, Our Ache
For Thy Vision And Touch**

Dear Blessed Lord, We love Thee from the bottom most
pit of our hearts,
And pray, make our love strong day by day as towards
Thee we dart,
And in Thy love let us melt our entire beings in full unison,
And enjoy our love for Thee in full and complete
absolution.

Oh, father, mother, friend and the apple of our hearts,
Let us sing Thy praise and dance with full cheer in our
hearts,
And kindly join us and embrace us in Thy own gentlest
way,
And that is our heartiest desire for Thee in our lovelorn
say.

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord, Where is the joy that can match Thy
divine touch,
And where is a heaven that can in anyway equal Thy divine
touch,
And M'Lord, won't You condescend for touching us just
for once,
And remove the ache in our hearts just all at once.

M'Lord, Thou art noted for Thy matchless mercy and
limitless grace,
And from times of yore, Thou hath held in Thee specially
Thy devoted race,
And it is a declared fact that a one with an ache in the
heart for Thee,
Is never denied this benign grace by the Supreme Thee.

Well, M'Lord, Let us go on from some oblivious far away
pastoral place,
Begging and begging of Thee till at sometime at us You
lovingly glance,

Dear Blessed Lord

And in all Thy love beckon unto us, for a love filled divine
dance,
“Come, My beloved ones, Here I am in all my love for the
blessed dancing trance”.

Well, M’Lord, This boon, we beg of Thee, not for us alone,
But for our co-souls too who ache for Thee and are forlorn,
And who beg for Thy vision and touch in equal or greater
measure,
For every devoted one knows Thy vision and touch to be
an invaluable eternal treasure.

Oh, M’Lord, Our Dearest Lord of the Lords,
We all stand here and chant Thy glory of glories,
And pray make our faith in Thee deep and deeper still,
And pray, in our bosoms Thy Supreme Self, do firmly
instill.

Dear Blessed Lord

Now we clap our hands and sing and happily dance,
And at each other we mutually in full devotion glance,
And Oh, what a joy, what a cheer and what a jubilation!
The feel of Thy divine touch and Thy Supreme blessed
presence!

Oh Lord, At Thy Lotus Feet we place our bending heads,
Thy Holy Feet in all reverence our plams do touch,
Of the Supreme Thee, we do humbly beseech,
“Dear Blessed Lord, Pray kindly for ever be our sole
refuge”,

Oh, My beloved blessed Lord, As I pen these lines I
visualise Thy charming lovely smiling face
condescendingly assuring me thus -

**firkgeL; txrk ekrk /krk firkegl A
α|ifo=ek³dkj _Dlke ;tjjo pAA**

Dear Blessed Lord

I am the father of this world, the mother, the dispenser,
the grandsire, that which is to be known, the purifier, the
Om and also the Vedas-Rik, Saman and Yajus.

(B.G. Ch.9, Sloka - 17)

**Hkākjī ;KriIk Ioykdegūje A
Iānī Iohīrkuk KkRok ek 'kkūrePNfr AA**

Knowing, Me, the enjoyer of all sacrifices and asceticism,
the great Lord of all the worlds and the friend of all beings,
one attains peace.

(B.G. Ch.5, Sloka - 29)

**vuU;kfūpūr;Urk ek ; tuk i;ikl rī A
rī'kk fuR;kfīk;ākuk ;kx{ke ogkE;ge AA**

Those persons, who think of nothing else and worship
Me through meditation, the accession to and the
maintenance of the welfare of such ever devout persons I
look after.

(B.G. Ch.9, Sloka - 22)

Dear Blessed Lord

**eUeuk Hko e~Drk e|kth ek ueLd# A
ekeo";fl ;DrooekReku eRijk;.k AA**

Fix your mind on Me, be my devotee, sacrifice to Me, thus
fixing the mind on Me and having Me for the supreme goal,
you will attain Me alone.

(B.G. Ch.9, Sloka - 34)



Dear Blessed Lord

**Oh, Lord, All These, Thy Grandeur, Glory And
Splendour**

As I in all tranquility walk northward ho,
My eyes have a fine feast of enormous mountains clad in snow,
With tall trees, slender plants, twining creepers, all fresh and
magnificent,
Standing and proclaiming the grandeur of the Greatest Thee-the
absolute Ancient.

The white snow decorating the peaks on these lofty mountains
cool and fresh,
Seems growing steadily upward, ever cool and snowy fresh,
Gently enfolded by the kindred clouds and mist with pearl
like dew drops, quite afresh,
And this sight does every awakened bosom do significantly
refresh.

Dear Blessed Lord

As the onlooking soul drinketh all this grandeur to the full,
The sight of gentle brooks, rivers and rivulets that flow in full,
Running along the fresh green grassy plains, rich and full,
Do proclaimeth, M'Lord, Thy greatness which is ever absolute
and full.

The vast azure - green oceans with their mighty waves that do
roar,
Alongwith the frothy wavelets that build up and in height, a little
soar,
Are very very aesthetic indeed for an onlooking awakened soul,
That hath set itself on a path, unto realising a much 'sought after'
goal.

DearBlessed Lord, the deep dark sky that spreadeth and roofs
Thy created world,
Adorned pretty well all over by stars that twinkle diamonds,
bold,

Dear Blessed Lord

[illegible]

Dear Blessed Lord, the sight of miles of golden sand,
Spread all over the length and breadth of desert land,
With an oasis in sight hither and thither on this sandy land,
Do in all certainty silently proclaimeth the glory of Thy Creating
Hand.

We, by Thy grace, understand Thy soft corner,
For the hills and dales that standeth and spreadeth yonder,
With many a cool lake, ripple free and looking as though in deep
ponders,
And sure they do glorify Thee - The Supreme One, nearby
and yonder.

Dear Blessed Lord

The multi coloured flying birds of the forest that fly pretty high,
And the wild animal families that, to each other, hold a deep
netted tie,
And the aquatic creations that now and then leapeth over the
rising waves, quite high,
Do proclaimeth Thy matchless creating glory, far away and nigh.

To top these all, are the Rishis, Saints and Seers as well,
In whose loving bosoms Thou dost constantly do dwell,
And they sing Thy glory in all melody which for ever, them
delights,
And these great Souls do raise even the mundane ones to
devotional heights.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh Most beloved One,
And we, the little droplets who do pine for Thee - The Ancient
parent One,

Dear Blessed Lord

Beg of Thee, for Thy ‘Darshan’ - A supreme reward of Thine,
For us, who in Thy Kindly Light do for ever eternally shine.

As we get deeply sunk in the glory of Thy enchanting creations
described above, we hear Thy soft, gentle voice telling us,

**; |f}HkfreIÙk Jhenftireo ok A
rÙknokoxPN Ro ee ritk·'kIEHkoe AA**

“Know that all creations, opulent beautiful and
glorious are born of a spark of My splendour”.

(B.G. Ch.10, Sloka - 41)



Dear Blessed Lord

Lord Hari And Lord Shiva In All Their Grandeur

In the famous pilgrimage place of Guruvayur, Lord Hari in the form of Sri Guruvayurappan and Lord Shiva in the form of Sri Mammiyurappan shower their full grace and blessings upon the sincere and loving devotees who reside here and worship them constantly, as well as upon such humble devoted ones who come from the nearby and far away places, to have a ‘darshan’ of the Lords and worship them in all their love, humility, devotion and surrender. It is a great blessing for the devotees that the shrines of the Lords are situated in close proximity to each other which facilitates an easy accessibility for the devotees, for their worship in both the shrines.

As the legend goes, the blessed Lord Shiva was at a place near the “Rudra Theertha” showering His blessings on all His devotees in a rich and limitless measure as His wont is and the devotees were offering their prayers and worship unto Him with utmost devotion. When Hari, the Lord of Guruvayur was to be

Dear Blessed Lord

accommodated in a place most holy and suitable unto Him, Guru and Vayu after elaborate search, found that the famous Guruvayur with all the greenery, nature's beauty and a pastoral atmosphere around, was most suitable for the Lord's shrine. Lord Shiva, ever benign and of kindly disposition to one and all and a great lover of Lord Hari was immensely happy to offer His own place to Lord Hari and moved to a place nearby from where He ever enjoys all the grandeur and the festivities, which are going on in the shrine of Lord Hari who is verily the Lord Sri Guruvayurappan. Lord Hari, an intimate bosom friend of Lord Shiva, accepted in all His grace this benign love filled offer of Lord Shiva and both the Lords were mighty pleased with each other.

The place to which Lord Shiva moved, came to be known as Mahimaiyur and in due course it became the holy Mammiyur. Lord Hari equally well enjoys all the grand and jubilant festivities that are conducted in the Mammiyur Shiva Kshetra for Lord Shiva and the other deities over there. It is considered that the worship

Dear Blessed Lord

in Guruvayur Temple is complete only with a worship of Lord Shiva at the Mammiyur temple as well. Even now the devotees worshipping the Lord in the Sri Guruvayurappan temple, also worship the Lord Shiva from the North East side of the temple, facing the North West direction, where the Mammiyur Shiva Kshetra is located.

Let us in all our humility and love worship Lord Shiva known as Mammiyurappan in Mammiyur and Lord Hari known as Guruvayurappan in Guruvayur and pray that we be blessed by them with their choicest blessings, for, they are the very personification of supreme love, causeless mercy, limitless grace and absolutely benign to their sincere devotees be they belong to any place.

The devotees worship Lord Vinayaka, the obstacle remover, Goddess Mother Bhagavathi, the Shakthi Swaroop and Lord Ayyappa in both the temples. Also by the side of Lord Shiva, Lord Maha Vishnu stands in all His divine grace and grandeur in

Dear Blessed Lord

the Mammiyurappan temple conferring His choicest blessings upon the devotees. Lord Subramanya also blesses the devotees in abundance with His choicest blessings in the Mammiyurappan temple.

Let us offer our worship in all our love, sincerity and deep devotion unto Lord Guruvayurappan, Lord Mammiyurappan and unto the Upadevathas and pray that we keep going the devotional way by their mercy, for ever and for ever.

May praise and glory be upon Lord Shri Guruvayurappan, Lord Shri Mammiyurappan, Lord Vishnu, Goddess Mother Bhagavathi, Lord Vinayaka, Lord Subramanya and the Lord Ayyappa for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless at their divine Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord, Oh, The Lord Of Guruvayur

Dear Blessed Lord,

Oh, Akhila Guru, Oh, Sat-Chit-Ananda Swaroop, Oh, The supreme Being, pray, kindly accept our humble whole-hearted surrender at Thy protecting, saving, Lotus Feet. May we sing Thy praise and glory in all our sincerity, love and devotion for ever and for ever.

Thou art unique in answering the prayers of Thy devotees and in conferring upon them Thy choicest blessings. Thou art glorified for ever and for ever by Thy devotees, for Thy causeless mercy, unfathomable love and supreme grace. The access to Thy supreme Self as the Lord Guruvayurappan in the reputed Shree Krishna Temple at Guruvayur is so easy for Thy devotees that their spontaneous expression, 'Hantha Bhagyam Jananam', is a heart filled expression originated by Melpathur Shri Narayana Bhattathiri about four hundred years ago, in his divine composition of the famous Sriman Narayaneeyam the rendering of which, Thou pleasingly okayed by many a nod of Thy blessed, charming, smiling profile.

