

THE SPROUT & THE FRUIT

[Biographical Sketch of H. H. SRI SWAMI KRISHNANANDAJI]



By S. Bhagyalakshmi

**THE SPROUT
AND
THE FRUIT**

H. H. SRI SWAMI KRISHNANANDA SARASWATI

by

S. BHAGYALAKSHMI

**SWAMI SIVANANDA SPIRITUAL CENTRE
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Horoscope of SUBBARAYA PUTTURAYA

Born on 25-4-1922

Dhundhubhi Uttarayana-Vasanth Routh Chaitra (Mesha) Dwadashi.

Thursday (night) 2 hours & 6 minutes after sunset.

Revathi Nakshatra (3rd part) at Kemmenji Village, Puttur Taluk South Kanara District, Karnataka.

Father : Shri SHANKARANARAYANA PUTTURAYA

Mother : Smt. KAVERIAMMA

Chandra Kethu	Ravi Budha	Shukra	
KUNDALI			
25-4-1922			
Khujja	Lagna	Maandi	Guru Shani Raahu

Shani	Khujja Maandi	Raahu	Guru
Chandra	AMSHA KUNDALI		Ravi
Shukra			Bhudha
	Kethu	Lagna	



H. H. SWAMI KRISHNANANDA SARASWATHI

ॐ

25th April, 1954.

Adorable Self,

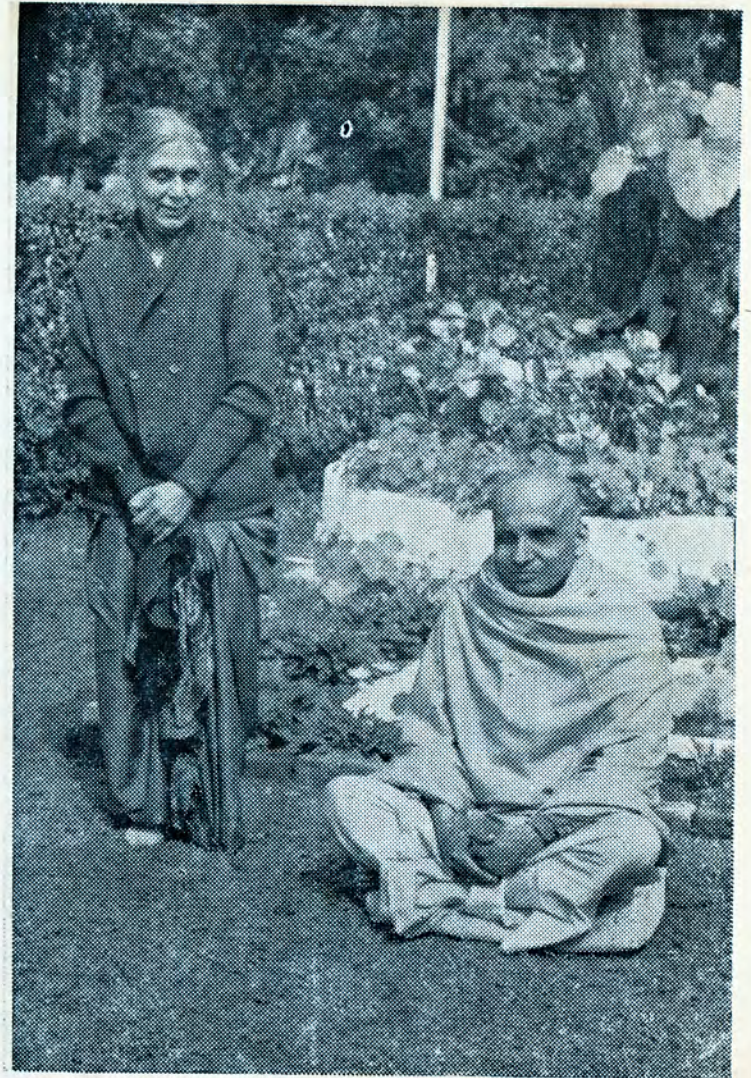
Loving prostrations.

The river of life flows
towards the ocean of perfection.
Here life finds its repose. Things
have a predisposition to slip
down at every step and drop into
some condition previously not
known. This process continues,
until the Great Ocean, the
Absolute, is reached, wherein is
the promise of unending peace.
Towards this, drive forward.

ॐ Shine,

Swami Krishnananda

Message of SWAMI KRISHNANANDA



SWAMI KRISHNANANDA with the author



SWAMI KRISHNANANDA Relaxing in a lawn

I MARVEL AT KRISHNANANDAJI

(Swami Sivananda)

It is very rare to find such a synthetic Yogī as Swami Krishnanandaji. One may be a Vedantin condemning Bhakti and Karma Yoga. The typical cave-man will not allow a harmonium to be brought into the Ashram. But Swami Krishnanandaji is like myself; he is like Lord Krishna. Integral perfection can be had only when you combine service and devotion with Jnana. You can declare, "There is no world in the three periods of time" but if you find a sick man on the roadside, you must rush to relieve his suffering, giving up your meditation. That is the sign of a Jivanmukta. Externally he appears to be only a Karma Yogi; but he views the whole world within himself. Lord Krishna, Lord Jesus, Lord Buddha and Sri Sankaracharya—how much service they did! It is because Swami Krishnanandaji is also a Synthetic Yogi, that I have got the greatest admiration for him.

He is very quick in his work. He has vast and deep knowledge of Vedanta. It is all God's Grace. It is not merely due to study in this birth. It is all due to Purva-Samskaras. His knowledge is a treasure for those aspirants, who care to learn, study and imbibe the knowledge from him.

Krishnanandaji is a wonder to me! He has excelled me. He has excelled Sankara. He has excelled Dakshinamoorthi. He came a few years ago. As usual, I asked him to stay in the Ashram. After six or seven days, he told me "I know Gita a little." I asked him to recite the Gita. And, he recited a chapter of the Gita beautifully. Then, gradually—how he evolved and grew in knowledge and wisdom is a wonder to me.

The World is Proud of You,
Krishnananda!

(Sivananda-Muktananda)

So keen in the quest of Truth,
Illusory pleasures dare not stand in your way ;
O gem of brilliant radiance,
Siva is proud of you.

A seeker of high attainments,
Revealing secrets of Vedanta-Sadhana ;
O "seer-sage in the making,"
India is proud of you.

You helpful one, your service true,
Speed forth, O blissful one, inspiring us all ;
O torch-bearer of the message of Siva,
The world is proud of you.

KRISHNANANDA — THE IDEAL FOR ALL

(Swami Chidananda)

Of souls like Swami Krishnanandaji all cannot give estimations and opinions. It is said that one of the rarest of qualities in this world is understanding. No man can understand another man. As Swamiji has said, even after fifty years of living together, the wife and husband do not understand each other. When man cannot understand himself, how can he understand another? This is so even in the case of normal human beings. When we come to exceptional human beings, all the more it is difficult. Still more so, when this is the case of a person in the spiritual line. To understand spiritual people of high spiritual eminence is a thing which even the Gods dare not easily essay to do.

Whatever we may think, the inner worth of a saint, only one more spiritual than him — a Brahma-Nishta or Siddha Mahapurusha — will be able to judge and understand. We cannot understand saint of the eminence of Swami Krishnanandaji. We will be able to appreciate some of his human qualities. We may say that he expounds Vedanta wonderfully; that is not a very great compliment to a soul who has dived into the very depth of Vedantic knowledge and also has to his credit inner experience of the Vedantic truths. Even so, we may say: he does not waste his time, he leads a very regulated life — but ael this is like trying to say that the sun shines, that it rises punctually every day in the east. You bye-pass what the splendour is, and say only what you can see.

People of Swami Krishnananda's stature and eminence have to be viewed in a different light altogether. To understand the secret of their great spiritual stature is a thing which we can try only by a devout and humble emulation or imitation of their lives. We must observe them. We must sit at their feet. We must try to learn. We must be filled with a spirit

of discipleship. Then alone will we be able to understand what they really are. Or else, we will admire, but we will not be able to thoroughly understand what they are.

Specially so is the case with persons with whom we are constantly living. *Ati Parichayaadavajna Santata Gamanat Anedaro Bhavati; Malaye Bhilla Purandhri Chandana Taru Kashtamindiri Kurute.* By constant association, you lose the real worth of a being. A sort of carelessness develops in you. Here we have Swami Krishnanandaji day in and day out; so naturally we will not know the full worth of this saint. It is only people who don't live with him, who visit him once in a while and hear something from him which goes right into their hearts and at once flashes there the light of illumination, of Atma-Vichara—they will treasure the light that he has been able to kindle in their hearts. They know what he really is. They will never forget it. They will prize this experience of contact with him and enshrine it in their hearts as a beaconlight. We will not be able to get that fresh and startling experience of what such great persons really are, unless we put ourselves in the position of those people who come afar, aspiring, thirsting for a knowledge of the Truth; then we will know what he means and stands for in this Kali Yuga, in this age of darkness. That is the only way of understanding such beings.

One thing I can try to do today is to put before you some of the things which I have learned from him about the ideal pattern of a spiritual man and a Sanyasin. The first is that Swami Krishnanandaji is an unusual being—*Manushyaanaam Sahasreshu Kaschit Yatati Siddhaye; Yatatamapi Siddhaanaam Kaschinmaam Vetti Tatwatah.* He is one of those who belong to the latter category, the rare few who, having striven, attain Him and know Him in essence, and who come in order to lead men towards Self-knowledge. Only as this we must view our Vedanta Acharya and Sanyasa Acharya.

His life I have found is based upon absolute Vairagya. His renunciation and spiritual life is one that is based upon Poorna Vairagya. It is the best foundation for spiritual life; without it, spiritual life is only a tottering structure. The exceptional feature of the Vairagya of Krishnanandaji is that it is Viveka-Vichara-Janita Vairagya. It is Vairagya that slowly grew and beautifully developed within his consciousness through the ceaseless pondering over the facts of life and bringing to bear upon these life's phenomena of a very penetrating and a very highly discriminating mind. It is this discrimination and constant enquiry that has brought out his Vairagya. Upon this Vairagya he has based his spiritual life; thus it stands upon the surest of bases, upon a most permanent and unshakable basis.

Vairagya is not an easy thing. Camels eat prickly-pear and it injures their mouth. Yet, they go on eating prickly-pear again and again. People may suffer again and again; yet they cling to worldly life. By merely coming to know of the harmful and painful nature of sense-objects by Viveka alone, Swami Krishnanandaji has got himself established in Para Vairagya.

If you understand this point, it will explain a lot of other things which we see and marvel about his life; how he is able to live like this and view things like this, to have such an attitude to all that happens to him in his life. There is nothing that he wants in this universe. He does not care for these names and forms. He has acquired that sense of Paripoornata which springs from the constant consciousness that "I am Nitya, Shuddha, Buddha, Satchidananda Atma." Viveka and Vichara have given him a very correct lead in the spiritual life, and therefore, he has not been foolish like the vast majority of aspirants: of whom Gurudev never tired of re-iterating again and again, "a little bit of reading of Samskrit, Panchadasi, and two or three Upanishads, at once these aspirants want to jump to Nirvikalpa Samadhi, and feel that they are ready to do Lokasangraha." That is the pattern of self-deluded aspirants,

who read the scriptures and while understanding the language—the word meaning of it, do not grasp the spirit of the teaching which is the most important thing. It is the spirit of the teaching of the Guru that is most essential.

If you want to know about Parabrahman: *Tad-viddhi Pranipatena Fariprasnena Sevaya*. Eradication of egoism, Seva—the such mean a complete change of your entire old unregenerate, self-arrogating nature. Then alone have you to approach the Guru. It is only the man endowed with discrimination who understands these things: which is the cart, which is the horse and which to put before that. Then he becomes an Adhikari. I have not the least doubt in asserting this: that Krishnanandaji has made his Vedantic life to be based upon perfect Adhikaritwa. As such, you see in him an ideal exemplar of Sadhana Chatushtaya. His Viveka is a twenty-four-hour Viveka. Every moment of his life, he is ever discriminating. His mind never slumbering its reins never laxed, this is his criterion in whatever he does, and in whatever experience comes to him: "*will this help my spiritual life or retard my spiritual life?*" That is the measuring rod which he has. He is absolutely firm in his principles and in using this measuring rod. If it is unspiritual, he rejects it without a second thought. It is a discrimination which always chooses the Sreya Marga.

Swami Krishnanandaji is an embodiment of the Nachiketas element. Sadhana Chatushtaya are proud to come and have their dwelling in such a worthy receptacle. What his Titiksha is, I can say with some little first-hand knowledge. The body has been given a big slice of a very trying Prarabdha, —suffering which would have broken an ordinary person down. But his life is already based upon this conviction: *Ajo Nityah Saswatoyam Purano, Na Hanyate Hanyamane Sareere*. Therefore, he bore all sufferings like a hero. Without breath no man can live; and his Prarabdha tied to choke his life-breath! What battles he has fought with the sufferings of the body.

only he can adequately know. Yet, all through this his firm faith in the knowledge of the Self has never wavered. Therefore, he is an embodiment of Titiksha. It has got another subtle form: whatever suffering, whatever diseases, and whatever troubles and difficulties come to him, he would never mention it to anybody, and never make any effort to correct it. This is Titiksha. He accepts whatever comes to him. But he will never come to anyone and say "I have not got this." Don't try to make any remedy for the suffering that visits the body. Don't seek comfort: if it comes well and good and if does not come too well and good. Something distasteful has come: don't try to escape it. Swami Krishnanandaji has always tried to keep this ideal of Titiksha before him in his daily life. For that, he always goes to the original source of wisdom—whatever definition Sankara has given for all these Sadhanas, that he always takes them. He keeps Sankara's definitions as his ideal.

His inner life is a shining flame of aspiration. Day and night he is consumed with the aspiration for the realisation of the Absolute. All other things don't exist for him. Such is the type of inner life that Swami Krishnanandaji has got.

His life is one permeated by one of pure Brahma-Abhyasa. He is constantly thinking, dwelling in and absorbed in the thought of the Highest Reality, in the thought of that One Transcendental, Imperishable, Infinite, Nameless, Formless, ever-present, all-pervading Reality. That is the sort of spontaneous Sadhana which he does, and he lives as a Jivan-mukta would live.

Even though ordinarily Vedantis are supposed to be theoretical and do not take part in Karma Yoga, Swami Krishnanandaji has done wonderful service in our dispensary. Day and night he has served as the sole "in-charge" of the dispensary. Even though his nature was something inward, introspective, yet when the call of duty came, he, in spite of

his nature, came out and served wonderfully. Even now, you will find that he is ceaselessly working. His work is of such a nature that there is nothing spectacular; but he never wastes a single moment. His is a most systematic life in this Ashram.

I have never heard him raise his voice and speak. I have never heard him utter a harsh word. I have myself tried many times to make him express a very critical and condemnatory opinion; he has never done so even when the case more than justified a sharp rebuke or condemnation. He has made himself an embodiment of tolerance that Gurudev is.

His life is an ideal which everyone should try to emulate. Socially and individually, his conduct and behaviour may well be the enviable ideal of a perfect gentleman. His speech, the decorum of his behaviour, his conduct, his social intercourse, —everything is that of an ideal gentleman.

In his daily life, in his routine, in the discipline, which he practises, he is an ideal for a Sadhaka.

His attitude towards life and his vision of the world, is an ideal pattern for any saint to adopt.

The consciousness which he always holds within himself is the ideal for a Jivanmukta, which exemplifies Vidyaranya's Jivanmukti-Viveka and Panchadasi.

These four ideals are blended in the various aspects of his life.

He has tried to mould himself upon the highest ideal of perfection which we Indians and Hindus have, viz, the life of Purna-Avatara Sri Krishna. Early in life, Krishnanandaji was inspired by the Gita; he was fascinated by the perfection and splendour of Lord Krishna. He has followed and striven earnestly and successfully to grow into the likeness of the

Gita-ideal and the Krishna-ideal. Knowing fully well that He was a Purna-Avatara, Krishna played the role on earth; knowing fully that the world is a reflection of his own mind, Krishnanandaji is ever active in playing the role that is allotted to him. Happily, in his intuitive wisdom, Sri Gurudev has given him the name "Swami Krishnananda", one who partakes of the Bliss of the Krishna-Consciousness. Krishnanandaji knows that the entire world is a shadow-play; he is not affected by it. At the same time, he is ever centred in the consciousness of the Highest Reality, Satchidananda.

Constant association with him should not blind us to the glory and splendour and the worth of such souls as Krishnanandaji. He is carrying on the tradition of Sanatkumaras. We have got in our midst a great Vibhuti. We should realise this, and reflect seriously on what he stands for, and the ideal he embodies in his life. The highest compliment we can pay to these great people is to emulate them and become blessed.

SRI SWAMI KRISHNANANDA

“ A wonderful replica of the Master ”

(*Swami Venkatesananda*)

“ He is our Dakshinamurthy ”, said his Holiness Sri Swami Sivanandaji, “ who knows how many Sankaracharya have gone into our young Swami ”. Truly so. At the feet of this young saint, many grey heads have bowed in reverence and imbibed the wisdom of the ancient Upanishadic lore.

Today it is hard for any one to penetrate the invulnerable fortress of Self-Awareness in which Sri Swami Krishnanandaji has hidden himself ; one can hardly drag him out of it to reveal his present exalted state of spiritual development, much less to mention anything of his earlier life. But the dawn of discrimination, even while he was in his teens in the present incarnation, is a positive indication that (in the words of the Kathopanishad) the Great Atman had chosen him to reveal it. self to him in order that he may in his turn reveal it to thirsting spiritual aspirants. Those endowed with a spiritual vision alone could perceive it ; but the awe-inspiring spectacle of a young man in the full bloom of youth waking out of a house in which he lacked nothing, not even the religious and spiritual training that a pious soul take his might long for—vividly brings before us the picture of an already perfected soul coming down to the earth. “ on deputation from the Most High ”, charged with a special spiritual mission. What else could account for the birth of the divine Sukadeva ? Nothing but the supreme compassion of the Lord, with whom Swami Krishnanandaji must have realised his identity even in his previous birth, could, have bound the realised soul with the divine bonds of cosmic love, and clothed it with a resplendent body, adoring, worshipping and prostrating themselves

before which ignorant Jivas would easily be transformed into illumined souls.

