



Divine Love

..Its Possible..

Yug Diwakar Pujya Gurudev
Shree Namramuniji Maharaj Saheb



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By Yug Diwakar Pujya Gurudev
Shree Namramuniji Maharaj Saheb

Translation : Ms. Uma Shah

: Editorial Input :

Gurubhakt Rajnikant Shah
Gurubhakt Pratima Badani
Gurubhakt Nandita Sheth
Gurubhakt Jayshri Doshi
Gurubhakt Swati Kamdar
Gurubhakt Forum Shah
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DIVINE LOVE

Its Possible !!!

A magnificent seven storey high mansion... A small dark room in the basement of this mansion... A 19 year old beautiful, young girl sitting alone in a dark corner of this dingy room.

Her eyes are filled with turmoil and her mind is stressed with upheavals. Her expressive eyes convey interplay of mixed feelings. One moment her thoughts fill her with immense pain... tears trickle down her eyes... the next moment she experiences extreme elation... a sweet smile of contentment spreads across her delicate lips. Every now and then she retreats into her past; recalling every incident that occurred and then returns back to her present.

On closing her eyes, she sees the luxury and comfort of her palace; but when she opens them, she finds herself in the depressive, dingy dark room...!

With eyes closed, she visualizes the loving face of her mother, affectionately caressing her head; her caring father showering his love on her and the luxury and comforts of the palace with attendants at her service. When she opens her eyes, she is terrified just imagining the cruel image of her foster mother staring at her with fiery eyes. She experiences the unhappiness of that dark room and the torture of being bound with shackles. When she closes her eyes, she visualizes herself as a princess and on opening them, she sees herself as a prisoner...!

Amidst these mixed feelings of happiness and unhappiness... joy and sorrow... she remembers "two eyes and a sublime innocent face." The moment she visualizes this, she slips into a soothing trance, forgetting both, the ecstasy of her joy and the grief of her pain; and her heart experiences a novel, extraordinary feeling which cannot be expressed in words...!

Generally, When a person is in company, he lives in the present; but when loneliness strikes – past, present and future... all come before his eyes.

When a person is alone, incidents from the past - occasions, love, affection, pride, insults, moments of happiness and pain come to him in flashes.

Is loneliness good or bad ? Is solitude really a gift ?

There are some people who do not like staying alone and seek to be in a group and there are some, who do not prefer being in a group. Such people cannot get along well with others. What truly is the problem with mankind ?

Our biggest shortcoming is that, **“Neither do we like to stay alone nor can we get along well with others.”**

The young girl, preoccupied in her thoughts, suddenly touches her head with her hands and sadly thinks of the past days. “Oh God ! I had such beautiful hair... someone has taken them away... deprived me of my beauty... and snatched away my charm.” Then, a question arises in her mind... will the person I love, love me too without my beauty ?

Who is this person ? Whose thoughts is she preoccupied with, that her mind is going through such upheavals ?

When a person is in solitude, he remembers everyone who has ever been a source of either happiness or pain to him. When people are alone, they remember both; people whom they like and ones they dislike.

An affectionate person, deep in love, will perpetually remember and recall the form of his beloved, the pleasant times spent with the beloved and experience sheer bliss ! But one who is not in love, who does not know how to love, indulges in finding faults in others, recalling flaws and vices of other people.

Here we are talking about a person who is deeply in love. There is abundant love in her heart ! She knows what love is and how to love ! At a very tender age, she had seen two mesmerizing eyes which

captivated her heart to eternity. The overflowing affection in those eyes sowed the seeds of love in her tender heart.

The name of this innocent girl is Vasumati. She is now in her prime youth, but is sitting all alone in a dark dingy room of a huge mansion. She is struggling amidst the battle of her contradictory thoughts.

In these moments of loneliness, she is surrounded with thoughts, “When I was small, I was in the palace... I was the dearest princess of the king... I got all that I asked for, but today ? Today when I'm hungry... there is no food ! There is nobody to serve food to me. In my palace, I would get milk or juice even if I asked for water... and today...! My throat is dry with thirst, but there is no one to offer me a drop of water !

Why is it ? Why so many contradictions ? What have I done wrong ? What mistake have I made ? What is the reason behind this suffering ?”