Dear Blessed Lord

The venerable sage Veda Vyasa was counselled by the singing sage Narada, to narrate all the glories and lilas of Thy Lordship for getting complete fulfillment in his heart, which he felt lacking, despite writing many a scripture including the Mahabharata. Even at the very thought of narrating Thy glories and lilas, the venerable sage Vyasa got the absolute ecstatic fulfillment in his heart and he in all joy completed the narration of Srimad Bhagavatham.

Even in this yuga, Thou hath showered Thy love, mercy and grace to many a beloved devotee of Thine, for whom Thou art everything, nay, their very life itself.

For the simple motherly Kururamma, Thou played the charming mischievous child. Thou blessed Shri Narayana Bhattathiri with the vision of Thy blessed, charming ‘Divya Kaisoravesam’, visualising which he rendered the hundredth dasaka of Sriman Narayaneeyam, opening with ‘Agre Pasyami’, in all ecstasy. As a non-failing physician Thou miraculously cured him of his ‘Vatha Roga’ in toto.

Dear Blessed Lord

For the simple sincere devotee Poonthanam, Thou accepted his worship and readily okayed his pronunciation ‘Maraprabhu’, in the place of ‘Amaraprabu’, declaring that Thou art verily the Lord of trees (Maraprabhu) also, implying that Thou prefer devotion to scholarship. The devoted sage Vilwamangalam was obliged a permanent place in Thy proximity by Thy mercy and love.

For the devoted Manjula, Thou played a non-conventional acceptor of a garland offered by her in all her love. Thou greatly filled and blessed Manaveda Raja by accepting his humble offer of his divine composition ‘Krishnanattam’, which also greatly pleased Thy Supreme Self and even today ‘Krishnanattam’ is conducted in all grace and nicety in Thy temple of Guruvayur.

By Thy condescending mercy, the musician Chembai regained back his failed singing voice and Brahmasri Anantharama Dikshithar was gifted by Thee, with immense talent for rendering discourses of Srimad Bhagavatham and Narayaneeyam which

Dear Blessed Lord

describe Thy Avatharas, lilas and glories with special significance. He also conducted with great devotion, discourses on Ramayanam, Mahabharatham and Srimad Bhagavad Gita, in addition to various other devotional discourses, by Thy grace. Thy mercy and love for Brahmasri Anjam Madhavan Namboothiri is in no way less and he was gifted by Thee with a special talent for rendering of Thy glorious Bhagavatha Saphthaham discourses.

Thy mercy, love and kindness are not limited to the human beings alone. In Dwapara Yuga Thy kindness and love were markedly revealed by Thy association with the cows and calves of Gokulam as well as with Thy other creation like the monkeys, deer, peacocks, parrots and the such, in an intimate, loving, friendly way and they too wholeheartedly responded to Thy kindness and love, in thier own simple, sincere love filled way.

In this very age Thy love and mercy to the blessed Guruvayur Kesavan is well revealed by the reality that Thou afforded him Thy personal company throughout and finally absorbed him in Thy Supreme Self on the famous Guruvayur Ekadasi day, the day when Thou spake Thy Song

Dear Blessed Lord

Divine (Srimad Bhagavad Gita) to Thy beloved friend and disciple Arjuna fifty centuries ago.

Dear Blessed Lord, pray kindly bestow upon one and all of us, Thy simple devoted ones, Thy choicest blessings and protect and guide us all along unto the very goal. Thou art our sole everything, ultimate refuge and the goal absolute as well. Salutations countless unto Thee and crores and crores of prostrations at Thy divine Lotus Feet. Surrendered are we for ever and for ever at Thy protecting, saving, divine Lotus Feet. May praise and glory be upon Thy Lordship for ever and for ever.

Narayana Akhila Guro Bhagavan Namasthe, Hare Narayana, Hare Guruvayurappa, Hare Krishna.

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om

Hari Om Hari Om Hari Om

Hare Krishna.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh! Lord! Thy Mystery!

Dear Blessed Lord!

Who painted the plumes of the peacock blue,
And who hued 'snow-white' the morning dew,
Who lined the tiger yellow with stripes of black,
And who adorned the king lion with mane with such skill and
knack!

Who did fill the substrata of earth with water to drink,
And who fans the gentle breeze so much needed to breathe and
think,
Who created the heat and warmth so much needed to exist,
And who is responsible for the varied stuff of which all these
consist!

Who is the one that brings about as though from nothing,
Many, many static and varied animated thing,
And who did in all the animated things life install,
And this most precious unique life is obtained from whose
valuable stall!

Dear Blessed Lord

Who did the hills, vales and dales create,
And who does again and again things create and recreate,
What is the mysterious universal stuff with which all these are
made,
And who is that Supreme Master who did all these programmes
bade!

From when, whence and how a bird is hatched and winged to
fly,
Be it at varied altitudes near or farway, low or high,
From when and where did emerge out sharks and monstrous
whales,
And how a bed of water-filled ocean came along with tempests
and gales!

In short, when all this drama did start?
And unto where and till what time are they to dart?
And is it all for the first time the maiden start,
Or at the Maker's hand a restart after many, many an end
and start!

Dear Blessed Lord

Well! M'Lord! To these and many many endless queries,
The little questioning self in all "asking" hurries,
And sure the ABC of all things known and unknown,
Lie only in Thy Cosmic Intelligence's godown.

Let the "how"s, "when"s and who"s be where they are,
As a lot unto Thee, surrendered we are,
And in the flooding love for Thee that our bosoms hold,
Let us in the creation, only Thy greatness and grandeur behold.

Praise and Glory be unto Thee, Oh! Greatest One,
And may we, Thy beloved and fond many a one,
Be kept going in Thy commanded way for ever and for ever,
And let us from the benign guided way stray away never never.



Dear Blessed Lord

The True Path Unto Peace

Peace lies only in the contemplation and realisation of the Lord. It will look as though by solving a problem of the day one's difficulties are over. But in truth it will be found that another problem is almost already standing at the entrance, to be dealt with. These problems pertaining to the creation at physical, emotional and intellectual levels can never in toto be solved at all. Perhaps a temporary balance could be struck at the expense of reconciliation, logically or illogically. The solution lies in one's ability to go to a plane where these dare not approach. The senses, intellect and even the lower mind along with their gross attributes shy off, simply baffled, at the sight of the Supreme of which, one's own true self is a speck - a microscopic part. Till that plane is reached (which is possible only by the grace), the world, its problems, its pleasures and pains are all perpetual. Of course, with the grace nothing is impossible and the Divine will open itself up either at present or

Dear Blessed Lord

in the long run, to the true deserving seeker (made deserving by the grace) certainly and definitely. This is the promise of the Divine to the struggling souls, that try to cling to the Divine at any cost under all circumstances. Where there is truth, humility, purity, devotion, surrender and an ache for the Lord, 'manifest - grace' gushes in, in abundance. These qualities are manifesting in the blessed souls by virtue of their innumerable good, kind, loving and Godly acts performed at present as well as in the past. One surrenders his little self unto the Supreme by His grace, and that happens to be the start of a very pleasant steady progressive ascendance on the ladder leading unto the Supreme Greatest One the limitless, boundary free ocean of bliss filled peace - the very goal of existence. May God bless the reader with abundant grace and make the person eligible for the plane of peace that passeth all mundane understanding and lead him unto the very goal Absolute - the final merger into His very Self, after the completion of the allotted commissions, is the prayer of this humble devotee.



Dear Blessed Lord

Knowledge Of The Lord

The senses, intelligence and the organs of perception are all not permanent.

If I can see my dear Lord only through my eyes, then I miss Him if I don't have sight. If I can hear my Lord only through my ears, then I miss Him if I don't have the faculty of hearing. If I could know my Lord only by touch, then I miss Him if I lose that faculty. If I could know the Lord only through my thought, then I miss Him if I lose the power of thinking. If I could keep touch with my beloved Lord only in the temples, then I miss Him when I am no longer able to walk. If I can have my Lord only through speech then I miss my dear Lord if I become dumb. If I can have Him only at a fixed time, I miss Him at other times. Since I want to know Him permanently, I am not prepared to accept, that, I can know Him only by all the means, above said, or by any of the means

Dear Blessed Lord

I want to know Him, once and once for all, for ever, through that something in me, that is independent of these factors and that never deserts me, for, only then I know that, I am knowing Him and having Him truly with me for ever. Let me know that great eternal Bhagawan through something that is eternal in me, so that we are with each other without a break for ever unto eternity. The bondage between us is such that nothing shorter than this will do. If I have known Him through my true self in my true self then I have known Him once and once for all without the fear of a break. Then and then only the knower and the known become inseparably one with never in future an ache of parting. For a true devotee and lover of the Lord the ache of parting from Him - his most beloved One - is acutely agonising.

A faculty which is unexplainable and which is not dependent on any of the changing factors exists. Bhagwan intuites the devotee and through this faculty the Supreme flows into the devotee.



Dear Blessed Lord

Love Of The Lord - The Supreme Splendid Thing

My life by the grace is a poem of love,
As every creation into my heart I happily allow,
And the incense of love, I for ever inhale,
And such a life for anyone is never never stale.

Love from the heart is many a splendid thing,
And love of the Lord is the supreme splendid thing,
For, love of the Lord simply floods everywhere in abundance,
And is a blessed gift from Him full of nectarian essence.

My beloved friend, love the Lord, with all your heart,
And by His mercy, love for His creation will fill your heart,
And this love spreads and envelops every created one,
And for this unparalleled love there is exception simply none.

Dear Blessed Lord

Love of the Lord is the sure gateway to every heart,
And with this love in our bosoms unto Him we verily dart,
As in melting love we all universally unite,
And in this sweetness there is neither bickering nor any heated
fight.

My beloved friend, love is wisdom's supreme light,
And it will take you to many a divine height,
And in the love of all, you will for ever delight and dance,
And you will never miss Almighty's smiling benign glance.

My beloved friend, surrender unto Him with a love filled heart,
And from your bosom's chambers, He will never never part,
And He will fill your heart with such a pure divine love,
That, you for ever become a sweet poem of sublime love.

With love of the Lord, in your devoted heart,
Kindness, compassion and love become your inseparable part,

Dear Blessed Lord

And be it a man or a woman or a beast or a bird of any race,
Is no exception for the love in your heart filled with His grace.

Cheer up, cheer up my beloved friends,
And sure the blessed Lord will be amongst us-His little ones,
Blessing us with all His choicest everything,
And sure, love of the Lord is the supreme splendid thing.

Praise and glory be upon Thee, Oh, dearest blessed Lord,
And bless us that we are ever Thy many a loving ward,
And pray, bless us that we harbour the purest love in our hearts,
And may we sing Thy praise and glory from our love filled hearts.



Dear Blessed Lord

Come, Come M'Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

Oh, Supreme treasure mine of mines,
Thou knoweth clearly that my heart for Thee eternally pines,
And why not after all Thee, for me, Thy vision sanction,
When I have clearly set my goal as Thy blessed mansion.

It is a fact that Thou didst with many a one play,
And for me alone, for a vision, why now a nay,
Though surrendered I am to Thy every say,
And voiceth not at any time a differing say.