Even as Jada Bharata who was a Jnani of the highest order unhesitatingly accepted to be the king's palanquin-bearer, Subbaraya accepted to serve in the Government office. Like Jada Bharata, Sri Subbaraya would have willingly submitted his life being sacrificed at the altar of a petty job. But Almighty Providence had ear-marked him for a much greater purpose.

Some mysterious power awakened within him the desire to go to Banaras, which he had always come to associate with Sadhana, Moksha and Sadhuhood. He went to Allahabad. There he rid himself of all wordly possessions and shone as a Liberated Soul. In a strange land, among unknown people speaking an unknown language, what could have been the condition of a penniless young man in tattered white garments can be imagined. It was early winter ; he had to sleep anywhere on the bank of the Holy Ganga, with God's wide sky as the roof over him. But Subbaraya was not of this world, and lived in a world of his own, swimming in the ocean of Bliss, oblivious of his own body and the surroundings. The people of the holy Uttarakhand did not take much time to recognise the young sage, and they considered it a privilege to look after his body. By stages, he was guided by the mysterious Hand of Providences to Rishikesh and to Sivanandashram, which the sage was destined to make his abode, from where to broadcast the message of Vedanta.

The story of his first meeting with His Holiness Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj, in whom the young man saw his spiritual preceptor, is told in an interesting manner by Sri Swamiji Himself. (vide Part I of this book). He was well versed in the Mantras and therefore willingly undertook to conduct any ritual that was to be performed at the Ashram. It

was he who culled out Mantras from several sources and codified them for the Sanyasa Diksha ceremony now adopted at Ananda Kutir. He became the Programme Director of all the Sadhana Weeks ; he managed them most efficiently and won the admiration of the hundreds of Sadhakas, who took part in each Sadhana Week, for his punctuality, regularity, and capacity for intense and hard work. Any Department of work at the Ashram that needed an able organiser to set matters right claimed Krishnanandaji as its own. Very soon he would sort out things and re-arrange them in such a way that even a veteran in the official field might well marvel at. Single handed, he has managed several departments at the same time. Yet, such was the depth of his realisation of the truth of the Gitopadesha :

“ Naiva Kinchit Karomeeti Yukto Manyeta Tattvavit ” that beneath all this heavy load of strenuous work, he could be cheerful and smiling, and could, when not engaged in this responsible work, meditate in absolute peace.

Subbaraya was fond of the study of scriptures. He was an earnest student. He completed the study of the Mahabaratha and other philosophical treatises also during the early morning hours. His needs were few, and wants were none. H. H. Sri Swami Sivanandaji himself, during the course of his talk to aspirants, on the 17th September, 1945, said : “ Though he is a young man, he is full of Vairagya. He has controlled his tongue. I have tested him in so many ways. There is fire in his speech. His words come from his heart. He is a young man with spiritual Samskaras. He who has done spiritual Sadhana in the previous birth is born with such Samskaras. He has done much work. He has reorganised the Magazine Section which was all in a state of confusion. He works strenuously ; besides, he has translated several poems from Sanskrit. ”

Subbaraya was also the Guru in turn for many students of the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University for the study of

sanskrit. He entered the Holy Order of Sanyasa on the 14th January, 1946, on the Holy Makara Sankranti Day, and since then has come to be known as Sri Swami Krishnananda. In his own words, he felt a mysterious change within himself take place when Sri Gurudev uttered the glorious Mahavakya Who knows : perhaps even the thin veil forgetfulness with which the Brahma-Jnani had clothed himself in order to take birth here and to play the role of a teacher, was once again removed, at the magic touch of the master. Now, his service took a new turn. He took to lecturing and writing : no one knows how it came about—neither how the other departments of work dropped from him nor how the mantle of a Guru was thrown upon him. It is here that we see the mysterious Hand of Providence unmistakably working His Will. Day by day, the young Swami grew more and more lustrous, more and more silent and reticent, more and more introspective and meditative, more and more a manifest of a Godman. He had long before become a master of the art of resorting to the Inner Seclusion. Now he resorted to external seclusion also. The silence of the forests around the Ashram attracted him. The thought of God, God-Consciousness, kept him awake many a night. He rapidly became blind to the world of names and forms, and deaf to all the talk of the world. His gaze fixed on the ground before him, he flitted about like lightning, whenever he had to move out of his Kutir. He eagerly discussed Vedantic truths : he listened to aspirant's doubts and delightfully cleared them. But, worldly topics cared not approach him ! Though he was living in the phenomena world, amidst men and women, he was simultaneously living far far away from and above it, beyond the reach of the worldly. Frequently, he went away from all human habitation, in order to commune more thoroughly with that. Such was the fire of renunciation that he was, such was the spiritual yearning that he had, that no thought of the hardships that he might have to endure, could ever deter him from seeking the seclusion of the densest forests, away, far away from human habitation. At all other times, he plunged himself in intense activity.

Meditation and study, seclusion and selfless service—they all went hand in hand.

Then came the great day, somewhere in 1948, when he had, what he termed "a lightning glimpse of Truth." He was so lost in it that for a considerable time after that he took no interest in anything. He uttered not a word to anyone on any subject whatsoever. He never asked for anything; there was no desire in him and so no need for him to express any. He took what came to him unasked. He was ever blissful and peaceful.

Swami Krishnanandaji's emergence from this period of what we could only term as "concentrated God-Consciousness" was hailed by the establishment of the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University. Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj promptly appointed Sri Swami Krishnanandaji its Professor of Vedanta. There was "fire in his words", even before; now there was that clarity which clearly indicated a perfect perception of Truth. The words were illuminating. He spoke as one endowed with authority.

The story of Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj, after 1948, is just one of a Jivanmukta enjoying the Sahaja-Samadhi-Avastha. It is the story of Jada-Bharata retold. Radiating peace and bliss, he lives in Ananda Kutir, as the very Light of Ananda Kutir, in a state of continuous Self-Awareness. All service is welcome to him; though he does not desire to do this or that. Sankalpa is completely dead to him—except the one great Sat-Sankalpa: "May all beings be happy, peaceful and illumined." Seekers after Truth from all parts of the world; to them all he has become a Guru. Mention should be made of Prof. Sri Edwin A. Burtt, a noted Western philosopher, who stayed at the Ashram for nearly a month. They spent about an hour every evening, with Swami Krishnanandaji and Swami Chidanandaji, discussing philosophical problems.

Swami Krishnanandaji is the General Secretary and manages the affairs of the Society very efficiently. He to-date conducts all the religious observances in the Ashram. He guides Sadhakas not only in Jnana-Yoga and Vedantic Sadhana, but in other branches of Yoga as well. He is an adept in Hatha-Yoga, a master of Raja-Yoga and a great Bhakta of Lord Krishna. He is a master of the Yoga of Synthesis propounded by His Holiness Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj; and is today a wonderful replica of the Master. No greater tribute could be paid to his glorious personality than what Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj once told me: "Swami Krishnanandaji and Swami Chidanandaji have attained heart-to-heart union with me." These two Beaconlights of Divine Life together represent Sri Gurudev in all his divine aspects. May they live long to guide us! May their blessings be upon us all!

OM
MY LOVING PROSTRATIONS

Spirituality is that which is experienced within and without : (Atma Sakshatkar). Spirituality is not for propaganda. That life lived as the Life Spiritual alone should make others understand fully the greatness and the inherent value of Spirituality. Those that have experienced the True Being know that it is beyond speech. Their teachings to the sadhaks is 'Be Silent. Speak no words.' And he that is silent can render much service to others. On this auspicious day when his physical being completes sixty years of life, on his Shatiabdhapurthi day, my loving prostrations at the Holy Feet of Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj, who without much vocal expressions, through his Life Spiritual, serves humanity.

At the feet of those
at His Feet
Swami Satchidananda
Yogaville, Buckingham, Virginea, U.S.A.

SRI SIVNANDA STUTI

(Sri Swami Krishnananda)

हिमाद्रिप्रोत्तुङ्गामरसलिलसारासूतमया ।
जगन्माता गङ्गा वहति यत एनोहुतवहा ।
महादुःखध्वान्तरुण ऋषिवरो भाति जगतः
शिषानन्दः स्वामी जलधिहृदयो जीवतु चिरम् ॥ १ ॥
ददाति प्रीणाति ज्ञ उरुकरणो ध्यायति मुनि-
र्दयासिन्धुः स्वात्मोदितसुखनिमग्नोऽखिलगुरुः ।
क्वचिद्बालो रामः क्वचिदपि युवा वृद्धधिषणः
शिषानन्दः स्वामी जलधिहृदयो जीवतु चिरम् ॥ २ ॥
महात्मा संन्यस्तद्विद्यमत्तिसच्चित्सुखधनः
पराद्वैतब्रह्माम्बुधिभृदमृतत्वानुभवधीः ।
जगद्वन्द्यः स्वामी जयतु परमानन्दमुदितः
शिषानन्दः स्वामी जलधिहृदयो जीवतु चिरम् ॥ ३ ॥
परो योगी योगध्वजपरमहंसो विजयते
शिवः शान्तोऽद्वैतः प्रमुदितसमस्तात्मवदनः ।
अहोरात्रं लोकोद्धरणहृदयो योऽमृतपथे
शिषानन्दः स्वामी जलधिहृदयो जीवतु चिरम् ॥ ४ ॥
महाकर्ता जीवत्वमितशरदो नः शुभकरो
महभोक्ता कल्याणगुणनिलयो जीवतु चिरम् ।
महात्यागी सन्तोषनिधिरिनरुज्जीवतु चिरम्
शिषानन्दः स्वामी जलधिहृदयो जीवतु चिरम् ॥ ५ ॥
प्रणम्य पादौ परमार्थदीपौ गुरोः प्रपञ्चोपशमौ महान्तौ ।
अथायमात्मा लयमेति शान्ते शिवे चिदानन्दघने समस्ते ॥ ६ ॥

SRI SIVANANDA STUTI

Where the world-mother Ganga, with her immortal waters flowing from the heaven through the lofty Himalayas, rushes forth like a fire destroying all sins, there shines the supreme sage who is a sun to the darkness of the great sorrow of the world ! May that Sivananda, the Swami, possessed of a heart wide like the ocean, live long !

He gives, loves, knows and meditates. He is the source of wonderful divine activity. He is a Muni. He is an ocean of mercy.

He is merged in the joy derived from his own Self. He is the Guru of all. Sometimes he is like a child. Sometimes he is very pleasing. Sometimes he looks like a youth and at other times like a mature brained person. May that Sivanand, the Swami, possessed of a heart wide like the ocean, live long ! He, the great soul, has renounced the sense of of duality and has immersed himself in the Mass of Existence-Knowledge-Bliss. He floats in the ocean of the Supreme Non-Dual Brahman. He has no thought except of the immortal Experience. May that Swami rejoicing in the Supreme Bliss, praised by all, triumph ! May Sivananda, the Swami, possessed of a heart wide like the ocean, live long !

There glories the supreme great Yogi, with Yoga as his support the Paramahansa who is blessed, peaceful and non-dual, who brings joy to all though his smiling face ! Day and night he engages himself in lifting up the world towards the path to immortality. May Sivananda, the Swami, possessed of a heart wide like the ocean, live long !

May that Mahakarta, the doer of good to us, live for many years ! May that Mahabhokta, the seat of all auspicious qualities, live long ! May that Mahatyagi, the ocean of happiness, bright like the sun, live long ! May that Sivananda, the Swami, possessed of a heart wide like ocean, live long !

Prostrating to the feet of the Guru, which are my light to the Eternal Reality, which destroy the appearance of world-phenomena, which are very great. I, this Atma, lose myself in the peaceful, the blessed, the Mass of Consciousness-Bliss, which is this all !

THE PROPHET

(Sri Swami Krishnananda)

सैन्यासयोगसुमहानलदग्धघोरसंसारहेतु व इह प्रचरन्ति लोके ।
 ब्रह्मान् भवाख्यनिगडैः परिमोचयन्तः साक्षादतीन्द्रियकरैः कृतचित्रकृत्याः ॥१॥
 ब्रह्मानन्दसुधासमुद्रकणिकारूपैर्वचोभिर्जनान्
 शान्तिं पाययति प्रमोदमथ तज्ज्ञानत्विषा बोधयन् ।
 मोक्षार्थं यतमानसाधकगणं कारुण्यसान्द्रैकहृत्
 मार्गं यो दिशते गुरुः स हि शिवानन्दो जयत्यात्मवान् ॥ २ ॥

THE PROPHET

(Translation)

Those who have burnt the terrible seed of Samsara with the great fire of Sannyasa the Yoga, move in this world, doing wonderful deeds directly with their supersensible hands, liberating those who have been bound by the chains of birth and death.

Triumphs that Sivananda, the Guru, the knower of the Self, who makes people drink peace and happiness from his words which are like drops from the ocean of the ambrosia of the bliss of Brahman, who awakens them with the light of the knowledge of the Supreme, and who, with his heart singularly dense with compassion points out the path to the host of Sadhakas striving for Moksha.

GURU MAHIMA

(Sri Swami Krishnananda)

ज्ञानादित्यधियो ह्यनन्तसुखसिन्ध्वन्तर्वह्निश्चैकता-

पानस्नानकृतः स्वतस्तु गलितानात्मान आत्मत्वतः ।

लोकानुग्रहकाङ्क्षया भुवि नृधीयोग्यैकसत्कर्मिणः ।

सन्तः सन्ति वसन्तवद्धि गुरवस्तेभ्यो महद्भयो नमः ॥१॥

Saints are like the spring season, fulfilling the needs of people who, taking compassion on the world, act in a manner suitable for the teaching and training of the mentality of the human beings on earth, though, by themselves, they shine as luminous suns of wisdom, drink deep from and take bath in the limitless ocean of bliss move in it inside and outside equally, free from the notion of duality and knowing that all is the one Self : to such great preceptors be our prostrations !

महाक्रियो ज्ञाननिधिः परिव्राड् आत्मस्वरूपेण जगत्स्वरूपः ।

इति स्थितो लोकहिते रतोऽयं जीयाच्छिवानन्दगुरुर्गुरीयान् ॥२॥

Triumph be to Sivananda, the Guru, the Great Sanyasin, the reservoir of knowledge, the doer of great deeds, who works for the good of the world, realising that the world exists as the form of his own Self.

GLORY TO THE PRECEPTOR

(Sri Swami Krishnananda)

गुरुवैभवम्

गुरवः परमार्थवेदिनः प्रचरन्तो व्यवहारवद्भुवि ।

अथ संवृतिजीवमोचनं सततं कुर्वत आर्तिनाशकाः । १ ॥

The Gurus are the knowers of the Supreme Truth, and yet, they, the destroyers of distress, move in the world of practical activity and constantly bring about the liberation of the Jivas who are (otherwise) confined to relative experiences.

य इहाद्य जनेभ्य आदरात् प्रदिशन् दैवतजीवनं मुदा ।

गुरुरस्ति महान् पुमान् जयत्वघहर्ता सुखमेव यः शिवः ॥ २ ॥

Who, here and now, eagerly and joyfully instructs the people in Divine Life,—may He, the Guru, the Mahapurusha, the destroyer of sin, who is Siva (auspiciousness) in the form of happiness, be victorious !

अचिदस्तित्वबाह्यत्वभ्रमध्वान्तदिवाकरः ।

पुरतो भाति चिद्भ्योतिरहो नो भाग्यवैभवम् ॥ ३ ॥

The sun of consciousness and light to the darkness of delusion in the form of (belief in) the existence of unconscious and external things shines before (us). O, the greatness of our fortune?