Now and then, her mind gets disturbed with such thoughts and then suddenly, a different thought strikes, and she starts smiling. Again those amazing eyes enthrall her and she wonders, “Where is that person ? In which city is he ? What must he be thinking ? How must he be looking ?” The very thought of those two mesmerizing eyes elates her heart and she is filled with immense joy even in the midst of her adversities.

She also remembers two other people. They were her eternal source of love and care. She remembers the city of Koshambi where she was born, and the palace where she was brought up. She recalls her father Dadhivahan, showering love on her and her affectionate mother Dharini, always pampering her. Pining with separation from her dear ones, tears trickle down from her sad eyes.

Her parents, who once looked upon their small daughter with love and affection, were not aware of the fact that their lovely daughter, who was today playing in front of their eyes, was going to become a great *Sadhavi* (female monk) in future.

They had not imagined that their daughter, who was standing in front of the mirror then, adoring her beauty then, was in future going to enlighten her virtues, standing before the crystal clear mirror of her soul.

Had her parents ever imagined that the small girl playing in their lap will serve the society(*Shasan*) in the future ? The one whom they love today, will be loved by the entire society tomorrow ? Her head which is adorned by silken tresses, will become bald in the future? Today, the hands that are playing with toys will tomorrow carry a *rajoharan* (broom of wool carried by Jain sadhus)? One who is having lavish meals, today, will be collecting alms in the future ?

Was her mother ever aware of this truth ? Can a mother ever claim to know her child completely? The answer is NO...!

No parent can claim to know their child completely. When a turning point will come in the life of an individual, is never known.

A turning point in one's life can bring about a major turn ... a major curve... a major change... within no time...

A turning point may come in an instantaneous moment, but it is powerful enough to alter a person's entire life.

Little did the mother, who was comforting Vasumati in her lap, know that in future she was going to pass away in her daughters lap.

The little girl was gradually growing up. Her parents were simple and straight forward. They trusted their friends and relatives.

There is one truth that each individual should remember, in this world, the more you trust someone, the more he gives you reasons to cry.

Today whom you consider your relative,

May tomorrow become your enemy.

One who is dear to you today,

May tomorrow become the cause of your pain.

One who is today showering you with flowers of praise,

May hurt you later with thorns of criticism.

One who gives you life today,
May tomorrow be the cause of your death.
There is no surety of the people of this world,
Here, no one can predict, who will break whose trust at what time.
One who loves you immensely today may start hating you tomorrow.

Since people are so indecisive and everything is so temporary in this world, one should neither be too attached nor too detached with anyone.

**Too much love or too much hatred may become
the reason for too much pain.
Behind every breath of a worldly person's relationship,
lies selfishness.**

Just like the body, relationships too thrive on breath.

A person in whom you have complete faith can break your trust and become your prime source of pain and problems.

A similar incident occurred with King Dadhivahan and Queen Dharini. They both were completely assured about the love and loyalty of Dharini's sister and brother-in-law, who were the King and Queen of their neighboring kingdom. Obsessed with money and blinded by power, Dharini's brother-in-law Shatanik forgot his relationship and cheated Dadhivahan by attacking his kingdom at night, when he was asleep.

“It is during times of crisis, that the person whom we trust, runs away in order to save his life, leaving us alone in the midst of trouble.”

That is why it is often said that “It is during crisis that you come to know who your true friends and relatives really are!”

There was havoc all over. He started looting and plundering Dadhivahan's kingdom.

A real warrior never attacks from the back. He confronts his opponent directly, face to face.

This sudden attack created a lot of chaos in the kingdom. People started fleeing in order to save their lives.

In this world you will have many people to share your happiness, but very few who will stand by you in your times of grief.

In the palace, princess Vasumati too was left alone by her attendants and maids who ran to save their lives... they are the same people who earlier comforted the queen and the princess 24 by 7 before Shatanik attacked the kingdom. Vasumati ran to her mother for help. They were unfortunately captured by the soldiers of the enemy army while trying to escape. During that age, women were not free and emancipated. A woman who was thus captured, became the personal property of the person who took her.

Imagine this: a moment ago, two women - a queen and a princess, who had all the luxury and wealth of the world at their feet, were in the very next moment, captives of an enemy soldier who took them away in a chariot. Think of the turmoil that these two ladies must have undergone, the fear that they must have experienced, regarding the intentions of the man who was their master and with whom they were travelling through the forest. Think of their fear regarding the future. There must have been such pain in their eyes, along with tears of sadness and so many unanswered questions in their mind.