Is it not fair on Thy part to see that it is no mirage,
When by heart and soul I deserve none of Thy rage,
Since surrendered I am for ever and for ever to Thy will,
And certainly I don't deserve from Thee a simple 'nil'

Day and night I sing and proclaim Thy praise,
And is it not fair that Thou for me Thy Mercy raise,

Dear Blessed Lord

And what is that, that shall still maketh Thee keep away,
Despite my begging for Thy vision all through many a night
and day.

Days and nights and months and years I yearn for Thy
presence,
And you and me clearly know that for me it is the supreme
pleasance,
And why I should roll in all heat, aching ceaselessly for Thee,
When granting this grace is after all the simplest affair for Thee.

Come, Come M'Lord, My dearest friend, and my nearest one,
Stay away no longer and kindly be with this simplest one,
For truly, Thou art my everything, Oh! Greatest One,
And let me not sans Thy presence in this life get undone.

Praise and Glory be unto Thee, Oh! Greatest One,
Kindly grant this boon not only for this simplest one,
But also for the other ones who sincerely ache for Thee,
For, this begging of mine is never never too much for Thee.



Dear Blessed Lord

Everything other than the Self is a very poor substitute for the Self. That amounts to the fact that an apparent self is a very poor substitute for the Absolute Self and consequently the fulfilments from apparent selves are no comparison to that arising from within the true Self. All contacts at the intellectual, sensual and physical levels are apparent and hence the fulfilments that arise through these are also apparent.

Only bliss of the self, all pervading without void, is absolute and completely satiating. It instantaneously silences all demands in all other planes without exception.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, M'Lord! Pray, Why Any Agony At All!

Why the birth and many an 'agony's treat' M'Lord,
If the whole game is only a passing fleet M'Lord,
Why the pleasure and why the pain M'Lord,
If the whole thing is of no true gain to us M'Lord.

Why the virtue and why the vice M'Lord,
If we are only toys in Thy great game M'Lord,
The statement that the soul is never tainted M'Lord,
Does not erase the paint of agony on its coat M'Lord.

Why not everywhere everything be joy and bliss alone M'Lord,
When all of us by Thy grace, are to Thee, many a beloved
ward,
And why not Thy smiling face for us everywhere M'Lord,
That, for ever does away with 'sufferings clan' M'Lord.

In Thy yardstick we might not be even a speck - micro, micro,
And hence our faults and frailties do kindly away throw,
And with Thy never failing love, mercy and grace,
Make ours a pleasant successful unto Thee race.

Dear Blessed Lord

Well! M'Lord, what is wanted is not 'this' or 'these',
Save the gift of Thy invaluable mercy and grace,
That sure does away with 'whys' and 'why-nots'
And for ever breaks all unwanted and unholy knots.

Leave alone virtues and sins M'Lord,
What are we after all in Thy presence M'Lord,
With our dimensions almost amounting to nothing,
And Thee, everywhere grand and great in everything.

Hence M'Lord, let our virtues and sins be simple bygones,
In Thy light of grace, kindness, love and many such ones,
And kindly show for us, to reach The Supreme Thee, the
blessed path,
Lest there should be transmigration's unforeseen, mixed aftermath.

Oh! Greatest One of eternal renown,
Stand guard for all the creation which are verily Thine own,
And whatever little or nil we are worth now and hereafter,
Grace us to sing Thy praise and glory for ever under Thy blessed
shelter.



Dear Blessed Lord

Vice And Virtue

What is virtue and what is vice M'Lord!
What is right and what is wrong M'Lord!
What is mercy and what is brutishness M'Lord!
What is 'saving' and what is 'getting lost' M'Lord!

Is the tiger right in pouncing on the running deer,
Which speeds for its life in sheer despair?
Is the panther right in striking a deadly blow,
On a poor forest animal which in power is far and farther low?

Is the tiger born stamped for sin,
Or the leopard is to contain nothing save sin within?
And if so why they don't bleed their own kith and kin,
But have for their clan only love and mercy within!

The lion does not blow his own kin and mate,
And is absolutely loving and friendly till this very date!

Dear Blessed Lord

The crocodile in the vast, vast flowing Nile,
Loves its own ones and does not live in exile!

The cat has a distinct say for its kitten.
And has a different story altogether for the rats' battalion,
And a vulture has one type of tale for its pals and mates,
And quite a different terrific ones for its reptiles dates.

And what is this illogical cruel theory of survival M'Lord
Where, one by very birth, has against its opponent no reliable
guard!

All these and countless such doubts haunt many a one,
Born with an awakened conscience for each and everyone.

And torn in sheer agony of unanswered such queries.
The churned up one hither and thither in asking tarries.
Well! M'Lord! Oh, Sole refuge for these baffled ones hither,
By Thy mercy, make us understand that 'Whys' and 'Whats'
are not to be there,

Dear Blessed Lord

Let not the un-understood sin and virtue be our dragging ropes
M'Lord,
But let our hope and trust on Thee be our permanent guard,
With the only option that steereth one into sublime peace.
By knowing "Well! M'Lord! Thy Will be done" and rest in
perfect ease.

Praise and glory be for ever and for ever upon Thee M'Lord,
And let us Thy Lotus Feet always happily laud,
And with Thee as our goal and supreme reward
Shall we be marched to Thy abode as Thy many an accepted
ward.



Dear Blessed Lord

In Abiding Hope - Oh! Most Merciful One!

Dear Blessed Lord!

The Buddha got You under a tree, as the Knowledge -Existence -
Ananda - Awareness - Absolute;

Pundalika, got You on the roads, as Shriman Panduranga;

Gajendra got You from the sky over the waters as the great,
supreme Adimoolam;

Dhruva got You in the forest as the absolute embodiment of
ananda, beauty and grace in the form of Shriman Narayana;

Nandanar visualised You from across the Nandi, who obliged
him with a small shift, in obedience to the dictate of the Will of
the great most benign Lord Shiva;

Kannappa Nayanar got You on the rocky, hilly regions in his
own un-conventional way as the gazing Great Lord Shiva;

Vandhi the old woman got You, The supreme Lord Shiva, the
most merciful and considerate One, as a readily obliging labourer

Dear Blessed Lord

for help, on the sandy banks of Vaigai for mere 'puttu' (a rice
flour preparation);

Vilvamangalam communed with Thee in the form of the most
gracious, filling and friendly Lord Guruvayurappan;

Bhattathiri has visualised Thee and spoken to Thee as the never
failing physician and the ever helping Lord of Guruvayur;

So too Poonthanam and the like as their most beloved friend
and 'Yajaman'(Master), as well as Kururamma to whom You
played the blessed beloved child;

Prahlada got You right from within the massive stony pillar as the
terrific roaring Lord Shriman Narasimha, who tore off the
oppressor and tormentor of the helpless devotee child; Despite
all your terrific appearance You induced only a patronising
protective, paternal, fond feeling, free of any anxiety, fear or
palpitation in the devotee child and did him embrace;

Kuchela and Arjuna got You as their very humane, handsome,
assuring, rewarding, counselling and gentle, personal friend in
Shri Krishna;

Dear Blessed Lord

Bhaktha Meera got You, her only most beloved Being and the apple of her eye, as Giridhari, despite the mountainous hurdles cast in her path unto Thee and ultimately got totally lost in Thee; Thou didst fondly cater to the great devotee and Saint Shriman Annamacharya as The Lord of the seven hills, and to the great devotee and Visishta Advaitist Srimad Ramanuja, who is ever Thy humble servant at Thy Lotus Feet, as The Lord Ranganatha of Shrirangam, as well.

Thou did not fail to cater to Thy sincere ones in the form of the loving Goddess Mother, the Saviour Lord Muruga, The obstacle remover Lord Vinayaka and the like when Thou wert fondly taken in those forms by Thy devotees.

Strange was Your method of cutting asunder the samasaraic shackles of Thy most beloved, 'knowledge-child' Srimad Adi Shankara Bhagavadpada by playing the hoax on his most loving attached mother, by deploying a foot-gripping crocodile.

Many a such devotee, right from the times of yore, got You in a

Dear Blessed Lord

unique way and form, mysterious, strangely filling' and totally catering to the needs, at Thy gracious sanction.

Well! Dear dear Blessed Lord,

Here is yet another poignant applicant in the queue for Thy vision and intimacy in a suitable way that Thou alone knoweth. When and how and where is to be Thy gracious condescension for this ward of Thine M'Lord!

With the knowledge that Thou never faileth Thy sincere ones, I'm in all my humility and nothingness taking it for granted that I'm sure to win this precious boon from Thee.

Gratitude immeasurable unto Thee, the greatest embodiment of unfathomable love, mercy and grace, who in truth is everything and everybody as the substratum.

Crores and crores of prostrations unto Thee at Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh Lord, The Song Divine - Thy Love And Mercy

The prelude

This incident dates back to fifty centuries of yore. The scene at Kurukshethra was full of contained fury and rage with mixed emotions on both the sides - the Kauravas on one side and the Pandavas on the other. The battling persons were the unrighteous Duryodhana and his clan in large numbers alongwith their battle chiefs, against the simple righteous Pandavas who were subjected to deception, indignity and humiliation by the Kauravas. The Lord Supreme, Shri Krishana gave His divine support and wise counsels unto the dharmic Pandavas with the promise that He will not fight in the battle on behalf of them, but will be a

Dear Blessed Lord

charioteer to Arjun in accordance with his personal wish and request. What a wonder! The supreme Lord assumes the role of a master and the servant at the same time as well, delivering the eternal knowledge with his own supremacy, firmness and majesty to Arjun and at the same time driving his chariot in the battle field.

The Lord has declared thus :-

“For the protection of the good and for the destruction of the evil I am born in every age”. The ever unfailing Lord as per His promise took to the protection of Dharma and showered His divine grace and mercy on the simple, devoted, surrendered, righteous Pandavas.

Dear Blessed Lord

The Lord did find a flaw even in the Pandavas, in their failure to protect the modesty of Draupathi, when the same was in jeopardy in the assembly of Duryodhana and would have punished them also, but for the timely appeal by the intuitive Sahadeva unto Him, for mercifully sparing them from His contemplated punishment. The devoted Sahadeva by his love tied the Lord within his heart. Quite pleased, the Lord asked of Sahadeva for any boon of his choice. Filled with gratitude for this mercy of the Lord, the devoted Sahadeva in all humility, appealed unto the Lord that they (the Pandavas) be spared of any punishment, for any lapse on their part, in the yardstick of the Lord. The Lord appreciating the intuitive intelligence of Sahadeva smilingly condescended to oblige him by granting his request. Thus all the five Pandavas were saved by the Lord, in the battle in tune with His promise unto Sahadeva.

Dear Blessed Lord

Now we go to the scene where the Lord begins His instruction of knowledge to Arjun, His beloved friend and the surrendered disciple. This marks the beginning of the blessed Lord's Song Divine-Srimad Bhagaved Gita, full of knowledge eternal and wisdom absolute.

A Simple Summary Of The Blessed Lord's Song Divine

The song divine opens in a battle atmosphere wherein a despondent Arjun, emotionally disturbed was refusing to fight with his own near and dear, kith and kin, who were arrayed in the battle field on the side of the Kauravas, ready to fight.

Dear Blessed Lord

In this atmosphere of confused emotions, rage and unrest, the Lord exhorts Arjun against his emotional disturbances and despondency and explains to him the transmigratory nature of the soul and its eternal nature as well. He tells Arjun that on acquiring this knowledge of the soul one realises his true self and attains permanent peace, tranquility and bliss. The Lord also declares that “skill in action” is Yoga.

