

Poetry Series

**amma and rajappa
- poems -**

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i am from a small village in search of love that does not find fault with me, that never pushes me out...

' Mother ' is one great thing that fascinates me...the love, the selflessness, the grace, the dedication and many that are inherent in that greatest species...even i fail to find the synonyms for Mother and Motherhood...

Mata Amritha-i have taken Her as a symbol of Motherhood who is a living Goddess

Amma defines Motherhood as: Motherhood, in its ultimate sense, has nothing to do with bearing a child, but with love, compassion and selflessness. It lies in totally giving to others.

it was in my mind to write about Her; with Her blessing i start this mission

i follow the philosophy: 'It's better get worn out than rust away'

Amritanandamayi-Being To Becoming Of A Mother- Concluding Part

Dear Readers

I wanted to write on Mata my Mother; one of friends started this project and stopped halfway; I repeated told that if this was not going to be completed I would take up the project and complete; and got an yes as the reply and I started in the year 2009 on the 24 th of December with a salutation to Lalithambika.

Today is the death anniversary of my Mother; I wanted to dedicate the Great Life Story of the Mother of Mothers to my Mother and completed

There may be omissions and commissions; I seek Amma's blessings and forgiveness

May Amma bless all Her Children

Being To Becoming of a Mother

" My child, I dwell in the heart of all beings and have no fixed abode; your birth is not for merely enjoying the unalloyed bliss of the self but not comforting suffering humanity; hence worship me in the hearts of all beings and relieve them of the sufferings of worldly existence."....inner voice heard by Sudhamani

Roadside darshans
A concern for father
Made thy father
Approach thee
With a request
To shift in place
Opening up a venue
In the cowshed,
Birth place of Sree Krishna,
Becoming thy abode

Attracting crowds
Like flowers do bees.

Calling thy father
During the bhavam
Gave the great instruction
Not to hit back thy children
Who might hurt you
Or your father
Whatever be trial
Assuring papa
"Endure my children
For they are your children,
This little girl is pure,
That will go around the world,
God shall bless you ever
And provide for your need"

The rationalists and
Antagonists
Making their teams
Siding with black magic
Tried their skills
To kill my mother
Lo! ash of dead cobra
Invoked with malevolent forces
Turned into real holy ash
With the blessings of my father
Siva the protector
Poisoned milk
Given to my mother
Became the nectar,
The torture of thy brother
Subhagan the eldest
Breaking a lamp
During a Krishna bhava
Brought the lore of
Thy power to burn a lamp
Without oil throughout night
Attributing that greatness
To the inner desire and wish
Of devotees thy children

Meditation and searches
Ridicules and tortures
Inside and outside
Making your transmigrations
From physical to metaphysical
Earthly to heavenly
Happenings of a routine nature
Gave Thee my Mother
The vision of The Great Mother,
The Supreme force of this Universe
Compelling you to request
Krishna the mischievous
To handover Thee
To Mother Kali for a makeshift
For Mother is the force
That demands no language,
Nor anything in return
That made the flute player
Make that great transformation,
My mother became the daughter
Of the Mother, to become Her mirror
With the inner voice raising it decibel
To focus on the children
Distressed and dissipated
Waiting for direction
And a Hug to balm the swollen souls
Mother was born again for us children!

Miracles and grace
The incidences not rare
For the faithful and forlorn
Mother, you attracted
Crowds from inland
And overseas alike
Thronging to Idamannel
Making an issue, illegal in force,
Respecting the law
Of the land of my mother
You consented to followers
To formalize Mata Amritanandamayi Math
and Mission Trust

and adopted the Holy name
Mata Amritanandamayi
On 6th of May, in the year 1981,
Followed by schools and libraries as chains
To impart knowledge
And inculcate ideals
You reached out the children
Far and wide
By making the travels starting from May, August 1987
Ye traveled in Europe and USA at a stretch
It was the beginning
Of an unending journey!
Epilogue:

Saraj-jyotsna-shuddham sashi-yuta-jata-juta-makutam
Vara-traasa-traana-sphatika-ghutika-pustaka karaam;
Sakrn na thva nathva katham iva sathaam sannidadhate
Madhu-kshira-drakhsa-madhurima-dhurinah phanitayah.

Soundaryalahari -15

sathaam—for (those) noble ones
Sakrn—just once
nathva—having prostrated
thva—to you
Saraj-jyotsna-shuddham—who is as pure and white as the autumnal moonlight
Sashi-yuta-jata-juta-makutam—who has the crown of matted hair that includes
the moon and
Vara-traasa-traana-sphatika-ghutika-pustaka karaam—who holds in the (4)
hands, the boon, fear-protection, the crystal-bead-necklace and the book
katham iva—why (would)
phanitayah—speech capabilities
Madhu-kshira-drakhsa-madhurima-dhurinah—which are pregnant with the
sweetness of honey, milk and grapes
Na sannidadhate—not accrue?

Here Adi Sankara depicts saraswathi without Veena in Her hand;
I visualize Amma, my Mother also similarly and seek Her blessing in fulfilling my
mission in this birth

saktAh karmani awidwAmsah yathA kurwanti bhArata kuryAt widwAn tathA
asaktah chikeersshuh lokasangraham ||Bhagavad Geeta 3.25||

"As the 'ignorant' men act from attachment to action, Oh, Bharata, so should the
'wise' men act without attachment, wishing the welfare of the world.'

To the extent we work for larger schemes to bless a vaster section of humanity,
to that extent the attachment loses its poison and comes to bless the age. Many
poisons serve as medicines in their diluted form, while the same in a
concentrated form can bring instantaneous death! The ego and ego-centric
desires bind and destroy man, but to the extent he can lift his identifications to
include and accommodate in it, larger sections of the living world, to that extent
the attachment gathers an ethical halo, a divine glow, and becomes a cure for
our subjective pains and imperfections.

Here the practical method suggested is that Arjuna should work, unattached to
his own ego-centric, limited concept of himself and his relations, and he must
enter into the battle-field as a champion fighting for a cause, noble and
righteous, against the armies that have come up to question and challenge the
deathless 'values of higher living' as propounded and upheld by the Hindu
culture.

To serve others is to serve the Lord. Jana-seva is Jnardhana-seva. Nara-seva is
Narayana-seva.

7.9.2010

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Amritanandamayi-Raining Mercy

Divinity finding its expression
Acceptance of the masses
Forthcoming with piety
Krishnabhava, oneness with Krishna
Mother you became absorbed
In the Supreme Being by Thy free will,
Thee wished to merge once for all
Leaving all of us ever on this earth,
An inner voice raised its decibel,
"Thousands of your children,
Are in the abyss of misery,
Redeem them, you are with me"

This clarion call made you
Our Mother messiah of the masses
You read the minds of people
Knowing without showing,
Empathy and sympathy
Inborn in thy blood,
Turning consolation your mission
With a vision of compassion!

Big banyan tree that stands alone wide,
Abode of Siva, the master of silence,
For seasons and reasons, became the point
Of assembly for the devotees so gifted
Mother, you revealed the divinity
Ready to take burden of all!
You spread your tongue like Kali the pure
Taking the camphor live and burning
Over the organ swallowing like cake
that left no trace of burn or pain!

This confirmed the greatness of Thee my mother
Attracting crowds from inside the state
And outside of Kerala, God's own country
Relief from pain, disease and drought,
And cushion from troubles of finance or marriage
Some just made it, curiosity driving from back

But for many it was devotion to Thee my Mother
With a certainty of a solution for their troubles!

There was a great king called Daksha; he was the son of Lord Brahma; he had 27 daughters. Sati devi was one of them. Daksha gave his daughter Sati in marriage to Lord Shiva. During the conduct of a fire sacrifice, when Daksha entered the arena, every one except Lord Shiva stood up to respect him. Daksha felt very insulted by Lord Shiva's behaviour. So when he conducted a yaga again, he did not invite his daughter Sati and his son in law Lord Shiva. Sati felt sad because of this and went to the Yaga against the wishes of Lord Shiva. She was badly insulted by her father Daksha and jumped in to the sacrificial fire. Shiva hearing this rushed to the place but could not save Parvathi. He cut off the head of Daksha and took the body of Sati in his hand and started dancing furiously. Due to the severe shake body of Sati got split into 18 pieces and these pieces fell down in different places of India. These places are called Shakthi Peethas. Some people are of the opinion that there are 51 Shakthi Peethas and yet others of the opinion that there are 108 Shakthi Peethas.

Sankara wrote Sakthi Peetha Stotra; in that names the places of Shakthi Peethas and the name of the Goddess in those temples are mentioned:

Part of the body fallen - Place - Name of Shakthi

1. Groin - Trimkomali (Sri Lanka) - Sankari devi
2. Back Part - Kanchi (Tamilnadu) - Kamakshi devi
3. Stomach - Praddyumnam (Gujarat) - Sri Srunkala devi
4. Head hairs - Mysore (Karnataka) - Chamundeswari devi
5. Upper teeth rows - Alampur (Andhra Pradesh) - Jogulamba devi
6. Neck - Srisailam (Andhra Pradesh) - Bhramramba devi
7. Eyes - Sholapur (Maharashtra) - Mahalakmi devi
8. Right hand - Nanded (Maharashtra) - Ekavenika devi
9. Upper lip - Ujjain (Madya Pradesh) - Mahakalai devi
10. Left hand - Pithapuram (Andhra Pradesh) - Puruhutika devi
11. Navel - Cuttack (Orissa) - Girija devi
12. Left cheek - Draksharamam (Andhra Pradesh) - Manikyamba devi
13. Vulva - Gauhati (Assam) - Kamarupa devi
14. Fingers (hand) - Prayaga (Uttar Pradesh) - Madhaveswari devi
15. Head - Jwala (Himachal Pradesh) - Vaishnavi devi
16. Breast - Gaya (Bihar) - Sarvamangala devi
17. Wrist - Varanasi (Uttar Pradesh) - Visalaksi devi
18. Right Hand - Kashmir - Saraswathi devi

Sakthi Peetha Stotra by Adi Sankara:

Transliteration of the Sanskrit slogam

Lankayam Shankari devi, Kamakshi Kanchika pure
Pradyumne Shrinkhala devi, Chamunda Krouncha pattane

Alampure Jogulamba, Sri shaile Bhramarambika
Kolha pure Maha lakshmi, Mahurye Ekaveerika

Ujjainyam Maha kali, Peethikayam Puruhutika
Odhyane Girija devi, Manikya Daksha vatike

Hari kshetre Kama rupi, Prayage Madhaveshwari
Jwalayam Vishnavi devi, Gaya Mangalya gourika

Varanasyam Vishalakshi, Kashmire tu Saraswati
Ashtadasha Shakti peethani, Yoginamapi durlabham

Sayamkale pathennityam, Sarva shatri vinashanam
Sarva roga haram divyam, Sarva sampatkaram shubham

Meaning:

Goddess Shankari in Sri lanka, Kamakshi in Kanchipuram,
Goddess Shrinkhala in Pradyumna and Chamunda in Mysore
Goddess Jogulamba in Alampur, Goddess Brhamarabika in Sri Shailam,
Goddess Maha Lakshmi in Kolhapur and Goddess Eka veera in Mahur
Goddess Maha Kali in Ujjain Purhuthika in Peethika,
Goddess Girija in Odhyana and goddess Manikya in the house of Daksha,
Goddess Kama rupi in the temple of Vishnu, Goddess Madhevaswari in Allahabad,

The flame giving Goddess in Jwala muki and Mangala Gouri in Gaya.
Goddess Visalakshi in Varanasi, Goddess Saraswathi in Kashmir,
Are the 18 houses of Shakthi, which are rare even to devas.
If read in the evening daily, it leads to killing of all enemies,
And also curing of all diseases and getting of all types of wealth.

Lalithambika is called KEVALA.....623 Lalitha Sahasranamam

Meaning: the one that stands out; She is not tainted by any property or blemish;

pure;

In a way it is the supreme way of expressing Advaita philosophy; the one without a second

I pray Mother kali to give shade to all Her children ever

5.8.2010

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Amritanandamayi-Firm Step Towards Freedom

'People travel to wonder at the height of mountains, at the huge waves of the sea, at the long courses of rivers, at the vast compass of the ocean, at the circular motion of the stars... and they pass by themselves without wondering.'

