

Satsang by Swami Amar Jyoti

# The Benevolence of *Divine Mother*



Do you know that everything you do is the manifestation of Divine Mother? She is the primordial, perennial flow of energy throughout **creation**. She works through us. She heals through us. She gives us rest, like a child, if we only leave everything up to Her. Sometimes She slaps us, at the perfect time, in the perfect way. That is how transformation takes place. She is the fabric upon which all patterns are fabricated. When we are in tune with Her, that Reality, there is no necessity to fight the ego. It dissolves by itself, not by words alone but by inner feelings, by inner inspired moments. If you do not get inspired, pray to Her, "Not me, Mother, Thou." Let Her pull you up and make you lighter.



Her benevolence has no end. She watches to see where any of Her children are open and comes to their rescue. It is our openness that is missing. Only by opening our consciousness can we flow in tune with the whole fabric of the universe, of which we are a part. Divine Mother makes everything easier. There are those who believe in themselves, who want to do everything by themselves, and that is also a way. It is a little longer, more tedious, and full of ups and downs. But if you catch the hand or feet of the Mother, She makes it easier. Even if you choose not to go through Her, she still helps. She is still with you, whether you recognize it or not.

Primordial energy has been flowing through us since time immemorial—we call Her Mother. It is not a sign of weakness or loss of dignity to ask Divine Mother, God the Father, or your Spirit for help. On the contrary, only the very humble can do this. That is why Jesus said: “The meek shall inherit the earth.” The meek are those who are harmless, who are humble. They live for others, not for selfishness or gratification.

This reminds me of the epic Ramayana, the life of Sri Rama, the seventh incarnation of Vishnu who lived in India about seven thousand five hundred years ago. Sri Rama should have been the next king but he was exiled for fourteen years because of palace intrigues. During that entire time his younger brother Bharat never sat on the throne, even though by the boon of his father he was rightfully entitled to do so. Bharat entreated Rama to come back and rule but Rama chose to serve the promise of his father. He told Bharat, “Go and rule the kingdom. I know you will be a good king.” But Bharat declined. Instead he renounced all the luxuries of the palace and lived like a mendicant in a small hut outside the royal city. He served, not ruled, for fourteen years in the name of his elder brother. On the throne he put Rama’s sandals to be worshipped and to preside over all state decisions. Eventually when Rama returned from exile and was placed on the throne, his rule was called *Ram Raja*, what we might call a perfect welfare state. It was not a democracy; in form it was an autocracy. But in actuality it was beyond both. It was a divine kingdom.

Those are meek ones, humble ones, who do for the Lord. Compared to that, we slip every time a small temptation of position, gratification or distraction is given. And instead of regretting and being humble, we react arrogantly, in order to cover up our deficiencies. This is how we create our own hell. Rama had full

confidence in Bharat. He knew that Bharat could easily be an ideal king. Rama even said, “On this earth there is no greater man than Bharat.”


What Christ said is perfectly true: “The meek shall inherit the earth.” For long we have violated this. We have made disharmony, quarrels and wars. We have been ignorantly, stubbornly proud for nothing. It sounds pessimistic but what is life if it is not based upon harmonious living? For long we have awaited the Kingdom of God, yet we are the ones who have thwarted it. Our Divine heritage is not a thing of the future. It is always potentially within us. Jesus said: “The Kingdom of God is within you.” He did not say the Kingdom of God will come from another galaxy a billion light years away. We are all interconnected in the cosmos. That potential is within us. It is like the Guru-disciple relationship: when a disciple opens, the Guru gives, yet that capacity is already within the disciple. What is awakened is what was already there.

Humble prayer to Divine Mother is not servitude. Her *Shakti*—divine energy—is so pervading within us; it is passing through and residing in all. You and I are not doing that. If you could open your inner eye you would see that we are all part and parcel of Her energy. Real humility is the foundation of courage. Once you are humble, Divine Mother smiles—“Now you are on the right track.” Whatever you achieve in any field, be humble. Then you will grow further. If you get proud of what you have achieved you will not progress; you might even lose what you have. The higher you grow the humbler you should be. It is our resistance that prevents us from receiving. Divine Mother does not hold back. It is not Her nature. Nature is abundant, infinite. Why should She hold back? We block it.

Therefore the words of the Prophets, the sages, enlightened beings never prove wrong. They are infallible. Their truth is eternal. They do not make predictions; they do not analyze and calculate. They have revelations. They see the future. They know that if you are going to do something, a certain result is going to happen, and one day it comes true. We think, “He knew the future.” No, it is just simple truth. That is why the words of enlightened beings are immortal—whether it is the Bible, the Ramayana, the Gita or the Torah. Thousands of years may pass away and their words have the same value. The essential body of any scripture is always immortal truth. Therein lies your salvation. All the paraphernalia of the story is just to

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keep your attention glued there in order to converge on the central point. The moment of surrender comes at the end and keeps everyone quiet. Ultimately it comes to: “I bow down to Thee, Lord.”