For the people who are not to give up actions, by virtue of their Karmas, the blessed Lord advocates, the performance of action without attachment and offering of all their actions verily unto Him, free from desires and with the concept of a ‘non-doer’. By this one reaches the stage of freedom from actions. He also declares that one should win over one’s own inner enemies ‘Kama’ and ‘Krodha’ which stand in the way of his gaining knowledge and consequent liberation.

Dear Blessed Lord

Again He advocates for certain class of devotees to realise the Truth by surrendered service unto the seers who have known the same. They will impart the knowledge of the truth to such devotees, knowing which the devotees are for ever disillusioned and learn to see everything in entirety in themselves and in the Lord as well.

The Lord declares that one who is beyond the dualities, hatred and desire, is a true renouncer and he is easily liberated from bondage. Knowing the Lord as the enjoyer of all sacrifices and austerities, the Supreme Master of all the worlds and the friend of all creation, one attains, eternal peace.

Another path that the blessed Lord advocates for the strong willed one is to shut off all external contacts, sit in the advocated posture and concentrate on Him with single pointed devotion, which will free him from emotional disturbances and help him to

Dear Blessed Lord

reach a plane of tranquility and ultimately attain the goal. The Lord also assures that one who does good, never comes into an evil destiny. The Lord further declares that amongst all the Yogins, the one who worships the Lord with his inner being merged in Him is considered by Him the best.

Then the Bhagwan declares that He is the Supreme Being and nowhere there is anything or any one higher than Him. He also declares that only by totally surrendering unto Him one gets over Maya. Those who want freedom from old age and death verily take total refuge in Him and attain Him ultimately.

Again the Lord declares that He is easily available for those yogis who always think of Him to the exception of anything else. Such great souls do not come back to this impermanent place full of sorrow and misery, having verily attained Him.

Dear Blessed Lord

For the devoted ones, the Lord declares that worshipping Him, by offering with devotion unto Him a leaf, flower, fruit or water is pleasingly accepted by Him. He also advocates that whatever action is done, whatever(permitted) food is taken, whatever offereing is given and whatever Thapas is performed, may all be done as an offering unto Him. By that, one is free from the effects of Karmas and he verily attains the Lord. The Lord tells Arjun to proclaim to the world that His devotee never perishes.

Arjun wanted to know the glories of the Lord and the Lord speakes to Him a few of His glories and then declares that the entire universe is held by a part of His Supreme Self.

Then the Lord reveals His ‘Viswaroopa’ to Arjun, who gets unnerved at the sight of the Lord’s Cosmic Universal Form of terrible might and power and of unlimated size and shape and

Dear Blessed Lord

unable to stand this form of the Lord, Arjun falls flat, worshipping the Lord from all sides and in all humility, begs of the Lord to assume His benign, charming four armed form, wearing the crown and holding in His hands, the conch, the disc, and the mace. The Lord tells Arjun that this terrible Universal Form which by His own Yoga He has assumed and shown to Arjun has not so far been seen by anybody other than Arjun. The Lord who likes to keep His devotees ever in peace, immediately condescended to Arjun's devotional appeal and assumed His lovely, charming, blessed form and gave Arjun his wanted peace. The Lord tells Arjun that only by single pointed devotion He can be known, seen in this form and also entered into.

While speaking about the path of devotion, the Lord declares that this path is the easiest one for attaining Him and the Lord advocates various steps in devotion. He declares that a

Dear Blessed Lord

devotee who follows His injunctions on Bhakthi is exceedingly dear to Him.

Then He describes at length the field, the knower of the field, the knowledge, the thing to be known, Prakriti and Purusha as well. He subsequently describes the three gunas, Sathwa, Rajas and Thamas and advocates transcendence of the same, by which one for ever remains in Ananda.

The Lord declares that by total surrender unto Him, one reaches the Paramdham, the Lord's eternal abode from where one never returns back(to the earth). The Lord is known as the 'Uthama Purusha'(Purushothama) because He is beyond the perishable and the imperishable as well.

The Lord goes on to dwell upon the divine and the demonical qualities of beings and declares that the divine ones reach Him and the demonical ones never attain Him at all. Then

Dear Blessed Lord

the Lord dwells at length on the nature of the Sathvic, Rajasic and Thamasic faiths and also expounds the knowledge on Sanyasa and Thyaga. The Lord states that He is seated in the hearts of all beings, making them move as though mounted on the machine. He counsels on to take refuge in Him alone and by His mercy one will cross over all hurdles and attain the peace supreme and the eternal abode. Finally He advocates to one, to renounce all dharmas and surrender unto Him alone and He will free one from all sins. The Lord concludes with the statement that the one who preaches the dharma as declared by Him in His Song Divine is exceedingly dear to Him and there is and there will be none dearer to Him than such a devotee.

May praise and glory be upon the Lord's Song Divine for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

Pray bestow Thy love, mercy and grace upon one and all of us, so that we live Thy counsels in the Song Divine and march unto Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet-the ultimate refuge for Thy entire creation and the goal absolute as well. Praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless at Thy divine saving Lotus Feet. Surrendered are we unto Thee for ever and for ever.

Jai Shri Krishna



Dear Blessed Lord

Break Your Little Self

Break your little self to become the self everywhere,
Break your little self, of your limitless heights to be aware,
Break your little self to stampede all gloom and sorrow under
the feet of the mighty Self,
Break your little self and forever become a part of the glorious
splendid, August Supreme Self.



Dear Blessed Lord

Oh! Supreme Master!

Oh! Supreme Master! What a lovely canopy Thou hath made,
To roof the world and to be upon the same bade,
Many a star and starlet that twinkle and speak,
Of Thy eternal glory which is ever at the peak.

Oh! mighty Architect! How inimitably Thou hath made,
The vast ocean and of which an azure spread made,
All pleasantly blue, offering a breezy delight,
Which is an unparalleled art to any onlooker's sight.

Oh! great Maker! How enormously Thou hath the deserts
made,
And to be a scene in the world, them firmly bade,
And they full of miles and miles of sand of aesthetic shade,
Do for ever proclaim Thee as The Supreme Maker of superb
grade.

Dear Blessed Lord

Oh! great aesthetic Being! How wonderfully Thou musingly
did make,
Many a holy river, rivulet, brook and cool pleasant lake,
That simply filleth our inner vision and the external sight as well,
As we sublimely gaze at them and in reverie inwardly dwell.

Oh! great Creator! The Moulder of hills and mountains, lofty
and high,
And also the Maker of the valleys and vales that downward dive
nigh,
Great, great is the grandeur of the art in Thy every make,
Be it a bouldered rocky mountain, a down below valley or a
cool pleasant lake.

Oh! grandest Maker of many a Saint with a blessed mission,
The true Knowers and Seers of the path leading unto Thy Vision,

Dear Blessed Lord

And these ones you bade to lead the seekers unto the goal,
And thanks, thanks to Thee for this lead unto Thee- The Supreme
Absolute Whole.

Dear dear Blessed Lord! The Magnificent Creator of matchless
renown,
The Creator of things that are to us known and not known,
Praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever,
And let us by Thy grace from Thy Lotus Feet sway away
never never.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Bleassed Lord,

When I stand in Thy front in Thy shrine, Thou stampeth in me Thy Reality in no uncertain terms, affording me a total impression free state, a state free of any other impression save Thee-the core of the Reality and the Truth. Pray, impress Thy Reality to such stability, that the physical inability to be there in Thy shrine always shall not deprive me of the intensity of Thy fusion in me, not withstanding my physical limitations or the distance between the terrains of Thy blessed shrine and my humble physical existence in a dim distant shelter, dim and distant in our sight, yet pretty close and well in the cognisance of Thy ever illumined friendly and protecting kindly vision. Well, my dearest blessed One, gratitude immeasurable for all Thy unfathomable, kindness love and grace. Praise and glory be for ever and for ever upon Thee. All of us at Thy pretecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

There is many a swimming fish in many a varied plane; some near the surface, some a little below, some deeper down still and some almost at the bottom of the ocean, well out of the reach of either any net or angler's rod at that, perfectly safe and unruffled with the thickest blanket of the ocean shielding it from all adversaries. The interludes and feuds are abound in the surface and regions where the ocean on top is only a thin blanket. Blessed are the ones that dive deep into regions of great peace far far away from the shallows and surfaces and their forcing involvements.

May praise and glory be upon the Lord-the all merciful bestower of this intelligence for safety and release for these solid giant ones, who are not fickle enough to want a raise to the shallow surface every now and then and get caught either in local feuds or involvements with co-fish or into the fisherman's net or the angler's rod. They continue deep deep down in their sweet unruffled peace, the reward for their distancing themselves by a grace, from the hollow, shallow, odd and sundry!



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

If by Thy grace one develops a true longing for Thee, all other longings that in truth are gnawings on him, do a right-about turn and march off to some other less fortunate target of theirs. Well, my Lord! Bless us with this longing for Thee, which is a sure remedy for all other gnawings on the little unillumined selves. In truth longing for the Lord is not a longing! It is longing as well as fulfillment in itself, simultaneously at the same time! The moment by the grace, the longing sets in, indications will also be there about the already flowing bliss of the Lord, from the Lord. An elation and lightness that is to be experienced to be known is in truth experienced by the blessed entity. May praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy saving Lotus, Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Every 'I' and 'mine' is the compartementalising wall in the vast 'compartment free' cosmic expanse. When this little 'I' and 'mine' is totally dispensed with at the absolute end of karmas, a swimmer is no longer individually available, separate from the ocean's vast expanse of water. A droplet, that thought itself to be a droplet has dropped its individual apparent identity to find itself after all, as a part of a vast and deep watery expanse of the ocean.

My Dearest Blessed Lord!

Since Thou happen to be my sole saviour and everything unto me, Thou has to be the chooser and supplier of any and all my actual needs that I may not be aware of; which by Thy mercy Thou art always too earnest to mind. May praise and glory be for ever and for ever upon Thee. Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

I might gaze at Thee in a shrine or even elsewhere . I might look at Thee deep, deep, and deeper still. I might sing about Thee to my throat full. Yet till Thou respondeth, all these amount to only hearty appeals from my side unto Thee. A total fulfillment is obtained only when Thou respond. Once Thy kindly fond loving response is registered, it is all very simple, very much relaxed, blissfilled and a natural spontaniety, with eyes either open or closed, with throat either vocalising Thee or silent, for, then Thou hath for ever stamped the ‘being’ with Thee beyond tampering, for eternity! No more mental strain! No more agonising anxious waiting! No more pining, awaiting a signal from Thee!

Thou hath graced and Thy fill for ever and for ever has run into me-Thy blessed one, as Thy loving eternal gift. Thereafter it is all, “Well, my Lord! Thou art here and by Thy grace I am also kept here graced by Thee and graced by Thy gracious presence. Well! A well filled being, with the Filler as well! May praise and

Dear Blessed Lord

glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



A man might proclaim and profess many a thing and sure they are marked in planes right from the rock bottom of intelligence upto even intellectual planes of Himalayan heights.