Till yesterday, they had guards around them to ensure their safety. Today, there was not a single soul to save them. Yesterday, they led a royal life & today, they were slaves. That is why it is said that –

Fruits of meritorious deeds (*Punya*) are like bubbles of water - No one knows when the bubble will burst.

It does not take long for the bubble to burst and similarly,

It does not take time for our *Punya* (meritorious deeds) to decrease.

Hence, when we are sitting on the bubbles of our meritorious deeds, we must not be too excited or too happy. The amount of happiness that our *Punya* gives, our *Paap* give us an equal amount of unhappiness.

A balanced and happy person is one who remains stable, calm and composed while enduring the fruits of both *Paap* and *Punya*.

This is not merely a story of princess Vasumati. From each and every real life incident and experience of Vasumati, we have to learn the vital purpose of life.

On reaching halfway through the forest, the chariot halted with a jolt. Dharini's heartbeat increased. She was extremely worried ! A dense, dark forest, unknown person, and no knowledge of his intentions. Before she could think anything further, Subhat - the charioteer came and stood right in front of her and said "I have liked you since years. That is the reason why I selected you instead of jewels and wealth. I want to make you my wife." This is the innate tendency of a man. He is never satisfied with one woman. He is like a butterfly. His loyalty and attention keep shifting from one flower to another. Subhat had a wife and family, yet he aspired to marry Dharini.

Dharini was an ardent devotee of Bhagwan Parshwanath. She had deep faith in him. Her embellishments and thoughts were different. She realized that Subhat had become a slave to lust and desire and had lost his reasoning. She instantly took a harsh decision. Without hesitating even for a moment, she placed her tongue between her teeth and bit it hard.

Thirteen year old, innocent Vasumati was dazed. Before she could realize what happened, she saw her mother taking her last breath. Her mother asked her to come closer. With her crushed, hanging tongue she could barely speak two words "Dear Vasu". Vasumati said, "Mother ! What happened ?" Her mother just gazed at her with deep love in her eyes and breathed her last.

Just think... the mother, whose lap Vasumati used to sleep, until now, was lying lifeless in her lap. The mother, in whose lap Vasumati had taken her first breath, had today taken her last breath.

The plot of *paap* and *punya* is bizarre, the calculation of *karma* is

very different. Yesterday, while enjoying the luxuries of the palace, both Dharini and Vasumati were unaware of the calamities that were in-store for them.

Life is so unpredictable. One turn of fate and both royalties had to leave their palace. Today, they were lying on the floor, in the forest, at the mercy of their enemies. The day before, while sleeping in her mother's lap, Vasumati was unaware that the following day, her mother would be lying lifeless in her lap.

The lesson that we learn from this incident is that tomorrow is unpredictable. We can never trust tomorrow. It can be very different from today, either better or worse. Tomorrow might never come for someone. Like Dharini, one can lose one's life and there is no tomorrow... It can mean another birth, another life altogether.

Today is the most important day in a person's life.

One who values today and attempts to make the best of it, sows the seeds for a better future. Thus, step-by-step, a person can create a good life until the end. If one leads a virtuous life throughout, then that virtuousness continues till eternity.

When Dharini saw an uncertain, bleak future, she altered her present. What about the tender thirteen-year old girl Vasumati? She is desperately trying to awaken her mother. She tries to wake her up, cries for her, "Mother... Mother!" But her mother is silent. She shows no reaction. The mother, who used to be at the back and call of her daughter, who used to shower her with love and affection, was today not even responding to her.

Well, this is the bitter truth of life.

One who is with us today, may not be with us tomorrow.

One who is ours today, may not remain ours tomorrow.

From the past, once again, Vasumati is jolted back into the present. Sitting in the dark room, she thinks of her mother and says, "Oh mother! Look at my condition after you left me. My hair, which was a matter of pride for you, my beautiful hair that you so gently took

care of, is gone. You were my mother and you loved me till the end. After you left, the person whom I looked upon as a mother, respected as a mother, abandoned me. She hit me, robbed me of my hair and locked me in a dark room.”

Thinking of her mother, she again recalls the scene in the forest. She remembers her mother lying in her lap and the stunned face of the charioteer Subhat. He is shocked to see Dharini's face. He thinks, “What is this...? I wanted to make her mine but she left everything and has gone to heaven.” He is in shock, he is horrified...!

