

# **Sadguru Sānnidhya**



**Narayanashrama Tapovanam**

## Table of Contents

|                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| Offering                               | iii |
| Special Message to the Readers         | v   |
| From the Pages of my Memory            | 1   |
| Love at First Sight                    | 27  |
| Baba – My sole Refuge                  | 39  |
| Ceaseless Flow of Brahnavidyā          | 49  |
| Great Meeting – the Last and the First | 61  |
| Our Guru Paramparā                     | 65  |
| Baba's Letters                         | 67  |
| Before the Inauguration of Poornāshram | 77  |
| Glossary                               | 111 |
| Photos                                 | 117 |

*A good disciple should preserve his fondness  
and humility at any cost.*

*Self-effacement should be his watchword.*

*"Nothing to myself, all to my Guru" attitude  
is the right and the best,  
however difficult it might be  
to preserve such a note.*

*Self-effacement is the supreme  
and the most difficult task.*

*But the rewards and excellence it fetches  
are also equally rare.*

*Since the natural tendency of the mind is  
to get guided by selfishness and ego,  
the wise seeker has to be extremely discreet  
to preserve his humility and fondness.*

*The path is too delicate and sublime!*

*But it is worth walking upon.*

*- Swamiji*

## From the Pages of my Memory

*Swami Bhoomananda Tirtha*

### **My early days**

We were seven brothers and sisters in our family. I am the youngest. We were not rich, but not poor either. We might not have lived in abundance, but never did we feel the lack of anything at all in our lives. Whatever was needed to nourish our mind and body, our home had in ample measure. At no time did we feel any sense of scarcity.

I used to get up before six in the morning. After rolling the bedspreads on the floor, we used to keep them in a place meant for used beds. Only the next night we would take them from there to be spread on the floor again. The used beds were untouchable. I then would rush to the temple tank to wash my teeth and bathe. I used to wash my teeth using the powder made from the carbon obtained by burning paddy husk. For convenience and ease, this carbon powder was wrapped in paper. Both the carbon powder and the ash gained by burning cowdung balls were kept in two round wooden boxes fixed to a central stem, hanging from the beam of the ground floor roof in the front veranda of our house. I used to pick up these two paper wraps and rush to the temple tank. I also carried a split coconut splinter, about nine inches long, for cleaning my tongue. I did not know how to split the coconut splinter. My father used to do the task for me. When this was not in hand, I used to pick up a suitable

mango leaf on the way for using as tongue cleaner.

After bath, wearing a small wet towel wrapped around my waist, I would go to the temple close by for worshipping the Self-born (swayambhoo) Devi idol. I found great joy in rubbing a sandalwood piece on the grinding stone, pouring a few drops of water on it, till I had the necessary cool sandal paste to be given to the temple priest for distributing as prasāda to devotees. If I did not do this service, the priest would resort to giving turmeric powder paste as prasāda, which I did not somehow like at all.

Temple and worship of the deity installed there had an important part to play in our life. In the evening, we boys used to go to the same temple and sit there reciting jointly Vishṇusahasranāma and other devotional hymns loudly in unison, generating a unique, spiritual vibrance all around. Our elders used to encourage and even guide this collective recitation. What a wonderful way of instilling inner spiritual vibrations in ourselves and integrating the mind, intelligence and ego with the invisible inner Soul, the Paramātmā. This had a great deal of influence in sharpening and purifying our minds and intelligence, though we did not know all about it at that age!

We had five or six cows in our cowshed. So, milk, buttermilk, butter and ghee were ample for our use. Our life was filled with contentment and enthusiasm.

Our village house was one of the eighteen, forming a cluster with a pathway in between. The temple was at

the centre of the cluster. We lived almost exclusively as a group. Those were days of untouchability. People of the lower classes would not pass through our cluster. When I was about nine or ten years old, the King issued a proclamation abolishing untouchability for ever!

All the houses had cows. The common cowherd man would come about 8 a.m. daily and untie all the cows from their sheds. The animals would then begin their journey to the forest for grazing. All the cows always moved forward together with gusto. They would graze freely until they were signalled by their master in the evening to return home.