But a whisper, nay even a little sprout of a beam of the Supreme One touches the very core that animates all planes in the body-mind-intellect-indriya-senses mechanism, as well as the core of the very creation itself, for it suddenly makes the Hands felt, the very Hands that made and moulded the entire creation of the past, present and will be the sure moulder of the future ones too! May praise and glory be for ever and for ever on the greatest eternal Master Maker, our Supreme dearest blessed Lord. At His protecting Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

Thou art a captive to none, save unto Thy own humble, simple mad devotees, to whom Thou willingly and fondly condescend to graciously remain a captive in their hearts once and for ever, the biggest truth being that every single one has an individual single Thee for his own self exclusively, to love, to cherish, to fondle and surrender unto, because in truth Thou art the One and Thou art the all.

Oh! greatest blessed One! Praise and glory be unto Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

The veil of maya is such, that even a very wise one is seldom able to have a serious knowledge that there is something like a time, it fleets and in the process surely does one's life span depletes! "Everything is stable. I am stable! I will build a large house and complete the same at least by my sixty etc". But, Lo! year by year a cheque leaf from life's book is spent and by sixty, sixty leaves are gone! Strange! one is still not very serious about the spent leaves! How many more left! God knows! Still on goes the feeling of total stability over here and continued plans for many many more years to come, with every year one more leaf getting spent. Well, wonderful all this is! No change in attitude even at seventy and beyond, if one is to be there! Oh, God, wonder of wonders Thy Maya! A whole life spent this way! What is beyond? Where is the time to ask! So on and on goes the story

Dear Blessed Lord

of travel from one start unknown to another start unknown via an exit arena unknown! Oh, Lord! Please save us, who have sensed this game of Maya by Thy protecting saving grace and help us for the goal when our present game is done. Let there be no more games and no further fooleries at the hands of Maya! Oh, Lord! save us all whether we are wise or ignorant, by Thy mercy, unfathomable grace and love. Prostrations countless at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever. Gratitude immeasurable. May for ever praise and glory be upon Thee. Surrendered are we at Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

So long I had my runs in my own way. It is time that now I switch over to the run in Thy guided way. Let the run to be, be by Thy side. Pray let me reach the destination before it is too late. Well! How can it be late, when Thou art my energising and speeding Master! With Thee in the affair, I am sure, that I can have a sweet communion with Thee all along. When the Master Himself is on the job guiding the devoted one where could be a better or a match to the One! Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, greatest One. Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

My attempt to search for Thee or know Thee is all a simple, yet to succeed attempt, till Thou respondeth from Thy side, truly and definitely, by Thy great grace and make me intute with “Well, I am here my boy and am with you too, all along”. Well, M’Lord! Grace me the same way M’Lord, by Thy mercy and grace. After all Thou knoweth that I am not the first in the ‘Que’, to be graced that way! Thou knoweth my serial number in the ‘Que’ and perhaps it might be the pretty end of a marathan one. Well, M’Lord! Fail me not, the ‘n’t h one, begging Thy grace, where Thou only can decipher the ‘n’

Praise and glory be for ever upon Thee, M’Lord
Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy
protecting and saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord!

I am extremely grateful for Thy privilege of a capacity to sincerely address Thee, at least in the evening of an ‘n’ th transmigration where Thou alone knoweth what ‘n’ is. Though I am able to register a mighty fatigue that should have been the result of many many a pretty marathon merciless run, I am happy M’Lord that at least now I have learnt an availability of an oasis amidst a scorching sandy desert, and Thou art mysteriously capable of affording me a transport to, over there by Thy mercy, which place is not only free of any further scorching heat, but also cool and pleasant enough to warrant no further ‘sighs’ and ‘heaves’ from me. I am extremely grateful to Thee, Oh, greatest One, for ever and for ever, because it is a well known truth, that when one has been graced to feel Thee and Thy grace, one also can bank on the unshakable truth, that, he or she or it is already

Dear Blessed Lord

saved, not withstanding anything-a privilege unto not only the two legged entities but also unto Thy entire creation as well! Greatest grace M'Lord. A Gajendra! The crocodile! A Jatayu! A Dhruva! And the one who was a stone by a curse got back her original devoted form of Ahalya! Not less significant is Thy merciful cures! Bhattadri! Chembai! Anantharama Dikshitar and many many such ones known as well as not known to the world! Oh! Greatest One! Praise and glory be upon Thee! Prostrations countless at Thy saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

We are all Thy wards. Kindly for ever be our everything and steer us along, to be accommodated with Thee, all the while keeping our allotted journey, pleasant, peaceful and nice, and making available to us Thy sweetness and fragrance all along, by Thy unfailing grace and unfathomable mercy till Thou lodgeth us with Thee, for ever when our jobs here are done unto totality producing regrets in none while here or hereafter.

May praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh! Greatest One. Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. At Thy saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

Namasthe to Thee from all sides. Oh! Akhila Guru! Crores and crores of prostrations at Thy Lotus Feet for Thy benign kindness and mercy in opening up the doors to get steeped in Thy consciousness solely which is the realm that Thou only can personally open or get opened via Thy already chosen ones, who are taught by Thee the technique of ever remaining steeped in Thy consciousness and at the same time extend a lifting source of force to the true anxious seeking thirsty and hungry ones, who are thirsty and hungry for the realms beyond and realms that are out of the reach of the body, mind, intellect, indriya, senses mechanism. Try what might, unless aided by Thee or by Thy chosen

Dear Blessed Lord

ones, who simply draw aside the most alluring curtain of Maya to give a glimpse of Thee upon whom even the Maya relies for her captivating charm, which Thou permit to enjoy a self created lila that is Thine own and yet only a screen play, as far as Thou art concerned, to be watched by Thee on the original true plain, non printable illumined Athmic screen, self illumined by the ‘Athma’ itself, and surrendering to Thy dictate for screening purposes under Thy will-for Thy simple pleasure.

Well! Oh, Greatest One! Even in the screen of many an actor, there are available a few blessed ones who are privileged to reflect Thy light, spread Thy illumination and light The path that leads unto Thee.

Dear Blessed Lord

Oh, Lord! even to Thy magic game, how kind it is of Thee to emanate true light and illumination, here and there for the eyes of a few, also graced that way by Thee! Oh! Greatest One! Even in this game, I pray, that many a one nay, one and all be provided that lighted vision, that faileth not to cognise the great Manager, seated someswhere quite in incognito for all unless and otherwise indicated by Him Himself and all along watching the game in silent indifference and at the same time, keeping it going just like that! what for! Thou alone knoweth M'Lord! well, doesn't matter M'Lord, in as much as, we, who can't miss the game, are privileged by Thee, not to miss Thee also, which

Dear Blessed Lord

guarantee lies only with Thy blessed Self. Pray, M'Lord, Let everyone in the game also be privileged with this guarantee card of Thine M'Lord, as Thy gifted wage for having enacted Thy play as Thy humble, surrendered instrument knowingly or unknowingly!

Praise and glory be for ever unto Thee, Oh! Greatest One! Prostrations countless. Surrendered are we at Thy saving protecting Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Blessed Communion

Dear Blessed Lord, Oh, most enchanting One,
With the aesthetic colourful peacock feather adorning Thy crown,
And an all inviting blessed smile that is Thy very own,
Thou standeth playing Thy flute, a melody of Thine own.

With Thy inexplicable charm and fullness that is all pervading,
Thou simply draweth the purest - the most devoted deserving,
And they chant and dance singing Thy glorious name,
In full ecstasy that verily springs from chanting the same.

As Thy condescending smile is perceived,
Sure it is that Thy grace is received,
And it is the start of the blessed communion,
The most ecstatic divine personal union.

Thy glance for the most devoted ones,
Is all that is needed for the very thirsty ones,
And fully quenched of thirst and hunger by Thy grace,
They for ever in Thee end their frantic race.

Dear Blessed Lord

In this exalted plane - everything's absolute essence,
They are aware of no other presence,
Save Thine - The Supreme Master of all,
And the absolute refuge and caretaker of one and all.

With the demarking lines of the past, present and future vanishing,
They are with Thee, ever Thy grandeur cherishing,
And in Thy gracious presence sans anything else,
Ecstasy in their bosoms for ever floods and dwells.

Oh, what a joy, what a peace and what a security,
What sweetness, what grandeur and what an unity,
Indescribable my Lord and indeed far beyond words,
Oh, beloved Supreme Master of all the worlds.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, greatest One,
And surrendered are we for ever unto Thee, Oh, Supreme One,
And may we sing Thy glory for ever and for ever,
And separation from Thee for us shall be never never.

Dear Blessed Lord

Oh! Lord! All These For What

Well! M'Lord, to whither the run,
And where is the start for anyone,
And how many starts have so far ended,
And how many bodies the Athma has thus far tended.

Bound for where hereafter M'Lord,
And where was I previously, though for ever Thy ward,
And why am I running like this mad, mad,
And what gains I am going to have or already had.

No idea, M'Lord, no idea whatsoever,
And kindly do something for me as Thou art to me very very
dear,

By telling me what all this run and show is about,
And if spared, I will for ever, in comfort be off the bout.

Youth bids adieu in the long run,
And the faculties also fade, having for long, their game done,

Dear Blessed Lord

And in the residue of an old wrinkled frame,
The 'Being' bides its evening having almost done the game.

Kindly put a stop to the unlit ignorant race,
By Thy mercy and ever flowing grace,
So that we may constantly look at where we ought to gaze,
And never again be the ones in darkness and in a daze.

By Thy unfathomable mercy, love and grace,
Let us be aided to end this frantic race,
And having understood this to be the transmigration's ending
page,
Let us bid adieu once and for all to this limiting final cage.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, greatest Lord,
And our 'Inner Beings' tell us of Thy surest reward,
And in Thy thought day and night we blissfully bide,
And certain it is, that we'll for ever in Thee abide.



Dear Blessed Lord

God Realisation

God Realisation

What is the goal of the existence?

God Realisation.

What is God Realisation?

Realisation of your own Absolute, Truest Self which is a part of the Lord Supreme.

Why should I realize that Self?

It is your one and only stable platform where the wavelets and raging storms of mundane existence will not touch you once and once for all. Run anywhere you want. Still they will chase you. But if you stand on your own true Self, they are left far, far below because they are incapable of rising to your level.

May I know what are the storms and wavelets that you are referring to?

Dear Blessed Lord

Sure, Why not? Everybody knows it. The storm of inner and outer passions, sensual, physical, intellectual and the like, that hugs you one minute and kicks you the next minute, that boils you sometimes, to cool which there seems to be no solution, that makes you run amuck in absolute helplessness, that sends you in fits of rage that gnaws you from within and outside and thousands of such afflictions and temporary reconciliations, with only deep slumber for undisturbed moments, with occasional droplets of unstable pleasure amongst eternally changing patterns. Everybody is almost in the same state in one way or other, and none has a solution –right from birth till realisation – same state in one way at ten, in some other way at twenty, in a different way altogether at thirty and in various ways even at seventy.

Only on getting at your True Self, you really smile, bliss – filled, wrapped in ecstasy, undisturbed and fully lost in pleasant coolness.

Hence the need to realise the self.

Only then you truly live in all your grandeur and grace, with no inclinations for anything base.

Dear Blessed Lord

The philosopher's stone is supposed to convert the base metals into the noble one. The healing touch of Godmen converts everything base in you into noble, nobler, noblest or supremely noble, as per your deservance. Hence the need for Godly contacts.

The animal in you is slowly stilled and the divine in you is awakened and while getting processed you become aware of many, many heights in you, i.e. you seem to cognise something undefinable, but yet definitely available, something that is not at all limited, and into which something you are very willing to steer yourself.