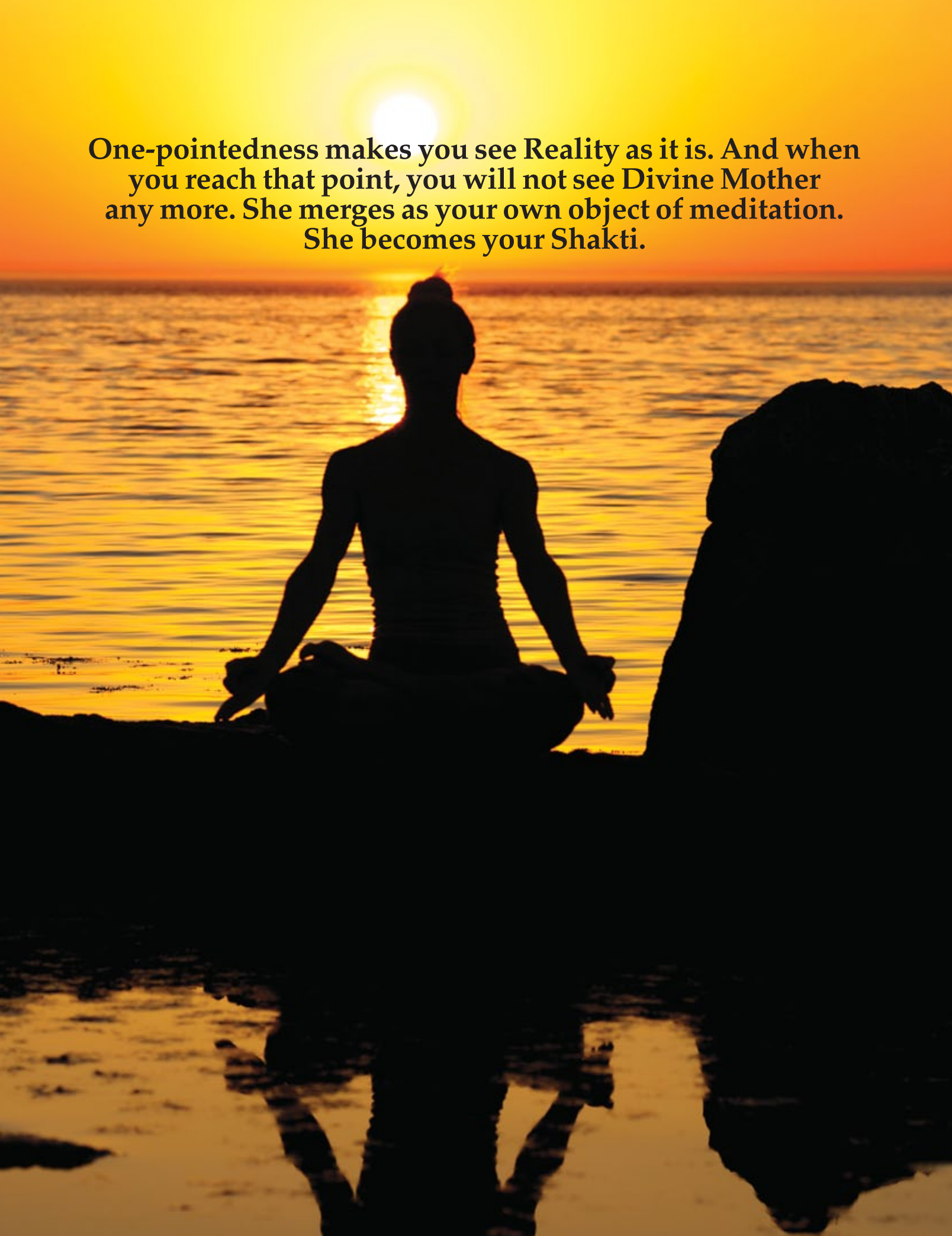
In every scripture, in every book, all the paraphernalia are what we call Mother. She is helping us: “Come on, you want enjoyment, you want entertainment, you want to gratify your senses? This is it! Have fun! You call it religious. It doesn’t matter. I’m here with you!” Then gradually She either makes you exhausted from your gratifications or bored by them. Either way, you come to a point where you think: What is the real object of all this? To worship? Okay, worship! And after worship, then what? How much time can you go on with rituals? The time comes, either out of exhaustion or having experienced so much, that you will say, “God, I give up.” That is a blessed moment. Not everyone in each life reaches this moment. But at some point in each soul’s evolution you will say, “I give up. I bow to Thee.” Your whole story over lifetimes was written for that one blessed moment. And when you come to that moment you will see that Divine Mother was with you all along. She was there helping you: “Child, you were wishing those things. You were attracted to those things. You wanted your own choices, your own likes and dislikes, so I provided that. When you get tired, whenever you have experienced enough of yourself, come back to Me.”