- Saint Augustine

Freedom from desires
Giving that platform
To declare thy purpose
Of coming into this sphere
Wednesday September 1975
Mid day Sun scorching the world
You made up your mind
To throw your grace
Cool and clear perceptible as grace!
Finishing your chore
Of collecting the grace
Perchance Thy crossing
The house of thy neighbour
North of Idamannel
You, my Mother, making a stop
Srimad Bhagavatham the story of Vishnu
Being recited in length,
Standing like a pillar
Motionless listening turned enactment
The bundle of grass fell from your head
Making a rush towards the crowd
That sang His greatness
and wept for His grace
ye stood in their midst
posing as Krishna bubbling with bliss!

Skeptics of the mass as ever been on earth
Questioned that Bhava ascribing to fraud
Wanted a Miracle first time from my Mother!
Liberation thy goal, not known to ignorant
Refusing in the outset, insistence ever increasing
Ye yielded to requests of making a miracle
One time for their sake, many for ourselves,
Daring the challenge, you scheduled one miracle

Next day at the same place, thus attracting a crowd big!

The golden moment of history
Was about to be written
In your calling for a bowl
Of water from the household
Mother, you ordered one skeptic
To dip his fingers inside the small bowl
That turned into milk fresh!
People being pinched
Of the divinity of transformation
Started to take the milk as nectar!
You giving more than asked
Called another miscreant
Asking his turn of dipping fingers in the bowl,
Ah, this turned the milk into a sweet
That was panchamrutham a relish
Made of five big elements,
Milk and banana, soaked in ghee
With raw sugar and rock sugar,
Distribution was done
for the gifted mass of thousands
the vessel never turned dry
proclaiming your divinity!

Lalithambika is called Daevaeese-Lalitha Sahasranamam-607

If we refer to Adi Sankara's Soundarya Lahar 8 th slogan

Sudha-sindhor madhye sura-vitapi-vati parivrte
Mani-dweepe nipo'pavana-vathi chintamani-grhe;
Shivaakare manche Parama-Shiva-paryanka-nilayam
Bhajanti tvam dhanyah katichana chid-ananda-laharim.

The connotation is divine:

Jaganmatha is visualized in the middle of the great sea of nectar, in an island
of very precious gems;
The island is surrounded by the Kalpaga Vriksha tree—the wish giving tree;
seated on the lap of Lord Parama Shiva, in the place housing gem of thoughts,

She reverberates as a tide in the sea which is the ultimate truth;

Sankara says this: She is worshipped only by selective holy men

By saying this sankara gives the feeling that even though we, normal human beings are filled with sin, once we surrender unto Her, we become holy

Who can say with this authority other than Sankara?

On this day of Adi Guru Pournima day, I pray for all Her children; May Parameswari in the form of Amma shower peace and harmony on Her children

25.7.2010

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Amritanandamayi-The Power To Choose

The truth is that our finest moments are most likely to occur when we are feeling deeply uncomfortable, unhappy, or unfulfilled. For it is only in such moments, propelled by our discomfort, that we are likely to step out of our ruts and start searching for different ways or truer answers. -Scott M. Peck

Roles often change
Speaking world turning brute
Animal world a silent bliss
A silent human preferred the fauna
Cow became dearer
In toes with the cowherd boy
Dhamayanthi taking inside the cows
During heavy monsoon season,
Invited the wrath of all
Except you mother Mercy!
Seasons being speechless speakers
Made the rank number two for you,
In the friendship row
For my everlasting Mother
Believing what you chose,
The downpour from heaven
Cheering the downcast spirit
With every speck of that droplet
Rekindled Thy soul!
The frozen ocean devoid of the voice
Gave you the feel of
The Almighty in warmth!
You could perceive AUM
In the ferocity of the hurricanes!
The more the world turned horrific
The more you became abstract
Bathing for hours drown in meditation
Others defining those spiritual moods
As symptoms plenty of mental disease!
Was He leading Thee my Mother-
-into the realms of self realizations?
Ye the lonely traveler in this fancy world
Started getting visions so divine!

Saw Thy Krishna with the golden fruit,
The naughty boy in dark blue and red!
Many a time could perceive the smell
Of divinely flowers adorning the cot,
Her surrender nearing its fruition stage
Godly visions became a frequent joy!

Krishna in all, and all in Krishna
Made thee think to do away with image
But the gratitude that's thy mark
Gave the flagging deeper that-
it was the Krishna's picture on the wall
Led Thee nearer thy sweet lover!

With promotion in the spiritual class,
You started hugging trees and plants,
As ye saw the Dancer all around!
You couldn't pluck a flower even
Meant removal of Krishna
From his abode of Milk!
Touching of thy body holy,
By the gentle breeze of Idamannel
Connected Thee with the thief of thieves!
As days passed you abhorred to walk
Anywhere on earth,
The fear of hurting hidden Krishna there
Made Thy grade one in Sat-Chit-Anandha!

Sat-Chit-Ananda—Swamy Chinmayanandha

Sat-Chit-Ananda is a triple consciousness. Sat is existence, Chit is consciousness and Ananda is bliss. You can separate them if you want to and, at the same time, you can take them as one. If one achieves Existence, then inside Existence he has Consciousness itself. And if one has Consciousness, then Bliss is there. It is like an apartment or plot of land. You can give the plot of land one name or, if you want to divide it, each part of the plot can be called by a different name. But the reality of one is bound to be found in the other. They complement one another. So you can either separate them or keep them as one.

Sat-Chit-Ananda is the triple consciousness on the highest plane, and that plane is for the absolutely chosen few. To reach Sat-Chit-Ananda is a most difficult

thing. Hardly twenty or thirty Masters have reached it and stayed at that plane, and hardly one or two can embody it. Some Masters have reached that plane and immediately came down because it was too high for them. It is much easier for people to reach the illumined mind or the Supermind, but Sat-Chit-Ananda is absolutely the highest. That consciousness is almost impossible to attain, even for the spiritual Masters. (God, Avatars and Yogis)

To be sure, the Kingdom of Heaven is more than just a mere plane, like other planes. It is a plane of divine Consciousness. It is a state of Realisation. It embodies Sat-Chit-Ananda. Sat is divine Existence, Chit is divine Consciousness, Ananda is divine Bliss. When we go deep within we feel these three together, and when we acquire the inner vision to perceive them all at once, we live verily in the Kingdom of Heaven. Otherwise, Existence is at one place, Consciousness is somewhere else and Bliss is nowhere near the other two. When we see and feel Existence-Consciousness-Bliss on the selfsame plane, each complementing and fulfilling the others, we can say that we live in the Kingdom of Heaven. Yes, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. Not only can we feel it, but without the least possible doubt, we can become It.!

14.07.2010

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Amritanandamayi-Truth Is Not Enough

Truth is not enough

"He who learns must suffer. And even in our sleep pain that cannot forget falls
dropp by dropp upon the heart, and in our own despair, against our will, comes
wisdom to us by the awful grace of God."-Aeschylus, Agamemnon

Mounting pressure on marriage
Made you decide a run away
Perchance reading of a newspaper bit
Bearing the news of a miserable story
Of a young girl who ran out of her home
Made thee nullify the option forever

Repeated persecution lynching thy soul
Pushing you my Mother to kill yourself
By jumping into the sea, your blissful friend
Mercy of God instilling some courage
Power of reasoning dawned in your mine
The peak of enquiry on the self supreme
Made you ask questions and seek the answers,
"Who is dying and who is killed"
"Who is taking birth and who can harass? "
Introspection leading thy self
Self killing psyche died away fast!

Sleeping in others' house
And eating from others'
Made you vomit
The food that was cooked
By the people so worldly;
This peculiarity made you fast
Quite often than needed
And made you skip sleep
To adhere to thy principle!

Fear of missing thy Lord
Made you remain awake
Even after the burden

Of the routine works at home!

Suffering of others and their craving for money
Chiseled great sympathy for the poor souls sear,
Questions came like bullets hitting the hidden Lord

"Am I alone in this world?
Like leaves flourishing in the warmth
And the feed of the ground
Again fading with age and falling onto the ground
Becoming the feed themselves
The creatures of the world,
Float loftily on ignorance
Unable to find any true relative"
"Mistaking things for permanence,
Forgive those pities my my Prabhu!
They will never know it's a dream
In the deep sleep of their ego
The real self is submerged
In the suppressive thoughts of "I"
Love and hate making their turns
Good and bad alternating
Beautiful and awful losing their pace
We are incapable of discrimination"

"Don't allow the eternity
To swallow my self in its hollow blank
Insane thoughts have engulfed me
Immensity of space I may be ignorant of
Save my soul frightened every second
I am astonished for being here alone
Rather than roaming along with thee,
Cover my soul with Thy supreme love
It is all you who put me here! "

A few questions and answers:

Disciple: Master! What is the means to gain the state of eternal bliss, ever devoid of misery?

Shri Ramana Maharishi: Apart from the statement in the Veda that wherever there is body there is misery, this is also the direct experience of all people;

therefore, one should enquire into one's true nature which is ever bodiless, and one should remain as such. This is the means to gaining that state.

Disciple: Swami! It is often said and felt that none escapes maya or illusion. Everyone falls a victim to the influence of maya. So, man is prone to delusion. Then Swami, a person who has known what maya is and has been out of maya, how is it that he gets into the trap again?

Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba: Think of this situation. When it is dark what happens to light? Where does it go? Similarly, when there is light, where does the darkness that was present till the light came, go? Absence of light is darkness. Darkness does not flow or run away. Because of the light, it is not noticed. Once the light is put off, it will be dark as before. Here light is wisdom, darkness is ignorance or maya or delusion or avidya. To dispel the darkness the only thing to do is light a candle.

Your question is, how the darkness of ignorance comes back again having been dispelled once already by the light of wisdom. A simple example. Many travel by bus. As the bus speeds forward along the rugged roads, we find the dust rising behind the bus so long as it is on a continuous run. But, the moment the bus stops the whole lot of dust collects inside. All of it just blows into the bus. Similarly, human life is a bus. So long as it is on the move of sadhana, the dust of illusion stays behind. But, if the bus of life stops or halts sadhana, the dust of delusion will get into life. So, it is sadhana that keeps you unaffected by delusion. If you stop sadhana you will again become a victim of maya. Therefore, you can never take it for granted that you are rid of maya in your lifetime. It is your constant sadhana that helps you.

13.07.2010

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Amritanandamayi-Another Hurdle

Human progress is neither automatic nor inevitable... Every step toward the goal of justice requires sacrifice, suffering, and struggle; the tireless exertions and passionate concern of dedicated individuals.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Unbeaten days
And the moments without torture
Becoming a rarity
Hey my Mother Kali!
You took them as jokes,
Played by the Almighty
On a helpless soul to the core!
Hearing of the leelas
Of Krishna the great,
Made thy soul forget
The oppression of the might!
Ye made the children act
Portions of the divine drama
Of the playful Lord Krishna
That made you cry
And swoon fast on hearing
The name so sweet,
Its Krishna or Hari!
Dancing and praying
Taking children as the God,
Made the kids shiver,
Of the mistaken divine madness!
You never stopping with acting
Or listening to the stories
Offered them the naivedyam,
The delicacies offered by the devotees!
Confusion becoming stronger,
The strange acts being reasons,
Your mother and brother
Proceeded to get you married off!

The first occasion in full concealment
Made you travel for cloth measurement

On an offer of a job
To stitch cloth for a girl;
Entering the other house
Thy relatives making a request
To carry the hot drinks
To the would be groom
In the nearby space!

Oh Mother! Nothing can scare you
Nor deter you from the path
Chosen long back and golden in intention!
You made the straight walk out
Refusing to oblige, the forced formality
By the pitiable simple souls!

Another groom making an appearance
In your house where you served,
Dhamayanti made the order
To carry some bananas
And give it to the groom!
Fate being reviewed
By Thee only my Mother
You never allowed that destiny
To corrupt ever Thy plans,
Thus another refusal aborted
That unholy process, that
Ye disapproved since young!

