

Chapter 1 : Image Gallery (Epics of India)

CONTENTS PART 2 Ramakatha Rasavahini Part 1 [This Vahini in Dutch] Some beautiful photo's of the Holy places of Chitrakoot Other Links: Bhagavatha Vahini: Chapter.

Chapter 1 The Dandaka Forest While Bharatha was thus spending his days at Nandigrama in the constant contemplation of Rama, far away in the forest, on the Chitrakuta Peak, Sita, Rama and Lakshmana were praising his devotion and sense of dedication. They were happy in the peaceful, quiet forest home. One day, a fool named Jayantha sought to measure the valour of Rama, an adventure as foolish and suicidal as the attempt of an ant to discover the depth of the Ocean! Prompted by sheer mischief, he transformed himself into a crow, and approaching Sita, who was seated by the side of Rama lost in the contemplation of the scenery spread out before them, and with his sharp beak, he pecked at the sole of her tender foot, causing blood to trickle from the wound. Seeing the stream of blood, Rama plucked a blade of dry grass from the ground and threw it at the crow. Rama will never hurt any one who has not done any injury. He will never hurt the innocent. But, that blade of grass became a huge flame of fire and flew towards Jayantha. And, when he fled, it pursued him relentlessly wherever he went. Helpless and frightened, the crow returned to its original form and Jayantha fell at the feet of Rama praying for succor. Jayantha prostrated before Rama and pleaded for mercy. He said, "I am a fool. I did not realize the baseness of my deed. Save me from your anger, from this fire. He made one of his eyes ineffective and sent him away alive, as a single-eyed individual. The blade of grass that had become a missile of fire was neutralized by him and it resumed its nature. Jayantha was grateful that he was let off with just a token punishment for the heinous crime he had committed; he lived for a long time on the Chitrakuta Peak, where Sita, Rama and Lakshmana had taken residence. One day, the tenth day of the bright half of the month Margasira, Rama ordered Jayantha to proceed southwards from his habitat. The Sage came to know in advance of the intention of Rama to visit his retreat, through his pupils. So when Rama was approaching the Asram, he moved far out on the forest track in order to welcome Rama, Sita and Lakshmana. Athri was so overpowered with joy at the sign of Grace, that he shed profuse tears in his ecstasy and declared that the visit had indeed made his life realize its highest aim. He said that his austerities had at last borne fruit that day. That evening, the Sage Athri gathered his pupils and placed a high seat for Rama at the head of the assembly. His consort Anasuya had meanwhile attended to the needs of Sita and brought her too to that place. Then, he described to all present the sacredness of the occasion, the powers of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana, and the Divine Forces that had incarnated as those three. Anasuya also praised the virtues of Sita, and gave her holy counsel on the duties of women and the ideals they should ever hold dear. Sita spoke of the fact that every individual, every being, and every creature had the feminine principle inherent in its composition; she said that though there are masculine and feminine roles, acting on the world stage, all are basically feminine, when their strength, emotions and attitudes are considered. She said that her Lord, Rama, is the incarnation of the One and only Masculine principle in the Universe. In him, she said, there is no trace of duality, of mine and thine, of grief or joy. He is the embodiment of fearlessness; He is strength personified. Though Nature appears manifold and variegated, it is really One undifferentiated Unity. They gave good counsel to the residents and pupils on various problems of right conduct. Then, taking leave of the Sage, they resumed their journey through the jungle. The Asramites shed tears of sorrow when they parted company. Despite their determined attempts to accompany Rama during the subsequent stages of his forest life they had to stop away and resume the life for which they had dedicated their lives. They had to witness helplessly the departure of the Divine Master of their hearts. The jungle echoed with the roar of ferocious beasts that wandered about in search of prey. Manifold varieties of plumaged birds sang melodiously on the trees. Each had a peculiar beauty and melody: It appeared as if they had entered a new world of thrills. While passing through this region of awesome grandeur, suddenly their eyes fell upon a lovely hermitage, which had at its center a picturesque temple. Lakshmana moved forward, and cleared the track, pushing back the bushes that stood across. He broke off the thorny creepers that hung overhead and threatened to harm wayfarers. Rama and Sita could walk safely along the track he cleared. When they came to the precincts of the hermitage a charming garden presented