SIVA YOGINDRA STUTI

सदा पावनं जाह्नवीतीरवासं सदा स्वस्वरूपानुसन्धानशीलम् ।

सदा सुप्रसन्नं दयालुं भजेऽहं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥१॥

हरेर्दिव्यनाम स्वयं कीर्तयन्तं हरेः पादभक्तिं सदा बोधयन्तम् ।

हरेः पादपद्मस्थभृङ्गं भजेऽहं । शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥२॥

जराव्याधिदौर्बल्यसंपीडितानां सदाऽऽरोग्यदं यस्य कारुण्यनेत्रम् ।

भजेऽहं समस्तार्तसेवाधुरीणं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥३॥

सदा निर्विकल्पे स्थिरं यस्य चित्तं सदा कुम्भितः प्राणवायुर्निकामम्

सदा योगनिष्ठं निरीहं भजेऽहं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥४॥

महामुद्रबंधादियोगांगदक्षं सधुम्नान्तरे चित्स्वरूपेनिमग्नं ।

महायोगनिद्राविलीनं भजेऽहं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥५॥

दयासागरं सर्वकल्याणराशिं सदा सच्चिदानन्दरूप-निलीनम् ।

सदाचारशीलं भजेऽहं भजेऽहं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥६॥

भवाम्बोधिनीकानिभं यस्य नेत्रं महामोहघोरान्धकारं हरन्तम् ।

भजेऽहं सदा तं महान्तं नितान्तं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥७॥

भजेऽहं जगत्कारणं सत्स्वरूपं भजेऽहं जगद्व्यापकं चित्स्वरूपम् ।

भजेऽहं निजानन्दमानन्दरूपं शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रमानन्दमूर्तिम् ॥८॥

पठेद्यः सदा स्तोत्रमेतत् प्रभाते शिवानन्दयोगीन्द्रनाम्नि प्रणीतम् ।

भवेत्तस्य संसारदुःखं विनिष्ठं तथा मोक्षसाम्राज्यकैवल्यलाभः ॥९॥

OM

INTRODUCTION

Every attempt to introduce Swami Krishnananda is only making an opportunity for ourselves to become once again conscious of and bask in the sunshine of his presence amidst us. His revered Self can be introduced only in repetitive phrases; he is a philosopher; a born philosopher; a master philosopher; a practical philosopher who lives his philosophy. All he has done and achieved are in terms of his philosophy of life. "The Absolute is the only Reality. Its being consists in Experience. Everything is everywhere at every time." The import of this sentence written on the wall in his own hand in perfect lettering under the illustrative picture of Lord Krishna as The Visvarupa, is Swami Krishnananda. Experience is an entirely internal process and therefore cannot be expressed through external media. Once when I went into his kutir he was alone in the front verandah. His being by himself and being left to himself is one of the rarest events in the whole ashram life. Under this circumstance the closed verandah becomes his "Study". He was writing something and continued to do so after my Prem-Pranams were acknowledged. After a couple of minutes lifting up his head he said, "I am doing Re-search. You know what Re-search is? I like to do Re-search when I am alone. But when I do get time I like to do Re-search.....yet tell me what do you want?" I was too timid to ask on what subject the Re-search was, and in any case it was perhaps beyond my mental calibre to understand it even if explained. Years later, this year, I tentatively asked. "Does Swamiji still continue the Re-search of the earlier years?" Very confidently he replied, "Yes. I continue to do Re-search. I like to do Re-search." Again no further detail was forth

coming. His avidity for learning is unquenchable. So one can either write volumes or not attempt to do so. Quantity is not the test or worthiness. So I leave it to the readers to build up their own Swami Krishnananda from vignettes presented through these pages, as also from the tributes he evokes from those that have any kind of contact with him.

The atmosphere Swamiji creates may be surmised from what surrounds him and what attention he pays to them. A curious blend of austerity and abundance pervades the small enclosed verandah used as the office-cum-audience hall. There is austerity in the personal belongings in use. There is abundance in the offerings, in a variety of fruits, nuts, sweets and flowers, in books, books and books; in files and files and in sheaves of papers from the size of small chits to the size of foolscap paper, all arranged like a bund under large pebbles from the bank of Ganga around his chair. All these are like the sea and his chair with its foot-mat (a three-year old knitted woollen piece) is the island in this sea-Swamiji often slips on to this mat from his chair and sitting in VAJRASANA conducts the office-work reaching out to this or that chit, file or paper and simultaneously attending to visitors etc. There is an abundance of pictures, paintings and models of a pantheon of gods and goddesses. The model in sandalwood of Lord Krishna with his flute shares the same four inch space that a Nativity of Christ in clay model occupies; an image of Virgin Mary in her alcove also in sandalwood stands amidst Sphatika Siva-Lingas on the tables nestling against each other; Hanuman and Durga, both small and brass plate casts, find themselves amidst the rest of the deities. The walls are covered at the top with pictures of Lakshmi and Mahalakshmi, with Jesus of the Sacred Heart between them, while varied versions of the episode from the Bhagavad Gita are interspersed with the inevitable calendars, of the Teacher and the taught. At the bottom of the walls are lined framed sayings culled from the Vedas, Swamiji's own books, The New Testament, etc., a file stand, a modern convenience lies uncared for in a corner.

The rest of the space is occupied by devotees admirers, tourists and dedicated old devotees of Guru Dev now on a visit to the ashram. Nimbly stepping their way through the barrage of papers come a stream of personnel from various departments of the ashram, on endless types of problems, which are disposed of amidst welcomes to new arrivals and answers to age old questions on spirituality at all its levels. And Swamiji sits next to the writing on the wall; "The Absolute is the only Reality."

What is more, his revered Self conveys the impression to every one entering, leaving or sitting, that there is only one thing here in this enclosed verandah and that is Swami Krishnananda or Swamiji as he is simply referred to.

May this similarity between the Eternal and the Jiva, the soul in the temporal body-temple of Swami Krishnananda extend in the conquest of Time by Sri Swami Krishnananda twice over, in other words, in that he completes two cycles of Time and we celebrate two Shashtyabdapurtis for his most beloved Revered Self. We must remember that this 'Vedanta Kesari', this 'Dakshinamurti' belongs to that group of men-of-wisdom, who once they leave this phenomenal transient world, will never return here! Hence may The supreme Being grant Swami Krishnananda Saraswati one hundred and twenty years of life in wealth of health for the prolonged benefit of the world and the continued blessings on the spiritual seekers is my humble and earnest prayer, on this most sacred and solemn occasion of his Sashtyabdhapurti.

OM

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

We are happy to have been able to render some service on the occasion of the Shastiabdhapurthi of H. H. Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj, the General Secretary of the Divine Life Society, Hq. Rishikesh, by bringing out this biography. Smt. S. Bhagyalakshmi Mathaji, an inmate of Sivananda Ashram who has been attending daily, the morning satsangs of the Saint has recorded faithfully in her note books and in tapes, the talks, clarification of seeker's doubts, expositions, advices, admonitions etc., which are valuable to seekers and devotees. She is so much attracted towards this great Teacher and sage that she has taken H. H. Swami Krishnanandaji as her Upaguru. The biography prepared by her is inspiring. We are thankful to Smt. S. Bhagyalakshmi Mathaji for having asked us to print and publish the biography and for the opportunity given to us to do this small seva.

25th April, 1982

Swami Sivananda Spiritual Centre
Bangalore

THE SPROUT AND THE FRUIT

Gurudev Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj himself said: "Krishnanandaji is a wonder to me! He has excelled me! He has excelled Sankara! He has excelled Dakshinamurti!" These few pregnant words of the great Master introduce Swami Krishnanandaji to us. When he is a wonder to Gurudev himself, how can anyone write anything about him? Lord Krishna describes the characteristics of his Bhaktas as those who ever are speaking, glorifying and enlightening each other on the objective of thier devotion. And so this humble devotee of his ventures to write these few lines as a flower offering at his holy feet on the auspicious occasion of his Shashtiyabdapurti.

*On the 25th. of April 1922, a son, fair as shining gold and of attractive from, was born to Sri Kombrenje Sankara-Narayana puthuraya and Smt. Kaveri Amma. On April 25th., 1981, Sri Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj said: "I have already started my sixtieth year," Let us now try to get a bird's eye view of these sixty years.

Indeed, the parents felt blessed that the austerities and Tapas which the new-born's grandfather had performed fruetified in the birth of this child who was named Subbaraya Puthuraya after his Tapasvin grandfather. Such is the Hindu tradition too. The great souls the world has seen, seem to have had some kind of Tapas done by their forebears, preceeding their

*Some of the facts and incidents included in this book are taken from the book "Swami Krishnananda's (A glimpse of the practical Vedantin)" by Swami Chidananda Saraswati for which I am greatly indebted to His Holiness.

birth, as if a worthy ground was being prepared for their ensoulment in different wombs at different times. Sri Sadasiva Brahmendra, of recent times, was born to his parents after great Tapas on the part of his mother in particular, under the guidance of her husband. Sri Jaideva of Ashtapati fame was nurtured by his mother in her womb, with prayers and with the great consciousness that she was bearing a great soul to be delivered to the world. The supreme Being manifested Himself as Vamana (Avatar) at the end of very great Tapas on the part of both the parents-the Rishi and his wife. It was Devaki's earlier lives of Tapas that earned her the honour of becoming the blessed mother of Lord Krishna Himself. Mulaprakriti bears in her womb all the Avatars. What great honour is there than to represent Her with the motherhood of bearing great souls! Grandfather, Subbaraya Puthuraya's Tapas blossomed in the motherhood of Kaveri Amma to give us the fruit in Subbaraya who has become Sri Swami Krishnananda Sarasvati in the spiritual family of most revered Gurudev H. H. Swami Sivananda Sarasvati Maharaj.

The people of the village of Kemminje talked among themselves in their mother-tongue, as the news of the birth of Subbaraya spread by word of mouth. The following conversation is what I imagine took place as I picture the scene to myself.

"Look, the child is like the golden image of Lord Krishna itself!"

Why not? The Tapas of the grandfather, Subbaraya, was so great that even Lord Krishna would want to be born in this family."

"Yes, Yes! I have heard that he had vowed to feed pious, holy Brahmins for one month during the month of Makara every year throughout his life at our village Shanmuka

temple. Many of our menfolk still talk about that feeding."

"Did you know he sold some of his own property to help those who were in need? Charity never goes unrewarded."

"Grannie, Grannie "a young woman burst in" is it true that this pious Subbaraya puthuraya did Pradakshina and prostrated himself at our village temple of Lord Subrahmanya so many times every day that his knees and elbows got bruised to the bleeding point?"

"Of course, it is true. We all used to wonder at his Sraddha and Bhakti."

"Do not forget that ours is the village of Kemminje, the village of orthodox Shivalli Brahmanas. And remember, too that family is of the great Angirasa Gotra and Punyavati Kaveri Amma's father, Narasimha Kudrettaya is even now the Archaka incharge in our Subrahmanya temple."

"Do you remember the great man Subbaraya Puthuraya's father? I was a mere girl at that time " -ejaculated a toothless sweet old grannie. "who? Keshava Puthuraya?" broke in the lady next to her.

"Yes. Yes. the same. Keshava Putturaya was an Archaka of Omkaresvara temple in Mercara (in Coorg District, in South Kanara, on the west coast of South India). But when Gangadhara Putturaya of our village died so prematurely, the poor mother was helpless to carry on the Nitya Puja (daily worship), so she begged Keshava Putturaya to come here to continue these duties and Vinnyogas of the family deities. That is how it has come about that the great grand father of this new-born child settled down in our village. They are here since two generations."

“Do you know who has given the land of Tuluva to a certain Brahmana family settled there in Mercara and why they were given free land to settle in? I will tell you”-joined in another grannie, not to be left out of the importance of being an informant about the hoary family of the new born son of Kaveri Amma. Maharaja Mayura Varma, the ruler of Banavasi gave Tuluva to this line of Brahmana family in Mercara. The ancestors of Keshva Putturaya and their line of families down to the present, are well versed in the performance of karmas and rituals of the Vedic KARMA-LANDA. They have deep knowledge of Tantra Sastra. So, Maharaja Mayura Varma authorised this line of family to practise paurohitya and Tantra as their services to the religious life of the community in the Kingdom.”

All the women became silent and stood up as two elderly men returning home after their bath in the temple tank were passing by. One of them was heard telling the other: “this new born grandchild of Subbaraya putturaya is not doubt a Yogabhrashta to be born in the family of such pious brahmins,” and went on to quote the Slokas from the Bhagavad Gita (VI-41-44)

“No wonder!” -said a young Brahmachari who was passing by and had stopped to hear all this. “No wonder” -he repeated in awe-stricken tones. “That is why this new born child looks so wonderfully attractive. It has come from a great line of ancestors both from the father’s and mother’s side. I was there at the child’s naming ceremony.”

It is no wonder that in such a line of pious souls, greatly devoted and learned in the sacred knowledge of the Vedas and deeply religious, the highly spiritually evolved Subbaraya was born. An event during the pregnancy of Kaveri Amma has had a lasting impact on the life of the child and twenty two years later, it had the impact on all who have had any kind of contact with him who had since

become a Sannyasin and the beloved disciple of Gurudev Sivananda. It was not an event like the dream which Buddha’s mother had, where a great white elephant had entered her! Ironically, in this case, it is an illness that Smt. Kaveri Amma suffered, thanks to which, we have today Swami Krishnananda with us. The asthmatic attack during her pregnancy had got passed on to the child in the womb. “I have got my asthma from my mother. Since child-hood this has been my companion! I remember my father carrying me on his shoulders and walking to the Doctor Sri Sundara Rao, all the time I suffered with the asthmatic attack”-said Swamiji, a couple of years back. But how has this done us, the members of the Sivananda family a great good? We will see as we go on with the story of Subbaraya.

Before we pass on, another anecdote related to us by Sri Swamiji himself must be noted here. One day, Swamiji told us: “My grandfather, whose name I was given in my Purvasrama, (before taking Sannyasa), was a saintly man and he died in an unusual way. He had been invited to partake of the Prasad in the ‘Ishta Bandhi Bhojanam’ at the anniversary function of a certain ancestor in the family. After he returned home holding the Prasad given to him, he made a quizzical remark: ‘So I am to take this to him, my forefather!’ And as if he literally meant his words, within a very short time thereafter, he passed away for no reason so to speak, as if it was ordained that he should be the messenger carrying the food for the forefather in the world of the manes.

Another time, a disciple asked Sri Swamiji: “Who was the greatest man you met during your stay in Varanasi?” “Not in Varanasi” was the reply. “The greatest man I have met was my grandfather on my mother’s side.” “Not Sri Subbaraya Putturaya, the great Tapasvin?” -asked the disciple.

“No, that grandfather on my father’s side did not live long after the birth of my Purvasram father. He died when his

precious child was only about two or three years old. The greatest man I have met is my mother's father, Sri Narasimha Kudrettaya"

A foreigner one day asked Swamiji : "How is it that you caught on to genuine spirituality, like iron fillings to the magnet ? What made you do that ? In reply, Swamiji explained how heredity, sacred texts and word of mouth from elders all these and each in its own right, are contributory to the total effect of making a person spiritual. He said, "And I had the advantage of all the three heritage of men of devotion and spirituality learned in the sacred texts, their teachings as you may put it, and the sacred texts. For spirituality is not a horizontal movement in space, but rather an ascent vertically. It is a transformation like what one experiences when one comes from the dream consciousness to the waking consciousness".

My father sat on my head and made me learn the Vedic Hymns (the Samhitas) like the Purusha Sukta, the PAVAMANA Suktas etc ; The PAVAMANA Suktas from an entire Mandala ; it is the ninth mandala of the Rigveda Mantras. It is generally studied as an essential sequel to follow the study of the Purusha Sukta, PAVAMANA Suktas is the quintessence of the Rigveda Mantras. To learn all these was a very hard task for me at that time. I had to toil night and day at learning them by heart. Neither in the speed with which one Sukta succeeded the next nor in the meticulous pronunciation, Chhandas and the such details did my father allow any respite. The pressure he brought to bear upon this study was such that every time I even sighted the letters of PAVAMANA Suktas I remember afresh those days of old times! Ah! But now my heart thrills to these sublime Hymns. My father (father) was not thinking in his mind that all this was being taught to his eldest son and passed on to the family. It was as if he only had the Hymns in his mind's eye and not any person sitting and learning before him. Because when he came here on

his return from the pilgrimage to Badrinath along with my brothers and mother he could not recognise me !"

This explanation forms the back ground for another anecdote which Swamiji told us in the first week of May 1981 as this biography was being written. Stories of kings, emperors, saintly men of the world and the Lilas of the Lord were all related to the young boy Subbaraya, as he sat on the lap of grandfather, Narasimha Kudrettaya, or in the precincts of the Subrahmanya temple where he used to play while his grandfather performed his duties as Archaka. One day, as he was sitting on his mother's lap, then a child of six, he looked up into her face and said : "I am going to be a Sunnyasin." "what" said the outraged mother. Holding up her forefinger threateningly, she thrice reprimanded him severely. "say that again ! How dare you say it !" Little Subbaraya only giggled in reply. For this was The sprout that was to yeild the fruit of wisdom in the years to come.

Boy Subbaraya, 'the father of the man', started on his first pilgrimage at the age of two. A top the shoulders of his elders or parents, he visited the sacred Talakaveri in Coorg district in South India, which is the source of the sacred river, Kaveri, and which is held, in the South, in as much love and adoration as Mother Ganga in the Gangetic plains. And the source of Kaveri, Talakaveri, is the Gangotri of South India. Child Subbaraya made two more pilgrimages at the age of three and five, borne by the elders on their shoulders, as was the custom in the days when even long pilgrimages were made on foot. It is interesting to note in passing that Subbaraya first paid homage to the source of Kaveri and next to Vishnu, the protecting Deity of creation. These become symbolic and significant in the context of the young Subbaraya maturing into a full fledged jnani. The soul of Subbaraya seemed to be maintaining its connection with the source of cosmic consciousness and praying to Lord Vishnu the sustainer, to protect the ensouled jiva in this mortal world of samsara

where it had chosen to come but at the behest of the Supreme Being (rather than to exhaust its prarabda !)

Subbaraya was the eldest among four brothers and one sister. And all his brothers are well versed in the vedic lore though all of them are highly placed government officials.

The grandmother of Subbaraya (on the father's side) was a charmingly innocent woman. The mischievous ten year old Subbaraya along with his brothers would ask her : "Grandma, Grandma ! Tell us which is superior, the Sun or the Moon." "Of course the Moon is superior" answered the old lady. "why, why Grandma, do you say the Moon is superior to the Sun ?" teased Subbaraya. "The silly Sun shines during the day time when there is already light but the Moon sensibly shines at night when there is darkness" - was Grandma's innocent reply. Suppressing their amusement till almost blue in the face, the boys tramped out to laugh heartily in the "silly" Sun's light ! Revered Swami Krishnanandaji narrated this to us chuckled and roared with laughter at its recollection.

And it was this same playful Subbaraya who used to get up at 3 a.m. and recite all the vedic hymns to the different Deities till 8 a.m. "I was praying to all the deities" - he told us laughingly one day, "because I did not know which Deity would protect me". when little older, he took the study of the Bhagvad Gita in Sanskrit on his own initiative. Such was his intellect and unusual memory that he soon learned it by heart and started repeating the whole of the Gita also daily.

