

# ***THE VOICE from BEYOND THE VOID***

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## **About the First Edition**

Issue 1, 22 July 2013

Not a blade of grass moves without the Will of the Lord.

This quarterly newsletter is our offering at the Holy Feet of Swami Shantananda Puri Maharaj.

One of his gifted disciples, Reshma Krishnakumar, came up with this potent title called THE VOICE from BEYOND THE VOID.

If you all are inspired by this first edition and wish to produce the next one for the coming quarter or have an experience or stories of inspiration to share, please write to [divinelove@swamishantanandapurimaharaj.org](mailto:divinelove@swamishantanandapurimaharaj.org).

Thank you all. Hari Om.

*Gurudev says to us, "My love and attention is equally on all. You do not have to be my formal disciple to receive my love and guidance.*

*You may have accidentally walked into my room, yet my love for you is the same as what my disciples and devotees receive. My love is for all those who don't come to me as well. The sun shines equally on all. If you claim to receive more or less, it is your mind; never any differences from my side. It is choiceless love. I am happy to serve each and every one of you with no favourites, inner circle or outer circle.*

*It depends on you what you want to do with this love."*

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## From the devotee's heart UNBELIEVABLE! YET, UNDENIABLE.... - Reshma Krishnakumar

"But, how did that happen, mom?? How could it be possible??" ...Well, I remember asking my mother hundreds of questions after watching the performance of a magician. Long back, when I was a kid of 6 years perhaps, in one of the television channels, there used to be a telecast of an exclusive magic show every Sunday. Just like any other kid, I was very prompt in watching the show without missing a single episode. I would finish all my work and sit with rapt attention watching each and every mystic movement of the magician. More than enjoying the show, my mind was always keen on finding out the trick that the magician used. However, never could I find even a single one and that show would be followed by pestering my mom with my never-ending doubts. Finally, my mother would end up saying, "Look, if you don't let me work now, I will not allow you to watch this idiotic show any more. Do you understand?"

As I grew up, instead of magic which worked on silly tricks, I was fortunate to experience myself the miracles which worked by the Grace of my Guru and I was still a kid who asked, "How did that happen, Gurudev?" I did know WHY it happened, if not HOW. Certain incidents which take place in our life do not have a logical explanation. No matter how much time we spend in analysing all possible justifications, ultimately, we are left with no answer. We may not want to share such incidents with anyone due to the obvious reply we would get and that is, "Do you think I am a fool? You want me to believe this?"

I wish to share with you one such experience presented to me by my Gurudev which might seem unbelievable, yet I can neither deny nor provide an explanation. But, it is surely beautiful to remain a child before one's Master, filled with innocence and a mind which surrenders at His Feet, leaving behind all queries and anxieties.

It was the day when my father got a new car in Dubai and we were thrilled to go for a drive in the car. We placed a small photo of our Gurudev on the dashboard and started our trip by offering our pranams at His Holy Feet. My mother and I always make fun of my dad saying, "You remain in the driver's seat praying as if you are doing japa in your pooja room. How long do you want us to see your bhakti?" but it is really wonderful to observe my father engrossed in prayers before he drives. All through the way, we kept sharing memories with Gurudev, which come to our minds and the days we spent with Him. As the car moved through the roads of Arab land, our hearts travelled towards our Guru. We returned home in the afternoon and my father was trying to park the car. With the gear shifting on to the reverse mode, the car gently motioned in the backward direction and the next thing we heard was a BANG!

The new car which had just got out of the showroom in its pearl white colour had now taken a shape which did not resemble any geometric figures known so far. We did not notice a small post which was there behind the car and it had hit the post, which had fallen on the ground due to the impact. The smiling faces soon dropped. Three of us did not know how to comfort one another. We went around the car several times checking for further dents. We stood in the parking space for a long time in the hot sun, simply looking at the rear portion of the car which had lost its shape and of course, the paint as well.

Finally, we decided to leave for our flat as there was nothing much we could do apart from staring at it. Soon, the watchman of our building came to us and he sympathised and empathised with us. He told my father, "Sir, leave it...we will find a workshop nearby. We can get it repaired. But getting the same colour may be a problem. They will charge a lot for the paint." My father was extremely upset but we managed to console him.

After reaching home, we had our lunch but none of us felt good about the whole thing that had happened. I saw my father going to the pooja room and he said to the photograph of our Guru, "Gurudev, this was the first day in my new car. On the first day itself the car got spoilt. I am feeling very bad, Swamiji." Hearing that, we went to him and told him that whatever has to happen will happen no matter what. Luckily, our Gurudev protected us from greater damage. But in our minds, I am sure each of us kept telling, "Swamiji, we are sad..."