itself before them. Well-fostered and affectionately looked after, the fruit trees and flowering trees rose beautifully from the ground, with their charming crowns of beauty. The branches were drooping under the weight of ripe juicy fruits. Sita was filled with delight; she forgot all exhaustion; she was lost in the heavenly peace and joy that she had come into. She walked behind Rama, imbibing the thrill of the Nature that surrounded her. When some residents noticed their approach, they ran in haste to their Preceptor; he hurried forward to the main gate to welcome Rama, Sita and Lakshmana. His eyes were streaming tears of joy. Appropriate hospitality was offered to the guests; they were taken in and given cool refreshing drinks; tasty fruits and tubers were placed before them. The guests accepted their attention and regard with great pleasure; they partook of the simple repast. In the evening, they took bath and performed due rites. Rama spoke to the residents on ideal modes of conduct and behaviour. He permitted them to ask questions on the doubts that might be puzzling them and the knotty points of interpretations of the scriptures. They welcomed the opportunity most enthusiastically. Rama, too, offered convincing and clear explanations, in simple and satisfying words. Without doubt, the dwellers of the Asram experienced very Heaven on earth. They spoke among themselves with great delight that the Presence of Rama was as elevating an experience as contact with God Himself in Heaven. When dawn broke, Rama, Sita and Lakshmana bathed and went through the matinal rites. In spite of the plaintive prayers of the Asramites, they started on their journey, expostulating that people should not stand in the way of their vows and resolutions. They had resolved, they said, not to stay in one single hermitage or place for more than one single night. When they resumed their journey, and passed through the forest, a monstrous form, being the frightful ogre Viradha, appeared all of a sudden and rushed menacingly towards them. She stood behind Rama and watched developments. Meanwhile, Lakshmana shot at the monster a sharp arrow from his bow. Soon, he showered many missiles on it. When it was wounded by the arrows, Viradha transformed into a blazing fury of anger and appearing like the very embodiment of death and destruction, pounced upon Lakshmana. Rama saw that his brother was getting exhausted by the struggle; he fixed a crescent headed arrow to his redoubtable bow and shot at the ogre. The arrow shattered to pieces the formidable three-pronged spear that the ogre was flourishing; it then sliced off the head of the monster. At that very moment, a bright heavenly form emerged from the fallen corpse! Viradha had been born as an ogre on earth in consequence of a curse that he had invited upon himself from his divine Master, Kubera. He was one of a group of heavenly angels, Gandharvas, who were serving Kubera. Kubera had, later, taken pity on him and declared that his demonic career would come to an end the moment he met his death through an arrow from the bow of Rama. He could then return as a Gandharva to the Presence of Kubera, it was said. So, the Gandharva fell at the feet of his Saviour, and extolled him with high praise, before leaving for his permanent abode. Rama interred the huge body of the demon that lay on the ground; he also went through the rites prescribed for such disposal. Just then a shower of rain fell on the spot, as if the gods above were showering tears of joy at the compassion that Rama was evincing. Next, Rama entered the famous hermitage of the sage Sarabhanga. Even while he was nearing the asram, the ascetics and monks were talking among themselves of the havoc caused by the inroads of Ravana, the demon King. When Rama, Sita and Lakshmana appeared before them in the midst of their conversation, they sensed the meaning of their visit and knew that their fears would soon come to an end. When the sage Sarabhanga saw the divinely charming figure of Rama, he could scarce believe his eyes; he doubted whether it was a dream, or an illusion, or some strange experience caused by meditation mania. But, soon, he realized the genuineness of his good fortune; he was overwhelmed with the ecstasy of winning his long-desired goal; he knew that his asceticism had at last been blessed by the fruition of his yearning; he offered them profuse hospitality. You are the Heavenly Swan moving majestically on the waters that fill the minds of the sages. I have realized the Goal of life," he said. I am unaware of any spiritual discipline worth the name. It was possible for me to win you through just one path, the path of Love. My eyes have seen you now; they need look on nothing else. And, you have given word that day that you would fulfill the wishes of the sages. Now you have to stand by that word. My wish is this: Stand before me in this most charming form, until my breath leaves this body. I wish to cast off this body even while my gaze is fixed on you," he appealed. Within minutes, a pyre was set up; he ascended it and it was lit, with Sarabhanga sitting unconcerned on top, with eyes shining in joy at the ecstasy of looking on at Rama. The eyelids did not quiver:

With the forms of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana imprinted on his heart, Sarabhanga reduced his body into a handful of ashes. The blue placid waters of his heart reflected the blue form of Rama, whom he had adored until the very last. His soul merged in the Universal that was before him. Though at first the asramites were grieving over the departure of their Preceptor and Master, they soon realized that he had the unique fortune of a rare blessing.

[see also: Ramakatha Rasavahini, Part 1, Chapter 3] Meanwhile, since his body and mind had grown out of Rakshasa urges and developed with the help of demonic sustenance, he ignored the Divine in him, which was calling for merger in the Divine Rama.

Well, if a king arranges a play in the palace and takes delight in enacting the role of a beggar, and acts it very realistically, do you therefore declare that he is suffering the miseries of beggary? Rama is Ananda Bliss. If it is not sweet, how can it be sugar? If Rama is suffering, He cannot be Rama. A ball of iron cannot burn the skin; but, make it red-hot; it does. That is but an assumed role. When the heat subsides it is as cool as ever. He pined for Sita with extreme tenderness; He sent her to the forest as an exile, with a hardness of heart that shocked even Lakshmana. The nature of every Avatar is such. To attain it is the aim of every spiritual striving. Celebrating of holy days should not mean having a good feast on those days. We should seek to make the teachings, of the Avatars concerned, a part of our lives. We should follow the path laid down by them. Only then, celebration has any meaning. Our lives also get sanctified. All studies, recitations and listening to discourses are of no value if practice does not follow precept. It has a life-giving message for every human being. People lead artificial lives today. When they understand the Ramayana they will know how to lead true lives. The first requisite is to know what is right. Then it has to be practised. The Rama Principle has to be fully understood. And one has to live up to it. This is possible only if there is love. Through love, one realises the Rama Principle and is transformed into an image of Rama. All scholarship and religious observances are of no value without such a mental transformation. The mind should be Divinised. Faith in the name of the Lord is the basis for this transformation. It is the story of the Universe! Rama is the Personification of the basic Universal in all beings. He is in all, for all time, in all space. The story deals not with a period that is past, but with the present and future without end, with beginningless eternal Time! The glorious story of Rama spread the name and fame of Bharat to all countries. Dharma prevailed everywhere and young and old, men and women, scholars and illiterates, one and all adhered to these two principles.