The sacred thread - investiture of Subbaraya was over. Since the hoary Gurukula - Vasam had disappeared from the land of Bharatavarsha of spiritual wisdom, Subbaraya like other boys of the locality, became a student of formal school studies, which, in the words of Swamiji Maharaj himself, was to equip a growing individual with knowledge to save, protect

and guide the student through life, but, this knowledge fails to do that, and it only makes him a bread - winner, A poor result ! However, this formal education in the case of Subbaraya was, unlike in the case of the vast majority, an opportunity for laying the foundation for deeper learning. He mastered his lessons as effortlessly as a pointed needle would pass through a pile of rose petals. Every class lesson took him less time to learn and master, than it took the teachers to teach him. "As long as Subbaraya was one in the class, no one else could hope to come first" - recounted his classmate, Sri Savoor, who visited the Ashram about the year 1975.

Life, even in the early twentieth century, no more centred on life-spiritual and life-harmony. It had become centred on the competitive economics of living. So, Subbaraya was being educated to be shaped into a Government Officer, which line he entered when still in his teenage. The formal learning he had had was, to quote a Tamil proverb, a popcorn for the hunger of an elephant. Therefore, Subbaraya again on his own initiative, got a great Sanskrit Scholar, Sri Kenneppady Paramesvara Sastri to teach him Sanskrit. In between his schooling and the private Sanskrit tuitions, young Subbaraya took a giant's draught of knowledge in every branch of studies, at the library of Sri Baindur Sivarama Holla, a prominent advocate of Puttur, where Subbaraya used to be at his studies. Like the tusker which draws the water up its long trunk from the jungle lake, the young Subbaraya now at the end of his teenage, drank of the Vedic lore, Vedas, Upanishads, Epics, Puranas and together with these, also the latest in the field of scientific progress and discovery, all from Sri Holla's library. Every book he could get from any source, he read and digested. But novels and stories any modern student went for had no interest for this young man. His thirst sought the depths of profound knowledge.

Subbaraya had an extraordinary power of memory. What

was once learnt was never forgotten. At the Ashram, about the year 1947, the 112 Upanishads which he had learnt were offered in Havan as per Gurudev's direction. "I officiated as the priest for this Havan"—said Vaidya-Raj Satchidananda Maithani who is in charge of the Sivananda Ayurvedic Pharmacy. Swami Krishnanandaji's elephantine memory reels off even now from his school Geography-Bartholomew's Atlas! He would, spluttering with laughter, recite fast the tongue-twister "Popocatepete", the name of the volcanic mountain in Mexico. He would quote a school-boy's joke in spoonerism—ordered the master to the defaulting boy of his class: "You have already tasted two worms. Take the first town train and go home! What the master wanted to tell the boy was: You have already wasted two terms, take the first down train to town and go home! Here is another: "Thomas Attatomas took two tubs to tie to two tips of two tall trees! Repeat this fast," he would challenge in the spirit of a school with a warm hearty laughter.

At another time, in a jovial mood he would tell us: Examination is a botheration to the Indian civilization whose occupation is mainly cultivation," and go off into peals of laughter.

And here is the greatest of tongue twisters Uttaptat Tytukatathvita prakata, katakatadhivana sanghattanachariya—a name which rendered the patrolling policeman chalan him because it was impossible to spell the Sanskrit long titled name! One splits with laughter as Swamiji narrates such anecdotes.

The great Jnani in Swami Krishnanandaji disappears behind such utter light-hearted school-boy recollections. Even in these early days of his boyhood, the Tapasvin, the practical Vedantin and the Virakta latent in Subbaraya, peeped out every now and then. What happened on one such

occasion was related by Swami Krishnanandaji himself during one of the Sadhana Weeks he conducted in 1957 or so.

There was a little shop round the corner of the street where his house was (and I am told it is still there) one had to pass this shop as one went up and down the street. This shop sold bread loaves. Little Subbaraya was very fond of bread. Every time he passed by the shop, he used to have an irresistible craving to eat some. This uncontrollable desire irritated the young boy who had just entered his teenage. One day he bought two full loaves of bread and went up a tree (like Robinson Cruso!) and sitting there, he started eating the loaves, munching each mouthful deliberately and in a businesslike manner. Even before half a loaf of bread was finished, the stomach and tongue started to rebel against further consumption. He felt it nauseating. But, Subbaraya persisted and forced himself to eat both the loaves, telling his mind and tongue: "you have been craving for this, and therefore, shall eat it all here and now." "well after that incident, vomiting to the hilt. I could hardly bear the sight of bread!" concluded Swamiji with a laugh.

With Subbaraya, play was play even if it was Rama's role with improvised bows and arrows; and study, though self-study, was study with notes taken down from every book under study. He would hide himself up on a tree to be able to read uninterrupted.

At Hospet, Bellary, he became the earning member of the family. Once again, the surface level personality in the office work, quickly yielded its place to the deeper levels of the young man's personality. And on his own initiative, he held discourses on his favourite Bhagvad-Gita to the lucky audience of his acquaintances. The trait of delving into the meaning the texts was seen quite early in his boyhood when he used to read out to his mother, grandmother and others,

the sacred books like Ramayana and Mahabharata and explain the meaning to them.

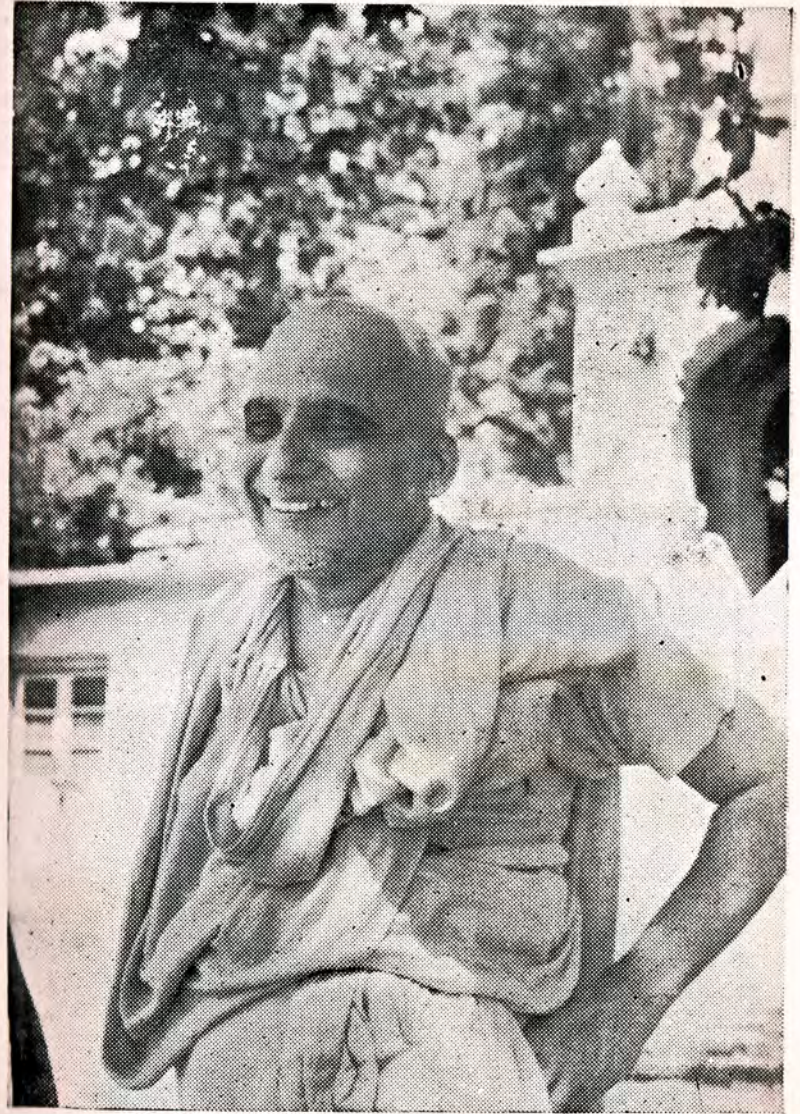
A fountain does not send up a single spout of water, but sends up several sparkling spouts uneasingly. Even so, Subbarays's intellectual fountain sent up many sparkling spouts. He not only learnt poems in English and Sanskrit but also composed in both languages. We are denied all but one or two of these later poems. Simply because of his inveterate reluctance to say anything about himself and his writings. You need a buffalo hide to take the brunt of all his refusals made in harshest terms and keep at it to get a little drip here and a little drop there. But if you persist, he becomes a creamroll! when the exterior hard covering of the creamroll is bitten through, the sweet, cream, fills your mouth. This is how a couple of his compositions have come to us and one of it is given below.

Another is in Sanskrit - vide the Divine Life magazine, 1949 September issue as also vol. V of the Shashtiyabdapurti series.

Inspired lines on Lord Krishna with Sudarsana

"Gorgeous beauty, shining sun,
Then jumped from chariot, rushed forward ;
Discus in hand whirling fire,
Destruction come gainst Bhishma Sire.
Lo, the wonder, earth did shake,
And gods in heaven marvelled in awe ;
Ocean tossed in frightful waves
when Krishna rose in wrath Divine."

Also, for his own part, he has no lingering love for what is already done and finished with. "I threw all the collection of poems into the Ganga, recollection is bandage,"



*SWAMI KRISHNANANDA Near the steps to
Sri Viswanath Mandir*



Swami KRISHNANANDA Speaking at A Morning Session



Swami KRISHNANANDA Listening to a Devotee at Morning Satsangh

said he. His extreme renunciation was evidenced in the incredible anecdote which I once heard from an elder Ashramite, and confirmed by Lakshmi Mataji, the revered mother of Swami Venkatesanandaji. It was the meeting of his aged mother and his brothers after twenty long years. He had almost completely forgotten everything of his purvasrama that he could not even converse in his own mother-tongue. Unfortunately, this was the only language the mother could speak in. With great struggle and promptings from the brothers, a little conversation was carried on between the mother of Subbaraya and revered Swami Krishnanandaji. The mother was greatly astounded and said: "How can you forget me, your own mother?" Promptly, came the reply—"In this life you are my mother. There have been ever so many other mothers and fathers for me before. I do not remember the others either." A Tamil saint has sung in these very words his agony at the never-ending cycle of births and deaths, crying to the Lord of Lords to end this samsara. At a given level, the pattern of thought seems to be the same. He then went on to ask, wrinkling his brow to recollect that long past Purvasrama—"Er.... there was a boy called Rajagopala, where is he now?" And this Rajagopala was his immediate younger brother! It is not therefore, surprising that he has not cared to recollect those college days poems in Sanskrit and English, though they are there in his enormous memory or as you may say, in his timeless memory. "To recollect is to be in bondage"—said Swamiji and clinched the matter there.

It may not be irrelevant to relate the words said by Swami Krishnanandaji in 1979, to an elderly father bemoaning the death of his 22 year old son. The father had come to get solace from the hermits and sages of the Ashram. Swamiji asked the father: "When another man's son passed away, did you shed a single tear? That son was more useful to the world, more brilliant, more handsome, better fitted in every way to live a long life than your son. He died. Did you cry

in the evening for a walk along the banks of the Ganga. "Oji! Come here, where are you going?" called out Swami Sivananda's voice. Swamiji was walking along the open verandah outside his own kutir. The aspirant Subbaraya went and prostrated himself before him. Stay here till death" —the Master blessed the overjoyed twenty two year old seeker "I will make kings and ministers fall at your feet." (This was narrated to us by Swami Krishnanandaji himself.) That was in 1944.

Thus started the wonderful Guru-Disciple divine relationship. The Master and the seeker permeated each other's being from then on, so that when the Master contained Himself in Mahasamadhi in 1963, the seeker had become a part of the Master and left behind as 'Guru-amsa'.

But, we have skipped the years from 1944 to 1963, in these two sentences! Subbaraya arrived at the Ashram in 1944. On the 14th of January, 1946, the holy Makara Sankranti, Uttarayana Punyakala, the unusual young man with the department of a sage and recluse and the wisdom of an elder in matters relating to the Vedas and the Dharma Shastras, entered the order of Sanyasa, emerging into the galaxy of the Sarasvati Order as Swami Krishnananda Sarasvati. Gurudev had perceived his rare and unique spiritual qualities during his short Brahmacharya Ashrama, preceding Sanyasa and the traditional period of training was skipped over in this case.

Observing him during the few months between his arrival as a seeker and his Sanyasahood, Swami Chidananda Maharaj has recorded that he was scrupulous in the observance of his daily duties of the Brahmacharya Ashram and very regular in his Sandhyavandana, Arghya and Gayatri Japa and that there was an innate saintliness that even persons much older to him in age felt impelled to show reverence in their behaviour towards him. Brahmachari

Bridhara and Subbaraya shared a low roofed 6'x8' room which now is the dressing-room of the Sivananda General Hospital. This was a very significant indication of the sharing of their inner longings confined within their youthful physical frames ever intent on the same objectives of God realisation and utter devotion to their Guru. They adored their Guru not quite willing to put The Master second to God the Almighty for the Guru and God were one to these two Yoga Brahshtas. This current life for these young Sanyasins is but the end of the cycle of birth and death. Here is what Swami Krishnananda related in a casual mood. "Swami Chidananda and I used to cut jokes between us. One day I went and stood before him and said, what will we do if Lord Yama comes to us this minute?" He looked up and said, "I don't know, I never thought of that". At which both of us laughed". But their laughter was at Lord Yama trying to appear where the Absolute reigned Supreme. Such train of thoughts has been evidenced to date in the lives two of these "We are Twin souls" Swami Krishnananda himself declared during the celebrations of Swami Chidananda's birth day a couple of years ago.

They shared each others thoughts and found them in complete agreement. "When Siva enters the room we do not feel it is a man entering". "But a great Presence coming!" "Isn't it!" Thus the two disciples with one heart silently adored Siva. At another time under totally different circumstances the two hearts spoke one thought. The young Sanyasin Swami Krishnananda was reprimanded by the Guru for going about bare-bodied in the chill of the winter. So he wrapped a blanket around himself wrapped and went about. A day or two later meeting the wrapped up Sanyasin at the morning class the Guru remarked: this young man is so attached to this blanket that he never leaves it. At this the despairing disciple unwrapped himself with a questioning look at his Guru Bhai Chidananda. And Chidananda returned the same questioning look, puckering his brows and scratching his head, trying to solve this riddle of the Guru as if there

was only one heart between the two. Such was the heart to heart, nay, soul to soul friendship divine, which is evinced to-date. They shared everything as they shared the 6' x 8' room.

To continue our narrative, this young ardent seeker of Truth, Subbaraya Putturaya, within a short time, came to be regarded as an "Acharya" and an authority who could be trusted to give the correct guidelines in all matters secular and spiritual, while on philosophical, metaphysical and religious matters his opinion and interpretation given on the basis of the Scriptures was considered as final. He had a thorough grasp of the knowledge of the scriptures as also other subjects and situations: and his expressions were clear and logical. His nature and conduct was divine. Gurudev himself said about him on one occasion: "He has more divine qualities than are mentioned in the Gita. Lord Krishna was in a hurry; therefore, he enumerated some major virtues only and we have to add to them the virtues that Krishnanandaji possesses". No wonder Gurudev gave Sanyasa to Subbaraya by passing the traditional period of Brahmacharaya Ashrama. The studious nature of his earlier life became more marked in his Sanyasa life. Gurudev provided him with whatever books he wished to have, besides those in the Ashram library. So, texts like the Mahabharata, and the Bhagavata were read in original and assimilated, through a programme of daily study till 12 mid-night and again continued in the early morning hours.

Austerity went hand in hand with study. His life at that time was of utmost simplicity and absolute self-control. He would never open his mouth and ask for anything even if it was badly needed. And we have already note how on arrival at the Ashram, he starved for the first three days, because he did not ask if he could have some food. His practice of 'Aparigraha' was perfect. And all the time, he was ever filled with an intense burning aspiration for the highest realisation. By temperament, he was inclined more towards silence,

seclusion and inward relection than to external preoccupation and activity.

The Brahmachari Subbaraya, who had stunned his Master one day, by reciting the whole of the Bhagvad-Gita, all the 18 chapters, lived in the spirit of each verse in his Sanyasa life. He knew what was 'action in inaction' and 'inaction in action'. Thus when his hometown brother and his immediate elder in age and his close spiritual comrade in the Asram, Sri Sridhar Rao (now revered Sri Swami Chidanandaji) hesitated to draw this young man from a traditionally highly orthodox priest class into the work of the village apothecary to probe into all diseases and diseased parts of the human body, to clean stinking pus and dress bleeding wounds, at the Ashram hospital-cum dispensary, Brahmachari Subbaraya de-identified himself with his birth in the orthodox Brahmin family and plunged himself in the service of the sick and suffering. It is certainly a far cry from the Upanishads and the Brahma Sutras to Materia Medica and the 'Home and Village Doctor'. But to this unique seeker after Truth, the essence behind everything, nothing seemed a far cry. The practical Vedantin in the Guru, Swami Sivananda, seemed to have a reflex action in the disciple Krishnananda; and Materia Medica was read and mastered in the same way as the Upanishads and Brahma Sutras were.

Swami Krishnananda had to take complete charge of the dispensary in the absence of Swami Chidananda in 1947, and during this period, he even trained another junior Brahmachari as an assistant and dresser. Though Swami Chidananda had helped Swami Krishnananda to learn Materia Medica, the latter soon graped the subject to the extent that he could even correct any slip made by the former as revered Swamiji Chidananda himself records in the Golden Jubilee release "Swami Krishnananda".

Swami Krishnananda endeared himself to the entire neighbourhood by his sympathetic nature, consideration for

patients and selflessness. He disregarded his own personal comfort when it came to serving the sick. When an old Sadhu nearby fell very ill, Swamiji went to attend upon him day and night. An Ashram school boy, who was almost sightless, fell down from high up a Bilva tree which he had climbed to gather the sacred leaves for the daily worship of Lord Siva at the Ashram's Visvanath temple. The boy got a severe shock by the fall and sustained painful internal injury. He was laid up in bed unable to move for several weeks, Swami Krishnanandaji's compassionate care and nursing till his recovery, was such that even a mother could not have excelled it.