Unrelenting third groom
Met you Kali with the pestle
That you used to grind chilies
The occasion of the meeting
And the nature of the chilies
Adding heat to the surrounding
Made the boy stagger and jump,
And run to save his life forever!

Pressures of life chasing
Rules of heart guiding
Tears started flowing
In thy private meeting with the Lord
All alone in the darkness

With Krishna showing no light
Thee offered all the weep
In the altar of thy prayer room!

Are you hiding below the earth?
Make me a boar as strong as the Varaha Avatar
Enabling me drill the earth to reach you my Lord
In a way you retrieved the world from Hiranyaksha!

Are you hiding in any dark chamber?
Make me all pervasive air
To intrude the corners of the earth
And merge with you my Almighty!

Are you the colourful rainbow my Lover?
I shall be the droplets hinging the clouds
Resulting in a bond that will ever last like you!

Are you the pollen deep inside the flower?
I will rush to be a bee not to partake honey
But reach my Lord in all my earnestness!

Failing in my search,
I have no place to go!
I am keeping open the gates
Of my troubles ridden heart!
Awaiting thy appearance
Come fast Krishna! Come fast!

A few words about Kanyakumari

Lord Shiva, Parvathy and a demon called Banasura are the 3 major characters.

Once upon a time a Demon king protected by a boon that he could be killed only by a virgin girl, was wreaking havoc in heaven and earth. Gods and sages were tortured; gods were driven out of heaven. Unrighteousness prevailed all around.

Mother Earth was so exasperated by the agony of her children that she couldn't take it any longer.

Earth approached Lord Vishnu for help. Lord suggested that Devtas should pray

to Parashakti as she alone had the power to humble Banasura.

All Gods and Earth performed a great Yagna!

Pleased, Parashakti came out of fire in the form of a small girl and promised to bring to an end to Banasura. She asked them to be patient and wait for the opportune.

Parashakti as Kanyakumari

Parasakthi traveled to the southern most part of India and started meditating upon Lord Shiva. Eventually the small girl turned into a teenager. This is how this place came to be known as Kanyakumari. It literally means a virgin teenaged girl.

Lord Shiva was attracted towards this beautiful form and wanted to marry her. Lord Shiva's abode was considered at Suchindram, just 15 kms from kanyakumari. Parashakti also gave her nod to marriage and arrangements for this great marriage commenced.

Narada understood the potential danger in that marriage. If the virgin goddess Kanyakumari gets married then the chances of Banasura getting killed became started devising ways to stall this marriage.

The marriage proceedings continued as per schedule.

The marriage ceremony was fixed at midnight on an auspicious day. On the appointed day Lord Shiva with the marriage party in toe started his journey from Suchindram to Kanya Kumari's place. As he was just 5 km from Suchindram, Narada started playing his tricks. He assumed the form of a cock and crowed, to falsely announce that it is already Siva that he was late for the appointed hour of marriage returned.

Kanya Kumari got angry. She threw all the food items prepared for the guests. This food items eventually turned into small pebbles and the multi-coloured sands. That is why they are found in abundance on the shore of Kanyakumari.

Banasura on hearing Kanya Kumari's beauty, decided to marry her. Devi refused him. The demon king insulted by the refusal tried to teach her a lesson. In the ensuing fierce battle, Devi Kanya Kumari slayed Banasura with chakra at a place called Mahadana Puram just 4 km north of Kanya Kumari.

At the time of his death, Banasura understood his follies and begged for her mercy.

Devi is epitome of compassion she forgave and absolved him of his sins.

The goddess did not let her disappointment come in the way of her dedication to Lord Shiva. Till this day she continues to perform austerities with the hope that one day she will unite with Siva. A beautiful temple stands dedicated to Devi Kumari on the shore of Kanyakumari.

12.07.2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Who Am I To Say Who I Am?

Nalladhoar veenai seidhae - adhai
nalangedap puzhudhiyil erivadhundoa
solladi sivasakthi - enaich
chudarmigum arivudan padaiththuvittai
vallamai thaaraayoa - indha
maanilam payanura vaazhvadharkae
solladi sivasakthi - nilach
chumaiyena vaazhndhidap puriguvaiyoa
visaiyurup pandhinaip poal - ullam
vaendiyapadi seyyum udal kaettaen
nasaiyaru manam kaettaen - niththam
navamenach chudar tharum uyir kaettaen...uyir kaettaen...uyir kaettaen
thasaiyinaith theechchudinum - siva
sakthiyaip paadum nallagam kaettaen
asaivuru madhi kaettaen - ivai
arulvadhil unakkedhum thadaiyuladhoa

Mahakavi Bharathiyar-Tamilnadu

The immanent and transcendental God
Permeating every cell of my Mother
Sudhamani now a senior teen clan,
Intoxication in divinity, reverberated the walls
As dance and song of pure energy-
Intelligence and bliss-the Sat-Chit-Ananda state,
Found expression in the prayer room
All alone at the peak of spiritual glory,
Elder brother and mother, the loveless souls
Witness to this drama divine, blessed spirits,
Not suffering themselves from ignorant arrogance
Made you, young Sudhamani reel under pain,
And declaring imbalance of the psyche and mind,
Never realizing your spiritual ascension,
Of Thee, my Mother, unbroken and never ceasing,
Those mockeries and derisions failing to attack you,
Torture after torture found their destination
Mentally and physically in your form so divine

My Mother called mercy, Sudhamani my child,
Made you wail from the core of Thy heart!

Separation from the Lord, Krishna the cowherd boy,
Made you cry till ye fell on the ground
Songs of despair floating in air
And filling the space of Idamannel hamlet,
Make me cry, hey mother of this world!

Hey Krishna my lover!
The hammer of the tortures
Strike the diamond of my love
Break into pieces, turning into bliss!
What is this life on earth if
I can not see you my Krishna!
Hey Panduranga! If you are the sky,
I shall rise as mountain with peaks so high,
And touch you softly with a gentle stroke!
You may crush me into sand and send me packing,
I will become the cloud to make my love
And pour my heart and speak silence
Your may condense me to water and send back as rain
This can never deter my resolve
To ever go along with you!
I will flow quickly on the sand
As stream of water parading
And reach the ocean wide and vast
To reflect thy black and become yourself,
Hope lingers in the core of my mind
Merging with you in the horizon far away!

Thaaraakaanthithiraskaari naasaabharanabhaasura-Lalitha Sahasranamam: 20

This means who has a nose ring which shines more than the stars;

Her nose stud is made up of rubies and pearls

This particular name of Lalithamma attracts me for various reasons

1) Mother Abhirami's ear ring metamorphosed in to the milky-white full moon as it were a Full-Moon to save Abhirami's child Shri Abhirami Bhattar

2) **5b** I was searching for the possible reasons of Lalithambika wearing the nose ring

According to the Indian medicine, the female who get her nose pierced is assumed to experience less pains while delivering the child. The reason behind this belief is, through the piercing some vein is pressed that makes the childbirth easier.

Lalithambika being Janani, the mother who delivers all the creatures and universe has a greater justification for wearing those nose rings

Kanyakumri sports a dazzling diamond nose-ring; significance is that the glittering nose ring is visible from a distance.

Adhi shankara describes the nose ring of Ambal in Soundarya Lahiri. Ambal was wearing a pearl nose ring on her left nostril!

Left side nose ring is a custom everywhere in India except in Tamil nadu!

we can locate a rationale in the yoga sastra of Swara, about the breath. The left nostril stands for Chandra kala and the right for soorya kala. The left stands for the moon – the feminine factor and the right, for the sun, the masculine factor. The one who has controlled the two kalas will become a tri-kaala gyaani.

Amma also wears diamond studded nose ring on the left side

10.07.2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Love-The Unknown Language

When you are inspired by some great purpose,
some extraordinary project,
all your thoughts break their bands,
your mind transcends limitations,
your consciousness expands in every direction,
and you yourself find in a new great and wonderful world.
dominant forces, faculties and talents become alive and
you discover yourself to be
a greater person far more than you ever dreamed

Patanjali

Mother! You were not
What you seemed!
Crying for the poor
Pleading with Krishna,
Searching for the truth;
With selfless souls
Very rare to find
And helpless aged
Awaiting their death
Progenies and kin
Praying for the exit-
of parents and elders
Liabilities of constricted life
Tears rolling down
"Why is this drama? "
Tell my Lord, is it your leela? "

Priest of the church
Transferred from Idamannel,
Called for thee my Mother
To convey his blessing
To the budding saint Sudamani!
On seeing you my mother
The priest shed tears of piety,
Bidding his last good bye
Could perceive thy greatness,

His declaration to Sateesh
Thy younger brother, the companion
" Sudamani will become great! "
A prophecy full of truth
What else it could be?

Tailoring class and sewing sessions
Posing a threat to penance so divine
Mother, you gave up the class!
All your requests
For a machine to this master
Falling on deaf years,
You made the vow,
Not to ask, but take when He gives!
Yes, indeed He gave,
Years after through Peter
When ye started giving
Blessings and sermons!

Being ignored and insulted quite often,
By parents and siblings, friends and relatives
Thy black colour skin, a God given gift
Playing the havoc rudely on my mother,
Insufficient dress, and never shown care,
Reducing you to a status of lesser than a servant;
A perchance gift of a chequered blouse
Made you happy, Mother you wore it with glee
Oh! That joy was short lived and a cruel joke,
Thy elder brother ordering the removal of the same
Not only killed the gaiety and merriment
But also torched the blouse with the howling,
"Don't dare to attract with glaring blouses ever! "
Not those evils did get over for my mother,
Damayanthi also abused for wearing yellow jacket!
The Mother who made the world full of colours
Never could enjoy a bit of Her great creation!
This made you declare the bitter wish
-to wear the worn out and discarded rags
Thus reducing the burden to parents and siblings
Of purchasing a new dress for the master tailor of the Universe!

Vandhaaru jana vatsalaa...Lalitha Sahasranamam 349

Meaning: the one who loves those who pray and submit unto her; this Love is that of a mother!

Those children need not fear anything

5 7 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-The Invincible-Never Before And Never Again

"Oh! How they sacrificed everything for the world! People turned against them, but still they loved them. If they have done it, then why cant I? There is nothing new in it."

Mata Amritanandhamayi on the sacrifice of Jesus and Krishna

Workshop and worship
Getting over, oh Mother!
You visited the graveyard
To continue embroidery
Ye incarnate of Siva!
Enjoying the exclusive peace
That solitude throws in abundance
In a place where humans don't dare,
But Universal Mother Sudhamani,
Started thy dialogue with the departed
Enquiring about their life,
And welfare in the other world,
Silly for the ordinary and
Soul stirring for the lighter beings,
Served the resting spirits
With a melody of your choice,
When the pierced hearts
Got the ultimate peace!

Insights are many
In your sighting Jesus
Crucified on the cross
Falling into a trance
A comparison with Krishna
Falling into place
Made you cry,
Love and sacrifice
In the above forms inseparable,
Made them great
And you too my Mother!

'Eloi Eloi lema sabachthani? '
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? '
Father forgive them,
For they know not what they do
Bleeding hands and bleeding feet
Never prevented thy bleeding heart
From the greatest gesture
Graceful and peaceful,
Assuring the thieves
A place in paradise,
Taking the sour
And giving the sweet,
Hey compassion in human form!
Jesus my Lord! , is it finished?
No my Lord! Never on earth,
Till the rule of thy love
Commands the fervent
Father, into your hands,
I commit my spirit!

On 30 6 2010 I submitted an episode on Amma Amritanandhamayi in which I produced the saying of amma:

My joy lay in seeing others' happiness; I never thought of my own comfort and workload; whenever I had the opportunity to serve others, I tried my best to assist them with utmost sincerity and love

While writing I prayed for a family in which it seemed a couple were about to break because of misunderstanding! I came to know on 1.7.2010 that an important person from the husband's side intervened and made a great peace effort and ended in the happy reconciliation.