Chapter 3 : Naraina Pillai | Revolv

Here we break into Part 2 of Sathya Sai Baba's Ramakatha Rasavahini. Rama, Lakshmana & Sita find themselves settling down in the Dandaka forest where Rama's presence will purify the region of.

Banana Competition Two young men studying in the same college challenged each other - who can eat faster than the other, a prescribed number of bananas. They decided upon impartial umpires and stood before the banana baskets. One young man resolved that if he eats the skins first, the sweet soft fruit inside can be no problem later; the other youth decided that once the soft portions were eaten fast he would have enough time to chew the skins. But, after finishing the skins the first young man had no stomach to swallow the kernel; he was too full. The other man had to stop as soon as he had finished the soft insides, for he had no more space inside him for the skins! Both failed in the competition; but, what a difference they had in their experiences! The first had a surfeit of bitter; the other, a surfeit of sweet! People resolve to experience God and godly company only after going through most of life. They eat skins and have no appetite for the kernel. The first place must be accorded to God; then, joy and peace will be the lot.

The Tongue and the Eye There was a monk once who as the first two steps in ascetic practice decided on two vows: While he was engaged in meditation under a tree in the thick jungle, invoking the aid of God to confirm him in these two vows, he saw a beautiful deer running in terror from some hunters and taking refuge in a bower behind his hermitage. The hunters came to him seconds later. They asked him about the whereabouts of the deer. The poor monk was in a fix. If he told them that he saw it entering the bower they would catch it and kill it. That would go against his first vow. If he told them that he did not know its whereabouts, it would be against his second vow. He avoided breaking both his vows in a very clever way. The tongue that speaks cannot see. I cannot compel the eye to speak nor the tongue to see". The hunters went away quietly and the deer was saved. The monk had not uttered falsehood.

When he was about 22 years of age, the father talked to him of marriage. The prince wanted the father to allow him to choose his bride among his subjects. One day, while the prince was going on horseback along a bridge, he saw a damsel proceeding to the river below for her bath, and immediately he fell frantically in love with that embodiment of beauty. The girl was highly religious, well-versed in all the holy scriptures and very much averse towards worldly entanglements like marriage. The daughter complicated affairs, by saying that she would not marry at all. The palace threatened dire punishment for both father and daughter. At last, the daughter hit upon a plan to escape punishment. She told her father to tell the palace officers that she would like to meet the prince face to face eight days later and if the prince still wanted to marry her, she was willing to do so. Then, she swallowed strong purgatives every day and collected the excreta each day in a separate vessel. On the eighth day, she was taken in a royal palanquin to see the prince. She took with her the eight vessels well covered up and insisted that they too be placed in the Audience Hall, where she was to meet the prince. None knew what they contained. The prince was shocked to find before him a living skeleton of a girl, ghastly, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. The prince, it need [not] be said, declined the marriage and the girl was happy she had taught him a lesson on the evanescence of physical charm. Who is to Die? The story cannot be changed to suit your whims. When the play says that Vali should die and when he has been given that role, he should die correctly just as He has decided [see also Ramakatha Rasavahini part 2].

The Cow she Wanted A woman visited the village fair to purchase a cow. She wandered along the long lines of cattle brought for sale. She could not get the cow she sought, for she wanted a cow: No wonder she had to return disappointed.

Not Copper Once a poet approached Bhoja for help and when the Emperor held before him a purse, he refused to accept it, because the poet said: The Emperor appreciated the argument. He asked him to call on him the next day. When the poet presented himself the next morning as directed, Bhoja gave him 16 copper coins which he had earned from a smithy, handling the hammer to beat the red hot iron. The poet held out his hand for it; the coins were given, but, what a wonder, they were gold coins, not copper. The toil of the king had made them pure gold. One must give only what one has legitimately earned. Then the dehi the conscious embodied self gives without deha the physical body consciousness.