How nice it is to stand on the platform, grand and great and recollect the smallness in which you were limited before realisation. There remains only greatness and vastness to cognise. No limitations!

May Almighty God bless the devotee reader to rise to divine heights and be a blessing to Self as well as to others around. May peace and bliss be unto the person and all around.

Dear Blessed Lord

The Mysterious Void

You may pray for and Bhagwan may confer the blessings of all material enjoyments on you. Even with all these you will feel a mysterious need for something more than all these. You will feel that all these do make you happy and fill you temporarily but there is still something in you, in some deeper most corner, that makes you feel that you are not yet having that supreme fulfillment.

This void is got over only on God realisation or realisation of the Self. Till that is attained whatever said and done, a small desired fulfillment, remains a mirage unfulfilled, even with thousands of other fulfillments obtained in various planes. On realisation, the unquenchable thirst is quenched for ever, and one is full, with no more thirsts. All thirsts and cravings which are in truth thirsts for the True Self, cease.

On true surrender to the Supreme the pure spirit flows within and fills the mysterious void in all its bliss, splendour and peace that passeth all mundane understanding.

Dear Blessed Lord

Salutations, Oh, Venerable Master

A Gurudev is a one selected for a divine mission,
Not simply any mission, but a highly blessed commission,
And in him we visualise the rays of divine Light,
Which is sure to elevate us to planes of divine height.

This job cannot be for a common man,
For, closeting with the 'Gunas' and their clan,
Is never that simple or an easy plan,
To be worked out by an ordinary unbaked mundane man.

Well armed by the Bhagwan and blessed by His grace,
There is in the chosen one no hurdle's rugged trace,
And potent with the backing of The Greatest One,
He simply sees to His mission successfully done,

"Go and complete these jobs of mine",
Sayeth The One unto him, chosen by the Divine,
And well, There we see a gift for us from The Lord,
Sent to guide, lead, teach and as well guard.

Oh, Revered Saint, the venerated Harihar Ji Maharaj,
Who for ever dwells and works in Shree Krishna's Raj,

Dear Blessed Lord

Salutations and prostrations at Thy Holy Feet,
And thee, unto our bosoms we heartily invite and greet.

It is a rare and rarest privilege indeed,
To be a chosen one for many a divine deed,
Chosen by Him – The Supreme One indeed,
And a rare guide for all our thoughts and many a devoted deed.

Even a thought of thee, oh, Divine Master,
Shall cleanse anyone of thoughts and deeds even most sinister,
And may the Greatest One be praised with all gratitude,
For gifting us with thee – The most gentle one who is never rude.

By thy grace we understand that despondency and despair,
Are commodities freely offered at Ignorance's fair,
And with thee as our beacon light we shall never share,
Anything that Ignorance offers us saying, 'In our yardstick its all
very very fair.'

Unique is thy way of making everyone The Geetaji chant,
And in thy mighty presence there is never a 'can't
And inspired by this holy superb derived power of thine,
Every bosom claims. 'Oh. Lord, the Song Divine is verily mine.'

Dear Blessed Lord

Though enmeshed in Ignorance's darkened network,
Made of Rajasic and Thamasic fibres and fabric,
Yet the rays that spark from thee potent with His powerful words,
Do help for our freedom by 'snaps', as though by the sharpest
swords.

How can we, initially of a poor ignorant lot,
Offer unto thee, sufficient measure of gratitude from our little heart,
For the invaluable charity that thou hath upon us bestowed,
And sure this will have us unto His Lotus Feet certainly towed.

We sincerely pray unto Him – The Supreme One,
To bestow upon thee – our most cherished and revered one,
Everything auspicious, longevity and perfect health,
Which in truth, are our real riches and wealth.

May The Greatest One be enshrined in our hearts for ever,
Alongwith thee who is to everyone very very dear,
We offer prostations countless unto Him and His beloved thee,
Oh, Swamiji, Pray accept gratitude from everyone including this
humblest me.



Dear Blessed Lord

How unsatisfying and painful every attachment and wordly longing
is! Yet how satisfying, complete, satiating and filling the longing
for God is!



Oh, Lord, the Embodiment of Truth,
Oh, Great Omnipotent, the ever Reliable,
Oh, Mighty power that is behind everything all over,
Please save me and be with me for ever.

There is no greater friend to me than you,
There is no greater love I am capable of than what I offer unto
you,

There is no greater request I make to you,
Than a permission to be for ever with you.

You are the sum and substance I perceive,
You are everything that I knew when I live,
And I seek and want nothing more,
Than your grace and mercy to condescend to separate from me
never more.

Dear Blessed Lord

For ever and ever I shall sing your praise,
As long as I do have a voice to raise,
That eternal name of the All – pervading,
So sweet, melodious and ever satiating.

Oh, God, I am glad and happy,
That at a young age you separated me from all that is unhappy,
And blessed me with your company for ever,
And for that I shall sing your praise for ever and for ever.

My feelings are powerless to express what I feel,
Since you are so mighty that you could know them,
Though in expression I fail, being myself a mortal and frail,
Yet made immortal by your mercy and will.

Oh, God, Let the peace that I enjoy in your light,
By contact with you day and night,
With all its superb powers and might,
Guard me and lead me to you the eternal light.

Let my days be simple and sincere,
Let me for ever be to you dear and near,

Dear Blessed Lord

And when this small chapter of mortal existence is over,
Let me become one with you and I beseech of you nothing more.

Oh, great Lord, the Supreme,
Be by my side for ever and for ever
And save me by strengthening me,
From anything that might bar me from coming never to Thee.

Oh, Lord, your name I shall remember day and night,
Your vision I shall cherish for ever and for ever,
And I shall continue to visualize Thy glory,
Till I become an inseparable part of you.

I am incapable of any deeper sincerity than what I reflect
In all my little actions in all my humble deeds,
And I salute and pray to you now and for ever,
To be my guide, till I join you for ever.

You are the greatest glory that I have ever visualised,
You are the finest sight that I ever behold,
And never more shall I cease to see you,
And never more shall you part from me.

Dear Blessed Lord

I will sing your song as long as I could,
I will sing your praise as long as I could,
This verily will what I be doing for ever,
Till you condescend to merge me with you and part from me
never.

I am a humble fragile human being,
But yet you the all powerful and life of every being,
You that is everything and in everything,
I hold for strength now and for ever.

My pen may be incapable of a description of you,
Why, my pen is incompetent to feel and say,
But yet I for ever and for ever feel you strong,
And for ever and for ever visualise you, the Eternal.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

Unless Thou steppeth in, M'Lord, a mortal Body – Mind – Intellect – Indriya – Senese mechanism can afford for itself, by its personal capacity, only a similar one, as a man or a woman, or a beast or a bird or anything by virtue of its ignorant Karmas.

Pray M'Lord, kindly save for all of us any such future sufferings, whether we are by Thy grace, enlightened to be aware of the same or otherwise, by opening the well lit gates of Thy palace and at the same time affording us a vision to that extent that we will not miss this signalling illumination, when our jobs in this existence are done to its entirety. Afford us a pretty long, long existence now itself, with Thy full blessings, for, we are by Thy grace marching unto Thee once and once for all, lest there might be an ignorant longing even for a few trivialities over here. Well, M'Lord! Fill us with Thy blessings to the brimful, right here and make us for ever the filled, satisfied, blessed, permanent, nay, eternal residents with Thee for ever and for ever and for ever, with

Dear Blessed Lord

neither the inclination nor a choice to return back over here even by a microscopic error of a misplaced inclination.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, greatest One for ever and for ever. At Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever. Gratitude immeasurable. Prostrations countless and once again at Thy saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and ever.



Dear Blessed Lord, Thou - Art The Supreme Saviour

In all Thy glory Thou hath declared in Thy song Divine, that Thou art a never failing friend, an ever protecting father, a kindly and loving mother and a perfect guide unto the goal for anyone and everyone - Thy entire creation. Thou hath made such declarations that even a weakling needing help in all directions, lacking courage and of the most fickle disposition, on surrendering

Dear Blessed Lord

unto Thee, derives multi everything from Thee, by Thy grace and is fully transformed with sufficient strength and firmness, backed by a will that by Thy mercy maketh for the soul's ultimate destination - verily Thy Lotus Feet.

What greatness! What supremacy! What grace! What causeless mercy and love! A simple nobody who has got the confirmed belief in himself that he is a good for nothing person is just transformed on surrendering unto Thee, by Thy mercy, into a being so energetic, so powerful, so much purified and so much potentially charged that his past identity of a 'good for nothing' weakling becomes a thoroughly dwindled off and vanished shadow, and he wakes up in all strength for the march unto the goal.

Well, my dear blessed Lord, but for Thy direct instructions, and promises, through Thy song Divine, verily given unto the helpless and emotionally confused surrendered Arjun he would have had neither peace of mind nor the courage to do his soldier's duty and would not have gained any knowledge as to what he should do, as well as any knowledge of the eternal soul.

**vuU;kfÜpUr;Urk ek ;| tuk i;|ikl r| A
r:rk fuR;kfHk;|äkuk ;kx{ke| ogE;ge AA**

Those persons, who think of nothing else and worship Me through meditation - the accession to and the maintenance of the welfare of such ever devout persons I lookafter.

B.G. Ch.9 Sloka 22

**vfi pRI|njpkjk Hkt r| ekeuU;Hkd· A
lk/hjo l eUr0;| IE;X0;ofl rk fg l| AA**

Even if a very wicked person worships Me to the exclusion of anything else, he sould be regarded as righteous, for he has rightly resolved.

B.G.Ch.9 Sloka 30

**eUeuk Hko e~Drk e|kth ek ueLd# A
ekeo";fl ;DroekReku eRijk;.k AA**

Fix your mind on Me, be My devotee, sacrifice to Me: thus fixing the mind on Me and having Me for the Supreme goal, you will attain Me alone.

B.G. Ch.9 Sloka 34

eUeuk Hko e~Drk e|kth ek ueLd# A

**;LekUkf} tr| ykdk ykdUkf} tr| p ;| A
g"ke"kk;k}xe|äk ;| l p e fi;| AA**

From whom the world gets no trouble, and who gets no trouble from the world, who is free from elation, jealousy, fear and anxiety - he is dear to Me.

B.G. Ch.12 Solka - 15

**ekukieku;klrY;LrY;k fe=kfji{k;k A
lokjEHkifjR;kxh x.kkrhr| l mP;r| AA**

The same in honour and dishonour, the same towards friend and foe, habituated to renounce all action - such a person is said to have transcended the Gunas.

B.G. Ch.14 Sloka - 25

**u r~kl;r| l;|k u 'k'kk³dk u ikod|A
;nxRok u fuorUr| r)ke ije ee AA**

The Sun does not illumine it, nor the moon nor the fire; that is My Supreme state reaching which they do not return.

B.G.Ch.15 Sloka 6.

Dear Blessed Lord

**bÜojİ loHrkuk âlİ'k-tİu fr"Bfr A
Hke;UloHrkfu ;U=k:<kfufek;;k AA**

In the heart of all beings, O Arjuna, resides the Lord, whirling all of them by His Maya as if they were mounted on a machine.