When we come to our senses, all movements of body, mind and spirit direct themselves to that one-pointedness. All rituals, festivals and worship are just to make you one-pointed. If you were already one-pointed, you would not need them. You will not have to give up these things; you will simply not be attracted to them. When you become one-pointed your goal changes. Life assumes a different meaning. Only a scattered, disturbed, restless mind has many goals, many ambitions, many objects to attain. When you become one-pointed, all those stories lose their meaning. Once you achieve one-pointedness, you surrender. Whether it was Bharat or the apostle Peter, once they became one-pointed they knew they were doing the work of the Lord. They did not swerve from their faith again.

All practices—hatha yoga, worship, reading religious books, pilgrimages, meeting holy people and devotees of God—are just to bring you to one-pointedness. One-pointedness makes you see Reality

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**One-pointedness makes you see Reality as it is. And when you reach that point, you will not see Divine Mother any more. She merges as your own object of meditation. She becomes your Shakti.**

as it is. And when you reach that point, you will not see Divine Mother any more. She merges as your own object of meditation. She becomes your Shakti. That spiritual energy is *real*. That incessant, throbbing radiation of energy of one-pointedness is the Divine Mother. Then you will see the dazzling manifestation of the Mother, the Creatrix, and know that her spiritual energy is the ultimate aid to merging into Oneness.

When you transform your physical, vital and emotional energy and thought vibrations, gradually you become purified. That highly elevated energy is called *ojhas*. It is within everyone, but unless you purify it you are subject to weakness, misery and disease. Therefore high yogis attempt to purify that *ojhas Shakti*, to come to transformation. This transformation gives you a brighter outlook on everything. It puts you in direct touch with Divine Mother. She becomes your consort, playing with you as Lord and beloved. Therefore in the Bhagavad Gita, Sri Krishna's life story, it is written that the highest relationship with God is *Kanta-kantaa*, Lord and beloved. It's not that Mother diminishes. She assumes a different role. Her energy becomes your part and parcel, perfectly one with you.

Shakti is what we call God's *maya*. The secrets of nature are revealed there: how this universe works, how the cosmos is going on and every detail is created, and how creation, preservation and transformation take place. There is no thinking, planning or analysis. The more you contemplate the more answers you get. The details are infinite in number and variety. You may wonder how this happens so automatically, so spontaneously, so beautifully, and why can't our miniature life be that way? Since the microcosm and macrocosm are the same qualitatively, why isn't life, as we know it, the same? It could be. When we achieve this stage of transformation the details are taken care of automatically.

There is so much variety and beauty in this maya. No single day is tiring or boring. According to the Vedas there are eighty-four hundred thousand species on Earth, and that number was written thousands of years back—by now God must have created more! And within these species are billions and trillions of creatures, and no two are the same. Not only so, each creature is so changeable that it is not the same moment to moment. Even those that live only for a day, a few days or a few months, what variety within one lifetime! We don't have to analyze and plan. It is automatically,

beautifully done. Just view it. Therefore repeatedly I say: there are many mansions in your Father's house—do not get attached to one house.

Go deeper within you. This will give you all the treasures. You will see and understand the beauty of creation, the beauty of living, the beauty of seeing, the beauty of feeling. We might say that God is creating and doing everything, and in one way He is. But also it may be that He is just executing one principle and all the details take care of themselves, spontaneously. He does not have to tell you, "Do this, don't do this." If we are responding to His love we will automatically do what is expected of love. If someone is grateful to us for something we have done, we generally stop there. But behind us, who is doing? Who put you in that position? We have to go beyond selfishness and egotism.

Therefore selflessness is necessary. When you usurp something that is not yours, or exploit or corrupt something, you lose it. Power does not corrupt; selfishness corrupts. Therefore be selfless so that you become a pipeline through which the Divine is pouring. When we stop with ourselves, we are choking that flow. That is where selfishness and self-image start, and that puts you in a very weak position. Normally we justify selfishness in the name of independence, but in actuality, because of selfishness we lose our independence. We are vulnerable to any situation. We are affected by any crack in our self-image and self-esteem.