Land Hunger Someone had a hundred acres in the south; but he had an itching for more, at least a So he went in all directions seeking

regions where he could get vast areas of uncultivated but cultivable land. At last, he came to a Himalayan kingdom and the King gladly offered to give him all the land he hungered for. The only limit he placed was his endurance. He said the man should start walking without tarrying; he should return to the starting point before the sun had set. All the land enclosed by his route, traced by his steps from start to finish, would be his. That was the generous offer the King made. The greedy migrant waited anxiously for the first rays of the rising sun and he started off on the circumference of a very wide circle, running in fact, until evening fell. He was so exhausted when he neared the starting point that within three yards of the starting spot, he dropped dead! His heart stopped beating. He had overworked it in his mad race to appropriate as many acres as he possibly could, before sunset. Honor your parents so that your children learn to honor you. They were to go round the whole world and return to them; he who does it quicker will win the prize. Subramanya started quick and fast, and was pacing through highlands and lowlands, but Ganapathi walked quickly round the parents and claimed the prize. Ganapathi was installed as the deity supervising the acquisition of knowledge and as the deity who shall save all aspirants from obstacles on their path. The moral of this story is that parents have to be cared for and obeyed. That is the real Pitri-yana Path of ancestors, through which the soul ascends to the lunar world to enjoy the benefits of ritual works. Under his Own Pillow A rich merchant once went to a holy place to attend the temple festival. A thief too followed him, in order to knock off his purse. But, he posed as a companion proceeding to the same place, for the same festival. They stayed in a Dharmasala for the night. He could not lay hands on it in spite of restless search. When day broke he told the merchant in a friendly manner: See, how safe it is". But, man is ignorant of this; he seeks to find it outside himself. Magic When Krishna appeared at one time on one side, on the other side at another time and some times all around him, Kamsa scorned Krishna and said: Put a stop to your magic tricks! Only a tiny drop! So, acting out of doubt, he quickly turned his head and naturally, did not see God. Naturally, you were unable to see Me". Truth is His Nature. Truth is His sign, His breath. Gratitude An ant was caught on a dry leaf that was being carried down a flooded river and it called out from its tiny heart to God for succor. God prompted a kite a long-winged bird of prey that typically has a forked tail and frequently soars on updrafts of air that was flying over the river to dive and rise up, with the leaf in its beak; for He made the bird mistake it for a fish or frog! The bird was sorely disappointed, but, the ant was delighted to land on hard ground! God came as a kite and rescued me, it felt. I must be grateful to the bird, to all birds it resolved. One day, while on its morning round, it saw a hunter aim an arrow at a bird. Remembering how its own life was given by a bird, it bit the heel of the hunter, when he was about to release the mortal shaft; the aim failed, the bird flew off and was saved. The ant had paid its debt. So, he crouched stealthily behind the seat of Vasishthha one moonlit night when he was teaching a group of disciples, determined to kill him with the sharp sword he had taken with him. He sat unseen amidst the bushes for a moment to listen to what Vasishthha was telling them. The sword fell from his grasp. He ran forward and prostrating at the feet of his rival, he held the feet. Vasishthha explained that he could not be styled Brahmarishi, so long as the ego persisted in him. When the swelling of the head disappeared and he fell at the feet of his rival, he became entitled for the honor he no longer coveted, and so deserved. Fantasy A street-hawker had on his head a basket full of empty bottles, as he walked along to the bazaar.

Chapter 4 : Ramakatha Rasavahini (Part 2) by Sathya Sai Baba, , at Mlbd Books

In this chapter Angada presents one last offer to Ravana to repent. The foolish Ravana clings instead to illusions about his strength. The Vanaras begin their.

The Rishis in the Dandakaranya knew very well that Rama was an incarnation of God, and so they came to Rama and placed their difficulties and troubles before Him. Not only this; many Rishis were killed by the demons. These incidents were brought to the notice of Rama, and He was moved and His heart melted. He could not bear this any longer; and so He took a vow at that very instant of time and gave His word to the Rishis that from that time, He would undertake the task of exterminating the Rakshasas. In this vow of Rama, Sita noticed what is usually referred to as the vow of Bhishma. Sita came and cautioned Rama that He was taking a vow, which was very difficult to fulfil. Then Rama answered by saying that the Himalayas can give up the ice on them, that the moon can give up its brightness and the oceans may flow beyond their boundaries, but Rama will never give up His vow unfulfilled. From that day onwards, Rama saw to it that the Rakshasas in the Dandakaranya were removed from their positions of strength, and He has been protecting the Rishis from the hands of those Rakshasas. He spent ten years in the forest fulfilling His vow and the task He took upon Himself. When Rama was passing through the forests, with Sita and Lakshmana, the hermits who recognised Him as Divine; gathered around Him with a prayer that they be initiated by Him and given some Mantra sacred formula which they could repeat for spiritual uplift and victory. Rama replied that He was a prince in exile, wandering in the forests, and so He could not presume any authority to initiate hermits into spiritual path. He moved on along the jungle tracks. Rama is initiating us! He is awarding us the Mantra! Nature His constant companion, His shadow is following; the Jeevi individual, part of the Lord, the wave of the ocean, is in the rear; he can see the Lord only if the deluding Nature is propitiated or by-passed. This is indeed a silent lesson in Sadhana spiritual discipline. Take it and save yourselves. Prompted by sheer mischief, he transformed himself into a crow, and approaching Sita, who was seated by the side of Rama lost in the contemplation of the scenery spread out before them, and with his sharp beak, he pecked at the sole of her tender foot, causing blood to trickle from the wound. Seeing the stream of blood, Rama plucked a blade of dry grass from the ground and threw it at the crow. Rama will never hurt anyone who has not done any injury. He will never hurt the innocent. But that blade of grass became a huge flame of fire and flew towards Jayanta. And when he fled, it pursued him relentlessly wherever he went. Helpless and frightened, the crow returned to its original form and Jayanta fell at the feet of Rama praying for succour. Jayanta prostrated before Rama and pleaded for mercy. I did not realise the baseness of my deed. Rama pitied the poor fellow, who had so humbled himself. He made one of his eyes ineffective and sent him away alive, as a single-eyed individual. The blade of grass that had become a missile of fire was neutralised by Him and it resumed its nature. Rama sent Lakshmana to collect tubers and fruits for the day. Noting that the proper hour had come, He told Sita thus: Both of us are aware why we have come on Earth, and what our task is. That task is now calling us. We have to enter upon it, in right earnest now. Your nature and characteristics are noble and holy beyond measure. We both have assumed these human bodies through rites associated with the Fire Principle. My body arose from the offering brought out of the flames of the sacrificial Fire by the God Agni Himself. You rose from the Earth that was furrowed by the sacred plough in order to consecrate it for a Fire-Altar, where a Yajna sacrifice had to be performed. Our bodies are born in fire and are being sustained by the warmth of fire. Therefore Sita, deposit all your Divine attributes and splendour in Fire, and act as an ordinary human being hereafter. I too shall move and act as an ordinary human being, and exhibit sorrow and anxiety on your account, the pangs of separation and the pain of loneliness. The world would keep in mind only these modes of behaviour, and take us as human. They will accept them as worldly conduct and natural reaction. Remember that the smallest act of ours has to be an ideal for the householders of the world. We have to hold forth models in the relationship between the husband and the wife. They have to be quite in consonance with the principles of Truth and Righteousness. Our activities have to be in conformity with the guidelines laid down in the Shastras, the spiritual texts. We have to shape our lives, in an exemplary manner, so that common men can be inspired