But, when it came to bearing pain and suffering himself, he proved to be a Titikshu of a high order. He had his share of very painful Prarabdha to undergo. Being plagued by chronic asthma from early boyhood, the sudden change from the temperate climate in the south to the extremes of the north and exposure to the spartan Ashram life of that time, brought on very severe attacks of asthma during 1945-46. His suffering was intense and great. For six months, he was practically bedridden, gasping for breath, in a small low-roofed back room behind the dispensary where he worked. This 6' x 8' room is now the Dressing room of the Sivananda General Hospital.

He could not eat any solid food during these attacks over six months. One day passed like one Yuga for him. And yet, through all this, he was the embodiment of uncomplaining endurance and calm acceptance of what he felt was inevitable and unavoidable. It was imposed by Providence upon the body for its karmic purification. It was an object lesson for others in stoic suffering without a murmur. The suffering was such that those who happened to come nearby and saw him or heard his painful gasping and laboured wheezing, from outside, could not stand the sight and bear the sound of painful breathing. They quietly left the place. Gurudev himself was very concerned and was anxious that the condition might not

strain the young sufferer's heart. Thus passed almost an entire autumn, winter and early spring of that terrible year. At the start of the narrative we said that it was a blessing that he inherited Asthma from his mother who suffered from Asthma only after her conception of this child to be born as Subbaraya Putturaya. We shall now see that it is this chronic infirmity that kept him back from a life of total isolation, seclusion and meditation in solitude.

At one time he was overcome by an intense mood of dispassion, Tivra Vairagya. He wished to be away from the company of the Sadhakas and Sadhus of the Ashram. One morning he was found missing from the Ashram. Consternation prevailed among the Ashramites. Without any possession except one cloth on his body, Swami Krishnanandaji had walked off alone northward on the footpath leading to Badrinath. In those days it was a footpath interspersed with rope-bridges all the way throughout the route to Badrinath. God alone knows what would have been the shape of his life had he been endowed with a robust constitution and good health. But, as it happened, the rigour of the upward trek on foot along the opposite bank of the Ganges, began to tell upon his body and proved too taxing to his constitution that had already become very weak by Asthma. He had to turn back and return to the Ashram!

This was the second time that God gave us Swami Krishnananda. For, when but 13 years old, the boy Subbaraya was repeatedly laid up by three different, serious illnesses-Typhoid, Bronchitis and Asthma in quick succession. How much of thanks-giving prayers we today owe to God for having spared the little frail boy to become Swami Krishnananda to love and guide us, the seekers! It makes us ponder over God's kindness to us. Merciful Lord! Thank you for saving him to guide and instruct us. From 1975 to 1979, he again suffered continuously, attacks after attacks of this adder like ailment. It is only Gurudev's love for us all that has given

him strength to carry on to-date in his usual cheer and efficiency.

This frail physique was never taken note of. "We have carried bricks on our heads and firewood from behind the Visvanatha Mandir"—he triumphantly tells us. "We used to carry water from the Ganga for the requirements in the Ashram's kitchen, as also our kutirs. We bathed in the Ganga water, no hot water at that time. Swami Sharadananda (who attained Samadhi in 1978) and myself used to go together and dip into the cold Ganges—one, two, three....! That way we felt each shared the cold the other felt" —chuckled Swami Krishnanandaji as he related this in 1980.

Revered Swami Hridayananda Mataji recalled that once, "Gurudev wanted me to learn the Brahmasutras from young Swami Krishnananda. But I did not know who this Swami was. And when I said so to Sri Gurudev, he replied: 'You stand near the Post Office at 4 o'clock in the morning, a young Sannyasi will pass by to have his bath in the Ganga, that is Swami Krishnananda.'"

Thus while Father Himalayas of Badrinath fulfilled God's purpose by turning him back to the Ashram - him, the recluse who sought to attain Kaivalya in meditation with Narayanana of Badarikasrama - Mother Ganga bathed him in her waters to cool the heat of his Tapas in the form of various austerities he was practising. And all the while, the ensouled Krishnananda was inwardly bathing in Jnana Ganga. The will of the Supreme Being was that without moving from his kutir, he shall reach the heights of the Supreme Wisdom. "Next only to the brick and stones of the walls of the Ashram, Swami Krishnananda moves out of the Ashram—remarked an admirer. Today, in 1981, he was heard telling a visitor, "I have never seen Paramartha Niketan, though it is on the opposite bank of the Ganga". Unbelievable of any but the great recluse, Sri Swami Krishnanandaji.

From the time he returned to the Ashram, forced to abandon the Badrinath pilgrimage, he started living a life of seclusion in the Ashram itself. Sri Gurudev instructed that he might be given, for his stay, the new room that had then been just completed over the Kaivalya Guha which stood alone amidst trees on the Visvanath-hill. Swami Krishnanandaji isolated himself completely, spoke very little and seldom saw anyone. Gurudev's orders were "Don't disturb him". Study, reflection, contemplation and meditation were his occupations during this period. Gurudev often used to refer to him as a Virakta, Mahatma, Vairagi and Tapasvi. It was during this time that he had had the lightening glimpse of the Reality—this was the intuitive conclusion the senior monks came to.

And now, he could dance in ecstasy. On one occasion, we enjoyed his ecstatic dance. It was on the 3rd of December, 1967 when the procession in connection with the Silver Jubilee celebration of the Akhanda Mahamantra Japa reached the gates of the Ashram on its return from Rishikesh. With sticks (Kolattam-Dandi of the Ras Leela) in his hands clapping time, he leapt and jumped gracefully and weaved patterns with other Swamijis and devotees. In these 30 years of my moving in his holy company, I have not seen such a scene before or after.

What really drew him out of his absorption in meditation and isolation was the establishment of the Yoga Vedanta Forest University in 1948. Worshipful Gurudev suggested that he might share his Vedantic knowledge with sincere spiritual aspirants, by giving lessons to them in Vedanta in the early morning classes which in those days were conducted at 4 a.m. in the YVFU which Gurudev had instituted. Thus the first blossoms of this spiritually robust tree spread its fragrance at the lectures given in the Yoga Vedanta Forest University

Vide Appendix—A for a further account of Yoga Vedanta Forest University (YVFU).

started over night by Gurudev Swami Sivananda. The classes were held in the unusual hours of the Brahma Muhurta from 4 a.m. to 6 a.m. Swami Sivananda Maharaj was the first student; "he was a wonder man, and in this humorous situation there were four lecturers and one student!" Swami Krishnananda was elected for discourses on certain texts on the philosophical side, like the Vedanta Sara etc. Three other professors were given other subjects. The roles of the student and Professor were interchangeable! It was all a bit strange for some of us youngsters! said Swami Krishnananda. He now could not ignore Gurudev's suggestion, and thus it came about that he resumed his contact with others and freely participated once again in the Ashram activities.

But it was strictly only on the high spiritual level concerning himself with the Advaita philosophy which he was living and practising seriously in his own personal life. Thus he lived and taught Advaita Vedanta.

Providentially, this turned out to be a great boon to the spiritual seekers of this modern twentieth century. From this time, Swami Krishnanandaji became the foremost teacher at the Divine Life Society Head quarters, next to Gurudev who conferred the well deserved and very appropriate title of 'Vedanta Kesari' upon this young Swami. This position he occupies and this role he fulfils to this day, and what is more he is considered as one of the foremost exponents of Advaita philosophy in the world today. His talks, discussions, letters, articles and books have become precious treasure to seekers and a source of spiritual benefit to thousands all over the world. (*) Once revered Swami Sivanandaji himself remarked: "Swami Krishnananda is our Dakshinamurti" and added "and Dakshinamurti is young too", And this title is borne out afresh in the basic courses of the Yoga Vedanta Forest

(*) These appear separately as the Shashtiyabdapurti series, Vol. : V

Academy started in 1979 and wherein this "Dakshinamurti" is a member of the faculty.

Of the period from 1947 to 1957, this is what Swamiji Maharaj himself told us (today the 6th of June, 1981): "All the years from 1947 to 1957 I only wrote or lectured in the Yoga Vedanta Forest University, and sometimes at the night's Satsanga also. All the books I have written before 1960, were actually written during these years only. I wrote or lectured, and hardly moved out of my room. In those days, even hurricane lanterns were a luxury, and only Gurudev had one. We used only the single wick, ink-bottle sized hand lamps filled with kerosene. Kerosene was expensive. Oil earthen lamps only were put around even for the night Satsangs. Under the light of the hand lamp only, I used to write all the books. The manuscript for the book 'The philosophy of Life' was all written by hand (not typed) for the Press. The first of these 'fruits', the first yield of the 'Sprout' that had grown into a Himalayan Banyan tree was the commentary our Dakshinamurti wrote on Swami Sivananda Maharaj's Moksha Gita. The 'fruits' are continuing to mellow on this Banyan tree of the Divine Life Society, Muni-ki-reti, (Rishikesh). These fruits are any one's for the mere asking! *

"In 1957", continued Swamiji the Ashram had run into debts to the tune of nearly one lakh of rupees. Then the work of a Secretary devolved upon me. To begin with, there were four people working together. One left very soon after. We were still three of that group. Anyhow, in three years we cleared the debts by tightening our belt and cutting the expenses drastically." When Gurudev sent Swami Chidanandaji the then General Secretary for a long stay at Badrinath in

* Some of the lectures given at different times and places and to different audiences appear in "Facets of Spirituality Shashtiyabdapurti in Life", Vol. V, in the Series.

1958, Swami Krishnananda became the acting General Secretary. Next year in 1959, when Swami Chidanandaji was sent abroad to Canada, North America and then to South America, the entire administration of the Ashram devolved upon Swami Krishnanandaji again. By this time, the Ashram set-up acquired an enhanced degree of dignity and seriousness. Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj found in his new Administrator a soul that was in tune with him, and a disciple who had an inner heart connection or empathy with him. There existed a rare harmony and a sensitive spiritual understanding between the two. And this we have already seen, had happened at the very first meeting in 1944 between the seeker and the Master.

The enclosed front verandah in Gurudev's Kutir had been partitioned to make a room for Swami Krishnanandaji and thus he was literally in the service at the bed-side of the Guru every moment. All this was in 1960-61. Twenty years later, recalling those days, he told us in a voice choked with emotion: "Gurudev's love was so great that even in those last hours of his, his body suffering from a paralytic attack, he said to me even though his mouth could hardly articulate: "Today is Sunday? You have not gone on your usual holiday? Why?" He used to insist on my going away, freeing myself from the routine work of the Ashram on all Sundays. Such love made it impossible for me to leave the Master's presence at any time". Swamiji pressed his fingers over his eyes to stop the tears.

This perhaps is the interesting result as experienced by revered Swami Hridayananda. It was the night of that fateful day, the 13th of July, 1963. Swami Hridayananda Mataji and Dr. Kutty, having made 'Siva' to sleep (with drugs of course) for the night, sat near the bathroom door outside, in the front verandah, and were discussing Siva's condition. All of a sudden Swami Hridayanandaji saw with her physical eyes widely open, a ray of light resembling a lightning,

shoot out of Siva's room and enter Swami Krishnanandaji's room on the opposite side. This impelled her to go to Siva's side. Next moment, she rushed out called Swami Krishnananda and said: "The condition is critical. Please send for all whom you wish to be at his side." Both Swami Krishnananda and Dr. Kutty were a bit sceptical, since in their view, Siva seemed to be coming around. But, they followed Swami Hridayananda's advice which was just in time. Swami Chidanandaji was called urgently, and he came. Mataji snatched a few minutes to meditate sitting on the steps of Mother Ganga. Dr. Kutty called her in and said: "See the aura of bliss on Siva's face."

The lightning-like ray of light shooting out and entering the door opposite was seen only by Swami Hridayananda. She assured me seventeen years later, when I asked for verification, that it was as hard as fact as any could be. "Gurudev's light had entered His loved disciple, Swami Krishnananda; this is my conviction", She affirmed.

When Swami Chidananda became the President after the Mahasamadhi of Gurudev, Swami Krishnananda became the permanent General Secretary, which post he still holds. During the three years, 1968 to '70, when Swami Chidanandaji was on tour abroad, Swami Krishnanandaji was the acting President.

Yet, sitting with the revered Swamiji, is like sitting with a friend, chatting on this and that, with sparkling wit and many a joke, not all aiming only at instructing on the highest Advaitic truth. One day in the morning Satsang he shared this joke with us. An old woman who could not herself write, asked some one near by to write a letter- "No, No, I cannot write the letter today, my legs are painful"- said the other. The lady promptly said: 'But you do not have to write with the legs' The other replied: 'That is true, but my hand writing is so shabby that I will have to go with the

letter to the addressee to read it out." Swamiji led the laughter that burst into the air.

Here is a similar joke against himself too.

"Some one said that there was a documentary on Maya; I thought it was the philosophy of Maya, but it was not the philosophy of Maya, only a documentary film on the civilisation and the ancient religion of the Mayan Indians in Mexico." - after relating this, Swamiji laughed heartily.

"Turkey was called the 'sick man' of Europe sometime back. Like that, I am the 'sick man' of the Ashram!" - saying that, he gave out a chuckle.

Like a school boy, he would splutter with laughter at the literal translation of a Tamil sentence into English. He would say: "Knife, Knife, my throat gone." (The word 'Katti' in Tamil means a knife as also shouting. So the real meaning of the sentence is 'By shouting and shouting, my throat is no more, I have lost my voice.')

Sometimes, he would imitate an empty conversation in English between two persons of a particular State in the same accent and (non-English) idioms and their provincial intonation. One day he said: "Once I heard two persons in the Ashram talking to each other." Then he vividly imitated, saying the same sentence in English followed by the very same sentence in the vernacular of the persons - "You see, I left those papers on the table and went away." This is repeated word for word in their own mother-tongue, Tamil for instance. The whole conversation so carried on is enacted exactly as it happened - increasing the effect of the joke.

He is full of puns and jokes too. Some one asked one day whether fear of death goes if there is knowledge of the Supreme, as in the case of Parikshit. Swamiji at once replied: "But, he had Suka Brahman (Rishi). We do not have any Suka Brahman, we have only Sukha Rotti".

'Asthma' may be the name given to the disease, because it is of the 'Anatma' — he remarked once, "or it is the disease of the Atma!"

"Metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what you believe upon instinct." Bradley is right; he remarked on another occasion.

'Anti-dysenteric (medicine) is anti-eccentric of the stomach'—was also one of Swamiji's humorous remark in one of the morning Darshan Hours.*

We said sitting with revered Swamiji is like sitting with a friend chit-chatting. This is so despite, or let us say in the midst of all the serious discussions that go on between a visitor, seeker or Ashramite, and simultaneously discharging with meticulous care the office work. People keep going in and out of his Kutir or the open terrace where people gather for his holy Darsan between 9-30 and 11-30 a.m. One day, he was musing lovingly over the days he spent with Gurudev. He ended up almost in a choked voice: "He was father, mother, brother, everything to us; it was just living with him that has made us today what we are." After saying this, he pressed his fingers against his eyes covering his face with both his hands, to stop the brimming tears rolling down his cheeks.

This then is the meaning of the statement that a disciple should live with the Guru for a protracted period of time. Thus alone the disciple can get moulded as per the example of the Preceptor; a fact that gets illustrated again in the Guru Krishnanandaji. It was a small incident that flashed light on this great truth. On one of His Holiness's birthday's, an

* Recordings of these morning Darshan Hours appear as VOL. VI in the Shashtyabdapurti series; under the title, "PRISMATIC LIGHTS."

insistent disciple washed his feet with Ganga water to have his Charanamrit. Between his protests and the persistent efforts of the disciple, some of the Ganga water got spilt on the ground. This was not noticed until Swami Krishnapriya Mataji said, "Swamiji, please sit straight. Why are you tucking in your legs to one side, under the chair?" "How can I sit straight? Ganga water is spilt there," remonstrated my Upa-Guru. At this, the disciple who washed his feet, pulled the knitted foot-mat over the drops of water and bodily lifting his Revered Self's feet and rested them on it, saying, "Now there is no water under your feet." "Yes, it is there. It is still under my feet. Ganga water should not be stamped under the feet..." Everyone was amazed. From that time on, my reverence for Mother Ganga got a fresh impetus.

Another object lesson, his Revered Self places before us is the concentration he practices under all circumstances whether at the festivals at the Visvanath Mandir or the daily night Satsanghs. And this cannot be described but has to be observed. So also is the manner in which he etches the picture of a disciple standing literally before his Guru Sivananda as if he were present in flesh and blood, during the Arati at the end of the night Satsanghs.

Well, we must pass on to other revealing anecdotes. Another day, he narrated how he once practiced 'Tapas'. He had decided to live just on two bananas and one cup of water for the twenty-four hours of the day. This went on for some days. Gurudev came to know of it and in his usual and characteristic way, asked the young 'Tapasvin' to break his 'Tapas'. "Enough now" — said he. But the period decided upon by the young 'Tapasvin' the 30 days, was not yet over. So, the gentle advice of the Master was not taken seriously by the Sanyasi-in-Tapas-in-his-own-Kutir. A few days after this, milk was sent from the kitchen as per Gurudev's instructions for his beloved disciple. It was brought by the servant boy of the kitchen. But before sending it back,

the 'Tapasvin' had taken a sniff at the cup. The flavour of ginger which is added always only to Gurudev's milk, was patent in that cup of milk. So the ardent disciple knew that Gurudev himself had sent him that cup of milk from his own dole for the night, although it was brought by a kitchen boy perhaps to keep the truth a secret. "But I did not take it" — said Swamiji Krishnananda. After a slight pause, very quietly he added: "I disobeyed him." In true humility, thrilled at the anecdote, S. D. asked: "Was it to control the desire for food, Swamiji?" "No" answered his Revered Self, "I was testing my will power." Gurudev who could intuit the thoughts of his disciples, once referring to Swami Krishnananda said: "He has conquered his tongue, I have tested him."