All the families had often enough milk. They would sell their excess milk. But invariably some water was added, at least on the pretext of cleaning the bottom of the main milking pot. This was, no doubt, a dilution. "Once", my father said, "I came to know about it, I immediately began to tell the other families that cow's milk, being pure, should be given to all in its pure form. Before long, all heeded my words and felt that no water in any form should be added to the milk extracted from the cows."

Even small instances when narrated reliably to one, or if they have taken place before one's own eyes, have great influence in his mind and heart. So, imagine how my father's narration must have influenced me. This is why I always say that 'personal stories are the prevailing influence in mankind any time'.

However, as I remember my young days, something strikes my heart. While studying in school, there was no-

one to help and guide appropriately, showing the right way to learn and grow. To learn, the primary need is the use of a dictionary. I had not known at all in my school years that there was such a thing like a dictionary!

Generally, children learn many things from others around. The elders would talk well, in an elegant manner; they would be more advanced in learning. Their objective in life would also be higher. The young often come to know many things by close interaction with elders, especially in the matter of how to deal with their life in an effective and proper manner. In words, deeds and thoughts as well, some model would invariably be there. This was more relevant in dealing with our education itself. I never heard of anything like special tuition or tuition classes. We had to muster all learning ourselves, from whatever we heard in our classrooms.

My father had learnt writing on sand spread on the floor. My mother had no formal education at all. Those days none had thought of educating girls; but my mother had taught me some Sanskrit verses with ample emphasis on pronouncing words and letters properly, ensuring that I would also conform to the metre of each verse. I used to wonder how she was able to do so. Yes, my mother's father was a Sanskrit scholar. From different parts of the then kingdom of Cochin, people used to go to him seeking answers to their questions and clarifications to their doubts. Even from the palace of Kodungallur, erudite men used to approach him seeking further knowledge.

My grandfather was a full-fold Rāmāyana devotee.

## Love at First Sight

*Swami Nirvisheshananda Tirtha*

### The Enquiry

I think I was born a seeker of Truth. As far as my memory goes, I have been thinking about the Truth from about 5 years of age. I remember some of my thoughts and enquiries while walking along Kosi Road (Jamshedpur) where we shifted when I was about 5 years old. Later, our parents used to take us to listen to the talks of a few saints who visited Jamshedpur.

Soon, I started reading some spiritual books. I specifically remember Swami Vivekananda's 'Jñāna Yoga' which touched me deeply. It was a small sized book and I used to carry it everywhere I went.

I had taken up and studied Physics only to know the Truth. I had my own way of analyzing things and coming to conclusions. I would not read śāstras to learn the verses by heart or to know what is written there. I would read very little but it used to inspire me to think repeatedly to find out what is true and what is not.

Perhaps I had developed a lot of ego that I had found my own theory of the Truth. It was not expressed openly, but such a conviction and bhāva must have been there in the mind.

After completing post-graduation, when I joined Ph.D., there was some free time during the selection of the research topic. That was the time Ajit Da, our family



#### **Baba's book collection**

Whenever we went to Dakshinākhanda, we had the good fortune to read some of the books from Baba's extensive collection. We also read the brief notes he had written on different pages. By reading them we could glimpse the radiance of Baba's deep knowledge and direct realization. In some of the books, Baba had added a few pages of his own detailed 'contents' written in his own handwriting.

After Baba's Mahāsamādhi, his Yoga-Vāsiṣṭha Rāmāyaṇa book came to us. From the detailed and extensive index added to that book, one can learn many important principles and insights concerning spiritual life and sādhanā.

Often in reply to our questions, Baba used to ask us to go down to the ground floor and open a specific almirah, take out a particular book from a specific shelf and read the notes he had himself written on a particular page. Through this unique method, our minds were illumined in a new way regarding many of the deep revelations of the scriptures.

- Swami Nirvisheshananda Tirtha

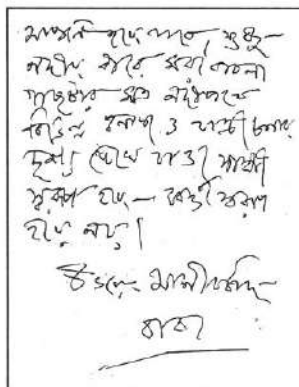


Image of the letter written by Baba to Aroop  
(Swami Nirvishesananda Tirtha) on December 12, 1973  
(Third Page)