

WHAT A WONDER!

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What a wonder! You are a wonderful person. Don't think you are a foolish individual, niggard and unwanted—nothing of the kind. The whole universe wants you because it is inside you and the whole universal ocean of potential existence prior to this creation of the universe is throbbing in your heart, through every cell of yours, through your bloodstream and every vein. Why do you think you are a little body? This ignorance—*avidya*, as it is called—must be removed. Assert yourself. “The whole potential of what I want to achieve is here. It is just now and it is here. It is here and now—not tomorrow and not somewhere else.” If this conviction is in you the object that you are thinking of in your meditation will melt into liquid and melt into your bosom. Oh, you will be inundated! “What I want has not only come near me, it has become me. It has entered into my pores.” You dance in ecstasy. Mystics dance in ecstasy because the whole thing is inside them. They are not crazy people. What they wanted, as if it is external, has melted down into the liquid of nectar of self-possession. They cannot contain this. All the saints and mystics, such as Mirabhai, Tukaram, started dancing. Do you think they

were crazy people? Nothing of the kind. The whole cosmos was vibrating inside them. Who can contain it? Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa used to say, “You know the example of when the Absolute enters you? What happens? It is like a mad elephant entering a little thatched hut.” The thatched hut will be broken into pieces. It won’t exist afterwards. When the Absolute enters you, you don’t know what happens. That’s why you are dancing in ecstasy at that time.

So is the case with everyone who is able to imbibe within them the potential cosmic stuff appearing as a little, tiny object, a kind of *murthi*, a lingam, a pattern, something that you are worshipping in your temple, in your *puja* room. No, they are not in a *puja* room, they are not in a temple; they are everywhere. The everywhere-ness of the object is the only cue for you to attain success in your meditation. But you have doubts. “No.” There is no opponent in this world except doubt. The conviction, “Ask and it shall be given,” is the great saint’s saying. Ask and it shall be given. But your soul must ask, not your tongue and lip. When that which is everywhere is speaking inside you—“I want”—then that which is everywhere must come to you. And *now* it must come, not tomorrow. God does not take time to come to you. Big officials take time to come to you because they say, “Come tomorrow or the day after.” There is no tomorrow; it is immediate—just now; eternal action. That is the capacity of even a little object of meditation which you think is a tiny thing. “What is there? So many years I am meditating. Nothing comes out.” How can something come out when you are basically cutting the ground under your feet by imagining that it is a utilitarian

object and it has no connection with you, it is only an instrument. There are no instruments in this world. All are wonderful. *Ascaryavat pasyati kascit enam, ascaryavad vadati tathaiva canyah* (B.G. 2.29). *Ascarayam*: the Upanishads and the Bhagavadgita calls this an *ascarayam*, a wonder. You cannot call it by any other name. This object is a wonder, you are a wonder, and the way that you want it is also a wonder, one who can tell you this is a wonder, and the person who can receive it is a wonder. Everything is a wonder! All is a wonder! The whole world is a wonder of the beauty of God! You say the world is also made up of harms—mosquitoes and snakes. Don't say that. These are all something else masquerading in that form. The devil becomes the angel in one second if it wants, provided the externality, which is the only devil, is abolished and it is melted down into universality.

This is a little foundational preparation of your mind that is necessary before you sit for meditation. You will find that in the very beginning itself you feel happy. Happiness is the touchstone of success in meditation. If you say you are aching here and there, that it is boring and go on looking at the watch to see how much time has passed, “It is half an hour, one hour, let the meditation go; let me go for a walk,” this will not work.