Mother sees all this. Know that you are just an instrument, a point within the Source, not the Ultimate Source. Then what you do will never exhaust you. It will regenerate you. That is the transformed life we need, where we will know the Truth of creation and live it. It is not otherworldly. Wherever you are, make yourself an instrument of God. 🌸

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# Saraswati

## Goddess of Beauty, Power and Grace

BY KRISHNA DHARMA

**The Goddess Saraswati is primarily known as the giver of knowledge, but she is actually much more than that. Another of her names is Vak, which means speech. At its most subtle level, this means the original sound vibration that brings about creation, for the Vedas say that all things originate with sound, specifically the Vedic mantra Om.**

In all her features, the goddess is always intimately involved with creation, suffusing it with her own being in many different ways. All the names and forms of the manifest world have their origin in Saraswati, who inspires the sages to compose mantras that form the basis of the creative ritual language of the Vedic tradition. Indeed, poets in all traditions have recognized the presence of the muse, the divine goddess who inspires their creations.

Saraswati appears as a luminous woman of splendid beauty, riding upon a swan. She is dressed simply in a white sari, eschewing the fabulous ornaments often seen on other forms of the Goddess, as she is the epitome of perfect learning, which culminates in detachment from material opulence. Her effulgence symbolizes the light of knowledge that destroys the darkness of ignorance.

Hindu students traditionally offer prayers to Saraswati before commencing their studies. The Vedas are said to be her children, born of her union with the Supreme Lord. She can thus bestow any teaching, material or spiritual, for the Vedas contain the fullness of both. The word *saraswati* means “one who bestows the essence of self,” for ultimately all knowledge ends in knowing one’s true spiritual nature as a part of the Absolute.

### Saraswati’s Greatest Blessings

The Goddess can bestow great material blessings, but she can give much more. This is a historical account that took place in Bengal some 500 years ago. At

that time, there was a great scholar named Keshava Kashmiri who had traveled the length and breadth of India, challenging and defeating all his contemporaries. This was the culture of the time; just as we have great sportsmen today who compete against each other, in those days in India there were many learned scholars who would continuously debate one another.

Keshava Kashmiri was so good at argument that he became known as a *dig vijayi*, “one who has conquered in all directions.” He was an ardent worshiper of goddess Saraswati, daily spending several hours chanting mantras in her praise. It was said she had given him the benediction that she herself would appear on his tongue whenever he spoke, thus making it impossible for him to be defeated. All the scriptures and the sciences of logic and grammar were at his command. Often, his opponents in debate could not even understand the introductory portion of his arguments. As a result, he had won such an intimidating reputation all over India that no one dared face him, let alone challenge him.

Having heard that the greatest scholars were to be found in Bengal, Keshava made his way to the main center of learning there at the time, a city called Nabadwip. Traveling in a regal procession of elephants, horses and men, he entered the city amidst a great fanfare. News of his arrival spread fast, but the city’s many scholars kept themselves hidden. They too had heard of Keshava’s blessing from Saraswati. How would it be possible to defeat him? They gathered together in consternation. What could they do? Their



reputation and that of their city would be destroyed if they could not defeat this daunting *pandit*, or scholar.

Another exceptional personality was living in Nabadwip at the time. His name was Nimai Pandit, and he would later reveal himself to be an incarnation of Krishna. However, at the time, he was keeping himself hidden and people simply saw him as a young but learned Brahmin teacher who ran a small school of his own. Only a few of his closest associates knew his true identity.

Some of Nimai’s students came to him and told him of the *dig vijayi* *pandit*’s arrival. “He has thrown down a challenge. If no one is prepared to meet with

him and debate, he wants the entire town to issue a written admission of defeat.”

Nimai smiled, “Listen brothers,” he said, “the Supreme Lord does not tolerate excessive arrogance. He acts quickly to remove it. Like a fruit-laden tree, a truly learned man bows his head in humility. So too will Keshava Kashmiri’s head soon be bowed.”

That evening, Nimai went as usual to the banks of the Ganges and began giving lessons in Sanskrit grammar. Dusk faded into night and the gently flowing Ganges sparkled beneath a full moon. The handsome Nimai, still only a youth, sat at ease in the midst of his pupils. Raven-black curls of hair fell around his golden-complexioned face and his eyes appeared like lotus petals. He exuded an air of gentle compassion and love as he spoke, establishing and refuting various arguments, always concluding that life’s goal was to lovingly unite with the Supreme.

At that time, Keshava Kashmiri arrived at the river, accompanied by his many followers. Seeing the effulgent Nimai surrounded by students, he was intrigued. He inquired from one of them, “Who is this person?”

“This is Nimai Pandit,” the student replied.

Keshava considered that his moment had arrived. Here was another so-called *pandit*. He would soon take care of him. After bowing to the River Ganges, he went closer to Nimai and sat down. Nimai saw him and welcomed him warmly. “Your reputation precedes you, sir. Everyone is speaking of your scholarship.”

Keshava’s head tilted back a little. “It is nothing,” he said, with a dismissive wave of his hand. He went