Hours passed by and sometime in the evening, my father told us that he would go down and look once again at the damage and call up the workshop. I told my dad, "Daddy, why do you want to go and see that again? It's gone. You will see that and once more you will be disappointed." My mother agreed with me. We tried to stop him but he insisted on checking the car once again and left. After a few minutes, he opened the door and said aloud, "You know what? I can't see the damage. Our car seems to be perfect. There is no sign that it met with an accident. I don't know how. I was standing there all this while looking for the damage." Now, I should frankly admit that I really thought something had happened to him. I asked him, "Are you sure it's our car? You checked the number plate, didn't you?" He told me, "Yes, I did. I am very sure. It is our car very much. Both of you, come with me. I will show you."

My mother looked at me with great suspicion but we decided to go with my father and check the car ourselves. As we were coming down the staircase, my mother again asked him, "You saw our car and not any other? You were not dreaming, right?"

My father did not answer anything. He took us to the car and went, "Check for yourselves."

What should I say? We had to agree with him. I could not believe my eyes. In fact, none of us could. Who could have repaired the car in the soaring temperatures of Dubai? We were simply shocked. We had no words. How could this have happened?

We were happy and astonished at once. We had only one answer, "Gurudev, You are everywhere. You hear everything and You know everything."

We had not called Swamiji and told him regarding the accident as we did not want to bother him for such small issues. We only prayed to him. It was only a communication from heart to heart but He proved that the Master is always by His disciple, with just a heartbeat away. When we told our Guru about the incident, there was only loud laughter and a mischievous reply, "Is that so? I do not know." He filled us with happiness.

By then, I had learnt to enjoy the Divine Magic of my Guru and this was yet another instance which made me speechless. No more clarifications were needed and the mind which was hunting for explanations had vanished. There was only a SILENCE and the SILENCE encompasses everything.



Left: Reshma Krishnakumar with her Lord and Master



Right: Gurudev with Rohini Krishnakumar

## From the devotee's heart - II GURU KARUNA - Rohini Krishnakumar

Guru is the embodiment of Love and karuna. HE is the manifestation of God on earth. All these lines are so common for us but to know HIM so deeply, we require total dedication, and of course, His Grace.

I always believe to write or talk about guru is not an easy task because we common people judge the Guru with our own limited knowledge. Because of this limitation, one may have confusion and even doubts. So there is only one option on our part, we have to have faith in our Guru. We should try to follow at least one of HIS teachings regularly in our daily life.

I remember one incident that took place in Ramanasramam. Swamiji and I were in Swamiji's room one morning. After a while, one old man walked in and did namaskar to Swamiji and sat near his cot. He happens to know me as well. So, as usual after asking Gurudev about his health, he started asking several questions from the Upanishads, all in Sanskrit. I have always noticed that when the seeker's doubt is sincere and genuine, Gurudev's appearance changes and out of his karuna (compassion), He explains elaborately. Sometimes I have felt that a person will get self-realisation then and there. Such is Gurudev's love and concern for everyone.

Coming back to this old man, Gurudev and he were discussing for a long time quoting several slokas and Gurudev was explaining them in such detail. I tried my maximum to concentrate and understand what they are talking but it had no result....I couldn't understand anything. Sankara. Advaita.... Slowly I got a thought, "Oh! my Gurudev, I don't know any of this. I am not even able to understand one word you are telling. See, Swamiji, how this man is enjoying." Slowly tears started flowing and deep inside, I begged Gurudev to give me knowledge to understand at least all that was being discussed that day. I then asked HIM in my mind, "Gurudev, how is it possible to know the Ultimate without knowing all these important things?" My mind started asking several things to me in one flash of a second but Swamiji was totally unaware of my presence. As usual, I was sitting at His Feet stretched on the cot.

Suddenly breaking my thoughts, HE rose from his bed and asked me, "Hey, can you understand me? Are you able to follow what I am telling?" I just burst into tears and caught His Feet. As always, with all His love and karuna, He told me, "Why do you worry? It is not at all necessary to know all these things to know God. What is important is that one should think of Him always. There are different paths. Someone will search for HIM with his intellect but some with the heart. When you reach the Ultimate, all the so-called knowledge will come automatically." He gently patted me on the head. It was revealed to me yet again and again how a Guru can show you that even a minute thought of a disciple catches his attention and it is addressed immediately. By such revelations, He gives us more hope and increased faith to reach the Lord.



Oh my Gurudev, you have given me a chance to share hundreds and hundreds of incidents to devotees. I am not sure whether I really deserve all this.