thereby and prompted to follow the ideals elaborated therein. For, there can be no effect without a cause. We must consummate the effect, namely, the destruction of Ravana and the Rakshasa brood. So, we must manipulate a cause to justify it or bring it about. Ravana has a basic fault in his structure, namely, his lustful passion. We have to highlight it before the world. So, we have to so prepare such a situation that it would appear as if he kidnaps you in a fit of passion. Activities and behaviour emanating from a consciousness that is not pure are tarnished. There is a curse that has been pronounced on Ravana and he has also been assured of a means by which he could end its consequence. We have to see that the means is fulfilled. The beginning of his end has arrived. Today or tomorrow, we have to be separated from each other. Of course, we are inseparable entities and nothing can keep us apart. Yet, we have to pretend that it has happened, in order to render the make-believe effective. Go now, and deposit your Divine Form in the keeping of Agni Fire. It is time for Lakshmana to return with the fruits and tubers. You have to perform your part in the destruction of the Rakshasas. Though you might be apparently under the surveillance of Ravana, since your Power is immanent in Fire, you will have to burn Lanka to ashes emerging from the Fire where your Self is dormant from now on. Lanka has to be turned to ashes, not by Fire, but by you as Fire. And Rama has to kill Ravana. That is the Divine Will. This truth has to be proclaimed. This mystery is to be kept from Lakshmana also. He is our instrument in this endeavour. When this task is accomplished and we have to re-enter Ayodhya, I shall accept you again from the Fire where you reside. That act too I will transform into a lesson for the world. From that moment, every act and behaviour of Sita and Rama, the pangs of separation, the gasps of anxiety, the sighs of pain, and the groans of grief were gestures and reactions in the drama decided upon. They were not genuine at all. For, how can Sita and Rama ever be separated? Through their conduct, they only willed to teach mankind some valuable lessons. Take it that it is Rama that speaks through you and honour every word as Rama would have done. Consider how much Lakshmana had to repent for not acting, on one fateful occasion, according to the word he had given to Rama Himself. Rama had asked him never to leave Sita alone in the hermitage and he had agreed. But, he left the place and Ravana could kidnap Sita and carry her to his island city! Rama is Atma-Rama, the Voice of God within. Do not disobey it or circumvent its directives. Pray that the Voice alerts you ever, pray with humility and surrender to the advice. Then Rama will guide you right with compassion. Later he realised that his death may cause more sorrow to Rama. It was a part of His drama, and he pleaded Rama to tell the truth behind His play. You have hit the truth. I have incarnated in order to uphold and foster Dharma. To do so, I have to enact many scenes of righteous and unrighteous conduct. A baby that wails has to be comforted into quiet joy by means of prattle and play, toys and jingles, songs and swings. The mother has to devise many stratagems on the spot, in order to persuade the baby to drink the milk it needs. The purpose is the giving of the milk feed. But consider how useful these means are the songs and swings, the toys and talks, the tricks and tickles. These methods help the quenching of hunger and the stoppage of wailing. That is their reason, too. You have to add them all up in order to discover how the hunger was quenched and the grief ended. Similarly, dear brother, I who am the Mother of the Universe, have to act in these manifold ways to re-establish Righteousness and demolish unrighteousness. These incidents have been designed to secure the twin aims of the removal of grief and the winning of bliss.