A terrified person forgets everything and loses all strength.

Fear causes forgetfulness.

He feels he has lost everything. In order to make Dharini his own, he left behind all the wealth and jewels at the palace. Now, he has lost her and is left with nothing either.

This is another truth of life - the person for whom you aspire to do a lot, just leaves you and goes away.

Sitting in the dark room, Vasumati is thinking about her miserable life, comparing her past and her present. In between the thoughts of these two periods, she once again remembers those **two unforgettable eyes**. In spite of being in immense pain, her lips break into a smile, love overflows from her shattered heart and her heart starts throbbing. Why did this happen?

This is because something very strange happened to her during the period when she was about to enter her youth; during the beautiful spring of her life, she had seen a face, a person with a rare and unique personality, that left a lasting impression on her mind. When she saw the person moving closer, she experienced some unusual feelings, which were very new to her. The strings of her heart started tingling. 'It was as if those two attractive eyes had captivated her through eternity'. There was not a drop of passion in those eyes, instead there was cascade of affection. There was an ocean of pure love in those eyes.

Vasumati felt like drowning in that ocean. She was extremely attracted and unimaginably drawn towards this soul. The attraction was so deep rooted that even after many years, the memories of that divine uplifting moment were fresh in her mind. Although she had seen that distinctive face and those adorable loving eyes only for a few seconds, the very thought of them was powerful enough to bring a smile on her face, erase her pain, make her happy and blissful.

Who was this person towards whom she was so intensely attracted ? When did they meet and under which circumstances ? Did any conversation take place between them ?

Sitting in the dark, dingy room of a magnificent mansion, Vasumati is preoccupied with the thoughts of her past and present. Torn between the glory of her past and the pain of her present, she is sitting all alone, watching the unwinding plot of *karma*...observing the game play of *karma*. Sometimes, it makes her cry and at other times, it makes her laugh.

What can be the mental state of a lady born in a palace but spending her youth in prison ? Again, she slips into her past. She ruminates about her parents and her joyful and comfortable life with them.

Another truth of life: **We fail to value people when they are near us and we tend to recognize their real worth only when they are no longer with us.**

She recalls the time when she had wept after her mother's death. Why do we weep on the death of our dear ones ? Tears actually give vent to our sorrow. When our grief is too deep to be expressed in words, tears come to our rescue and give vent to our grief.

Vasumati is thinking that earlier when I used to cry, my mother would come to me... console me... love me.... and wipe my tears. Today when I am crying there is no one to comfort me.

The charioteer Subhat regrets his misdeeds and decides to take

Vasumati to his house and take care of her as a daughter. He wants to repent for his sins in this manner. Unfortunately, his wife sees Vasumati's beauty as a threat to her. As it is, one woman can never bear another woman in her house.

Love is always accompanied by possessiveness...!

Subhat's wife was uncomfortable. The atmosphere in his house started to deteriorate. Out of desperation, he decided to take Vasumati to the market and sell her away.

This was an era when people were sold as slaves.

Vasumati recalls that heart wrenching moment when she was standing in the center of the market and was about to be sold... her eyes are full of shame and misery... she tries to avoid people's eyes watching her... imagine the plight of a woman who is out there to be sold !!!

In the past, there was a time when, in order to meet her, people had to take permission and pass through numerous soldiers but today, so many eyes were staring at her and looking at her beauty with sinful desire in their eyes, there was no one to save her !

The person who had never seen unhappiness was today standing in the center of the market, as a commodity to be sold.

When the seeds of *karma* are sown, when they are manifested, when and how one has to bear their fruits of *karma*, no one can predict.

When a person's *punya karma* is manifested, he will meet many to love and take care of him and when his *paap karma* is manifested, he may see or face acute problems like Vasumati.

Standing in the center of the market, what is Vasumati thinking ? Well, she is thinking that this whole universe is like a sea, where there is low tide at times and high tide at other times... life thus goes on with its ups and downs !!!

Our problems might seem like heavy mountains to us, but remember that this is a mountain of ice. Sooner or later, it will melt. We must not lose hope if we are unsuccessful in solving our problems.

No problem is ever permanent.

One more truth of life is :

Only that much pain befalls you, as much as you can bear.