To reciprocate your Divine Love, I have nothing except this janma. So, I am at Your Feet always.

Pranams, my Lord.

A view of the Ganges  
from the terrace at Ghazipur



## From a Devotee's Diary

### A week of bliss with Gurudev at Ghazipur, July 2013 - Deepti Ahuja

**Gurudev:** Swami Purushottamananda Maharaj left his body on February 13, 1961. 16 days from that day, there was an occasion called Bhandara when our 16 great mahatmas are invited and presented with 16 items each such as an umbrella, torch, etc.

On that day, several hundreds of mahatmas had come to have food at the Bhandara. Two great mahatmas, both long-bearded and clad only in loin cloth were seen standing. They were invited to have their meals but they strangely refused to sit and eat. When the first batch was over, leftovers on the leaves on which the mahatmas ate were being thrown into a pit when these two mahatmas got into the pit and began to eat the half-eaten morsels from the discarded leaves.

Some of the organisers were horrified and went and told them, "Sirs, we had invited you to have a meal with us, why didn't you?" They laughed. "You don't know the value of this food discarded on these leaves!" They walked away quietly.

One gentleman who was standing there all through told the people around there, "Those two mahatmas were among the earliest of disciples of Gurudev. They had requested me not to disclose this fact to anybody in their presence."

**Gurudev:** There was once a king building a big temple for Lord Shiva. A lot of time was spent in building the temple and the time came for the prana pratishtha [1] of the idol. The process of installation of the idol involves water that is poured over the idol which has cosmic energy so that the idol becomes full of Chaitanya.

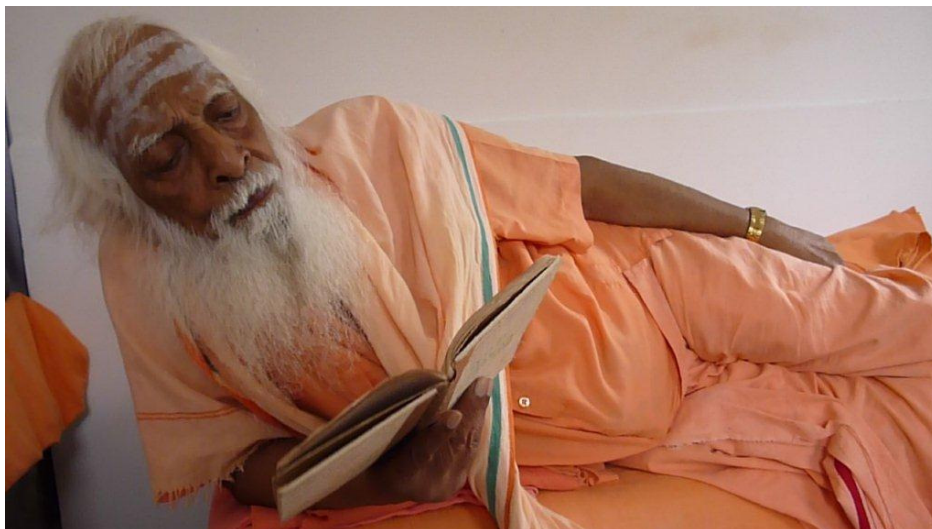
The date got fixed and the king went to Lord Shiva for his blessings for the deity awakening day. The Lord tells the king, "Sorry, I cannot come on that date. Another gentleman who stays in your city is installing a big temple in his house and I have to go there."

The king went to the house of the other person and was surprised to see that it was the house of a beggar. Further, there was no physical temple being built and the king asks the beggar to show the temple he is building and explains his conversation with Lord Shiva. The beggar replies, "When you were building your temple, I was building a temple in my heart. The abhishekam will be done by kalpana. I did not even know that the Lord was coming to my temple."

[1] A ceremony to bring the idol alive.

**Deepti:** "There are so many ants here; do you know where they are going?"

**Gurudev:** "Do you think they will be able to answer when you ask them where they are going? Can you answer the same question as to where you are going?" Nobody really knows where they are going. In Latin/English, there is a phrase, *quo vadis*, which means "Where are you going?"



Gurudev reading  
Ashtavakra Gita

## Conversations with the Lord

**Anju on the phone (July 17, 2013):** Swamiji, what will I say when I come face to face with the Lord?

**Gurudev:** When I had gone to Puttaparthi, I went to have Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba's Darshan. I did not get the first row or a place along the aisle; I was way behind in the crowd. When Baba emerged to grant Darshan that morning and walked towards the gentlemen's section, He suddenly walked right through the crowd making a path for Himself (the devotees quickly made way) and He stood before me. I just looked at Him. I did not say a word. He smiled at me. When Baba walked past me, the gentleman sitting next to me told me, "Take Padanamaskar." It was too late for Baba moved along to bless the rest of the devotees. I had not said a word. The next day, Baba came to where I sat once again, materialised Vibhuti for me yet again, gently lifted his robe a little and gave me Padanamaskar. I had not said a word again!