Chapter 5 : Sathya Sai Baba | Celebrity Net Worth

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Although the temple, as an institution, was founded on its present site by Pillay in , little remains of the original structure he built. Narayana Pillai was a social entrepreneur and businessman, who spent most of his life in Singapore during the colonial period. Of Tamil origins, he greatly contributed to the Tamil community in Singapore. Prior to , Pillai also spelled Narayana Pillay worked in Penang , which was ruled by the British. There, he came into contact with Stamford Raffles , a senior official of the British East India Company , who was keen to establish a new trading post at the southern end of the Straits of Malacca. This resulted in the founding of modern Singapore in . In Penang, Raffles persuaded Pillai to join him and to work at his new settlement. He started his career there as the chief clerk at the government Treasury , where he verified the authenticity of currency. However, he soon moved on to become a successful entrepreneur and community leader in his own right. Businesses With the establishment of a modern urban settlement at Singapore, Pillai noticed a boom in building works. He wrote to his contact in Penang to send bricklayers , carpenters and cloth merchants to Singapore. Pillai also ventured into the cotton goods trade. He sold these at Cross Street. In time, his shop became the largest and best known in town. However, a fire in destroyed his business, leaving him in debt to British merchants who had let him large volumes of cloth on credit. Pillai struggled to negotiate with his creditors, and also secured help from Raffles when the latter returned to visit Singapore. At land he obtained in Commercial Square now Raffles Place , he erected new warehouses and rebuilt his business from scratch, eventually paying off his debts and remaking his wealth. Contributions Apart from his success in business, Pillai is best remembered for his social contributions. He was keen to build a temple on the island to serve the growing Hindu population there. After some difficulty in obtaining a suitable site, he was able to acquire land at South Bridge Road for the purpose in . Here, he erected the Sri Mariamman Temple in , [2] which endures today as the oldest Hindu place of worship on the island, and one of the National Monuments of Singapore. Pillai also envisioned a Hindu Institute for young boys, but this did not materialize. Awards Pillay gained recognition as a leader amongst the Tamils and was appointed chief of Indians from Cholamandalaman, given the authority to settle disputes amongst the Tamils.

Chapter 6 : Sathya Sai with Students: Lessons from the Life of Sri Rama – Part 3

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It can be asserted that no poem of equal grandeur and beauty has emerged from other languages or from other countries until this very day; but it has provided inspiration to the poetic imagination of every language and country. It is the greatest treasure inherited by his good fortune by every Indian. Rama is the guardian deity of the Hindus; the Name is borne by the bodies in which they dwell and the buildings in which those bodies dwell. It can safely be said that there is no Indian who has not imbibed the nectar of Ramakatha, the story of Rama. The Ramayana, the epic that deals with the story of the Rama Incarnation, is a sacred text that is reverently recited by people with all varieties of equipment, the scholar as well as the ignoramus, the millionaire as well as the pauper. The Name that the Ramayana glorifies cleanses all evil; it transforms the sinner; it reveals the Form that the Name represents, the Form that is as charming as the Name itself. The azure Ocean and the Almighty Lord have much in common. The Ocean is the abode of the Almighty, as myth and legend proclaim; they describe Him as reclining on the Ocean of Milk. This is the reason behind the title given by Valmiki son of Prachetas the great poet who composed the epic, to each canto, Kaanda. Kaanda means water, an expanse of water. However crooked a cane may be, whichever section you chew, the sweetness is unaffected and uniform. The stream turns and flows through sadness, wonder, ridicule, awe, terror, love, despair and dialectics, but the main undercurrent is the love of Dharma Righteousness, Morality and the Karuna Compassion it fosters. The Rama stream bears the sweetness of Karuna; the stream of Lakshmana his brother and devoted companion has the sweetness of Devotion, Bhakthi ; as the Sarayu river joins the Ganga Ganges and the waters commingle, so too, the streams of tender compassion and devotion the stories of Rama and Lakshmana commingle in the Ramayana. The effort of the individual is but half the pursuit; the other half consists in the Grace of God. Man fulfils himself by self-effort as well as Divine Blessings; the fulfilment takes him across the dark ocean of dualities, on to the Immanent and Transcendent One. The Ramayana has to be read, not as the record or a human career, but as the narrative or the Advent and Activities of an Avatar Incarnation of God. Man must endeavour with determination to realise through his own experience the ideals revealed in that narrative. God is all-knowing, all-pervasive, all-powerful. The words that He utters while embodied in the Human form, the acts that He deigns to indulge in during his earthly sojourn, these are inscrutable and extra-ordinarily significant. The precious springs of His Message ease the Path or Deliverance for mankind. Do not look upon Rama as a scion of the Solar Dynasty, or as the sovereign of the kingdom of Ayodhya, or as the son of Emperor Dasaratha. Those correlates are but accessory and accidental. This error has become habitual to modern readers; they pay attention only to the personal relationship and affiliations between the characters of the story they read about; they do not delve into the values they represent and demonstrate. To elaborate this error: Her maids were of this ugly type The wars fought by Dasaratha, the father, were characterised by these peculiarities those specialities. In this manner, fancy leads man astray into the region of the trivial and the colourful, making him neglect the valuable kernel. People do not realise that the study of history must enrich life and make it meaningful and worthwhile, rather than cater to the appetite for paltry facts and petty ideas. Their validity and value lie deep within the facts and fertilise them like subterranean water. Wear the glasses of Bhakthi Reverent Adoration and Sradha Steady Dedication ; then, the eye will endow you with the pure Wisdom that liberates you and grants eternal Bliss. As men squeeze juice out of the fibrous cane and drink only the sweetness, as the bee sucks the honey in the flower, regardless of its symmetry and colour, as the moth flies towards the brightness of the flame, ignoring the heat and the inevitable catastrophe, the Sadhaka Spiritual Seeker should yearn to imbibe the Karunarasa the expression of the emotion of tenderness, pity and compassion that the Ramayana is saturated with, paying no heed to other subjects. When a fruit is eaten, we throw away the skin, the seeds and the fibre. It is in the very nature of Nature that fruits have these components! Nevertheless, no one will eat these on the plea that he has paid for them! No one can swallow the seeds and digest them. No one will chew the outer rind. So, too, in