Who was the person who purchased Vasumati with one lakh gold coins ? She was a courtesan. A princess born in a palace was today on her way to the house of a courtesan. Vasumati's beauty drives her to pay one lakh gold coins. once a princess... today a pauper ! What will she do there ? Entertain guests !!!

When she was about to take her first step, a miracle took place !

Always remember - **An eclipse never obstructs the stars, a rose never grows in a desert and a person never gets more pain than he can bear.**

When Vasumati moves a step ahead, suddenly, a whole group of monkeys appear and attack the courtesan. She is badly bruised by them and is bleeding profusely. The courtesan is extremely terrified. At that time, Vasumati thinks, "God is definitely with me ! My good luck has at last favored me. My good *karmas* have at last come to my rescue in the midst of so much misery."

The frightened and injured courtesan was about to flee when a rich merchant's gaze fell upon Vasumati.

When we feel that we are surrounded by darkness from all sides, just at that moment, a ray of hope appears from somewhere.

The arrival of the merchant in Vasumati's life seemed like the only ray of hope in her otherwise dark life.

The merchant, whose name is Dhanavah *sheth*, sees this innocent and frightened girl. Looking at her face, he senses royalty. He notices child-like innocence in her eyes. He sees her beauty, coupled with tranquility. Instantly, he develops a soft corner for the girl. He experiences fatherly affection for her.

If in any birth, we had made a connection with another person, then once again, when we come in contact with that person, we may not recognize him/her, but that connection will rouse feelings in our heart for him/her.

Feelings naturally and easily arise when frequency matches.

Dhanavah *sheth* looks upon Vasumati as his daughter.

He asks the courtesan, “how much you paid for her?”.

The courtesan answers, “one lakh gold coins”.

The merchant gives her one lakh and one gold coins and tells the courtesan that he will take the girl with him.

Vasumati wonders... “Who is this person?”

Sometimes, it so happens that, we don't know a person, we have never met them, yet on seeing them for the first time, it seems as though we have known them for ages.

At times, without knowing, love develops. Without any prior meetings, a sense of oneness develops in just one meeting. Without any relation, one experiences affection and sensitivity towards another!

Dhanavah *sheth* looks at Vasumati and Vasumati looks at him. In both their gazes, there is purity and innocence.

Dhanavah *sheth* asks her, “Who are you? My child, where have you come from?” Vasumati didn't answer... she is quiet. He asks again, “What is your name?” She remains quiet... She does not answer.

Vasumati thinks in her mind that whatever is happening in her life is because of her *karmas*.

Where I am and what I get is due to my karma. I do not want to disclose my identity!

Thus, the *sheth* gives her a new name, '**Chandana**'. Soon, they reach his home. They get down from the chariot and enter a mansion as big as a palace. Upon entering the mansion, Dhanavah *sheth* says, “My daughter! Consider this house yours... stay here happily.”

Chandana is intensely moved to hear the affectionate word '**daughter**'. Tears trickle down her eyes and moved by the merchants love and affection, she starts sobbing...

What a journey she has had! From her palace... to the dense

forest... to the house of Subhat... to the market place... and finally, this mansion.!

Happiness and grief, laughter and tears, this is the order of life. No individual can escape this law. Being a part of nature's ways, Chandana too starts leading a happy and comfortable life in Dhanavah sheth's mansion. Willingly she takes care of the merchant and his wife. She sees her father in the merchant.

Chandana is naturally very dutiful and sober. No one needed to give her instructions. She took up responsibilities on her own. Without being told, she would cater to all the needs of the merchant and his wife.

Some individuals are so oblivious that no matter how much effort we put in training them, all the effort goes in vain. Others are so efficient that when they look into the eyes of their elders, they realize their requirements.

“A mere signal is enough for a humble person to realize.”

In a humble person's life, most acute problems are also temporary.

What was the span of Chandana's turmoil ? It was just a matter of several days, from the time she left the palace till she reached Dhanavah sheth's mansion. She was able to overcome the pain of those few days and once again, she started leading a peaceful life.

There is another truth that we have to remember here :

Not all can digest happiness...

Not all can digest love...

Not all can digest success...

A humble person's vibrations are so powerful and positive that wherever they go, they become dear to all. Chandana too became the dear daughter of the *sheth*.

Today, still sitting in the dark room, Chandana recalls her first day in the *sheth's* mansion. The *sheth* affectionately takes her to every room in the mansion. He shows her everything with love and interest. “Dear child, see this... this is how we got here... I got this from abroad.” His

wife too welcomes her with love and affection. She too is very happy to see Chandana.