Let me give you another incident. When Dhruva came face to face with the Lord, he was speechless. Such is the power of the Lord. He could not get himself to utter a single word. Lord Vishnu had to touch Dhruva's cheek with His conch to hear little Dhruva speak! These two experiences should give you the answer!

**Gurudev to AA on the phone (July 16, 2013):** "Tell me, can anyone who has merged with the Totality speak about it like an experience? In an experience, there is a subject and an object. When one merges with the Supreme, it is a non-experience. Divine Love is a presence beyond the form. You have to experience it first hand in the presence of the being; he cannot convince you in words that he is one with the Lord. Let me tell you a beautiful story.

When Sri Rabindranath Tagore was awarded the Nobel Prize, there was one problem awaiting him at his doorstep. The neighbour opposite his house stood at Tagore's door with the words, "Have you experienced all that you have written?" Tagore did not have a reply; such was his eloquence. The neighbour would not let go of his question and Tagore still could not answer. He had to find ways to escape from this rather persistent neighbour by climbing down the pipe from his room upstairs thus successfully avoiding the entrance of his house.

One morning, Tagore happened to go to the beach. Mother Nature's beauty touched every cell of his being and he danced like a madman with a song on his lips. The magnificent sky, the beautiful sea, the yellow sands, busy seagulls.... He walked home drunk with bliss. As Tagore walked up to enter his house, he heard the neighbour say to him, "Tagore, I can see you have indeed experienced God. One can fake a smile but it is hard to fake love that is seen in the eyes."

**AA on the phone (June 27, 2013):** Guruji, when one is within touching distance of a transformer, one gets burnt to ashes. When one is within the energy field of a Master, what one is not, gets burnt to ashes.

What remains as a result is who one really is.

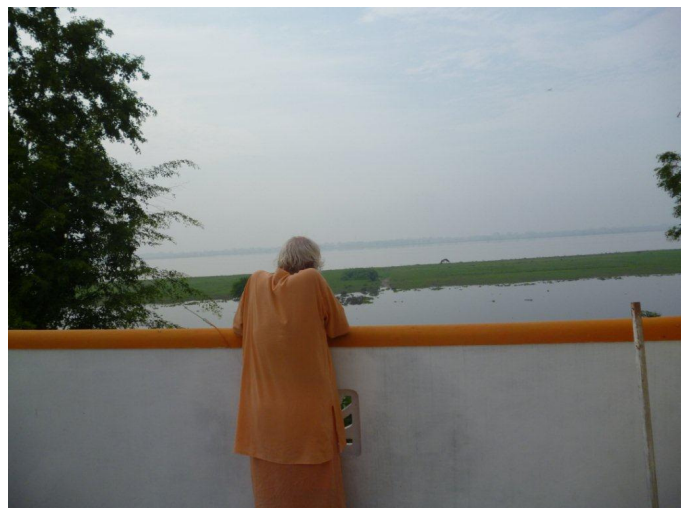
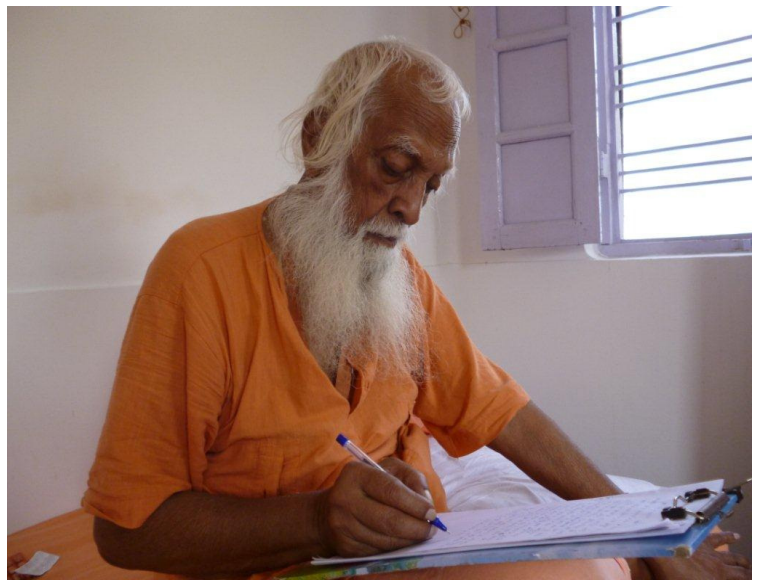
**Gurudev:** Do you know why? No? OK. I will tell you. It is because the transformer called the Guru is a transformer of LOVE. COMPASSION. MERCY.