this Rama-fruit called Ramayana, the tales of Rakshasas demons, ogres and the like form the rind; the wicked deeds of these evil men are the hard indigestible seeds; sensory and wordly descriptions and events are the not-too-tasty fibrous stuff; they are the sheaths for the juicy nourishment. Those who seek the Karuna-rasa in the Rama fruit should concentrate more on the central narrative than on supplementary details that embellish or encumber it. Listen to the Ramayana in that mood; that is the best form of Sravana process of spiritual listening. On one occasion, Emperor Parikshith fell at the feet of the Sage Suka and asked for instruction on one point that was causing him dire doubt. One riddle has been worrying me since long. I know that you can solve it for me and that no one else can. I have listened to the narratives of the lives of my forefathers, from the earliest, the great Manu, down to those of my grandfathers and father. I have studied these stories with care. I observe that in the history of every one of these, there is mention of Sages Rshis attached to the monarch, some learned scholar-saints who are members of the court, attending durbars and sharing the business of government! What is the real meaning of this amazing association of scholars who have renounced all attachments and desires, who have realised that the world is a shadow and a snare, and that the One is the only Reality with kings and rulers playing subordinate roles and counselling them when asked? Those revered elders will not, I know, engage themselves in any activity without sufficient and proper reasons. Their behaviour will ever be pure and unsullied. But, this makes my doubt unsolvable. Suka laughed at the question. He replied, "You have asked a fine question, no doubt. The great sages and holy scholars will always be eager to share with their fellowmen the truth they have grasped, the sanctifying experience they have won, the elevating deed they have been privileged to perform, and the Divine Grace they have been chosen to receive; they seek nearness to those who are in charge of administration, those who are adepts in ruling over peoples, with the intention to use them as instruments for establishing and ensuring peace and prosperity on earth; they implant high ideals in their minds, and holy ways of fulfilling them; they prompt the performance of righteous actions, in accordance with just laws. The monarchs too invite and welcome the sages, seek out the scholars and plead with them to be in their courts, so that they can learn from them the art of government and act according to their counsel. The monarch was the master and guardian of the people; so, they spent their days with him for the estimable purpose of realising, through him, the yearning of their hearts: They were eager to see happiness and peace spread over the world. Therefore, they tried to equip the kings with all the virtues, fill them with all the moral codes of discipline, arm them with all branches of learning, so that they may rule the realm efficiently, wisely and with beneficial consequences to themselves and their subjects. There were other reasons, too. Knowing that the Granter of Joy to humanity, the Mentor of human morals, the Leader of the Solar line, the Dweller in the Heaven of Eternal Bliss, will take birth in a royal line, Sages who had the foresight to anticipate events, gained entry into the durbars of rulers so that they may experience the bliss of contact with the Incarnation, when It happens. They feared they may not get such access later, that they may miss the Bliss they could well garner. So, they profited by their vision of the future and established themselves in the royal capital, in the thick of the community, longing for the Advent. They had no wants; they were monarchs of renunciation; they sought nothing from any one. They were ever content. They appeared in the audience halls of the emperors of those days, not for polemics and the pomp of punditry or for collecting the costly gifts offered to such disputants and guests, or for decorating themselves with the burdensome title those patrons confer on the persons they prefer. They craved rather for the Darsan Bliss of the Vision of the Lord and for a chance to uphold Dharma Righteousness in human affairs; they had no other objective". They approached the hermits and sages in their retreats in order to discover from them the means of making their subjects happy and content; often they invited them to their palaces and consulted them about ways and means of good government. Those were days when there were sages with no attachment to self, and scholars with no craving for power; such were the men who tendered advice to the kings. As a consequence, there was no lack of food and clothing, of housing or good health, for the people of the realm. All days were festival days; all doors were decorated with green festoons. The subjects too felt that the ruler was the heart of the body politic. They had full faith that he was as precious as their own hearts; they valued him as such; they revered him and paid him the homage of gratitude". Suka explained the role of the sages in the royal courts in this clear downright manner before the large gathering that was sitting around him. Have you noticed this? Whatever is