Dhanavah *sheth* tells his wife - Mula *shethani*, "We do not have any children so God has sent us a child. See, I have brought our child today. The *shethani* too very lovingly hugged Chandana. Tears of joy trickled down her eyes, and the same woman today ?

With the passage of time, Chandana grew up to be an extremely beautiful lady. With the blooming of Chandana's beauty, a sense of insecurity started developing in the mind of the Mula *shethani*.

Chandana looked upon the merchant as her father. She was very fond of him. She took care of all his needs like a dutiful daughter. She chatted with him and shared her happiness and pain with him. The *shethani* was reasonably comfortable with this when Chandana was young. However, complications arose as Chandana grew into a stunning beauty. Her beauty poked like a thorn in the eyes of her *shethani*...!

Where we can exercise our authority, sentiments of rights occur.

**Once a sense of right is born,
expectations too arise very naturally.**

**When things do not happen according to expectations,
disturbance is bound to occur.**

It is human tendency that we attempt to exercise our dominance over people who obey us and we remain quiet when people do not listen to us.

Those were times of male dominance. The merchant was the final decision maker and his wife did not have much say in matters. The *shethani's* grievances for Chandana started increasing. Her growing beauty continued disturbing her and Chandana's presence started burning her with jealousy, suspicion and distrust from within. She just could not bear Chandana in her house.

If feelings of dislike are not eradicated at the beginning, they are bound to multiply.

Dislike increases with rapid speed. It multiplies without reason...

Mulla *shethani* starts to keep a close watch on every action and every word of both her husband and Chandana. She could not digest the fact that Chandana was taking great care of her husband.

One day the merchant returned home, completely wet, legs soiled with muck due to the rains. He stood at the door and called...

Whom does he call for ?

Always remember, when we are in need, we always call for the person who normally takes care of us, caters to our needs, who is concerned about our necessities.

The merchant called for **Chandana!**

Chandana came out running. When she saw that the merchant's legs were dirty, she ran in and brought a towel and water.

She says, "Father, I will wash your legs." She bends down and starts cleaning his legs. At that moment, her long beautiful hair starts flowing on the ground. The merchant sees this and feels that Chandana's hair will get dirty in the muddy water, so he raises her hair from the ground with his hands. Mulla *shethani* watches this from the balcony

Remember this...

One perceives the other person based on one's own thoughts and perceptions.

We are likely to only notice the aspects of a situation in accordance to what is going on in our mind.

If there is perversion within you,
the opposite person will appear the same to you.

If you are not truthful,
the opposite person too will appear dishonest to you.

Mulla *shethani* had harbored erroneous thoughts for a significant



period of time. Now she keeps thinking that there is definitely something immoral brewing between her husband and Chandana. There are some people who see faults even in innocent people. Once an impression is set in our mind, even in the long run, it cannot be erased. That is why we tend to favor our impressions rather than the truths of current occurrences.

The moment she sees her husband lifting Chandana's hair, Mulla *shethani* turns green with envy and her entire existence is ignited, even without fire.

“There are some people who will not burn if they are placed within a fire and there are some, who will burn even without a fire.”

In this world, there are very few people like Chandana and the merchant; but there are many like Mulla *shethani*.

There are more suspicious people than trustworthy people around.

There are more people who indulge in negative thinking and less people who indulge in positive thinking.

Mulla *Shethani* too was a suspicious person. Her whole body was burning with envy. She wanted to take some action but she was waiting for the right opportunity.

Will she soon get an opportunity to take action ? What will she do at this moment ? Will the happy days remain in Chandana's life ? In what manner will the merchant's wife give vent to her anger ?

A seven-storey mansion... a small dark room in it... a beautiful girl is seated in the dark room... today is the third day. Recollections of past and present incidents are ongoing. In the midst of all this, there is the soothing memory of **two beautiful eyes !**

Two days have already passed, today is the third day. Chandana is hungry... she is thirsty, but there is no food or water... there is no one to ask her well-being. She is sitting all alone in a corner.

At times, there are tears in her eyes and at times, her eyes sparkle.

An individual is never alone. He might appear to be alone

if someone is not present in person with him, but in reality, he would be preoccupied with some thought or memory of the past incidents or experiences. Thus, one is never alone.