I am touched by Her grace

My special salutes to my Amma

1.7.2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Rhythmic And The Ruthless

My joy lay in seeing others' happiness; I never thought of my own comfort and workload; whenever I had the opportunity to serve others, I tried my best to assist them with utmost sincerity and love.....Mata Amritanandhamayi

Mother! Depository of oceans of hearts,
Your love for the sea
Drove you often to the water front
To talk to your natural friend
While adding more salty water
From your merciful eyes
Out of your miseries and mundane life
Who knew ever thy vision?
That ye saw your beloved
The king of kings, Krishna the lover
Silently sliding into silence!
Tailoring showing you, my mother
A chance to earn
Money for charity
Reducing the evil of stealing
Request to the parents
Falling on deaf ears
Persistence thy fortress
Damayanthi yielding to your pleading
Workload not diminishing
You spiraled around your prayers
-Prayer of helping the needy,
Without being asked for,
You were denied the small fees
Compelling you to earn a little
By practicing tailoring!
My mother you because the star
A way for sound money
Paving the route of serving the destitute
The organized seed of serving with targets!

Service being your blood
Local church inviting your attention
Started sewing for the chapel

Merciful tears falling from your eyes
Drenching the table while singing in trance
Attracted the priest making you his pet
Making you the target of jealousy!
Love begets love
But others hatred attracted thy love
As love is your life and you live for that love!

Hey Krishna, the soul of my torn body!
I am in the deep well, dangerous and dark
Troubled by the near, so called kith and kin
Miseries like serpents, scorching like the Sun
Lift me from the dark forest of life
The crocodile of time lynching me outright
Krishna! Lover of love Radha, have mercy on me
I am caught in this net of daily life
Finding no way to circumvent my suffering
Enter my heart to salvage the valuable,
Love is its name, my Lord Hey Krishna!
Where will I go?
Whom will I ask?
Am I not your love?
Rescue this soul!

Pratyangira is said to have destroyed Sarabheswara's arrogance. Sarabheswara is a ferocious avatar of Lord Siva. She is also known as Narasimhika [Ref: Kalisahasranama Stotram]

She who is the Ferocious Half Human Half Lion of Courage.
when Narashimhika shake her Lion's Mane, she throws
the stars into disarray.

Sri Pratyangira Devi is also associated with Sri Chakra. She is considered to be a powerful repellent of the influences generated by witch-craft. In Sri Chakra worship, she protects the devotees against all odds and guides him/her along the right path.

she is shown as dark complexion, terrible in aspect,
having a lion's face with reddened eyes and riding a lion,
entirely nude or wearing black garments, she wears garland of human skulls;
her hair strands on end, and she holds a trident, a serpent in the
form of a noose, a hand-drum and a skull in her four hands. She is
also associated with Bhairava, and she has a variant form -
Atharvana-Bhadra-Kali.

30.06.2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Budding Hermit

Mercy personified, my Mother
I see the reflection
Of Jesus forgiving his killers
That fear of Thy mother,
Father and brother
Getting punished
In the hands of Almighty the great,
For beating Thee my Mother,
Made you pray
In the language of silence
Negating the chance of
Executing the sin,
You cried all alone
In the stillness of night
In front of the deity
Krishna the kind!
Woes not ending in that gesture,
Torture followed as advice
Not to weep while singing
Since there was the danger
Of this flaw of begging the Lord,
With tears in their eyes
Hitting hard their family,
What could be your solace my Mother?
It was not the deed that counted
But an occasion for assault
On the speechless creature
Were you born to endure the pain?

When God closes a door
He opens the door another
For entry of enmeshed souls!
Ye! My Mother enjoyed
The company of creatures
Like cows and cats
Dogs and plants
Perceiving all as Purushothama,
Talking to them and listening in return
Lying on the floor along with cattle

Leaning against their body
Assuming their presence
The condensed form of Krishna my soul,
Thy mind conjuring up,
The image of the lying
On the lap of Krishna
The greatest soul that
Controls all souls!

It was never in your life
To pour Thy heart to anybody on earth
Except in your conversation
With the Lord of the Universe,
Krishna the cow-herd boy
Drenching His feet
With tears of love

Like the night and darkness
Hey my Lord, myself
And Thy supreme self
Are inseparable intertwined
I am the ghee in the ocean of your self,
The form sat-chit-ananda
My sweet heart!
Don't churn out and expel me
A miniscule spec in the universe
Of Thy love immeasurable
Let your spirit nourish,
The grains of joy
From the seed of divine love
Embedded deep in the field
Of my heart exclusively softened
With the plough of suffering
And watered with tears of passion,
Come on my Lord, Lords of Lords!
Harvest my prayers as the fruits of Bhakthi
Salvation is the one ultimate for this soul
Have mercy, the protector of the unfortunate!

Lalithambika is Bhaktha Maanasa Hamsikaa...(372)

The meaning is that the Divine Swan, of the mind-lake of Her devotees.

Swan takes the milk and leaves the water alone from a mixture of milk and water;

She takes the Bhakthi from Her devotees heart and bestows Her children with boons as She is Varadha (...331) which means the one who sanctions boons; The follow up action to this is that She converts that mind into an ocean of mercy as She Herself is Karunaarasa Saagaraa (...326) which means ocean of mercy;

So She is the water body, She is the creature surviving on the water; this is because She is Vividhaakaaraa (...401) which means the one with many forms.

27.06.2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Merger Or Mirage?

Dear Readers

Today being mother's day, and being a motherless child from the age of 5 I offer my this special poem to all mothers.

My eyes suggested
See beyond the blue veil
Of the sky infinite
To find the traces of love
Mothers appeared
Anticipating my quest
Ears sharpened
To listen to the music
Heard the lullaby
In the common language of love
Sung by mothers
To quench the thirst
Of my soul gone dry
Bereft of love
Hands searched for
The shoulder to rest
The heavy head
Laden with the load
Of pressures and pushes
Amrita appeared
Hugging and caressing
Her pet son for ever!

. You are not philosophers but devotees. You believe in a Personal God. That is right. Go on in this way. But have a yearning for the Lord and, depend upon it, you shall see Him as a reality!

- Ramakrishna Upanishad (136-137)

Finding the Lord
In the siblings born along
Living the principle of
Brahmaavid Brahmaiva Bhavathi
Imparting the supreme love
On the brothers and sisters
Bathing them dressing them
Imagining the cowherd boy
And perceiving His love
With the vision of the inner eye
Mother! You used to shed tears of joy
Turning into ecstasy of elated dimensions
Dancing all alone
You reveled in singing His glories!

Searching you here and there
I end up nowhere
Krishna! My lover
Hey beauty of lustrous eyes
Beating the petals of lotus the luminous
Hey sovereign Purusha
You transmitted this simple girl
Into self effacing lady love
Allow that merger
Before the withering of this flower!
My body your temple
Is turning into a dwelling
Resurrect this pity
Before this turns into a jungle!
Was kalinga the serpent,
Dearer to you my sweetie?
You are not the baby
Of gopis of Mathura
But the soul of all beings
Ye prince of my heart!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following names of Lalithamma that signifies Her everlasting youth

and beauty

Tharunee.....Lalitha Sahasranamam 358

The above means the one who is ever young
Mother is without a beginning and end,

If there is a generation, there will be growth
If there is an end, there will be depreciation

The above is explained in kshyavridhdhivinirmuktha.....Lalitha
Sahasranamam....344

That remains in all the three periods...past, present and future; this is explained
in Nithya....Lalitha Sahasranamam....136 which means one who remains forever

She is PoornaaLalitha Sahasranamam....292 which means one who is
complete, self sufficient, filler of space

She is Nithyayowvana..Lalitha Sahasranamam...430 means one who remains
young ever

9 5 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Preparation For Love, The Language Eternal

Dear Readers,

Through this episode I pray Amma to bless one of Her sweetest children with an admission; that child is bleeding from the heart; Amma! Have mercy on that child and help please! Wipe those hot tears my Mother of mothers!

.....Amma

Pillai

"My sole mission is to love and serve one and all. Amma's only wish is that her hands should always be on someone's shoulder, consoling and caressing them and wiping their tears, even while breathing her last."(as accessed April 8,2007)

.....Amma

Turning sixteen
Heaps of responsibilities
That could weigh down
Mortals of finite visibility
Strengthened the spiritual guru
Performing a slavery
To Dhamayanti Thy mother,
Becoming free
When there is no Sun
No moon and no stars!
Chanting His name
In stop gaps while
You were gasping for breathe!
Rheumaticism taking
A heavy toll on Dhamayanthi!
The grudge and inability
Of that mother
Turning into salvos
Aimed at this young Robinhood
Stealing from neighbours

To fill the poor!
Still not construing
That cruelty as hindrance
Made the troubles
As the trials of spiritual magnitude
Chanting His name,
The soul of Gopikas!

Filling the space
Between eternity to eternity
I try to measure
Thy form
Finding no scale
Except the rainbow
Whose ends taper
Into the horizons infinite
That reflects
Thy lovely figure
Blue in the sky
And black in the ocean
With waves
Chanting your name
That is echoed
By the mountains
Bordering the valley
Oh Kesava!
Where are you?
Beholder of the
Govardhana hill!
Playing hide and seek-
With this timid self?
Hey ocean of love!
Dissolve me into your
Universal self!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following names of my mother Lalithamma

Karunarasa sagara.....326 Lalitha Sahasranamam

She who is the sea of the juice of mercy

Avyaja karuna murthy.....992 Lalitha Sahasranamam

One who shows mercy without reason

In Tripurasundari Ashtakam Stotra Lyrics – Adi Sankara calls my mother as

“ Daya vibhava karineem “... one bestowing prosperity through mercy

I appeal to my Mother to shower mercy upon Her children!

4 5 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Sublimation

From all these experiences I clearly understood that the world is full of sorrow; we have no true relations, for all our relatives love us only to fulfil their selfish needs; only God loves us with selfless love.....Mata Amritanandamayi

You the child labour, my mother
Pushed to household of Anandan,
Brother of Damayanthi
Endless struggles to my endless mother
After all these sufferings
Were meant to evolve the strongest soul
Mata Amritanandamayi
Out of the extraordinary Sudhamani
Unfazed by the threats
Seared with scars that were ready
To revolutionize the hearts
With your breezy love in the days to come

Overcome by compassion
My mother, you gave the things
Removed from uncle's house
To the needy and poor, destitute and unfortunate
Getting the beatings and thrashes in plenty!
Getting an ear ring was an aberration rare,
You unwilling to get twined in the mundane humdrum
Got into a fight warranting thy exit
After returning the gifts so petty
Vowed no come back until called back fervently!

Hey Giridhar Gopal!
Love of my heart!
I have none as my kin
Watering my love
With the tears of my heart
Churner of my mind
Take the butter of my devotion
I am wrapped in scars
And insulated with insults

Will garland you with my verses
Give me a hand my Lord!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following episodes involving Shoaib Malik, ex-pakistan cricket captain & Ayesha Siddiqui and another girl who was selling her body (Ref: Guru Charithram)

In the first case Ayesha claimed that She was Shoaib's wife; Shoaib swore that he had never seen her; Ayesha went on giving proof after proof; subsequently Shoaib accepted that Ayesha was indeed his wife;

So this is the man who lost his spine while it came to truth

Now lets get into the the other episode of the lady referred to in Guru chariththiram:

This woman was very beautiful; she was visited by a rich merchant; he was wearing the holy ash triple band on his forehead and Rudraksha chain; also there was a gold necklace around his neck made of precious gems and depicted a Siva Lingam

This Siva Lingam attracted the woman and she asked the merchant to give it to her; the merchant said that he would give if she was prepared to be with him for three days; she agreed and she got the necklace.

The first day was eventless

On the second day there was a fire and the room where the necklace was kept was also on fire; the merchant wanted to save that jewel and unfortunately got killed in the fire.