B.G. Ch.18 Sloka 61

**reo 'kj.k xPN loHkkou Hkjr A
rRiİlknkRijk 'kkfUrİ LFkku iklL;fİ 'kkÜore AA**

Take refuge in Him alone with all your heart, O descendant of Bharata (Arjuna); by His grace you shall attain Supreme peace and the eternal abode.

B.G. Ch.18 Sloka 62

**eUeuk Hko e~Drk e|kth ek ueLdİ# A
ekeo";fİ IR;İ rİ ifrtku fİ;İk-fİ e AA**

Fix your mind on Me, be devoted to Me, worship Me, and bow down to Me; then you shall come to Me. Truly do I Promise to you, for you are dear to Me.

B.G. Ch.18 Sloka.65

Dear Blessed Lord

**lo/keWifjR;T; ekeđİ 'kj.k ot A
vgİ Rok loİkiH;k ekf;";kfe ek 'kpİ AA**

Giving up all duties, take refuge in Me alone. I will liberate you from all sins, do not grieve.

B.G. Ch.18 Sloka-66

Let us also remember in all "anandha" these lines spoken by Sanjaya

**l¥t; mokp &
;= ;kxÜojİ —".kk ;= ikFkk /ku/kjİ A
r= Jhfoİt;k Hkfr/kok uhfrefree AA**

Sanjaya said thus -

Where there is Sree Krishna, the Lord of Yoga, and where there is Partha, the wielder of the bow, there are sure fortune, victory, prosperity and statesmanship. Such is my conviction

B.G. Ch.18 Sloka-78

Crores and crores of prostrations at Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet. Praise and glory by unto Thee for ever and for ever Surrendered are we at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.

Dear Bleassed Lord, Oh, The Supreme Universal Being

Dear Blessed Lord,

Thou hath revealed unto Thy surrendered disciple Arjun in the battlefield of Kurukshethra, about fifty centuries ago, Thy universal cosmic form. Arjun knew Thee all along only as his charming companion, trusted beloved loving friend and at present his charioteer as well. In thy cosmic revelation Thou gifted Arjun with the knowledge of Thy universal supreme self in the form of ‘Viswarupa’ in all its splendour and totality asking him to visualise whatever he desired to see, right then and there itself, in that form.

There Arjun saw many a divine vision in Thy all wonderful divine form wearing many heavenly ornaments, celestial garlands and apparel anointed with heavenly perfumes and wielding many heavenly uplifted weapons. On seeing all these he exclaimed thus-

**vudckgnjoD=u= &
i’;kfe Rok loirk-uUr : ie A
ukUr u e/; u iuLrokfn&
i’;kfe foÜoÜoj foÜo : i AA**

“I see you with many hands, bellies, mouths and eyes, possessing infinite forms on every side; Oh Lord of the universe Oh You of universal form, I see, however, neither Your end, nor middle nor your beginning.” (B.G.Ch.11 Sloka - 16)

**Roe{kj i je ofnr0; &
Roel; foÜoL; i j fu/kue A
Roe0; ; ‘kkÜor/keXklrk
lukruLro i#”kk erk e AA**

“You are the imperishable, the supreme, the thing to be known, You are the supreme resting place of this universe, You are eternal and the preserver of the eternal religion; I regard You as the ancient Being.” (B.G.Ch.11 Sloka - 18)

Dear Blessed Lord

He saw in Thee many divine personalities. He also saw Maharishis and Siddhas in Thy form praising and glorifying Thee with divine hymns and worshipping Thee all along with folded hands praying for peace.

But when Arjun saw Thy fierce and terrific form with Thy mouths blazing with fire into which the warriors of the battlefield were entering with great speed like the moths entering a blazing fire with great speed for their destruction, some getting stuck up between Thy terrific teeth, he was stunned, terrified, baffled, destabilised and totally shattered.

On his begging Thee for mercy, prostrating unto Thee from all sides and praying for Thy vision with the crown, disc, and maize, gentle, charming and soothing, Thou mercifully assumed Thy original benign, kindly, gentle, friendly loving and soothing form which enabled him to have his peace, ease and composure.

A surrendered devotee who understands Thy Saguna or Nirguna or both Saguna and Nirguna forms by Thy mercy, knows that he is ever under Thy protection and shelter and is in peace by virtue of Thy omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience.

Dear Blessed Lord

(“I am your disciple; teach me who have taken refuge in Thee”) in all earnestness, is sure to be blessed by Thy mercy, with the knowledge of the eternal soul which will mean for him a freedom from the modes of material nature, future transmigrations and maketh for his eternal peace, blessedness, tranquility, joy and the absolute plane as well, verily Thy Parandham.

Our prostrations countless at the Lotus Feet of The Supreme Ishwara, the One and the all and the very Absolute Himself. Our prostrations at the holy feet of each and every realised Guru who has helped us a peep into these divine realms and leads us the ordained way unto the Lotus Feet of the Supreme Lord-everone’s eternal, peaceful, blessed retreat. Our salutations at the holy feet of Sage Narada, Vyas Bhagawan, Suka Brahma Rishi and other realised saints like HH 108 Shri Hariharji Maharaj, including all the saints of the past, the present and those who are yet to manifest by His mercy, for His ordained commissions.

Now let us contemplate upon these lines offered as worship unto the great sage Vyas Bhagawan

Dear Blessed Lord

uek-Lr| r| 0;k| fo'kkye)|

QYykjfoUnk;ri=u= A

;u Ro;k Hkkjrryil.kk A

iTokfyrk Kkue;| inhi| AA

“Salutation to thee, O Vyasa, of mighty intellect and with eyes-large like the petals of a full-blown lotus, by whom was lighted the lamp of wisdom, full of the Mahabharata oil” (B.G-Dhyana Sloka)

Let us also contemplate upon the Lord Supreme in the following lines

;| cāk o#.Un#ne#r| Lr|ofUr fo0;| Lro&

onk Ik³xinØekifu"knxk;fUr ;| Ikexk A

/;kukofLFkrrnxru eul k i';fUr ;| ;kfxuk &

;L;Ur| u fonk Ijkljx.kk nok; rLe| ue| AA

“Salutation to that God whom the Creator Brahma, Varuna, Indra, Rudra and the Maruts praise with divine hymns; whom the singers of Sama sing by the Vedas with their full complement of parts, consecutive sections, and Upanishads; whom the Yogis see

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear blessed Lord, Praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless at Thy protecting, saving Lotus Feet. Surrendered are we at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever. Pray that we ever enjoy Thy love, mercy, protecting shelter and saving grace.

Dear Blessed Lord, The Sole Refuge For Thy Surrendered Ones

Dear Blessed Lord,

Right from Thy manifestation as Lord Shri Krishna, Thou hath revealed Thy lordship as the supreme God head to one and all without any trace of doubt. As soon as Thou were born to Vasudeva and Devaki, Thou manifested Thyself as Lord Narayana with conch, maize and club, blessed them and ordered them that You be taken to Gokulam to Yashodama's palace, where she also had just then given birth to a baby girl (verily the Yogamaya herself) and be left over there in the place of Yashodama's baby, whom Thou ordered to be brought back by Vasudeva to the prison to be

Dear Blessed Lord

presented before the wicked Kamsa when he comes over there after knowing the birth of the child to Devaki. During all these happenings the guards of the prison went into a deep sleep by Thy power. When Kamsa attempted to destroy the child who is verily the Yogamaya who came into the world to assist Thy cause, Yogamaya manifested herself in her original form in all her power and splendour and in all fury warned him of his impending destruction at Thy hands, now born as a child and growing elsewhere. Thou didst destroy all the ‘Asuras’ sent by the wicked Kamsa namely Putana, Chakatasura, Dhenukasura (through Thy elder brother Baldev) and many others.

Even as a child Thou allowed Thyself to be tied by Mother Yasodha to a wooden roller (used for pounding rice) who tied Thee, unable to bear Thy mischief. Then Thou slowly dragged the roller to the entry of the place where Nalakoobaran and Manigreevan were standing as two trees, for one hundred years (in Deva’s time count) awaiting their relief from the curse of the sage Narada, by having Thy darshan by Thy mercy. They became trees by the curse of the sage Narada whom they offended and

Dear Blessed Lord

after repenting for their act when they begged for mercy from the sage, he told them that they will get their relief when Thy Lordship manifests in the world for Thy own cause.

By dragging the roller, crawling on and on with Thy hands and knees, Thou moved in between the trees and since the roller had no space to move in between, it dashed against both the trees uprooting them to the ground and Nalakoobaran and Manigreevan emerged out instantaneously on relief from their curse. They circumambulated Thee, prostrated unto Thee and with Thy blessings, expressing their great gratitude unto Thee parted to their own world.

Thou as a boy used to tend the cows and calves in the forest along with Thy cowherd boys everyday. Lord Brahma one day concealed all of them. Knowing what had happened Thou manifested in toto as all the Gopas, cows, and calves. All of them along with Thy self duly returned home in the evening after the cattle had their usual full graze in the forest. Since Thou had manifested as the Gopas, cows and calves, Thy charm and glory

were specially reflected in each one of them and their actions had an extra divinity contained in them. This went on for one full year and finally Lord Brahma appeared before Thee in person, repented for his action, prostrated in all reverence and humility unto Thee, acknowledged Thy supremacy and after restoring unto Thee in full, what all he took away and concealed from Thee, took Thy blessings and returned back to his Brahmaloaka. Since Thou knoweth everything of the past, present and future, Thou knew what all Lord Brahma had done and could have directly taken action to retrieve all the gopas, the cows and the calves without any dealy. Thou did not do so, in order to make Lord Brahma understand that Thou art verily the Supreme Almighty God Thyself, now manifesting in this form as the cowherd boy - Lord Shri Krishna and remove from his mind any doubt the he harboured regarding Thy Lordship's personality.

Once when Thou ordered that poojas should be done to the sacred Govaradhan hill and wanted to change the existing practice of offering the same to Lord Indra, the latter got very angry and ordered the clouds to rain torrentially all over Vrindavan,

non-stop, with an intention to put Thee, Thy companion, cows and calves along with the residents of Vrindavan into great difficulty. When the torrential rain started, Thou with Thy little finger lifted the Govardhan hill and invited everybody to come under the same and take shelter. In the presence and company of Thy Lordship all the people including the cattle who took shelter under the hill were perfectly calm, comfortable and joyous, free of any anxiety.

Holding aloft the hill with Thy little finger was of no strain to Thee verily due to Thy Lordship's supreme power by which Thou createth all the universes and sustains them in balance and stability.

Thou didst lift and hold the hill high with Thy little finger for a period of seven days and Lord Indra repenting for his folly ordered the clouds to stop raining and move away and he appeared before Thee, prostrated unto Thee in all reverence and humility and requested that he be forgiven by Thy Lordship for his mistake. Thou in all Thy mercy and love forgave Lord Indra, blessed him and he happily returned back to his Indraloka.

Dear Blessed Lord

At Thy asking, all the residents who took shelter under the hill moved back to their homes with all their belongings and cattle, now that everything had settled down in all quietude, safety and peace. Thou then restored back the hill to its original position and happily joined Thy mates, Gopis, relatives, other folk of Vrindavan and the cattle as well, to their great joy and happiness.