That which you want is just here in your hand if this conviction is there. It is conviction—*mumukshutva* as they call it—that is what is going to become the success. If you want a thing, it must come. The whole thing is that. All the qualifications are secondary. There is only one qualification: you want it. “I want it and a hundred percent I want it, and it must come.” Why should it not come? If

you assert it the whole world has to arrange itself, align itself in such a way that it must come at your feet. In the Chhandogya Upanishad, in the Eighth Chapter, beautiful passages are there. When the soul attains this expanded mood, whatever you think appears there, whatever it is. The past, present and future will melt into the present and come here. You should not say, “This is not possible for me. I am a poor man.” No. You are not a poor man; you are a very valuable person. You are the child of immortality. *Amrutasya putra*, says the Upanishad. You are the son of the eternal nectar—*amrutasya putra*. This is what the Upanishad calls you. It does not call you the poor son of a poor father. No. The eternal father is represented in your eternal form, in the object of meditation, in the very process of your action. Even by hearing this you must be immensely happy.

Certain steps have to be taken. You must have some time to sit. When you are about to sit for meditation, other engagements must be set aside. Suppose you say, “I have to catch a train after half an hour”—then you should not do meditation at that time. Okay, you go, finish your work, and then do it. “Till tomorrow I have no work.” Then the mind will say, “Okay, let me sit.” “At least for another six hours I have no work.” “Okay, alright,” it will agree. But if immediately you have an assignment, then you should not sit for meditation. Your health is okay and you have no ache in the body, you are satisfied for the time being, you have taken your bath, you feel fresh, the sun is rising in the east, you are facing it seated in a fixed posture, you are taking a deep breath and the energy of the sun that pervades is entering into your nostrils. You breath,

expanding your chest, your lungs get expanded and fresh air enters into you. Do a little bit of breathing. I am not telling you to do any kind of complicated *pranayama*; just deep inhalation, with an expanded body. Throw your arms wide. Hold the breath for a second. Do it 25 to 30 times. Energy will enter into you. Then close your eyes and do this technique that I have just now explained to you and see how long you can go on thinking like this. After a few minutes if you find it is tiring—the mind is not catching—stop the meditation. Inhale and exhale, then again start the same meditation. After ten or fifteen minutes if you are again tired get up, walk around, then again sit for meditation. If you feel drowsy go inside the bathroom and splash your face with cold water and then you will be refreshed. Sit again.

Go on persisting, persisting, persisting, persisting—like the story of Robert Bruce. He was a Scottish soldier who was defeated so many times in war. He was disappointed. He was sitting under a tree, thinking: “What is the good of all this battle? Every time I am defeated.” You may have heard the poem about Robert the Bruce. He was disappointed and he saw a spider trying to climb up. It went up a little and fell down. It went up and again fell down. So many times it tried—a little, little—and again it fell down. Finally it touched the point. “Oh, this is a lesson for me,” he said. “I have failed as many times as this spider has failed.” He got up with great conviction—“I shall win”—and he won victory. Thus the mind has to be drawn little by little, little by little, like the work done by the intelligent wife of the husband who was in the Tower of London, or some tower. He was imprisoned in a tower and

she wanted him to be released but the authorities would not release him; they might even execute him. So, he was far above looking down at her, and she was looking up at him. What to do? She thought: "What to do, what to do." Very intelligent lady she was. She thought of some method. What she did was, she caught hold of a beetle that was crawling. It had two tentacles. She smeared honey on the end of these tentacles, and it started moving because of the smell of honey. It wanted to lick it but could not because the tentacles were projected outside. So it was moving further, further, further. To the tail of that little beetle she tied a very fine silken thread, the weight of which the beetle could not feel. She let it loose on the wall of the tower. It was going up, little by little, because it wanted the honey. It kept going up, and reached the top. She told her husband to catch hold of that silken thread. Then she tied a thin white thread, the kind that is used in offices, and he pulled it up. Then she tied a little cord, and then a rope. "Get down," she said, and he simple came down from there. He succeeded. This is an interesting thing—how intelligent this lady was to bring that man down.