Cremation was organized for the dead merchant;

The woman told that she would also die that moment; all the people around were surprised and told her that he was neither her husband nor her relative and it was not proper for her to die

For that the woman replied that she had promised to be with him for 3 days and he had died on the second day; so she was bound to fulfil her promise and saying this entered the pyre;

That moment Lord Siva appeared and held her by hand and declared that he was touched by her commitment to honour her own words and the merchant was he only

10 4 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Bubbling Sadanas

Wherever a man turns he can find someone who needs him. ~Albert Schweitzer

Destiny deciding a shift
in your grinding work spot
From the house of grandma
to Damayanti's sister's
Ye turned fourteen in the wheel of life
Toiling as ever roasting your body, my mother to the core
Preparation of boiled rice
An addition to your probation
When all the peers getting shelter,
in the temple of education,
when thee, my mother Saraswathi
were washing the clothes and our sins eternal!

Torture taking an avatar, my mother
In the form of kith and kin
Hindering Thy singing dedicated to the Lord
Your greatest solace searching for a place,
Oh! God is merciful, made you row the boat,
Across the backwaters to a distant source
To ferry fresh water, providing you the comfort
Of opening thy heart to the beloved lord effervescent!

Eternal lover where are you?
Who else can pick me up?
Strange your methods my Lord!
Showing your face thousand fold
In every droplet splashed to and fro!
Are you the king seated in the clouds?
No! You pour down on me my king,
Quenching the rebellious self
With the generous rays of grace!
Love ridden soul recoiling your healing names
Wild passion and fantastic desire

Compelling a merge with thy supreme spirit
Instantaneous resurrection warranted
Lift me up Purushoththama, the great son of Devaki!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following news that appeared in August 2008

Melissa Bowmer was prepared for a gruelling programme of treatment when she was told she had cancer.

But just a few weeks later her four-year-old son Llewelyn was diagnosed with cancer too.

Mrs Bowmer then made a sacrifice only a mother could make - she delayed her own chemotherapy by six months so she could help her son through his treatment for a rare brain tumour.

Doctors warned her that a delay could prove fatal, but she was adamant that she wanted to be there for her son.

Now Mrs Bowmer and Llewelyn are back home in Swansea and currently free from the disease.

Mrs Bowmer,38, who formerly worked in customer services, said: 'My son has made a great recovery from the brain tumour.

'It was risking my own life, but having his mum by his side was the best thing for him.

'As soon as he woke up from a mammoth eight-hour operation to remove it, he asked for me and I was by his side.

'If I had been weak and exhausted from the chemotherapy treatment, I wouldn't have been able to be there properly for him.'

After Mrs Bowmer found a lump in her left breast, doctors diagnosed breast cancer in August last year.

Four weeks later she had an operation to have the lump removed at the Singleton Hospital in Cardiff.

Mrs Bowmer,38, who is married to Shaun,40, a scrap metal yard manager, was due to start her chemotherapy a few weeks later.

But the day before it was to start, doctors found Llewelyn's cancer.

He had had some puzzling symptoms and when a CT scan was carried out doctors found a tumour of a type so rare there were only 100 cases in the country.

Llewelyn was transferred to the Heath Hospital in Cardiff, and Mrs Bowmer told her doctors that she wanted to delay her treatment.

'He was only four years old, ' she said. 'All I could think about was him.'

Llewelyn started his chemotherapy and in January he began radiotherapy.

Mrs Bowmer's doctors arranged for her to start treatment at the same time -

and gave her radiotherapy before chemotherapy so she could have it with her son.

She said: 'It wasn't as frightening for Llewelyn because I was there for him too. We both lost our hair together.'

Mrs Bowmer is still having chemotherapy, which is due to finish in August. She has no regrets.

'We have gained strength from each other. I was there for him, and now he's better, I know that I've got to fight extra hard now to carry on being here for ever.'

28 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Whispers Of The Heart

No matter how deeply one immerses oneself in work, a haunting feeling of inescapable tragedy persists

Albert Einstein in a letter to queen Elizabeth of Belgium dt 9 1 1939

It was as if the ground had been pulled out from under one, with no firm foundation to be seen anywhere, upon which one could have built.....Albert Einstein on "Quantum"

Part of job menial all along
Ye mother now grinding our sins
With the mortar of your love
Made your journey to the rice mill
For husking the paddy and
Polishing the rice with the songs devotional
Condescending to part with
A portion of the yield
Sharing with the starving stomachs
Warranting the scolds and beatings of grandma
Divulging no name protecting the poor
You were forced to do the guarding business
Of the paddy fields sown fresh,
You mother! Guardian of our souls
Again making you travel hard
That you turned into a chance
Of moments of communication
Remembering the Lord in His elite divinity
Leading to a collapse weeping in the fields!

Love for love sake, and bhakthi for bhakthi sake
What do I expect from you my Lord Krishna?
Make me listen to your glory in the songs of birds
While my tongue twisting zigzag with hymns so divine
Consuming the nectar of supreme love and devotion!
Won't surrender the sorrows of my heart
For the joys of the multitude

Until tears of sadness that flow from my heart
Turn into laughter of bliss eternal
Or make a bridge of my love with your glorious spirit!
Cement the broken heart with thy healing hug
Turning my body into cloud of happiness
That could float above the valleys of this transient life
Burying the pains of joy and mountain of sorrows!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following episode from Mahabharat

Whenever a mother confers blessings God blesses it with a " let it be so"

At the end of Kurushetra war, Krishna visited Gandhari, the mother of Kauravas;

Gandhari asked Krishna with great anger and anguish, " you always protected the Pandavas and never tried to protect even one of my hundred sons from death; what is the reason for your discrimination Krishna? "

Krishna replied, "the fault is only yours; although you had 100sons, have you seen any one of them? " how can children not seen my mother, expect to get divine grace? "

When Pandavas were about to leave for the battle, Kunti pronounced a special blessing on them and declared that the benediction of " Sri Rama Raksha " may serve as the amulet for them in the battlefield. This shows how important a mother's blessing is for the success and welfare of the children

25 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Hushed Silence

Hushed Silence

Being unwanted, unloved, uncared for, forgotten by everybody, I think that is a much greater hunger, a much greater poverty than the person who has nothing to eat.

Mother

Teresa

Turning ten in the wheel of time
Kith and kin finding no maid
Ordaining Sudhamani as servant
Made their journey from Parayakadavu
Kilometers six showing you the infinite
Blue in the horizon wearing grey clouds
And Dark Ocean roaring the "Aum "all along
Ravishing your mind sing and dance
The caress of the breeze giving thee
The touches of Krishna making thy steps falter
Ordeal turning pleasure infringing
The extent of ecstasy divine
Submerging thy awareness
This false world waking you up
Making you rush to grandma's house
To be the slave for jobs menial
For years three complaining none!
Songs the companions bridging you my mother
With the spirit of joy, infinite bliss!

Kissing with the petals of care
Dripping the honey of love
Soaking the soil penetrating the weeds
Touching the roots of compassion infinite
Perceiving life emanating from the heart
Beckoned by love walking the hard and steep,
Kanna you conjuror! Come on this earth

Save the poor lass on the shores of terror!
Is it not love sufficient unto love?
Hey my love fulfill yourself
By filling my vision with Thy presence!
This tender flower bleeding joyfully
Waiting for the dawn of thy love infinite
Witnessing the paradox of love hurting,
No more hurt, its more love only Krishna
Come and hold me and dry my tears!
Condescend to come to me or
Make me ascend to thy level!
Have pity my Lord! Am I not your servant?

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers a few observations of Shri Amy Edelsein

Often referring to herself in the third person, Ammachi describes the passion that animates her:

'Each and every dropp of Mother's blood, each and every particle of her energy is for her children....

The purpose of this body and of Mother's whole life is to serve her children. Mother's only wish is that her hands should always be on someone's shoulders, consoling and caressing them and wiping their tears, even while breathing her last.'

Selfless service, Ammachi teaches, is the whole of her life and is the path she prescribes for spiritual seekers who are committed to transcending the ego, to destroying the separate sense of self.

Ammachi's public teachings take place at traditional gatherings that are called 'Devi Bhava' [literally 'mood of the Goddess'] and 'darshan' [audience with a guru], where she hugs and blesses all who come to see her.

Almost a quarter of a million people seek her out every year, and she receives each and every one of them, giving them love and helping them with both spiritual and mundane concerns. She cannot turn anyone away, for to the Divine Mother, all are equal in their need for love.

'During the Bhava, ' she explains, 'different kinds of people come to see me, some out of devotion, others for a solution to their worldly problems and others for relief from diseases. I discard none. Can I reject them? Are they different from me? Are we not all beads strung on the one life thread? According to each one's level of thinking, they see me. Both those who love me and those who hate me are the same to me.'

20 03 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Show Me The Path

(Today is the second death anniversary day of my eldest sister who was our mother and the force behind this person writing this episode; I pray Amma to bless the soul of my great sister who was also a symbol of love and sacrifice)

“Don't be afraid. Human birth is full of suffering and one has to endure everything patiently, taking the name of God. None, not even God in human form, can escape the sufferings of body and mind. ”

“I tell you one thing my child - if you want peace, do not find fault with others. Rather, see your own faults”

“Learn to make the world your own. No one is a stranger, my child; the whole world is your own.”

(From Sri Sarada Devi's last words, spoken before passing away on July 20,1920)

Dust also was a weapon
For Damayanthi, your mortal mother,
Filling thy free space
With flashes of advices,
“Pray to God you lazy goose
To give you work,
Lest you starve and die!
Words so sharp piercing Thy heart,
Evoking a response daring to stave
The counsel so cruel,
Precipitating a prayer
From the abyss of Thy heart
Into a plea to Krishna
For the grant of His work,
to be entrusted with You!
And not the one that Damayanthi tripped!

Unarmed and unperturbed
Weaponed with forbearance
Trusting the factor benevolence
In the dispensation of the Lord
Faced the ordeals with a heart
Filled with the armour

Of the ambrosial names!
"Long have I exhorted my lover
My Lord, to forge an alliance
Of Your partnership with my soul!
Laying myself at the mercy of Thy grace
Lift me fast from the agony of division!

Where can I go my Lord?
This hapless gird tossed around
Like the dust among the waves
You ocean of virtues,
Redeem from ruthless clutches
Me, your lady love
Tired of world-crossing,
On the thresholds of patience
Find nothing worthy of love
I am a stranger for my mother
Father and siblings
Find no solace among the crowd!
I have no more to give any called mine
Give Thy Company Giridhara!
Murali Manohara!
Let me creep to your feet divine
Lift me up from the perils' array!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers a few meetings during Amma's Bharat Yatra in 2004;

the beauty is I was compiling an episode on the greatness of another mother when I got a mail from one of my dearest friends to read; its rare to see people who cry for others.

Another great and painful thing is the same Amma could bear all the persecutions she suffered in the hands of her mother and others but She can not bear the pain of Her children;

What a great Mother Amma you are?

Amma being the personification of compassion, shows us the path (courtesy)
(15 Mar '04)

Bharata Yatra 2004

Monday, 15 March 2004 — Raj Bhavan, Jaipur, Rajasthan

There are things that should not happen in this world, but they do: a child set on fire, a girl thrown down a well. Are there words to comfort someone who has survived such a thing? What do you say to a seven-year-old boy who now has no face?

When such people come to Amma, most often She does not speak. She cries. She cries their pain. She cries the pain of their families. She cries the pain wrought by the horror this world can hold.

Governor of Rajasthan, His Excellency Shri. Madanlal Khurana gives 250,000 rupees every week to Rajasthan's poorest of the poor—some of who have fallen victim to unspeakable abuse. Monday, he invited Amma to Rajasthan's Raj Bhavan to help him distribute checks on Her way out of Jaipur.

He said to Amma, "You showed me the path."

No one in Amma's small entourage really knew what to expect, but when Amma arrived at the mansion, some 800 people were waiting—with papers in hand—ready to plead their cases for relief. Some were standing, some were sitting in wheelchairs, several were lying on their sides.

One such person unable to sit or stand was a girl of about 18 named Ankita. Except for a space left open for her to pass urine, her entire body below her chest was in a cast. When her new husband's family realised her parents were unable to pay the stipulated dowry, they threw her down a well and she broke her legs and her back.