God says, that if an individual is totally alone (i.e. without any thought or action) for forty-eight minutes, then he can attain omniscience(*kevalgyan*).

Chandana is once again lost in her thoughts.

Mulla *shethani*'s eyes are again green with envy. Her dislike and jealousy keeps on multiplying. Whenever she sees Chandana, the only thing she can think of is... "What do I do ? How do I stop her from becoming the other women in my life ? How do I prevent her from taking my place ?" She is extremely obsessed and edgy.

The root cause of turmoil is lack of understanding.

The root cause of disturbance is doubt.

Sometimes, we may be totally wrong in evaluating or understanding a person or a situation. Apparently, we may see something and reach to certain conclusion but in reality, it might be something else altogether....!!

Sitting in the dark room, Chandana thought... sometime back, I was serving water to my foster father... He too had told me with such love... "My child, stay comfortably." Standing at the door, I kept gazing at him till he went out of sight. Suddenly at that moment, someone pulled my hair from behind.

Mulla *shethani* could not bear the pure, innocent, father-daughter relationship between her husband and Chandana.

A person whose mind is polluted and whose thoughts are perverted can never see the purity of any relationship.

They see faults in everyone and everything.

Mulla *shethani* too had become obsessed with just one thought. She could not reason that her husband was a sixty-year old matured gentleman and Chandana was an eighteen-year old innocent girl.

Truth is never visible if there is a layer of doubt in the eyes.

There are some people whose opinions are like photographs. They become permanent impressions in their mind just like photo prints.

**One small doubt can sometimes become
a cause of very serious conflict.**

The root cause of doubts and conflicts is distrust.

When we do not trust someone, suspicion is born.

Faith is the breath of a relationship.

When the breath of faith decreases, the relationship is on course for demise.

Mulla *shethani's* mistrust provokes her to pull Chandana's hair. Before Chandana can understand anything, she starts attacking her with words.

A beating, given by words, is more painful than that given by hands.

A beating given by hands can still be healed, but that given by words gets inscribed in the heart and cannot be forgotten for years.

An innocent girl is being attacked by words, "You are sinful, you are corrupt, you are perverted ! Using the magic of your beauty, you are destroying my life. Are you not ashamed ?"

"When a person is angry, he loses control but when a person becomes spiteful he loses everything, all reasoning...!"

Mulla *shethani* was not angry with Chandana. She had malice in her heart for Chandana. Malice is so dangerous that it takes away the fear of God. Anger may be temporary but malice is very long-lasting.

Pulling her hair and hitting her, Mulla *shethani* tells her, "Immoral girl... tell me who you are ? Who are your parents ?"

With tears in her eyes, Chandana answers, "Mother, I am your child and you both are my parents." Mulla *shethani* yells at her, "You have trapped my husband. I have now understood your ill intentions."

Chandana pleads, "Mother please do not tarnish our pure, father-daughter relationship. Do not look upon our relationship with suspicion."

Mulla *shethani* is in no state to listen. Her anger is uncontrollable. There is only one thought dominating her mind, “What should I do with this girl ?” Just then, she sees a pair of scissors. She picks it up and starts to cut off Chandana's silky long, black hair.

A woman's beauty lies in her hair and hair therefore, is dearest to any woman. On top of this, Mulla *shethani* continues her verbal attack on Chandana. “It is because of this hair you are so dear to my husband. Today, I will do away with your hair and then I will see how my husband likes you !”

After totally chopping off her hair, she taunts Chandana and says, “I have cut off all your hair which you used as a tool to trap my husband !”

Keeping herself calm, Chandana, very genuinely replies, “Mother, if removing my hair makes you happy, then it makes me happy too.”

Listening to this, Mulla *shethani* is even more infuriated as she did not expect this answer. She wants to see Chandana irritated and distressed, but Chandana is calm and composed, she does not lose her control.

The *shethani* then brings a pair of shackles and shouts at Chandana, “I will only get peace when I tie you up with these shackles and lock you up in a room.”

In this way, due to manifestation of some *paap karmas*, Chandana ends up in a dark room of the mansion. Once a princess and now a captive ! What a turn of fortunes !!!

What are Chandana's thoughts ? Does she blame the *shethani* ? Does she harbor any malice in her mind for the lady whom she looks upon as her mother ? No...! Chandana thinks, “I too must have harmed someone, cut someone's hair. I too must have given pain to someone. That is why I am in this condition today.”