One morning, after repeated attacks of asthma which had undermined his physical stamina, he said in a mood of reverie: "That is all there is to it. Just eat and sleep and carry on" Then his characteristic sense of humour prompted him to recount how there was an elderly Gurubhai who after quite some years of Sadhana for God-realisation, said one day; "Well, I have now seen through it all; there is nothing practicable, but just eat and sleep." Saying this, our Swamiji laughed indulgently.

The dreams he would tell us were told like news exchanged with a friend. "I dreamt of Lord Krishna. So beautiful. He had just come fresh from his bath, the droplets of water were still on his curly hair. He wore the traditional Pitambaram. 'What do you want?' — he asked. I said: I just came to have His darshan...." Swamiji's voice trailed off as if he was redreaming the dream.

There is, it strikes me an explanation to another dream Swamiji Krishnanand has been telling us of during the recent months and it is parallel to a point his Revered Self made out while discoursing on the eleventh chapter of the Bhagavad-

Gita. Swamiji said: "The Mahabharata war had been already fought at the cosmic level. The war was over, victory had been won. But, from the cosmic level these events had not got concretised in the level of the Space-Time Complex as the gross world of phenomena. Hence it was only at this dense physicality of the world of (men) mortals whom Arjuna represents the battle of kurukshetra is yet to be fought and won.

The oft repeated dream is this "Swami Sivananda comes to me often in my dreams" his Revered Self told us a few months ago. "Does Gurudev talk to you also?" We asked. "Sometimes he does sometimes he does not. Sometimes he poses a query," he answered. Then he went on to add with his high sense of humour, "Siva appears in my dream almost on the first of every month & as if it was my pay-day!" And this particular dream repeated with a regularity of its own has been an event since his Revered Self entered his sixtieth year of life. So my reading of it is that the Shashtyabdarpuṭi is already being celebrated at the cosmic level and Sri Gurudev brings in person this message of the Gods through this blessed dream to us of the phenomenal world of the humans.

The medicines he was treated with often annoyed him much. On many a day, he would greet you at the first sight with; "No sleep, everything kept coming into my head—politics, philosophy, logic, mathematical treatises. Not that I was myself wishfully thinking of these. They just came and kept me awake. All this is due to the medicines I am taking."

Here is another type of dream Swamiji tells us of. He said "I was addressing a large gathering—a mammoth one. I was surprised to find that (late) Dr. Sir S. RADHA KRISHNAN was present! I expressed my surprise to him. To which he replied that he had read my editorials in the

Divine Life Magazine and so wanted to listen to my lecture. I remember also what I spoke". "Tell us or write it all down for us?" pleaded S. D. But nothing further came out then or later.

A similar dream his Revered Self recounted was how he was addressing a vast audience. On the outskirts of this vast crowd there were Communists forming a sort of cordon. I was speaking with great force, and the Communists were preventing people from joining the audience. But no body listened to them and the crowd kept swelling in spite of their efforts to the contrary.

One day, gesticulating with the expression of the utter helplessness of a child on his face, he remonstrated: "This body never leaves you at any stage."

Another day, Swamiji related the following. He was for sometime in charge of all arrangements for the daily night's Satsanga. And Swamiji gave the details of such work—sweep the floor, spread the dharis, place oil filled earthen lamps all round, start the Satsanga singing 'Jaya Ganesa....' and at the end; distribute prasada and when everybody had left, roll up the dharis, put away the oil lamps and leave. In those days the night Satsanga went on till 11-30 p. m. Next morning at 4-30 a. m. Gurudev would knock at his door—"What sleeping?" when the startled young Sannyasin opened the door, Siva give some papers to be typed by that very evening. At night, again Siva gave more matter to be typed, for Gurudev wrote continuously and tirelessly. His disciples worked fourteen hours a day. Still their Sadhana never slackened. In those days, the night Satsangs were held in the verandah of Gurudev's Kutir, the Ananda Kutir. Gurudev used to have his night food at about that time. Special items used to be prepared for Gurudev as per the needs of his health, and young Swami Krishnananda who used to be at his work of sweeping the verandah, spreading the carpets, etc., was regularly

given some of his own special food by Gurudev. A gossip started going round that this young Sannyasi deliberately goes at Gurudev's meal time to clean the place for Satsang. When this fell on Swami Krishnananda's ears, he stopped going at that time and waited till Gurudev's dinner time was over. This made him late at his work. A couple of days later, he was reprimanded by the Master for being late and lackadaisical in his work. Still, the young Swamiji continued to go late for his work. Seeing this, the Master summoned him and asked him the reason why he was late at his duty. Here is Swamiji's reply in his own words; "I was compered, yet I did not wish to give the reason. I kept quiet without saying any thing. But Gurudev demanded an answer, and so I had to finally give the reason. I told him that there was a complaint that I came here at that specific dinner time so as to get your Prasad, and so to avoid this charge against me, I wait and come late. Nothing more was said on either side. When dinner was brought to Gurudev the next night, he did not start eating it. After a while he was reminded that dinner had to be finished before the Satsang started. Still he kept quiet. When again reminded, he said: 'I will not eat till Swami Krishnanandaji comes to arrange for the Satsanga. 'Such was the all embracing love of Gurudev and we who have lived with him can hardly remember him without tears and a choking throat.'" Thus concluded the narration. And again he covered his face with his hands to stop the flowing tears, pressing his fingers against his eyes.

At such times as these, the Master, the Master - Philosopher, the matured Jnani, the Guru, all disappeared in the revered Swami Krishnananda leaving only a warm, personal, bosom friend before you.

Even silly questions from the visitors, he answers in all seriousness. One day, in the morning Satsang someone asked: What is the root of the word 'Namaha'? This was not a very learned question, but without any disparagement

at the questioner who should have known better, the prompt answer came: "No root. It is an indication that at the moment you say it, you are one with it, though the next moment your self-assertion comes in as your individuality."

Flow of thoughts from one subject into quite a different one, is a natural process for Swamiji. Such is the complete control he exercises over his thoughts. On one occasion while Swamiji was busily engaged in office work, he suddenly turned to us and kept us enraptured with the account of the night spent by him once on the bank of Mother Ganga, in the month of February in mid-winter, adamantly praying for the vision of Lord Krishna. To quote his own words, "The dew was pouring over my head all the time, but I told myself I must see Him now and here. I will not get up till He comes. I was not merely praying but truly and really from the bottom of my heart, I wanted and asked that I must see Lord Krishna just here, just now....Well, nothing happened. I got up and was going away into to the forest. A Sitaram Baba with the Vaishnavite mark on the forehead and the bod, middle aged, in white clothes, came before me and asked: Where are you going, my young Sannyasi? To the forests? No, No, go back to your abode, you have to write many books like Swami Vivekananda.' Saying this the Baba went away and disappeared at a distance. I told myself: 'Where is Vivekananda and where am I? 'All the same I returned to the Ashram.'" His voice trailed off, and we saw the Swamiji again absorbed in the office papers he had been attending to.

Revered Swami Venkatesanandaji, a close Gurubhai of Swami Krishnanandaji from 1945, and who was on a visit to the Ashram, from Mauritius en route to Australia, blessed me by reading through this biographical sketch. When he came to this incident and the anecdote of the Baba, he put it to me, "This Baba who appeared before Swami Krishnanandaji-Why, can it not be Lord Krishna himself who appeared as the Baba?"

The whole night 'you' had prayed to see Him 'just now, and here'. And so there He was. Does He not promise that He will never leave His devotees, because they never leave Him?"

Indeed! why not? It could verily have been Lord Krishna camouflaged as the Baba in the forest. Perhaps the time was not yet ripe for the Sutra-Dari to fully reveal Himself. So he appeared as Sitaram Baba in the forest. Swami Vivekananda was told by Sri Ramakrishna: "I will hold the key to your liberation in my hands and will give it to you when the time comes." Was the Sitaram Baba of the forest repeat this intention in his words to Swami Krishnanandaji? We have certainly a reason to thus ponder over. But to say God and then Guru is to make a difference without distinction.

That this incident happened just after the period of Swamiji's deep contemplation and meditation in the Kaivalya Guha, after he was forced to abandon his pilgrimage to Badrinath justified this conclusion about the Darsan of the Baba and the mystic event on that night of dews in the deep forests on the banks of Mother Ganga. To me, the Baba was none other than his own beloved Guru, Sri Swami Sivanandaji who very rarely revealed his Siddhis. And God and Guru are not different. This is the declaration of the scriptures. We have seen earlier that such is the indomitable faith of the young Sannyasin that had this mystic experience.

Swamiji's articles in the Divine Life magazine as its Editor, and earlier in the Yoga Vedanta Forest University Weekly, are thrilling expositions of deep philosophical Truth. His writings which started in book form with his commentary on 'Moksha Gita' written by Sivananda Maharajji are on the increase, day by day as though to fulfil the prediction of that mysterious Sitaram Baba's behest. All the lectures he delivers currently to the students of Yoga Vedanta Forest Academy at the Brahma Muhurta with Gurudev as the first student have been brought out as books

in the earlier years.* Both MOKSHA GITA and Mundaka Upanishad are re-prints in the Shashtyabdapurti Series.

"Moksha Gita was my maiden attempt. I was very young, just a lad of twenty three only" said Swamiji conversationally. Then in his usual jovial mood he posed the question jocularly, "What is a maiden attempt? What does maiden mean?" The dictionary meaning of maiden of course, is 'with blank record'. But as we have already learnt from these pages, Gurudev had already given him the title 'Vedanta Kesari'. A few minutes later, the same morning, he told us: "I wrote only in fourteen or fifteen days 'The Realisation of the Absolute' in 1948." Some more works of Swamiji that have followed these are: The Philosophy of Life, The Mandukhya Upanishad, Resurgent Culture, The Ascent of the Spirit, A Short History of Religious and Philosophic Thought in India, The Secret of the Kathopanishad, The Essence of the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad. These reveal Swami Krishnananda as a great Jnanin from the very early days of life over these sixty years. On religion the Bhagvad Gita, the Upanishads, Meditation and on allied subjects, his pen flows on even as his thoughts and words flow on, like the sparkling waters of the Ganga whose waters move on her bosom shining like an open mine of diamond dust under the bright Sun. The latest of his books are: The Philosophy of the Bhagvad-Gita, The Yoga of Meditation, the Yoga System, An Introduction to the Philosophy of Yoga. Some more are under print. Again to quote his own words on this subject, he once said: "The manuscripts are lying high on the shelf. I cannot do any more editing. My eyes have gone weak." We hope that all these manuscripts 'four feet high' will in the near future go to the Press. Some are already moving towards the Press. May the prophecy of that mysterious Baba in the forest come true. May Gurudev

* Vide Appendix: 'B'

bless that it will be so ; May Swami Krishnananda ever remain the Vivekananda of Swami Sivananda Ashram.*

In the words of Sri Gurudev, celebration of Krishnanandaji's birth day is worship of Brahman. We are today celebrating Brahman alone in the sense of Gurudev's statement in celebrating his sixty first birthday - his Shashtyabdapurti. **Brahma vid Brahmaiva Bhavati** - A knower of Brahman becomes Brahman. Has Brahman any age? Swami Krishnananda, the sage, has therefore, no age. On this holy and auspicious occasion of the Shashtyabdapurti, completion of sixty years of this body which bears the name, Swami Krishnananda, may Lord Krishna, his Ishta-Devata, bless him with health, long life, peace, bliss immortality. May the Yogeshvara Krishna grant this Yogin another sixty years, so that the world may see the Sage - Saint - Yogin - Krishnananda of one hundred and twenty years, is our prayer.

* It is interesting to note in passing that Revered Swami Chidanandaji Maharaj is spoken of being equally a Swami Vivekananda in the way he carries Gurudev Swami Sivananda's message and philosophy to all parts of the world.

OM
OUR PILGRIMAGE
(MMS & BGK)

It was evening when we reached Kemminje village, the birth place of H. H. Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj. The winding roads through hills & dales, the cocoanut and arecanut groves, the jack fruit trees, the tapioca cultivation, and small patches of rice fields in the valleys with streams, running criss-cross, made us feel the striking similarity between South Kanara and Kerala in landscape and terrain. The month was December and the afternoon was pleasant. Advocate Shri K. R. Puthuraya of Mangalore was at the wheel, with his younger brother Dr. K. P. Puthuraya, Asst. Professor of Physiology, Bangalore Medical College sitting by his side, narrative, about the recent visit to Rishikesh and their meeting Swamiji. The family of Putturayas had at one stage grown so large, that they found it very difficult to date for performing an auspicious samskar for a boy or girl; as there was always a vridhi, ie, addition of a child to the family and consequently the need to postpone all functions for a period of 10 days. Thus many functions were getting postponed indefinitely which made the heads of the Putturaya family consider the problem seriously. They then came to the decision to divide the big family, or rather sub-divide the family so that each becomes a separate unit which will not get affected by the happenings, the additions and deletions in other separated branches. Accordingly it was done like that. The Putturayas who were taking us to Kemminje belong to a branch different from that of Subraya Putturaya which was the purvashram name of H. H. Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj, even though the lineage is the same. They are real cousins. But all the cousins and relatives have completely lost touch with Swamiji,

as Swamiji had deliberately cut off relationship after taking Sanyas.

We were taken to Shri Vishnu Murthy Hebbar in Puttur Town. His mother and Swamiji's mother are sisters. Shri Hebbar knows most of the members of the different branches of Putturayas. Here was the man who could quench to some extent our thirst for information about Swamiji's early life and about the family.

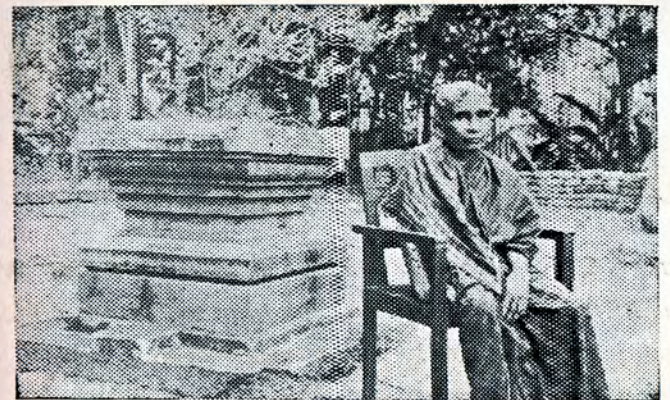
Shri Hebbar took us to Sri Shanmuga Subramanyeswara Temple in Kemminje Village. It was in this temple the grand father of Swamiji served as Pujari. This paternal grand father's name was also Subbaraya Putturaya. He lived in a house adjoining the temple. His forefathers had also lived there and were Archakas in that temple. He had only a daughter and no son. He longed for a son and prayed fervently to the Lord he was worshipping in the temple. Astrologers advised and he married a second time. He did Suryanamaskar every morning chanting Arunani. More than one hundred namaskars daily, turned his arms, knees, forehead and the parts of his body which touched the ground, hard, thick and black. In the months of Makara he fed the poor on all the thirty days. Finally his wish and prayer got fulfilled. A son was born through the second wife.

The son was named Shankaranarayana. He attended school for a short while and then learnt Vedas and Purohithya. Shankaranarayana Putturaya became famous as a Vedic Scholar. Besides being an agriculturist he became the Purohit of that locality. This priest and man of learning had the traditional Sikha and is still remembered as one with the body wrapped up in shawl and hand always carrying an umbrella when ever he went out on his rounds. He never used to wear chappals.

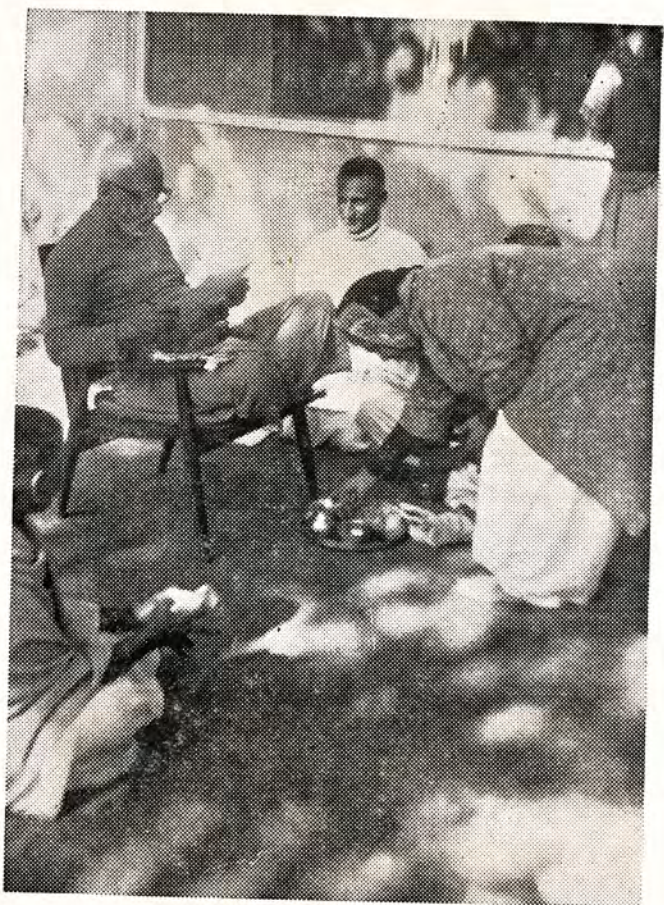
Shankaranarayana Putturaya married Smt. Kaveri Amma



Swamiji's Mother Smt. KAVERIAMMA



Swamiji's Mother Smt. KAVERIAMMA



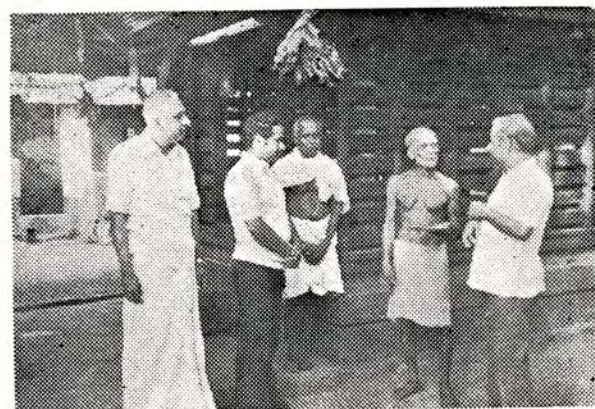
A Devotee Offers Worship During Morning Satsang While Swami KRISHNANANDA is Attending to Correspondence Brought by Shri Karthikayan



Sri Shanmuga Subramanyeswara Temple in Kemmerje



The Idol of Sri Shanmuga Subramanya in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Temple



Another View of Temple the Archaka Narrating about the Connection of the Forefathers of Swami Krishnananda with the temple. Shriyuths Vishnumurthy Hebbar & Dr K. P. Putturaya on one Side & Advocate K. R. Putturaya on the other side

and had a number of children; the eldest being Subbaraya named after his father Subbaraya Putturaya was born in the ancestral thatched house adjoining the Temple. He was short agile and active. He had his early education at St. Francis Xavier Elementary School at Darve, up to the 5th Standard. Then he studied at the Board High School, at Puttur, upto S.S.L.C. Even as a young boy he was found to be inquisitive and very keen in acquiring knowledge. He entered into discussions with elders and questioned everything and argued all points. He would not accept things just because the elders said so. He would go into depth of each matter and subject. He learnt Suktas and many stotras. He was always found repeating Mantras and counting japa with his fingers.