As Amma knelt by the girl's side and was told her story, the tears came—to the girl, to the girl's father, to her brother and to Amma. Amma touched the girl's arms gently. She stroked her hair. With wet eyes, the girl did what she could to lift her arms in pranam.

The case has not yet been confirmed. But Amma told the governor to get Her all the girl's papers, all her medical records. Amma said She wants the girl brought to AIMS, Her hospital in Cochin, for free treatment.

Next was the seven-year-old boy, Adarsh, who caught fire when someone torched his parent's hut in a property dispute. He has no eyes anymore. No ears. Just a button-size hole where his nose used to be. Amma tried to comfort him as much as She could, but his pink body was really too tender to caress. With incredible care, She lifted him, kissed the side of that featureless face and set him down again.

With tears in her eyes, Amma said, "When someone dies, Amma does not worry so much—it's just the body that is gone, the Atman never dies. But when they have to live like this—in such pain and suffering—it is almost impossible for Amma to bear."

As Amma spoke with the people assembled at the Governor's mansion, the Governor repeatedly told Her how it was Amma who'd inspired him to begin serving the poor in this way. His Excellency first met Amma in the mid-1990s in Delhi, when he was the state's Chief Minister, and has been a devotee ever since. As they spoke, Amma told him She wants to help anyway She can—be it through the building of free Amritakuteeram houses or through the allotment of more free Amritanidhi pensions.

When it was time for Amma to get back into Her camper for the drive to Delhi, the Governor prayed to Her, saying for a third time, "Amma it was You who showed me the path. Please grant me the strength and courage to continue."

16 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Love And Hate Of Modulated Frequency

You should be like the Sun, not like the firefly;
Fireflies make light merely for their own needs;
Selflessness is all you should ever wish for;
You should be the ones who raise their hands to help others, even at the moment of your death!
We should make sure that each of our actions is of help to others and will enhance their happiness. True worship is seeing the suffering of others as our own and their happiness as our own happiness.

Mata Amritanandamayi

Those who give enjoy
With joy as the reward
Rising on the wings
Of unmasked bliss
Stealing the milk
Butter and curd
Compensating the liquid
With water or nectar? !
Oh my mother Sudhamani
If found by Dhamayanthi
Punishing thy benevolence
Brother and sisters
Adding their mischief
To your account my mother
As Dhamayanthi was happy
Finding a chance gold,
For castigating you
My loving mother Kali!
Thee showing the patience
By uttering none
Never stopped even stealing money
From the savings so small
To share with the poor
Hesitating never
Even to pester your father

To get a little money
Adding pilferage
Of food stuff raw
To reach the needy poor and dear!

Damayanthi seeing
An enemy in thy form
Brown and black
Like that of the thief
Of millions of hearts
Krishna your lord,
Complaining for nothing
To Sugunanandan on his return
Made you cry,
"I am not your daughter;
I must be your daughter in law! "
How much you had
Suspending your greatness
Filling our eyes
With tears that you cant wipe my Mother!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers something about Kali, the black beauty and a glimpse of Chandogya Upanishad

When I read that my Mother as Sudhamani cried to her mother Damayanthi " I am not you daughter, I must be your daughter in law " I could not control my tears; a small kid after doing all the household duties like a donkey getting castigated by her own mother is something that will stir the whole humanity

Kali, the black, is not actually black. Kali is the divine force or fire within us which fights against hostile forces. Mother Kali fights against demons in the battlefield of life. In the vital plane we see Her as a dark, tenebrous Goddess but, in the highest plane of consciousness, She is golden. We see Her terrible form when She fights against hostile forces, but She is the Mother of Compassion. This beauty is not physical beauty. This beauty is inner beauty, which elevates human consciousness to the highest plane of Delight.

when I was going through Chandogya Upanishad I could draw a parallel to Amma:

We are travelers; robbers attack on our way; take away all wealth and bind our eyes;

Take us to a faraway place and leave us there; even though we have vision, now we are miserable; we cant see cant walk; no rescue is available;

Now suppose someone comes and unties our eyes and goes away. We will then be able to see the paths all around, but will not know which one is the right one, even if we did, we would not be able to walk on it because our legs and arms are still bound.

This is the condition of the seeker who wants to realise God by himself. Now suppose someone comes, unties us completely, and shows us which path will take us home. This person has really done us a favour. If we have faith in him/her and confidence in ourself, then we will reach our Destination swiftly and surely.

If we have faith in him/her, but do not have confidence in our own capacity to reach the Goal, then he/She will go along to help us. The same Teacher who freed us from blindness and showed us the path will go with us, inside us, to inspire us. He/She will act as our own aspiration to lead us towards our Destined Goal.

11 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Peerless Beauty

Questioner: "Amma, you hug everyone; who hugs you? "

Amma: "The entire creation hugs amma; Amma and creation are in eternal embrace! "

Questioner: "Amma, why do you hug people? "

Amma: the question is like asking the river, "Why do you flow? "

Thy heart only knowing
The inner secrets of the love
Binding your soul
With Krishna, your great lover
Ears driven by the thirst
For the sound of names divine,
On another day mind so enraptured
Soaring high aligning with the Lord
Mother Sudhamani you heard a melody
Of a song drenched with pathos
You started moving like a bee to a flower
It was the mourning house
With songs of prayer
For quieting the soul in the other world unknown,
You tender hearted slipping all provisions
Migrated into the infinite world
Shedding tears that could dissolve the hearts,
Regained senses after half hour past,
Picking up the groceries
to the extent possible of reconciliation
rushed to the house to be greeted by Damayanti
not with pleasantries but rebukes and hits
that stirred the in animates all around
thrashing you with rod and stick
You mother my heart
You still in a trance deep indrawn,
withstood the pain
Silently and without complaining!

I water the plant of bhakthi elite
With the songs smeared with devotion polite
When shall I get the fruits here?
Is it a day dream of getting butter from water?
Mercy is missing hey Madhava my love
Eat me up with body and soul
To make one inseparable from you!
Is it only for me to show the love?
In the thorn-ridden path of love devotion!

Mother seemed to be recalling the very touching scenes of Her childhood and Her eyes became full of tears.

Mother: once Amma started searching for God, She was writhing in agony till She reached the goal; the tears never stopped; there was no sleep; didn't She waste another day without knowing the Lord?

There was always the quest, "where are you? Where are you? "

"Unable to bear the sorrow of not seeing the Lord, She would bite and tear up Her own body. Sometimes She would roll around on the floor, crying out aloud, calling the Lord's names. She would burst into tears spontaneously. She would not feel like laughing at all."

"Why should I rejoice without knowing you? Why should I eat when I don't know you? Why bathe? "

"Amma got through each day in this manner"

As a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes I wish to present a story from Chatrapathi Shivaji times showing us a sample of what a mother's love can do:

The Hirkani Buruj (Raigad) , Maharashtra is popular amongst the tourists.

There is a story behind this place naming Hirkani Buruj. The story is - Hirkani was a mother of an infant.

She used to sell milk in the fort. Everyday she used to come to the fort to sell

milk and leave before six in the evening; at 6 pm the doors of the fort would be closed; after that nobody could enter or exit.

One day she got late in the fort and the doors were closed, as a result she got stuck in the fort. No one opened the doors for her. Her baby was alone at home. She had to feed the child. She fell at the feet all the security people and pleaded with tears to let her out; but the guards turned down her request as it was against the orders by the king.

The fort was surrounded by Rocky Mountains, forests full of bushes, creepers and poisonous plants. The milkmaid became restless and the determination to reach her child intensified.

As she had no other choice to reach at her baby, she climbed down the fort at night. In that process she got many cuts and bruises. Oblivious of all adversities the thoughts of Her son kept her going. Eventually she succeeded and reached the bottom of the mountain.

Shivaji came to know about this; guards arrested the woman and brought to the king

The king who was embodiment of great wisdom received the milkmaid with great courtesy.

With his palms joined in salutation, he asked, " Oh mother, if my guards are speaking the truth, show me the place where you managed to climb down? "

The milkmaid retrieved the pots hidden in the bush and suggested that was the spot.

The king asked " mother could you show me how you managed to climb down last night? "

Mother, that milk maid looked down and started trembling, " no, I cant do it" she cried.

The king said, " it was your love for your son that gave you the courage and strength to do the impossible! "

Shivaji then built the Hirkai Buruj on that place and also honored Hirkani.

Pure innocent love makes everything possible.

6 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Servant Of Servants

'To experience supreme everlasting joy,

the supreme sacrifice is required:

the sacrifice of your ego.'

Mata Amritanandamayi

Mano Buddhi Ahankara Chitta Ninaham
Nacha Shrotra Jihve Na Cha Ghrana Netre
Nacha Vyoma Bhoomir Na Tejo Na Vayu
Chidananda Rupa Shivoham Shivoham

I am not mind, nor intellect, nor ego,
nor the reflections of inner self
I am not the five senses.
I am beyond that.
I am not the ether, nor the earth,
nor the fire, nor the wind (the five elements) .
I am indeed,
That eternal knowing and bliss, Shiva,
love and pure consciousness

Adi Sankara.....Atma Shatakam

Bitter potion of life
Starting the dosages of suffering
Half revealing and half concealing
the inner quiet of thy soul
Hey my mother ye completed IV grade
with the pains of household chores!

Crying for succour
Kissing Krishna the bigger
Thus making your slicker
Made thyself stronger!
Appasil the fearsome lady
Warranted by thy mother

Trying to frighten the fearless
Made your image bolder!

Kasturi thy senior completing college
Subhagan the elder swaying through school
Pressing routines-cleaning, sweeping and fetching,
Cooking, tending, milking, washing
And scrubbing and beating the husk,
bathing the cows and collecting the grass,
List so big making a twenty
Hours of agony a three to eleven
Rigmarole in pattern
Attracting a reprimand
from the hands of Damayanthi,
the poring of water cold and heartless
A punishment for oversleeping,
A few minutes than the usual
Aggravating pains delaying your attendance
Allowing the teacher punish for delays
Oh punishment over punishment,
You mountain of patience!
Ye found the narcotic in the name of thy lover
Krishna the thief, darling of thy heart
Numbing thy pain of torture
From the hands of thy mother
Making you quit studies at standard ten
You giver of art of learning,
Remained a silent witness
Through the winter of your grief
Serving the family ever
Complaining thy kin never!
Crying at last in the dark all alone
Calling thy lover, Krishna for mercy
Tears going dry, you fell asleep on floor!

Oh Krishna my darling!
Others don't understand my plight
I wander in pain caused by thy love
While the outer world abhors
You cowherd dancer

I am singing and dancing
Like a lunatic alone in the night
This place cant contain me oh Krishna!
We are one you dark attraction
I am also dark, have mercy dear
Eyes are swollen, drunk with love
Take care of me to negotiate my hurt!

As a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers with the episode in which Amma demonstrates that She is a Mother ready to do anything for Her children:

18 th Sunday 1986

After bhajan it was time for lunch;

There were 3 rounds of services; after the third there was rice for the 4 th lot of in-house disciples for whom Amma made rasam which is a food preparation made of tamarind, pepper and tomato;
Three disciples were serving meals; after that lot these three were left to be fed.

Amma saw the rice pot; it was empty; Amma was shocked as three of Her children were starving

Amma asked them to wait for 10 minutes; She came back with a vessel full of food and asked them to be seated on the floor and She also sat on the floor and started offering them in their hands a morsel of food; disciples noticed the food and found it is a mixture of varieties of food; their eyes were filled with tears

It was the food which Amma had begged from the neighbouring huts; Amma was offering more and more food; disciples asked Amma to take as She also had not taken any food; Amma suggested one more marsel and took the remaining food

There is a couplet from Tirukural

Vaguththaan vaguththa vagaiyallaal
Koadi thoguththaarkkum thuiththal aridhu

Even those who gather together millions will only enjoy them, as it has been

determined by the disposer (of all things) .

This means that even if we accumulate anything, we can enjoy those which are sanctioned by Him;

The disciples mentioned above are those gifted few; I will do penance to get such a mother, such a love atleast in my coming births

6 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-The Course Of Love

Questioner: Amma, how can I serve You?