done by the great, whichever company they choose, they will ever be on the path of righteousness, on the path of the Divine; their acts will promote the welfare of the entire world! So, when the Ramayana or other narratives of the Divine are recited or read, attention must be fixed on the majesty and mystery of God, on the Truth and Straightforwardness that are inherent in them, and on the practice of those qualities in daily life. God, when appearing with Form for the sake of upholding Dharma, behaves in a human way. For, He has to hold forth the ideal life before man and confer the experience of joy and peace on men. His movements and activities Leelas might appear ordinary and commonplace to some eyes. But, each of these will be an expression of beauty, truth, goodness, joy and exaltation. It will captivate the world with its charm, it will purify the heart that contemplates it. It will overcome and overwhelm all the agitations of the mind. It will tear the veil of Illusion Maya. It will fill the consciousness with Sweetness. The story of Rama is not the story of an individual; it is the story of the Universe! Rama is the Personification of the basic Universal in all beings. He is in all, for all time, in all space. The story deals not with a period that is past, but with the present and future without end, with beginningless eternal Time! Sky, wind, fire, water and earth - the Five Elements that compose the Universe - behave as they do for fear of Him, and in tune with His Orders! Rama is the Principle which attracts - and endears through that attraction - the disparate elements in Nature. The attraction that one exerts over another is what makes the Universe exist and function. That is the Rama principle, without which the cosmos will become chaos. If there be no Rama, there will be no Panorama Universe. Chapter 2 The Imperial Line In the Immaculate pure Solar Dynasty was born the highly mighty, the far famed, the strong armed, the Intensely loved and revered ruler, Khatvanga. His rule showered supreme bliss on the immense populations under his throne and persuaded them to pay homage to him, as if he were himself God. He grew up, shining in the glory of knowledge and virtue; he shared with his father the joy and privilege of guarding and guiding the people. He moved among his subjects, eager to know their joys and sorrows, anxious to discover how best to relieve pain and distress, intent on their welfare and prosperity. The father watched his son grow straight and strong, virtuous and wise. He sought a bride for him so that after the marriage, he could place on his shoulders part of the burden of the sceptre. He sought her in royal houses far and wide, for she must be a worthy companion for the prince. At last, the choice fell on the Magadhan princess, Sudakshina.

Chapter 7 : Books by Sathya Sai Baba (Author of Ramakatha Rasavahini)

RAMAKATHA RASAVAHINI - PART 1. Chapter 2 The Imperial Line. he could place on his shoulders part of the burden of the sceptre. He sought her in royal houses.

The Divine destroys even those who either do not oppose or remain passive while injustice and wrong doing are perpetrated. The Divine will not consider whether they are learned or ignorant, wise or unwise. If they are learned or wise, why did they not stand up for truth and justice? Why did they remain silent? It means they are tainted by the same guilt. The failure to resist evil is their offence. It is only when we resist acts of unrighteousness and injustice and try to put down malpractices in society that we can claim to be assisting in the task of restoring Dharma. Opposing these actions, he tried to correct Ravana in all possible ways. But when his efforts failed and he had no alternative, he sought refuge at the feet of the embodiment of Dharma, Sri Rama. The prime offender was Ravana alone. But in the war with Rama, all the Rakshasas who supported him or sided him, perished with him. They paid the penalty for their abetment of his crime. Whoever may commit an offence, whether a son, a relation or a close associate, one will be free from the taint of being accessory to the crime only if he opposes the wrong action and tries to correct the offender. If on the contrary, he allows it or encourages it to be done, he will be guilty of abetment. When Silence is Crime Bhishma, Drona and others, having been beneficiaries of the sustenance provided by the wicked Kauravas, chose to be loyal to them and stayed on. All of them were great preceptors. They knew well the distinction between righteousness and evil. They had enquired into the nature of the eternal and the permanent. Of what avail was all that knowledge? When it came to practising what they knew, all their knowledge was of no use. In the final outcome, all of them met with the same end in the great war as the evil-minded Kauravas. Krishna looked upon those who, even if they were good in themselves, did not oppose unrighteousness and injustice committed in their presence when they had the capacity to do so, as actual participants in the crimes. When evil and injustice and violence are being perpetrated, if individuals look on unconcerned, they must be regarded as accomplices in the crimes. In the end they also suffer as much as the criminals. By their passive association, they provide encouragement to the evildoers. Sathya Sai Speaks

Chapter 8 : calendrieldelascience.com: DOWNLOADS-RAMAKATHAPART2 VAHINI

Ramakatha Rasavahini (Part 2) by Sathya Sai Baba, Ramakatha Rasa Vahini is a lucid narrative of Rama's life. Baba has announced that He is the same Rama, come again to carry out His mission through his horde of followers.

Chapter 9 : Sathya Sai Baba - Bibliography - Citizendium

Sathya Sai Baba born as Sathyanarayana Raju was an Indian guru, spiritual figure, philanthropist and educator. In , he was listed by the Watkins Review as one of the most spiritually influential people in the world.