When enquired, this Vishnu Murthy Hebbar informed us that the house where Subbaraya Putturaya was born and his ancestors lived, is not there any more. That house near the Shanmuga Subramanyeswara Temple was abandoned by Shankaranarayana Putturaya and the family moved to a locality called Kembruge in the same Kemminje village. Even this thatched house in which Subbaraya lived as a boy is not there now. A bigger building with stone and lime was built there by Subbaraya's father and the family took abode in that big building. Shri Hebbar told us that the four younger brothers and the only sister of Subbaraya Putturaya live in different places. Of the brothers, Shri Keshava Putturaya who is next to Subbaraya Putturaya is currently Assistant Commissioner in Karnataka Revenue Department at Mysore. The next younger, Shri Ananda Putturaya is an employee of the Integral Coach Factory at Perambur, Madras. Third Shri Rajagopal Putturaya is working in the Railway Department at Tumkur. The youngest brother, Shri Sathya Sundara Putturaya is currently working as Revenue Inspector at Vittal which is on the way to Kasargode from Puttur. The sister, Smt. Rathnavathi is married to Shri Padmanabha of Karinje, which is about 70 miles from Puttur, and lives there. The youngest of the brothers, Shri Satyasundara Putturaya lives

with the mother, along with his wife & children, in kembruge, in the same house built by the father.

We proceeded to Kembruge in Kemminje Village. About a furlong from the main Road, adjoining a brooke, stands the house as an Ashram in ideal surroundings. All around there are trees & plants with thick foliage. The place was cool and shady with no noises or sounds excepting that of the birds that had returned to the trees & nests by that time. In the spacious covered sitout in front of the House, we had the darshan of Smt. Kaveri Amma, the mother of Swamiji. We could see that Swamiji resembles very much the mother in stature and features. Shri Hebbar was the interpreter in our conversation with Swamiji's mother. She readily agreed to tell us about her eldest son. Her talk was precise and emotions did not play at anytime.

The mother said that the son appeared quite normal. He learnt of course many scriptural Texts and knew by heart Varaha Mihira's Hora Sastra. With his knowledge of Astrology he examined his own horoscope and asserted that he is having Sanyasa Yoga. This was at the age of sixteen. His father denied that Subraya had sanyasa yoga. But the son would tell his mother "Amma! you are not going to get me!" Every mother desires that her son should get married after the studies are over and lead a householder's life. Smt Kaveri Amma was no exception and she wanted her son to do likewise. The son therefore had to tell her that she wont get hlm bound that way.

Subbaraya Putturaya's maternal uncle, Sitarama Kudrathaya was very close to this family. He was fond of Subbaraya. Subbaraya also would freely discuss all matters with him. This uncle also told the mother 'you are not going to get this child do as you desire.' This was his prediction as well. But the father and mother were not happy over the thought that the eldest son would leave the family and become a sanyasi.

Afer S.S.L.C, Subbaraya Putturaya took up employment as a clerk in the Munsiff's Court at Bellary. One of his aunts came to Bellary to prepare food for him. He did not find any charm in the job. He was giving talks on Gita at Bellary. After sometime he sent his aunty back with all utensils and wrote to the maternal uncle saying that instead of working as a slave, it would have been better if one remained an agriculturist and better still became a Sanyasi. He also wrote in the same letter that he proposed to go to Tirupathi to decide about his future and that he would let him know about it.

The maternal uncle and the parents heard the aunt who had returned from Bellary and discussed the purport of the letter of Subbaraya and decided to send the maternal uncle to fetch the boy immediately. Sitarama Kudrathaya went to Bellary and returned with Subbaraya. He had taken a month's leave. During this one month he appeared quiet and calm mostly engaged in doing japa. Then one morning he said that he was going to Bellary. The parents thought that he was going back to join duty. The father enquired how much money he would need. The boy murmured, 'Why should I need money?' and said 'for going to Bellary he would need just Rs. 25/-'. The father gave him the money and he left the house. Sometime later a communication came from the Munsiff's Court, Bellary addressed to Subbaraya Putturaya. The father opened the envelope and found it to be letter asking Subbaraya to state why he had not joined duty after the expiry of the leave. The parents understood that their son had not gone to Bellary but his whereabouts were not known.

After 4 or 5 months, one day the father called Smt. Kaveri Amma "Look here! your son is in Kashi. He is safe. But hear what this letter says. It is from a Pundit with whom the boy lives." The maternal uncle to whom it was addressed translated the contents of the letter to the mother. It read: "I am a Vedic Pandit of Varanasi. One day I went to the Railway Station to meet the Station Master. I saw a crowd in his

office. A young brahmachari boy was lying on a bench. He had fainted a few minutes back. Some were sprinkling water on his face attempting to revive him, The ticket collector was explaining the Station Master that the boy had alighted at that Station but had no Ticket and no explanations to offer. He was so weak & tired, it was quite apparant that he had not had food for many days,

The ticket collector had asked the boy to stand by his side till he cleared the other passengers and in the mean while noticed the boy fainting and falling and with the help of the porters lifted & brought the boy to Station Master's Room. In a few minitues the boy opened his eyes and sat up. He was offered some water and then milk. He told that he wanted to go to Kashi to learn scriptures and had travelled without ticket as he had no money to buy a ticket. He had not taken any thing for about a week. I at once felt that Viswanathji has sent me to the Railway Station to pick up this brahmachari to teach him and take care of him. I spoke to the Station master and look the boy with me. He is living in my place. He has recovered his health and has started his studies. Please don't worry about him. On my insistance he gave your address and I have written to you. The patients are blessed indeed that such a worthy son is born to them. He is sure to become a great scholar and shine like a Maha Mandaleshwar."

Subbaraya was about 20 year of age, when he was studying Vedas and Upanishads at Varanashi. After about 5 months the maternal uncle got another letter from that same Pandit, but this time informing him that Subbaraya had left Varanasi all of a sudden, without even taking leave of him. He was believed to have left along with some Sanyasis who had come to Varanashi from the Himalayas. He had not left any information about his programme. The parents were again sunk in anxiety about their eldest son.

After sometime, the mother said, Subbaraya himself wrote

to his maternal uncle from Rishikesh, informing him that he was staying in Rishikesh. The parents were relieved of this anxiety to some extent. Thereafter, for sometime, there was exchange of letters. Finally Subbaraya Putturaya wrote to the maternal uncle asking him and his family members not to write to him any more and that if they did so, such letters would not be read by him but simply thrown into the Ganga. In spite of this injunction, a few letters were written but they received no respense. Thus all the ties and links with the family were cut off.

However the parents had the oppportunity to see the son as Swami Krishnananda in 1976, when they undertook a pilgrimage to Badrinath. H. H. Swami Krishnananda Maharaj was at Dehradun then and they met him there. The poorvashram father Shankaranarayana Putturaya passed away in 1977. The brothers and other members of the family have not perhaps yet fully realised the mighty contribution made by the Putturaya family to Humanity in one of them blossoming as a great philosopher, great thinker and illustrious Saint.

Om tat sat

NOTE : The biographer who advised Shri M. M. Subrhmnyam and Shri B. Gopala krishnan of Bangalore to visit the birth place of Swamiji meet the relations and collect particulars about early life of Swamiji for incorporating in the life sketch, however wanted that report of the two devotees to be printed separately in the book.

THE BREATHING UPANISHAD

Of his sixty years, Swami Krishnanandaji Maharaj has spent over thirtysix at the ashram. For a year or two he was still "Subbarayaji," He was our Satsang organiser. For some time he was the only one who could recite the concluding prayers, so that if for some reason he had to absent himself from part of the Satsang, Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj would send for him during the Arati and wait for him to come before concluding the Satsang, Swamiji taught us the Upanishads: but that was because he is the Upanishads.

In 1946 he shone as Swami Krishnananda. The old name dropped. Similarly whatever was unnecessary quietly dropped away. This was an extraordinary feature that we witnessed in Swamiji's life: The reality alone is real and it cannot be abandoned and the unreal never is and so need not be abandoned. Maya is only for the ignorant, not for Krishnanandaji.

The frailty of his physical body and the illness it is host to has never managed to disturb Swamiji. Sometimes he would laugh them away; sometimes he offered a serious explanation—but the body and its condition have always been "they," not "I."

Long before he became the General Secretary, Swamiji was called upon by Gurudev to do a variety of jobs all at the same time. The combination was curious and significant. He was the Manager of the "Divine Life Magazine" department; he was our Pandit, officiating at all the rites and rituals that took place in the ashram; he was our Vedanta teacher; he was a nurse—dispenser in the ashram's dispensary. Over and above all this, he was a great friend with a fund

of educative humour and witty wisdom. You can enjoy the last mentioned even now. Even now the radiant face bursts into peels of laughter which seems to echo and re-echo deep within you, lighten your burden and enlighten your soul.

One fine morning Swamiji disappeared from the ashram. It was perhaps the frail health of the body or it was our good fortune that brought him back. But he who came back was very different from he who had left the ashram a few days earlier. An extraordinary spiritual experience had sought him. For a little while we saw a Sukadeva or a Jada Bharata in the room above the Kaivalya Guha. Gurudev told us, "He had a very high spiritual experience. Nobody should disturb him. Everyone should serve him." He encouraged Swamiji to remain in seclusion for a considerable time and then slowly emerge to be the Professor of Vedanta in the Yoga Vedanta Forest Academy.

Over the years this experience seems to have been repeated with different intensity, forcing Swamiji into temporary seclusion. Perhaps the so-called physical illness in his case is merely a sign that the intensity of the spiritual force is sometimes too great for the physical body to withstand if it is simultaneously subjected to overexertion in administrative duties.

At every available opportunity Gurudev extolled Swamiji's great virtues. No important function or event in the ashram was complete without Swami Krishnanandaji's illuminating discourse. Ashramites and visitors alike admired and adored him. Srimati Rukmini Devi was thrilled by one of his discourses and remarked: "Swami Krishnanandaji's mind is so lucid that he has the right word for everything." Naturally, it is because, the Reality is unmistakably real to him that there is no ambiguity in his expression.

To preside over the destinies of large ashram and a

world-wide organisation is not an easy task. It is even more difficult for such a person to be loved and respected by all, as Swami Krishnanandaji is. Surely that is because there is not the slightest trace of raga-dvesha in him. He is the shining reality of the Upanishads. There is no falsehood in him, either in the ethical or in the metaphysical sense. He is the reality. The reality shall never cease to be.

—SWAMI VENKATESANANDA

ADDRESS

PRESENTED TO

*His Holiness Vedanta Kesari
Sri Swamy Krishnanandaji Maharaj*

ON HIS THIRTY - THIRD BIRTHDAY
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
YOGA - VEDANTA FOREST UNIVERSITY

Please accept our humble and devout prostrations by the crore at your holy feet.

This is not only a great event in the annals of the history of the Divine Life Society, but an occasion afforded by Guru-Kripa to enable us to gather round your holy feet and pay our humble and meek homage at the altar of an incarnation of true wisdom that your Holiness is. We are convinced that in the lives of many of us assembled here, who have been your devoted pupils, this great occasion would, whether we feel it or not, become a memorable one. For, today we shall remind ourselves of the great ideal that you embody in yourself, and the divine qualities of which you are an abode.

While we contemplate upon your Holiness' life and personality, our conceptions of life and personality are themselves revolutionised. For, we realise that the lives of monarchs with all the pomp and show, the lives of the oft-publicised social and political leaders of humanity on whom encomiums are showered by the credulous public "for the great services they have rendered to humanity," dwindle into nothingness before the austere life that you lead, remaining in the seclusion of your Kutir, living and working

on a plane of which the modern man with his gross intellect has absolutely no idea. We realise that that real personality consists in spiritual aura, in Brahma-Tejas which shines on your face and which has got nothing to do with the gross physical form. Perhaps your constant and insistent proclamation that the supremely subtle Self alone is real and that the gross physical phenomena are only illusory appearances is truly reflected in your own personality.

There have not been many Nachiketas in history. In a world where Vairagya has become a rare commodity, you have manifested in yourself Para-Vairagya; only Nachiketas had done so, before you. Had we been endowed with a spiritual vision, perhaps we would see in you the great Nachiketas reborn, to give mankind the great wisdom that Lord Yama taught him. This is confirmed not only by the age at which you renounced the world and its illusory pleasures, but by your clear-out exposition of the great truths that lie hidden in our Upanishads. We recall to our mind the apt remarks of Srimati Rukmini Arundale who heard your lectures spell-bound and said: "Swami Krishnanandaji has the right word for every thought that he has to express; and in the exposition of Vedanta, to have the right word is the greatest thing." The right word comes to you without effort because you have right vision, the realisation of the Truth as clearly as an Amalaka fruit held in the palm of your hand.

Glorious Vedanta-Kesari !

It is our great good fortune to have been granted by Providence this rarest blessing of living in the closest proximity of Sri Gurudev, and his illustrious sage-disciples, Sri Swami Chidanandaji and your Holiness. We are frail human beings; you are mighty divine personalities. Yet, the little spark of spiritual aspiration that you yourself have ignited in us has established between sages like you and

seekers like us - a relation similar to the one that Sri Alavandar alludes to in his beautiful prayer.

It is with such prayer, sincerely and earnestly offered at your holy feet and those of Sri Gurudev that we once again bow to the dust of your holy feet, heartily wishing you a healthy and long life, and many happy returns of this day, for our sake.

May the Almighty grant you a long life of the supreme service to humanity that you are rendering today!

Sivananda Nagar,
25th April, 1954

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We remain,
THY HUMBLE PUPILS
STUDENTS OF THE YOGA-
VEDANTA FOREST UNIVERSITY

YOGA VEDANTA FOREST UNIVERSITY

-How it was started by Gurudev

(Swami Krishnananda)

The instituting of the Yoga Vedanta Forest University was a dramatic occurrence which took effect over-night. An announcement was made a few hours (only!) before the first session of the Yoga Vedanta Forest University, now called YVF Academy. At the night's Satsang the YVFU was inaugurated: When Gurudev Sri Swami Shivanandaji Maharaj said, "Tomorrow morning at Brahmamuhurta 4-30 a.m. we shall have the first Session of the Forest University. I shall be the first student." "Those were happy days when we were like children before this mighty, wonderman." In this humorous situation of Professors four and student one, Swami Chidananda, Swami Krishnananda, Swami Venktesananda and Swami Harisharanananda were the Professors and Swami Sivananda Maharaj the first student! The Brahmamuhurta is a very auspicious period of time unlike the rest of the twenty four hours of the day. It was all very strange for us," remarked Swami Krishnananda. "But Swami Sivanandaji" always had the knack of giving a touch of the unusual and the unique to all he did, with a vein of humour running through it all. And this university went on for several years. During this period lectures were given on the various subjects known as the Categories. Swami Chidanandaji was elected to propound Patanjali's Yoga Sutras i.e. Raja Yoga. I was elected to discourse on certain texts like The Vedanta Sara. Swamy Harisharananandaji lectured on Narada Bhakti Sutras with commentary by late rev. Hanuman Prasad Poddarji and Swami Venkatesanandji discoursed on Karma Yoga according to the Bhagavad Gita with the copious commentary by Professor R. Rangachari."

The whole of the Divine Life Society was the venue of the University, it had no physical location. From this time onwards Sri Gurudev discontinued the use of the letterhead as the Divine Life Society. Only one letterhead was used: "The Yoga Vedanta Forest University." To Gurudev there was no distinction between the secular and the spiritual, between the exigencies and operation of the Divine Life Society and the curriculum and objectives and intentions of the Y. V. F. University. The University was not just one department for him; at that time the whole D. L. S. was the University. And this University was intended to open the gates of knowledge of the Self. The sublime idea in Siva's mind was the revival of the glorious Indian Culture and the awakening of the slumbering spirit in man. There was no activity as such of the Ashram; it was all service and work, worship and Sadhana, We were not doing Social Work in any sense of the term. We were doing Sadhana. And this salient point was brought out by Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj, who never considered the world as a secular venue for un-divine activities. His philosophy was a practical implementation of the great gospel of the Upanishads, the Vedas and the Bhagavad Gita."