Amma: By serving others selflessly.

Questioner: What can I do to make You happy?

Amma: Help others feel happy. That indeed makes Amma happy.

Questioner: Amma, don't you want anything from me?

Amma: Yes, Amma wants you to be happy.

Srutheenaamagamye suvaedaagamagnae,
Mahimnoa na jaananthi paaram thavaambha,
Sthuthim karthumichchaami thae thwam Bhavaani,
Sramasvaeda mathra pramugdhaha kilaaham.

Oh Mother Bhavani! I wish to praise you!
Oh knower of Vedas and Aagamas!
You are unattainable through scriptures!
People do not know the extent of your greatness!
You please forgive this act of mine!
I am indeed foolish!

Adi Sankara in Bhavani Bhujangam-13

At five thy age, entering grade I, once heard
Forgotten never excelling seniors, brothers and sisters
Eloquence in reciting the lessons overheard by chance
Saraswathi-incarnate Thee stood first all along
Singing and dancing either for lesson or
Drenching with devotion
Engaging thy play time for completing the school hold
For dancing with Krishna with the extra time extracted
Helping thy mother in household as ever,
Never did ye forget the Lord that is entrapped in thy eye!

"Hey infatuating beauty
Captivating many hearts
Intoxicates thy smile
The gleam of your pearl teeth!
Hold on my darling!
How can I hold your joy
That rejoices the Universe!
Can the lotus oppose the moon?
I open the petals of my eyes
Kiss them my prince with
The rays of Thy grace
Like the cool of a breeze! "

Little two rooms and a box like kitchen
Unable to contain an array of children,
Annexure near cowshed
Accommodated three souls,
One was you my mother
Potichi the barber girl and baby
Forming a group of refugees three!
Love of that mother Potichi the fortunate
Taking you on her hips
With the love of that's inborn
Love begetting love!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers with the episode involving Amma and another Amma.

One point to be noted is Amma, the creator of this universe cries, while She sees Her children crying!

A woman devotee with tears during darshan, "Amma all the chickens in our area are sick; our hen is also starting to get sick, Amma wont you please save her? "

A brahmachari thought this woman was bothering Amma on a trivial matter

Amma cast him a severe glance that made him shiver.

Then Amma gave holy ashes to that woman and advised her to spread on the hen.

After this Amma called the brahmachari "Son you don't understand her suffering; the only income that woman has is from the eggs' sale she gets from this hen; her family will starve if the hen dies; that woman spends part of that income to come over here; knowing how she struggles Amma gives her money for the bus fare now and then; look at her attitude of surrender, even in the midst of misery"

Amma gets tears while she thinks of this episode.

"One who eats to his heart's content does not know the pain of hunger. You have to starve to know this pain"

"Don't compare one person to another; think from their level; only then we can understand their concerns and console them"

1 3 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Holder Of Unseen Strings

...and His mother followed Him, whom even a yogi's mind, well conditioned by practice and austerity, fails to reach without His grace!

Bhagavatam 10: 9

Sudhamani you were named without fanfare grand
Lass of vigour and vitality imbued with noble traits,
Kunju thy pet name for a momentary short time
Meaning the little one, you the spiritual giant!

Nothing is really mine except Krishna.
O my parents, I have searched the world
And found nothing worthy of love.
Hence I am a stranger amidst my kinfolk
And an exile from their company,
Since I seek the companionship of holy men;
There alone do I feel happy,
In the world I only weep.

'With my tears,
I watered the creeper of love that I planted;
Now the creeper has grown spread all over,
and borne the fruit of bliss.
The churner of the milk churned with great love.
When I took out the butter,
no need to drink any buttermilk.
I came for the sake of love-devotion;
seeing the world, I weep. '

Mirabai

At the age of five feeble and tender
When kids were playing hide and seek
You got engrossed in a mystical soup
Making people wait for the early morning cuckoo call!

“Oh darling lad, dark as the clouds
Open your eyes and see for yourself
The cowherd boys are swarming around you
While the Gopikas gaze without a flick
Seeing you asleep depart as swarm of bees
Breathe fresh air, this girl is singing for you! ”

Isolated, withdrawn sitting along the banks
Of the back waters that were fortunate
To wash thy golden legs not possible for a yogi
Transmigrating into the blue world
Filled with Krishna the darling of your heart
Made the reason for berating and rebuke
Hey my mother, what an ordeal you creator of
Light and darkness, is it hiding in darkness eternal?
No, it's the shade of inner thinking on you mother!
Alas, parents tagged the status superior as
Disorder psychological, Ye Mother of this universe!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers my personal experience:

We visited Vashi 2 years back to have darshan of Amma; my friend insisted that I should get Amma's hug; we have already spent 3-4 hours there; my wife is a heart patient and due to complicated operations done during deliveries, we returned home without the great dream of getting my mother's lovely hug.

This year I came to know Amma is visiting Mumbai this year (2010-Feb 26 th to 1st March 2010)

During Sivarathri time 12.2.2010, I declared that I would see Amma after observing such an Upavas (vow of no food)

26 2 2010 was Pradosham day when I normally observe upavas; i told my friend that I was not clear if I would see Amma on 26 th or the other day; friend said that Amma was at my door step and I was egoistically declaring that I was not clear; realizing that I declared that I would see Amma on that day only. Credit goes to my friend

After the Siva pooja at 7 PM I visited Shivaji Park Dadar where Amma was camping; at 8.30 PM I reached the ground; started chanting Om Shri

Amriteswaryai namah; I would have chanted more than 20000 times; did not take any food; Amma sang great soul stirring songs

The main advice of Amma was to call the Mother as " Amma, Amma in full throttle as a child does to get its mother's attention"

After manaseegha pooja (done in the mind with full consciousness and sincerity) Amma started giving darshan;

I got Darshan at 5.45 AM on 27 th Feb 2010 morning; before reaching Amma I was thinking of asking Her if She would call me as Her son? I was not sure what I should do when She hugged me;
It all happened very swiftly

When I reached Her I called Her " Amma " with all love; this is the first time that I called out Amma my first ever mother in that close proximity.
She hugged me; I also hugged her

Then came Her boon to this motherless person.

She whispered in my right ear " Chella Pillai, Amma Pillai, Amma Pillai, Amma Pillai "(this means Pet son, Mother's son, Mother's son, Mother's son) and offered prasadam

My inner longing got a sanction in those lovely words

The beauty was I have observed full upavas as uttered by me which again was Her grace

and

She has adopted this motherless as Her pet son

Amma I love you and I shall ever remain at your golden feet!

You know my heart as you are fully in my heart my dear Amma!

28 2 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Drama In Trauma

The mother is everything - she is our consolation in sorrow, our hope in misery, and our strength in weakness. She is the source of love, mercy, sympathy, and forgiveness. He who loses his mother loses a pure soul who blesses and guards him constantly.

Kahlil Gibran

Caravan of my thinking eternal in its grinding
Ploughing the terrain of my barren mind
Results in words, from the feast of thy Grace!

“They also serve who only stand and wait”
I am at your door step knocking all the doors
While the moving sea of our love traversing
Between the shores of our souls
Grant me the wisdom to cry for others and
Give me the power to make others laugh!

Sanction these, my Mother,
You seared with scars
Of abuse and maltreatment!

I know my mother! you have commissioned
Those boons! Tears are there, swelling in my eyes
While reading thy story, punctuated with persecution!

Being the fourth in the series of thirteen
That too a girl, not a destined heir apparent
In India a country worshipping girls,
Thy birth not even getting declared
Mother you remained the sun
Concealed in the cloud of ignorant around!

Special child you were my Mother indeed
Made your feet walk on this earth
At the end of those six months of thy earthly years

Without any preamble making others gape
Blossomed thy mouth stunning your then near!

In the dew of thy prayers at the end of full two years,
Ye mother found the morning of your soul's fill
Refreshing the creatures in the simple hymns of your lover
Krishna, the skillful thief of many a loving heart
Grading your self higher in composing at four!

Dark blue colour turning dark brown
Becoming the reason of distain
Derided by all making you the servant
Making a tragedy ever enacted upon this earth
Nobody caring to go to the carves of your sorrow
Targeting the colour oblivious of thy heart!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present
the readers how the sweetest word 'Mother' is said in different languages
around the World:

Language ☐ Mother in that Language

Afrikaans ☐ Moeder, Ma

Albanian ☐ Nënë, Mëmë

Arabic ☐ Ahm

Aragones ☐ Mai

Asturian ☐ Ma

Aymara ☐ Taica

Azeri (Latin Script) ☐ Ana

Basque ☐ Ama

Belarusan ☐ Matka

Bergamasco ☐ Mader

Bolognese ☐ Mèder

Bosnian ☐ Majka

Brazilian Portuguese ☐ Mãe

Brazilian/Portuguese ☐ Mãe

Bresciano ☐ Madèr

Breton ☐ Mamm

Bulgarian ☐ Majka

BulgarianМajka
 ByelorussianМlacii
 CalabreseМatre, Mamma
 Caló□ Bata, Dai
 Catalan□ Mare
 CebuanoИnahan, Nanay
 Chechen□ Nana
 Croatian□ Mati, Majka
 Czech□ Abatyse
 Danish□ Mor
 Dutch□ Moeder, Moer
 Dzoratâi□ Mére
 English□ Mother, Mama, Mom
 EsperantoPatrino, Panjo
 Estonian□ Ema
 FaeroeseМó?ir
 Finnish□ Äiti
 Flemish□ Moeder
 French□ Mère, Maman
 Frisian□ Emo, Emä, Kantaäiti, Äiti
 Furlan□ Mari
 Galician□ Nai
 German□ Mutter
 Greek□ Mána
 Griko□ Salentino, Mána
 Gujarati□ Ba
 HawaiianМakuahine
 Hindi□ Ma, Maji
 HungarianАhya, Fu
 Icelandic□ Mó?ir
 Ilongo□ Iloy, Nanay, Nay
 IndonesianИnduk, Ibu, Biang, Nyokap
 Irish□ Máthair
 Italian□ Madre, Mamma
 Italian□ Madre, Mamma
 JapaneseОkaasan, Haha
 Judeo□ Madre
 Kannada□ Amma
 Konkani□ Amma
 Kurdish KurmanjiИaya
 Ladino□ Uma
 Latin□ Mater

Latin☐ Mater
 Leonese☐ Mai
 Ligurian☐ Maire
 Limburgian☐oder, Mojer, Mam
 Lingala☐ Mama
 Lithuanian☐otina
 Lombardo Occidentale☐adar
 Lunfardo☐ Vieja
 Macedonian☐ajka
 Malagasy☐eny
 Malay☐ Emak
 Malayalam☐amma
 Maltese☐ Omm
 Mantuan☐ Madar
 Maori☐ Ewe, Haakui
 Mapunzugun☐uke, Ñuque
 Marathi☐ Aayi
 Mongolian☐eh
 Mudnés☐ Medra, mama
 Neapolitan☐amma
 Norwegian ☐adre
 Occitan☐ Maire
 Old Greek☐ytyr
 Parmigiano☐ädra
 Persian☐ Madr, Maman
 Piemontese☐lare
 Polish☐ Matka, Mama
 Portuguese☐atka, Mama
 Portuguese☐ãe
 Punjabi☐ Mai, Mataji, Pabbo
 Quechua☐ Mama
 Rapanui☐ Matu'a Vahine
 Reggiano☐èdra
 Romagnolo☐èder
 Romanian☐ama, Maica
 Romansh☐amma
 Russian☐ Mat'
 Saami☐ Eadni
 Samoan☐ Tina
 Sardinian (Limba Sarda Unificada) ☐ama
 Sardinian Campidanesu☐amai
 Serbian☐ Majka

Shona☐	Amai
Sicilian☐	Matri
Slovak☐	Mama, Matka
Slovenian☑	Máti
Spanish☐	Madre
Spanish☐	Madre, Mamá, Mami
Swahili☐	Mama, Mzazi, Mzaa
Swedish☐	Mamma, Mor, Morsa
Swedish☐	Mamma, Mor, Morsa
Swiss/German☑	Mueter
Tamil☐	Amma
Telegu☐	Amma
Triestino☐	Mare
Turkish☐	Anne, Ana, Valide
Turkish☐	Anne, Ana, Valide
Turkmen☐	Eje
Ukrainian☑	Mati
Urdu☐	Ammee
Valencian☑	Mare
Venetian☐	Mare
Viestano☐	Mamm'
Wallon☐	Mére
Welsh☐	Mam
Yiddish☐	Muter
Zeneize☐	Moæ

25 2 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Triumph Of Love

In this universe it is love that binds everything together. Love is the very foundation, beauty and fulfillment of life.