As you grew up Thou didst destroy the demon Kamsa, freed Thy parents from the jail and went on Thy many a divine mission. In Thy own mysterious way, Thou saved the Pandavas on many an occasion and Thy saving grace is richly glorified with great gratitude by Kunthi Devi in Her 'Kunthi Sthavam'

Once the wicked Duryodhana wanted to dishonour Draupathi, the wife of Pandavas in the very presence of her husbands, while the Acharyas, elders and others in the court were sitting mute and when Dushasan started to go ahead with his wicked act, Thou by Thy mercy saved the honour of Draupathi with a never ending supply of sarees of very great elegance and excellence, on her thoroughly helpless and fully surrendered appeal unto Thee.

Dear Blessed Lord

In the battle field of Kurukshethra when Karna released 'Nagasthra' with great accuracy and archmanship aiming the same to the neck of Arjun, Thou with Thy toe pressed the chariot down into the earth to such an extent that the 'Nagasthra' hit only Arjun's crown and by Thy mercy Arjun remained unscathed. Thou played many such roles in the field which are unique for Thy Lordship alone, with the result the Pancha Pandavas were completely saved and by Thy mercy they won the battle. By Thy grace, Thy Lordship crowned Yudhishtira as the king in all festivity and jubilation and enthroned him.

Even this day, Thy mercy, love and protecting grace are abundantly available to Thy humble, simple, sincere, surrendered devotees for whom Thou art their everything - their very soul itself. Dear Blessed Lord, Oh, never failing protector, ever loving friend and an unfailing eternal guide! May praise and glory be upon Thee for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless at Thy

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord!

Unless Thou steppeth in, M'Lord, a mortal Body - Mind - Intellect - Indriya - sense mechanism can afford for itself, by its personal capacity, only a similar one, as a man or a woman, or a beast or a bird or anything by virtue of its ignorant karmas.

Pray M'Lord, kindly save for all of us any such future sufferings, whether we are by Thy grace, enlightened to be aware of the same or otherwise, by opening the well lit gates of Thy palace and at the same time affording us a vision to that extent that we will not miss this signalling illumination, when our jobs in this existence are done to its entirety. Afford us a pretty long, long existence now itself, with Thy full blessings, for, we are by Thy grace marching unto Thee once and once for all, lest there might be an ignorant longing even for a few trivialities over here. Well, M'Lord! Fill us with Thy blessings to the brimful, right here and make us for ever the filled, satisfied, blessed, permanent, nay, eternal residents with Thee, for ever and for ever and for ever,

Dear Blessed Lord

with neither the inclination nor a choice to return back over here even by a microscopic error of a misplaced inclination.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh, Greatest One for ever and for ever. At Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever. Gratitude immeasurable. Prostrations countless once again at Thy saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.

Dear Blessed Lord

Thou can be known in truth only when Thou condescendeth to reveal Thy Greatest Self! No logic or rationalisation or argument could be of any use either to the arguer or the argued with. All simple strain and load on the Body - Mind. Intellect - Indriya - Senses - Mechanism on both sides.

“All this about Him

On behalf of Him

Dear Blessed Lord

This way is the correct way and path

So says the scripture as per my interpretation etc, etc, etc,

Well, the fact lies that only He is empowered on His behalf to enlighten and clarify the path with of course His stamped persons to assist Him (though He is in need of no assistance for His job, yet to grace the chosen ones, so chosen by their total and absolute making over of themselves unto Him, which faculty they derived by His grace of making them constantly and continuously pine for Him)

Anyone else, who scarecely knows what pining for the Greatest One (though they may all be conversant of pining in various fields) talking about Him with a supposed authority is just like telling how nice the word sugar is written on this paper! How sweet the same is!

Oh! Greatest One! Let us for ever remain Thy true wards, for ever saved and afforded Thy blissful company.

Dear Blessed Lord

Praise and glory be unto Thee for ever and for ever and for ever. At Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



The lion considers the mane as a perfect grace,
The deer elates on the horns and spots and spends the
days,
The perfumed grace-ful flowers do adorn the Lord every
day,
The true devotee is ever bliss filled with supreme's grace in
His own way.



Let us surrender our humble selves the precious 'Athma' within, as our humblest offering and beg for any acceptance. That is all the best that is open unto our little selves to attempt to. The rest is for the Greatest One to ordain. The Greatest Ordainer mercifully signals in the positive.

Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

It at all I am to think that I am doing something out of my pure and deep love for Thee, let the thought followed by true action be total and an absolute surrender at Thy Lotus Feet and that too totally unconditional from my little side at that, for, I am sure that when my game here is totally and completely done, Thou wilt of Thy own mercy, love and kindness unfathomable, sure make that action also as completely and totally Thine own.

Praise and glory be for ever upon Thee. Gratitude immeasurable. All of us at Thy protecting saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord,

The leash of surrender with which Thou art holding me, will once again be totally Thine own till Thou condescendeth to hold someone with the same. That again is an almost impossibility,

Dear Blessed Lord

for Thou being the possessor of countless such leashes, Thou might fondly retain this one as the one with which Thou held a soul, strayfree, till I could stray no further and farther, due to Thy having afforded me a secure place right in Thy Supreme Greatest Self ever secure and safe and bliss filled.



Atleast have a droplet of the Lord daily and one day by His grace you will come to know that you are having Him in oceanfulls by your side.

May praise and glory be upon the Greatest one for ever and for ever. Prostrations countless. Gratitude immeasurable. All of us at, Thy protecting, saving Lotus Feet for ever and for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

The Best Binder

Well M'Lord,

Here I am and blessedly Thou art as well! The most blessed gentlest Binder! I am M'Lord as Thou seeth me, all sheets with prints and pictures, all haphazardly strewn, strewn as all loose independent single sheets at that, strewn along the lanes and by lanes of memory in a complete mixed clumsy haphazard way! Neither head nor tail could be made out of the intellegence available in them for they are so clumsily and mixedly strewn! No page number! No order! No Compilation! No coherence! No continuity! That is what is the whole tale of the sheets of my life, absolutely ununderstandable and out of order! All single sheets strewn in such a strange and clumsy way, some overlapping on others and occasionally a wind or gale adds to the jeopardy of affairs! Well! M'Lord! With all this I feel M'Lord, if only Thou the greatest

Dear Blessed Lord

Editor cum compiler cum Binder care a little to see through these strewn sheets with Thy own unique patience, intellegence and loving care, somewhere, somehow, by Thy grace, a single word or line reflecting a fragment of sincerity, love and devotion to Thee might be found amidst these junk and what not with which every sheet would have been saturated! Not my fault M'Lord! with my limited whatever I am how can I admit anything as my fault at all when I am totally ignorant of what is fault and what it is to be free of fault.

Well! Oh, greatest One! whatever is what, for the little single line that ties Thee and me, knowingly or unknowingly (now that I have somewhat understood what all the sheets mostly contain) kindly pick these scattered sheets up and be kind enough to edit, compile and serial me, bind me (lest another gale or wind might shatter and strew the pages all around) and mercifully pack, no pocket me in Thy attire and stride along wherever Thou hath willed

Dear Blessed Lord

to stride affording me a safety from any unwanted, unbearable tramlings and one more episode of getting scattered in yet another existence.

Oh, greatest One! Compiler of the sheets, writings and prints! For whatever be its worth, let this little book rest for ever in Thy Pocket, well bound and stable, once and once for all by Thy touch and grace and not indefinitely fly about in the form of an unbound volume full of loose sheets incoherently strewn all over, and now and then blown hither and thither by an intruding aimless, but yet powerful wind or gale at its own fancies.

Praise and glory be unto Thee, Oh! greatest One, for ever and for ever. All of us at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



Dear Blessed Lord

Dear Blessed Lord,

First a man started drawing water from a large well for the pleasure of the same. He drained the drawn water in the wilderness for the pleasure of the same. The ‘why’ of the draw and to where goes the drawn are all of no concern at all! Yet the draw and aimless drain continues for the pleasure of the same! The process continues and the drained water slowly starts a slushy terrain below the feet! In the pleasure of the draw and drain this goes unnoticed. Yet a definite happening. In the game in due course, the sinews register first a minor strain and progressively a deeper and still deeper strain! Still the pleasure of the draw and drain overtakes and same, though without giving any remedy for the strain and ache!

Due to long practice the draw and the drain has become an unavoidable persistent habit, though the limbs of activity ache and pain. By this time the slush under the feet have become

Dear Blessed Lord

pretty heavy and shallow with a tight non relenting grip of the feet, first till the ankles and then till the distance one fourth to the knee caps.

Well! The game now has gone too far for the hope of an extrication from the slushy catch up and to get off! All limbs ache, with the added dirty grip and chillness at the feet! Well! Absolutely helpless and pathetic - the reward for the game for just the pleasure of it! Then goes the agonised cry “Well, M’Lord! what have I done to myself. save me, Oh, greatest One” followed by an abrupt stop of the draw and drain drama! Not as an obligation but as a dire unavoidable need at that! Well! the call is heard! The sun shines all tolerably warm! The slush slowly solidifies! The legs wisely kick a little hither and thither slowly rising above on more solidified terrains! The shackles slowly give way on the slush becoming more brittle mud! After such many a day, “Well! M’Lord! I have freed myself by Thy grace, Oh! greatest One, a lesson learnt with much agony that I could never afford to forget!

Dear Blessed Lord

Well! Now a sip of the good water from the vessel with which I drew and drained vessel-fulls and with deep gratitude for Thy light and warming heat, I am off for ever from this miserable draw and drain game, to a place free of shallow tempting wells and what not! Gratitude unto Thee again and again for Thy saving warmth and Light!

Praise and glory be for ever upon Thee. All of us at Thy Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.



All the world can after all afford a feed for the body - mind - senses - intellect - indriya mechanism, but the One seated deep within and all around, most August, Illumined and Blessed is totally independent of the need for this type of feed, but mysteriously supplies this feed for all, without fail, affording them sustenance in their respective planes.!

Praise and glory be unto Him for ever and for ever. At His Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.

Dear Blessed Lord

The Gentle Launderer

Well! Stain on the garb! Don't worry! make over in toto to the gentlest highly skilled supreme Launderer and forget all about it! Whatever be the intensity of the dirt or stain, no need to bother about the stain. The supreme Launderer is capable of seeing to the thing totally 'safed' and stainfree all in a most strain free style! Super washing! No strain felt! All instantaneous! Divinely white and white to the charming core! A total pure brilliant shining 'Athma' at that, with even the dirtiest karmic stains done away with, by the supreme grace, mercy and love! An Athma rendered fit and pure to be with the Divine as a part of the Divine's domain wonderful!

May the greatest One be praised and thanked. For heaven's sake don't try a wash yourself or with an amature and novice hand! Stain may intensify and in the game of wash the garment might get torn! You might get a fresh garment. Might be more clumsy from the old ancient warehouse from the Karmic stall full

Dear Blessed Lord

of any type of garment of any colour, save, the white, divine ones that are solely the trade and patent of the greatest One!

Either get your Karmic garment well cleansed by His grace or request one, white and divine from Him, in the place of that you are helplessly wearing now. He is supremely good at gentle cleaning, or supplying a fresh whitest divine one at His own will and pleasure! Leave the choice unto Him. A cleansed one, cleansed by Him is in no way less austere from the fresh ones in His possession. Ask of Him sincerely! Ask of Him, nay beg of Him the capability to be sincere. The help is sure and certain. Of course in His own sweet way in His own sweet time! Praise and glory be upon Him for ever and for ever. At His Lotus Feet for ever and for ever.