

Message 152

Chennai (India), August 8, 2008

A blast of bliss in the body of a Christian devotee kriyaban who “died” on the day of Shivaratri this year

Shiva is shava (dead) which is imitated in ‘shavasan’ of hathayoga. In imitation, “I” (mind) continues and thus is not the actuality of the death of the separative psyche which may happen in some lucky Kriyaban’s body all of a sudden without any prior intimation or expectation whatsoever! This death of the spurious division (chitta-vritti) in our inner being is the awakening of sacred divinity (Chaitanya) which unfortunately remains dormant due to the notorious activities of the heavily conditioned “I” with all its burdens, bondages and bigotry.

The event happened in a body which was born and brought up as Indian Christian and is a family-man. But ‘It’ comes to those to whom ‘It’ comes! ‘It’ is autonomous and free. ‘It’ is not at the beck and call of anyone! ‘It’ is not the monopoly of Hindus or Brahmins or Sanyasis or Himalayan wanderers or Ashram-dwellers! This young man and his friend-kriyabans of Chennai are doing their mite to spread the energy of understanding which is the essence of Kriya Yoga. That is perhaps why Christians are also turning to Kriya Yoga to deeply comprehend the phenomenon of Jesus Christ - the Oriental Yogi, not an occidental idea of the mind. The poem written by the Christian Kriyaban is presented below:-

Mahadev

Silence is the Great Lord (Mahadev). Words are the world (Sansar).
The root of the world is the word ‘I’. From this arise all other words (and worlds).

Words come out of silence and into silence they sink again.
(Worlds come out of the Great Lord, Shava-Shiva, and into Him these sink again).

Silence is never contaminated by words.
(The Great Lord is never contaminated by the world).

Words come and go. Silence remains.
(Worlds come and go. The Great Lord remains)

The mind (as ‘I’) creates the world out of words.
Once ‘I’ is dropped, the contents of consciousness agitating and disturbing are also dropped.
The mechanism protecting and promoting delusion is gone. Once the illusion ‘I’ is dropped,
what remains is the Primal Silence – pure, untainted, ever free Space.

Infinite salutations to this Great Lord of all worlds.

Shibendu is happy to place this poem as yet another message on the website.

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