Mata Amritanandamayi

Ye Mother! The force towards the eternity of love!
Why the suffering of the body with life while living?
Our body, soul and spirit
Fall and fade by the gravity of wants!
We, the victims of hope and separation,
Waiting for the sweetness of your presence
Revel in anticipation for the solace of a lovely hug!

Regular symptoms betraying Dhamayanthi,
Familiar prompting declaring the event,
Dhamayanthi spread the mat on her own,
Nobody else to extend a hand
Just she felt that a child was born!

Laden with love, light invaded darkness
To break the bonds of ignorance and self
Taking patience as your companion
Never to reprimand neglect and slight
To quench the thirst of demanding souls
That never weighs down the immortal soul!

The dawn of 27 th September,1953
Carrying the tag of Karthigai star,
The great Sunday stole the show,
With the birth of the star to lift the souls,
From the pit of ignorance to the valley of bliss,
Like a dark blue flower posing in Padmasana
Blessing hands adorned with Chinmudra
And beaming smiles on the glorious face!

The dark blue oddity something peculiar,
Compelling a test nothing as particular
Gave way to diagnosis of no bath for six months in all

Signaled the route of a life so special
For the saviour of the world to struggle as the fittest!

Life has become alive from its slumber so deep,
Roaming the valley of grace, up the hill of ascension
Wiping our tears, propelled by self pity
Soothing our spirits tattered by suffering
We exhilarate through the intoxicating breeze of love

Mother, you seed joy in the universe
And sprout it into the tree of love
Sowing deep in the heart
Thus filling the bins of our minds
With abundance from the domain of your treasury
That is a bounty of perennial love!

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following verse from Matru Panchakam by Adi Sankara

Because of this project I happened to read this; tears started falling down when I went deep into every detail of this great master piece.

Adi Sankara was born in Kaladi; his father died very early;
His mother was Aryambha
He wanted to take up sanyasa very much against the will of his mother;
She finally agreed with a condition, that He should be present near her death bed and also should perform the obsequies. Sankara agreed for this and took up Sanyasa. When he was at Sringeri, he realized that his mother was nearing her end and by the power given to him by God reached there immediately. He was near his mother at the time of her death and also performed the funeral ceremonies.

It was at this time he wrote this five slokas which came out deep from his mind. This was possibly the only poem he wrote, which is not extolling any God and also not explaining his philosophy.

Mother has been extolled as a god form in several places in the puranaas and also God has been approached as a son approaches his mother by many great savants.

She is Dhatree(One who bears the child) ,

Janani(one who gives birth to the child) ,

Ambaa(One who nourishes the limbs of the child) and

Veerasu(One who makes him a hero) ,

Shusroo(One who takes care of him) .

But Sankara in these poems is not dealing either of Gods in the form of mother nor mother in the form of God.

He laments to the lady who was his mother and points out how his conscience is pricking him for being not able to do the duty of a son.

Let us see one stanza

Aastham thaavadhiyam prasoothisamayae dhurvaarashoolavyatha
Nairoochyam thanushoshanam malamayee shayyaa cha samvathsaree
Aekasyaapi na garbhabhaarabha ranakklaeshasya yasyaakshamahah
Dhaathum vishkruthimunnathoapi thanayasthasyai jananyai namah

The meaning of this verse is as follows:

Oh mother! At the time of giving birth to me, with clenched teeth you bore the excruciating pain; you shared the bed made dirty by me for a year when your body became thin and painful.

For even one of the sufferings that you underwent during pregnancy I can never compensate even by my becoming great.

To that mother I offer my salutations!

23 2 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Unsolicited Grace

I am the mother of the wicked, as I am the mother of the virtuous. Never fear.
Whenever you are in distress, say to yourself, 'I have a mother.'

Shri Sarada Devi

--

Unsolicited Grace

Wandering monk
Roaming around Idamannel
And wondering the vision
Of meditating saints,
Fascinated Sugunanandan
Early in his youth,
Sprouted into truth
As the unfolding of a drama!

Having set the stage
Of a family of thirteen,
A crowd of people or
Crowd of emotions? !
Fear, confusion, doubt and loneliness!
A metaphorical reflection
Of the insecure soul,
You preferred the fourth
As the descendant heir!

Destining Damayanthi
To be the would-be mother
Oh my everlasting mother,
Ye entered the womb of
A devout mother,
To alleviate the pains of
Many a mother,
By assuming the powers
Of Mother of mothers!

Strange visions of thy mother
Of giving birth to Krishna and
That lovely lad lying on her lap

And her breast-feeding that mischief,
While ye formed the foetus
Of that mother so great blessed,
And the miracle vision of Devi Maa
In the wonder dream of Sugunanandan
Rang the bell so loud and wild
About the imminent arrival of Bliss
With the blended bonds of immense Love!

--

Again as a tribute to motherhood which Amma symbolizes, I want to present the readers the following real life stories

Incident 1) Ref: my friend Savithri:

There was a mother in Sivagangai; in the late 90's; while crossing the road she saw a bus fast approaching; she had a child resting on her shoulders; sensing the danger she threw the child to safety but got herself badly hit by the bus and died eventually

Incident 2: Ref: Mumbai Mirror Dated Feb 15 th 2010

Mum pushes kids to safety before dying on tracks:

Shabnam Khan,25, a mother of two was run over by a local train on the tracks near Goregaon station on Friday night (12.02.2010-Maha Sivarathri day) : however Shabnam managed to push her two daughters to safety at the last moment

--

My salute to both the mothers

Place may change;

Time may change;

Religion may change;

Social status may change

Colour may change

But

One thing that never changes is motherhood;

Pranams Mothers

16.02.2010

--

please share your views/ give your inputs: rajappa2004@

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Churning Of The Milk Ocean

Prayer Song to Mother

We live like fish
Fallen on a frying pan
Hot of karmas culpable
Save us my Mother
With your ocean of grace!
Absolve these unfortunates-
From the troubles
In the cycle of entry and exit!
Lady of the universe!
Reviver of the fallen!
Quench our thirst
With the holy potion ultimate!

-

Is God a Man or a Woman? The answer to this question is neither- God is That.
But if you must give God a gender, God is more female than male, for he is
contained in She.

Mata Amritanandamayi

-

Churning of the Milk Ocean

The tears of love
Falling on the shores
Crash landing on the dry sand
Converging on loveless hearts
Churning the collection
Readying to break the misery monotone
Patted the waters of the Arabian Sea
Plunging into the sea of suffering hearts
Oh Mother, destroyer of bad times
You ordained to blossom
Among the human mass
By entering the temple of eternal love

Through the entry gates of a small hut
Of Sugunanandan and Damayanthi
In the blessed village of Parayakavu!

-

My Mother is worshipped as Uma in the Himalayas, Kali in Bengal, Mahakali in Ujjain, Kamakhya in Assam, Kamakshi in Kanchi, Amba in Kashmir, and Chamundeshwari in Mysore.

It is believed that people who worship Mahasaraswathi during the Navarathri or the sacred Vaikasi Visakam day are bestowed with the ability to compose beautiful poems and Kavyas.

For a long time I longed to write about Mothers; I have been collecting data from everybody; even though I do not have mastery in anything particular I turned to my Mother only; I fell upon this incidence where mother Saraswati gave me this piece

-

Kulothunga Chozhan was so impressed by the Ramayana that was written by Valmiki that he wanted it to be translated into Tamil so that the people of his nation could enjoy it too. He called together, two of the greatest poets of his time, Ottakoothar and Kambar and gave them this mammoth task of translating the epic. He also gave them enormous funds and materials for the same. Koothar immediately dived into the work and worked day and night, reading and re-reading, taking notes and composing on his own. Kambar on the other hand, being of a more playful nature, frolicked around the town, spending all the money. However, Kambar was an exceptional devotee of Saraswathi and he had complete faith in her. One day, Kulothunga called the poets to enquire about their progress. Koothar immediately launched into his compositions and sang out a few examples. He told the king that he was done until the part when the Vanaras prepare to build the bridge to Lanka. Everyone in the Court applauded him.

Kambar on the other hand, had no idea of what the Ramayana was. But now, with Koothar's explanation he had got hold of the general gist of the epic and steeled himself to play along. "Chozha Chakravarthi, I have done until the point where the Vanaras are already throwing the rocks into the sea to build the bridge", he said. Kulothungan asked him to sing a few verses and Kambar, completely blessed with the grace of Saraswathi, composed a verse impromptu

and sang it out.

“Thumidham Theritthu Melokam Sella,
Amirthamena Devargal Vaaypilanthanare.”

Meaning: The water drops that splashed from the oceans reached the heavens and the Devas opened their mouths to receive it, for it tasted so much better than Amrutha.

OttaKoothar was furious that the irresponsible poet had come up with the verse on the spot. “Kamba, your verse has a flaw in it. Thumidham (meaning drop) is no longer used in contemporary Tamil. You cannot use it in your work.”

“Kootha, I can prove that the word is still in use today”, argued Kambar,

“Come with me to a village where I can show my proof.”

Taking leave of the king, Koothar went with Kambar. Now Kambar was in a fix. He knew that the word was not in existence at all. But he was also sure that it was Saraswathi herself who had sung from within him and she would show him proof. And so they reached the outskirts of Koothanur. There was a group of children playing near an old woman who was churning butter. Suddenly the woman shouted:

“ Kuzhandhaigale Thallipp poai Vilaiyaadungal
Thumidham Therikkapp Poaghiradhu”

The above means: “Children, move away and play. The drops may splash on you.”

And that was Kambar’s proof. When he turned back to look at the woman, she had disappeared. Kambar immediately understood that it was Saraswathi herself and was overcome with ecstasy. Koothar too realized the divine play and accepting his defeat before Kambar

-

i believe my Mother will support me as ever in this mission of writing about Her

14.02.2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-An Insight

Like the pupa
You protected me in thy womb!
Why do you wail after my birth?
Is it because I am a girl?
Blemishless mother!
What is in your mind?
Don't want to embrace me?
Am I not the child destined to you?

.....like this goes a folk song;

--

Lalitha Sahasranamam 688 th Name is:

Raja peetha nivesitha nijasritha

– She who makes people approaching her as kings

--

Sudhamani was the girl

Bright girl of the class getting deprived of education and compelled to serve the family of 7 working from dawn to dusk...no midnight is something that squeezes the heart of any normal parent

This little girl asked the question-why do people suffer? Not why do I suffer?

--

In song 377 Sri Muthuswamy states

“ bhakthajanaavana sankari”....who is interested in the welfare of devotees

“ vaanchitaartha phala dayini”.....bestows boons sought from Her

.....complying with the above specifications how Sudhamani made Her kingdom?

Lets see in the forthcoming episodes

1 1 2010

amma and rajappa

Amritanandamayi-Salutations To Lalithambikai

Dear Readers

i have starting trouble; let me start somewhere; after 2-3 episodes i will settle down with the proper format and formula

Sri Ramaa Saraswathi Saevithaam

Sri lalithaam thvam bhaavayae

Thaara sadrusa naasaamanivirajithaam sampathkari saevithaam

Thaaraa manthrinyadhi parivruthaam

Dheera Guru Guha vinathaam Sivayutaam

I meditate upon you Sri Lalitadevi, consort of Siva whom Saraswathi and Lakshmi rever; you shine with your dazzling nose ring

You are worshipped by Guhaswamy and celestial Sampatkari who carries out your command to favour devotees; you are also surrounded by other celestials

24 12 2009..Thursday

amma and rajappa