On 3rd July, 1981, such was the account given by Swami Krishnanandaji of the Yoga Vedant Forest University founded in 1948, on the 32nd. anniversary of the Yoga Vedanta Forest Academy as it is now called.

SILENT MONARCH OF SIVANANDA KSHETRA

(Swami Sreenivasananda)

Sri Swami Krishnananda Saraswati, born on 25-4-1922, is of Canarese Brahmin parentage in his Poorva Ashram and now of Sivananda parentage having his surname OM SAT CHIT ANANDA SIVANANDA. He has had profound mastery of Sanskrit and a very good academic education. He is quite unlike the modern and ultra-modern English educated youth who develop a mentally anaemic lothfulness towards the Deva Nagari or the language of the Devas. He is of medium stature with a height of about 5 feet 2 inches. His constitution is quite delicate and his dynamism is appallingly silent. One of the most highly advanced souls as he is, he seldom moves out of his Kutir, I mean the YOGA SADHANA KUTIR, being impelled by an innate force to devote his whole time to study and Meditation. He has had his schooling under Gurudev Sivanandaji Maharaj for well over three years after renunciation of the world in 1943. He is the fortunate recipient of Sanyasa Diksha under the universally-acknowledged Avtar Sivanandaji Maharaj on the holy Makar Sankranti in 1946. How glorious is he to have obtained Sannyas at the green tender age of 24!

From toe nail to tuft, I mean the head, he is every inch a Vedantin. He studied not only the Eastern but the Western philosophy as well. He speaks very little, almost to the point of nil. It is very hard to have his Darshan even, but he is ever obliging by nature in so far as his relationship with his students is concerned. His unmistakably serious and indubitably serene facial expression with pursed lips always indicate that he is beyond the body and world-idea and that he is deeply attached to the Nameless and Formless. He is the sole

authorised PUROHIT (priest) of the by-gone and prospective Sannyasis of Sivananda Order. Though a Vedantin to the core, he takes a keen interest under the directions of Gurudev in Hatha Yoga, too, Asans, Mudras, Bandhas, Kriyas, Pranayam, etc., while under practice by this Jnana Yogi, have been filmed long ago.

He is highly terse in writing but smooth and refined in his speeches. He studied Yoga Vasishta, Pancha Dasi, Gita, Upanishads, Brahma Sutras, Vichara Sagar, etc., not once or twice but scores of times. He is really the practical, unoutmoded edition of living philosophy. He has been offered the sacred title of "Vedanta Kesari", the Lion of Vedanta, by Gurudev. Recently he has been honoured with the title M.Ph.—Master of Philosophy—which is becoming of him. All the various Mantras or Slokas necessary to substantiate the verities of the abstract and abstruse metaphysical knotty points he can recall at any required moment without any struggle and satisfy the spiritual hunger and thirst of the audience. Since the inauguration of the Yoga Vedanta Forest University in 1948 he has been its Professor and Registrar as well. He is now nominated as its Pro-Vice-Chancellor. No special occasion such as Sadhana Week, Gurudev's Birthday celebrations, etc., misses his august and graceful presence.

His work '*Realisation of the Absolute*' won the esteem of many. He has written "Sivananda Stotra Ratna Mala", etc., in Sanskrit in adoration of his Guru. He is a very good commentator as well. Isa, Kena, Katha and Mundaka Upanishads, besides Moksha Gita of Gurudev, have already been commented upon by this metaphysician. He is also the Mahatma in charge of the Library and Yoga Museum. His silent dynamism consists in study, meditation on the Absolute, and contribution of articles to the Divine Life magazine of a very high order. The Virtue of his silence is the outcome of constant Atma-Vichara (Self-enquiry). Swami Nityanandaji

of South India once said that he is the "Sankaracharya of Ananda Kutir". To me he is the "*Silent Monarch of Sivananda Kshetra*".

My humble prostrations unto his holy feet and my sincere prayers unto our Guru, Almighty, to bless him and his students of the University with health and long life. May the Guru of this Noble Soul live long to spread the message of hope, cheer and redemption throughout the world!

Om Sivananda! Jai Sivananda! Om Sivananda! Jai Sivananda!

OM

SYNTHESISED UPANISHADS

"The explanations by Rev. Swami Krishnananda in presenting.....Upanishads to the beginners are clear only because, he first analyses the meanings which are very subtle and deep, and follows this up with a synthesis of the different interpretations into a comprehensive whole."

—S. Ramaswamy

"Swami Krishnanandaji will always be regarded with respect and gratitude because of his spiritual services to the Mission of his greater Master Swami Sivananda and the humanity at large. Swamiji has done great service to the spiritual world by his unique writings. His writings reveal the soul of a man, and his actions speak of the qualities of his character."

—Sivananda Adhvaryoo

'OM'
THE CENTER OF ENERGY

(Erhard Vogel, Nataraja Yoga Ashram, California)

I am filled with joy to join once again with all who have Swami Krishnananda in their thoughts and hearts in thanking the Universal for manifesting its love for us in the brilliance of Shri Swami Krishnanandaji, my beloved Gurudev. This is cause for celebrations. on this auspicious day, 25th April 1982, we celebrate the completion of a full cycle of 60 years by his revered self. though I am in California, in U. S. A., I shall be present with you all in heart and spirit.

Humanity is like one large organism with many different facets, all striving towards fulfillment. The organism named The Divine Life Society is one such facet among many others in which the whole universe is comprehended. All these facets in their own way seek to recognise that union which persists among themselves.

Although we all are striving for the same thing, we are not exactly alike. we, as the seekers after the treasure house of spiritual knowledge, are extremely blessed to have among all the many facets of the universal organism one facet which is of particular brilliance. This facet is so luminous that it illuminates all, no matter how dense one may sometimes be. Further, the power of knowledge within this particular facet serves all by bringing us individual facets closer to the realisation of the union that exists within and among ourselves, and with the Absolute itself.

This Particular facet goes under the name and from of Swami Krishnananda : such a fitting description of one who is

a Master yogi, a supreme Teacher, a thoroughly humane Being, and an utterly unflinching Friend.

If the descent of God is for the ascent of man, the presence of this facet, Swami Krishnanandaji, is for the ascent of the sincere seekers of Truth. I have seen so often-daily streams of people going into his presence to partake of his brilliance. This brilliance he shares unhesitatingly with everyone, all the time. And it can be seen sometimes how all the clamour and turmoil-be they in regard to mundane, administrative or spiritual problems - can really be a drain on his energy. For you see, for his revered self there is not just this number of facets here at the ashram. We of the Sivananda Family extend all over the world ; so that not only the activities that go on in India concern him, but the spiritual activities that extend to the far corners of South Africa, or the United States, Malaysia, Japan, or Europe. They all are under the guidance and care of this Centre of Energy, who lovingly gives of himself every day and night.

We are moved to Profound gratitude toward the Universal for having given us the opportunity to be in the presence of this brilliant facet of the limitless Self.

It is true that we learn constantly from Swamiji's words, but I have personally realized that I have learned even more by simply observing his presence. Swamiji is in every movement and in every moment the personification of all That which we strive to realize. Through his constant and truthful example we learn to see the Essence itself, which we really are.

We learn to say to ourselves and to really understand: "The whole Universe is myself; whatever exists, I am, I am Existence, Knowledge, Bliss Absolute—Satchidananda—That I am."

This knowledge Swamiji teaches us daily by his existence.

That is the knowledge which brings freedom; and freedom is the goal of all nature. Bondage of the soul is death; freedom of the soul is conquest of death. It is liberation—Moksha—true being; and That we are.

SATGURU KRISHNANANDAJI KI JAI!

ON MAN

(Swami Krishnananda)

Man! what a strange composition he is!
 The higher and lower adroitly blended;
 An angel with brute crossed, genius with folly;
 Where meet celestial and terrestrial belts,
 Where gravity pulls from points sundered in twain;
 A river that inclines and flows to the depths
 From heights of durationless Infinity!
 A power-projectile that's facing senseward,
 But tethered to endless expanse of being,
 With long-extending silken three-stranded ropes:
 A flame that is burning, a wave on the sea;
 A force that is rushing, constant becoming;
 A spectrum, a prism, a triangle, a line,—
 All things in one; and what a contrast he makes!
 How mean, and how low; yet how great, and how
 grand!

There isn't a creature born so ungrateful,
 So stupid, presuming, self-centred, debased,
 A bad judge of things when in adversity,
 So unjust to others, so false to himself;—
 Now give him power, and his head quickly turns;
 He sees, then, the world with a new set of specs;
 Oppose him, he cringes when found to be weak;
 If strong, he flies into a passion and rage,
 And threatens creation with uplifted doom;
 Arrogates all goodness to himself in vain,

And imputes the evils of Satan to'thers.
 For him all are suspects, save himself alone ;
 All wrong, except what is his and what he is.
 He'd sting like a scorpion and bite like a snake ;
 Is sly like a fox when occasion demands ;
 When wroth a tiger, and ravenous in greed ;
 A beast in emotions when left unrestrained.
 Whatever he does, and whatever he thinks,
 Lives indelible in the ether's records,—
 He smugly deceives himself, secret in deeds,
 Like the ostrich in sands, amidst forces all o'er ;—
 Befooled by the senses, by forms tantalised,
 Like the stag in the fable bewitched by the tunes
 Of th' hunter who has let loose his hounds for his prey ;
 Feeble in judgements, gregariously ruled.
 A rumour that's spread he converts into rock
 By heaping accretions from funds of his mind.
 As vapour hardens into liquid and earth,
 A breeze of some word that a vagrant uttered
 Gets planted as flint in his immature will,
 And he worries himself, and pesters others
 With the crotchets and pranks of a credulous heart.
 Thus, then, is created a universe of thoughts,
 Of imaginations and feelings and whims,
 Shaky edifices built over quicksand,—
 The worlds of beliefs, faiths and baseless fancies,
 In selfishness rooted, from nescience rising
 All these are the walls of the prison he's raised
 To throw himself in, with his boasted learning.

Behold ! how he gropes though descended from Light,
 Though the ocean of wisdom is his background

In a flash he can ope his vision to the Truth
 Of his being, if only he wills and he strives.
 But he won't, like an owl he can see not the day,
 Though the blaze of the sun is there dazzling all things,
 Uninterrupted, homogeneous and one.

Lo ! What does man need but some food and clothing,
 And a shelter to guard him from wind and from rain ;—
 He struts like a peacock posing what he's not,
 For the sake of this meanest of things, his ego ;
 Which is a dog in the manger, that won't be appeased
 And will not rest peaceful in its cravings galore,
 In its hunger for fame and power and renown,
 And name and authority, prestige and pride ;—
 Sheer empty sounds that mean so much to the fool,
 So much of concrete reality and life,
 And what it can offer with its outstretched arms.
 He'd face a bullet, but not bear calumny !
 Poor Soul ! he does not know what disturbs his peace
 Defies understanding and eludes his grasp ;
 Whether seen or unseen ; here or hereafter,—
 This world, this ego, and its concomitants,
 And what is beyond these, the Truth of all truths
 And wisdom consists in seeing things clear,
 Not closing one's eyes when the world blows as storm,
 But wisdom lingers and will not fall from the ski
 The patient and waiting do gain it in time,
 Look ! here is the lofty crown of creation,
 Confined in the walls of collapsing clay,
 With past wholly buried, and future unknown ;
 Death's at his elbow, yet acts as immortal !
 A marvel indeed ; a wonder of wonders,

For his frail tabernacle holds the light of Heavens ;
 And truly it's said, man's the image of God !
 The Cosmic is here masquerading in form ;
 Scratch him, he's animal ; probe him, he's Divinity.

Then what of his fate ? he's bound back to the Lord,
 Our Ruler, Sustainer, Protector and Guide,
 Lord, Parent, Indweller, Director, Resort,
 Friend, Consoler, Solace, the Beginning and End
 Of what is and is not, the Seed of all life ;
 Who shines as the sun, and who blows as the wind,
 Who pours down as rain, and who freezes as cold,
 Who's change and destruction, who's relentless Time
 That winds up creation in'ts all-swallowing folds ;
 Who's Immortal Essence, the Nectar Divine,
 That Resplendent Grandeur, the Supreme Abode
 Of Peace and Perfection, the One Existence
 That Sages proclaim as the myraid - visioned,
 Whose heads are the heavens, whose feet are the earth,
 Whose eyes are the Sun and the Moon e'er aglow,
 Whose ears are the quarters, the scripture's whose
speech,

Whose breath is this breeze, and whose Univers is
heart,—

Almighty Existence, Consciousness and Bliss,
 To know Him is life, to forget Him is death ;
 To love Him with heart is service done to all ;
 To serve Him with soul is fulfilment supreme ;
 Adore Him, the world shall adore you as self.
 As children do sit round their mother for food,
 Creation with longing to him gravitates,
 Whose root is this Being, thund'ring through silence.

This is man's destination which is slowly realised
 Through gradual ascent, by effort and by Grace
 That work together by a law that is strange
 In an integral world that is cause and effect
 At once, in a sweep that does stagger one's thought
 Which is wont to imagine a linear logic
 Of a reason encumbered by space and by time.
 This Goal, which is mighty's attained in One's Self
 In deep contemplation by a passionless heart,
 Which seeks not pleasure in these tinsels mundane
 Pretending to don the attire of a gem,
 But soars to the heights of an empyrean that is God's ;
 By service of man, by compassion and love
 For all that is seen, as His Body revealed
 To senses that discern Spirit as matter ;
 By worship and giving in unselfish acts
 Of charity, sweet words and feeling for life ;
 By chastened, ennobled and straightforward deeds,—
 Both inward and outward—by truth, cotinence,
 By openness, kindness, contentment and peace,
 Study, introspection, company of saints,
 By vigilance unsleeping, dispassion for fame,
 For name and for wealth, for power and status,
 For rewards and good words, for honour, respect ;
 By trampling down ego with wisdom and sense ;
 With restrained emotions, being tranquil within
 When the world disregards you and treats you as dust,
 And casts you aside as an unwanted weed ;
 By prayer that's silent, fortitude, and faith,
 With a fire of longing for God, God alone,—
 Nothing short of God,—though this flesh may here
melt,

And the skin rend asunder, bones crack and dissolve.
 In such sublime states of communion and joy
 Has man intimations of what he's meant for.
 But is this easy? No; the knowers declare
 That the path is subtle and is sharp as a sword
 Or a razor whose edge we cannot visualise.
 As the track of the fish or of birds in the sky,
 The way to Eternity's invisible.
 The heed that the seeker in this art and science
 With intense awareness is called to maintain
 In unremitting and vigilant living
 Of the canons defining this infinite way
 To th' Infinite Being; with hardship obtained!
 May peace be on man, may he succeed in his quest!
 May Masters and Teachers their Grace on him
 shower!

THE CHEAPER WAY

(S. Bhagyalakshmi)

Why should I do this and that
 For progress in the spiritual path?
 Why pore over books, eyes growing dim
 And get giddy with trite idioms
 For a drink of the Upanishads, its honey?
 Why bend and loop and stretch in asanas
 To cleanse the mind of Vasanas?
 The fluttering honey-bird thither hastens
 To the swaying flowers its beak fastens,
 Drinks honey, deep in their chalice.
 Ah! flutter and fail I to fasten
 To the messages in Vedic parlance.

So, my hope is here, perchance
 In sitting at thy holy feet?
 Suffice it then to sit there in delight,
 The while thy inner personality, ageless,
 Spreads its charming light;
 The while the music of thy voice
 Casts a spell upon ears poised,
 And into them knowledge pure
 Of the Veda, Vedanta and the Gita pours;
 The while too, thy laughter rings
 Echoing the peal of temple bells;
 The while thy laughter to memory brings
 The joyous music of the bubbling brook.

Suffice it then to sit still and listen
 As thou answerest queries moot or great
 Cascading from devotees or tourists,
 And in the passing, pick and store
 All the pearls of wisdom-lore.

Sit and listen, listen and sit,
 This, I shall do, no more ; nor
 Meditate in desperate bid
 To catch in the still darkness
 That which thy smile awakes.
 " You want it the cheaper way,
 It is not Sadhana," thou laughest.
 But I can not that harder way.
 Lord Krishna—the merciful, does say,
 For the embodied, sure, it is hard
 For the mind the un-manifested to reach.

Yogin Krishna ! I beseech thee ; grant
 That I so sit and listen, so listen and sit ;
 And in so simple and dedicated an act
 My personality be, so recast
 That my soul regaining its kingdom lost,
 It quest ended, rests in the Absolute.

CORRIGENDA

Page	Para	Line	Word as printed	readers
1	1	25	imental	mental
3	2	14	an	and
5	3	2, 3	in the fractified birth	fructified in the birth
7	2	1	brust in "	burst in
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"	"	"	is it true	" It is true
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7	6	3	grahie	granie
9	"	6	pregancy	pregnancy
10	1	2	genuine fillings	genuine filings
"	2	15	My father (father)	My father
11	1	10	Sunnyasin	Sanyasin
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16	1	2	uneasingly	unceasingly
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17	—	1	renunciation	renunciation
19	—	12	at ravelling	a travelling
20	2	5	department	deportment

Page	Para	Line	Word is printed	readers
21	—	2	dresing	dressing
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„	„	13	disparing	despairing
22	1	16	Brahmacharaya	Brahmacharya
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35	3	2	Krishnanand	Krishnananda
37	1	2	addressig	addressing
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40	„	7	repeat	repeating
43	1	15	auspiuous	auspicious
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41	1	12	look	took
iii	2	11	ach	all
iv	1	15	beconsight	beconlight



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