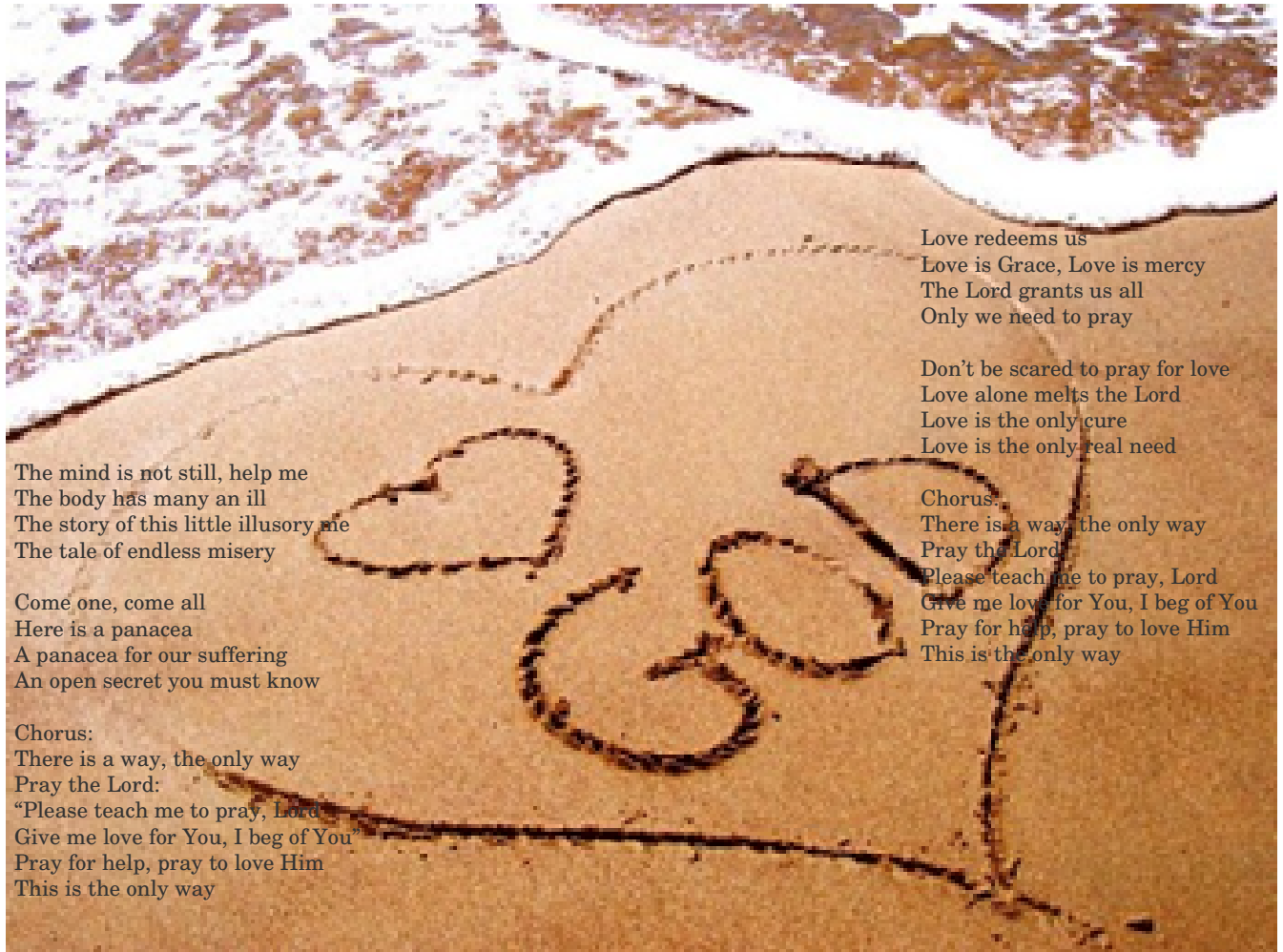
Guruji guiding his disciples on phone



**Divine Memories - Gurudev at Ghazipur in early July, 2013**



**Poetry from the Source - Gurudev composed this poem-song on July 15, 2013**  
**THE ONLY WAY**



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A beautiful sunrise from  
Guruji's terrace at Ghazipur