Such a terrible thing is this mind. It will not listen to you whatever you do. "All right, I have heard everything, but..." it will say. This "but" comes in the middle. "I have got so many problems. I have got family, mother is sick, etc." So many complaints will come. Let them be there but you are going to get everything that you want; and don't you have the satisfaction that you are going to get what you want? Success is bound to come because the whole creation is a success of God's activity. Failure does not exist anywhere. Everything is beautiful. Always see beauty

everywhere. Everywhere is beauty. Everywhere is perfection, everywhere grandeur, everywhere the face is God is shining. *Sarvatah pani-padam tat sarvato'ksi-siro-mukham sarvatah shrutimal loke sarvam avrtya tishthati* (B.G. 13.13). What does the Bhagavadgita say? *Sarvatahpani-padam tat*. Where is God? How far? Brahma-loka, beyond? No. *Sarvatahpani-padam*. Everywhere the feet and the arms of God are spread out. Wherever you touch you will find the finger of God, or the arm of God, or the feet of God. *Sarvato'ksi-siro-mukham*—everywhere eyes. You are seeing brick walls. No; everywhere there are the eyes of God. And heads of God—*sahasashirasapurushah* (1.1) says the Purusha Sukta. Thousands and thousands of heads. Your heads are part of the Universal, of that Purusha. Your head is not somewhere else. These little things like trees and mountains and rivers and what you are—everything—are only heads of that Being. Only you are imagining that they are outside and you are here. This outsidersness is a curse and must be removed from consciousness.

So, feel confident, “What I want is just near at hand.” “The kingdom of heaven is at hand,” the great Christ mentioned. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.” *Ananyas cintayanto mam ye janah paryupasate tesham nityabhiyuktanam yoga-ksemam vahamy aham* (B.G. 9.22). This is the scriptural counterpart of this “kingdom of heaven is within you”. How is it possible? The kingdom is so big and you are so little. How is it possible? Yes, it is possible with this conviction. Look at this promise of Bhagavan Sri Krishna as an infinite being saying, “Tune

yourself with Me. It is My duty to take care of you.” Oh, wonderful, wonderful!

I will tell you another story. I will not bore you much. There was a poor Brahmin who believed in the meaning of this sloka. “Everything will be given by God. No problem, no problem. He has promised. When I think of Him everything will come.” But he was so poor that his wife and children were starving. He used to go and beg for some rice. He went around, and one day he could get nothing. From morning to evening he went but could not get anything. The next day the children were crying, the wife was cursing; they were all dying. “We are perishing today.” But he said, “Anyhow I have trust. The promise is there.” Two days he went; three days. He was drying up and he was also collapsing. “Tut,” he said. “This promise is faulty. So, God also tells lies.” In those days there was no paper. The scriptures were written on palm leaves; so the Gita was on a palm leaf. He took a nail and struck that *sloka*, tore it. “This *sloka* is false. I am dying. Everybody is perishing here, and where is this promise?” He went away from there. The story goes that after sometime, in the evening, a young boy brought a huge bag of some commodity and threw it on the veranda of the house where the lady was inside. “Hey,” he said. “Your husband has sent so many rations here.” “Oh, so much! How many bags! Oh, wonderful! How did he get it?” But the tongue of that boy was bleeding and blood was dripping. “What has happened to you?” “Your husband is a very angry fellow. Because I was a little late, he tore my tongue,” he said. “What sort of idiot my husband can be!” said the lady. When the husband came back she said, “You have got no sense. You tore the tongue of that little boy

with whom you have sent the ration.” “No, I have not sent anything. I don’t know anything. What are you talking about?” “Here it is.” “Oh,” he cried and was weeping. He could not control himself. “Oh God, what a sin I have committed by tearing your tongue.” This story is of this *ananyas cintayanto mam ye janah paryupasate, tesham nityabhiyuktanam yoga-ksemam vahamy aham*. “Ask and it shall be given.” Remember this statement of Christ, what the great master is telling. Do you think they are bluffing you? Ask from the bottom of your heart. The other Soul, the counterpart, will respond immediately. With this conviction, my dear boys, sit for meditation, and let meditation in this sense described be your be all and end all and your ultimate blessings.

Hari Om Tat Sat.