What we give to nature, it gives back to us.

Not only that, it gives back with interest.

If we give love, we will get love and that too with interest and if we give pain, we will get pain with interest. This is the mathematics of *karma*.

As Chandana is preoccupied with these thoughts, someone starts knocking noisily on the door of the dark room she is in. She is petrified... Then, she hears the sound of the door opening... out of fear, she tries to get up but falls back. The person who entered the room hears the sound of Chandana's fall. He utters some words...

Words that are uttered usually are of two types.

Some words are like salty sea water.

Some words are sweet, like the water of the Ganges.

Some words make people laugh. Some words make people cry.

The words that fall on Chandana's ears are sweet and soothing like the water of the Ganges. She hears, "My daughter, Chandana..."

Chandana's face brightens with happiness when she hears these loving words and sees her father entering the room. Her fear vanishes and she says, "Father! You are here!"

The *sheth* could not hear Chandana's words. He was too shocked to see her ill state. Before he left town, he had seen her happy and joyful and today, he is seeing her in a totally contrasting state.

No hair on her head, her hands and legs are tied, she is locked in a small dark room and her innocent face has lost all its charm due to hunger and thirst.

The *sheth* is looking at Chandana and she is looking at him.

Imagine the scenario...!!!

What were Chandana's feelings?

If a person meets someone who offers him love and affection, especially when he is surrounded by pain and unhappiness, how does he feel?

If someone comes to save us when we are about to drown, how would we feel?

Well, Chandana felt the same. She too becomes emotional and rushes towards her father. Unfortunately, she is unable to reach him as her hands and legs are tied.

She falls with her head at her father's feet, her eyes weeping...

During times of trouble, if someone close appears in front of us, our pain finds a vent and starts flowing as tears.

When our dear one, a closest relative is in acute pain, we are moved and disturbed. Same is the condition of the *sheth*. He is unable to understand why his daughter is being punished.

He only knows that this small room in his mansion was used for punishing criminals.

Whom could he ask ? His wife has gone to her mother's house. She has given leave to all the servants too. There was only an old lady who informed him that there was nobody in the house except Chandana.

The *sheth*, with utmost concern, asks Chandana, "My child ! Who is responsible for your tragic condition ? Who locked you here ?"

Chandana gives no answer. He further asks, "My child, who has cut your hair so brutally ? Who tied you in shackles ?"

Again, Chandana does not answer.

"A virtuous person is one who, in spite of knowing the name of the wrongdoer, does not give it out."

Chandana is quiet but tears are continuously flowing from her eyes. Her father holds her hand and tries to take her out of the room.

Chandana's head starts spinning and she again falls at the edge of the doorsill...

"Father ! I am very hungry... I am very thirsty... my head is spinning !" The *sheth* looks around him. The mansion seems deserted. Since there has been nobody in the mansion for the past three days, no food is available...!

At that instant, the *sheth* sees the sieve in which the old lady had put some boiled black beans (adad) for the water to strain. The *sheth* quickly gets the sieve (supadu) and places it in her hands and tells her,

“My child, you eat this and in the meantime, I will fetch a blacksmith who can cut these shackles and free you.”

Both of them are unaware of the fact that soon, an extraordinary event is going to take place and the blacksmith will not be required.

Chandana is seated on the threshold of the room, the sieve (supadu) with the beans in her hands. But how can she eat ? Both her hands are tied. Moreover, she had previously taken a vow of eating only after feeding someone. So, sitting on the threshold of the room, she awaits the arrival of a guest. Suddenly, she experiences an unusual sensation in her heart... her heart is beating fast... she forgets her hunger and thirst and experiences a strange kind of happiness... she feels an unusual type of bliss.!!

She sees a blurred vision in front of her eyes...!

She wants to eat but, first she wants to feed someone and then eat...!

One oath taken in childhood is today going to prove highly beneficial to her.

She raises her eyelids and looks up !

She is sitting on the threshold with shackles in her hands and legs...!

A virtuous person thinks if he eats everything, what will he give others ?

A callous person thinks if he gives everything to others, what will he eat ?

Chandana is sitting and waiting, with the hope of feeding another before eating. At that moment, she sees someone at a distance.

In the midst of three days of torture, she constantly recalled the memory of those two unusual eyes that brought sparkle to her tearful eyes.

The innocent, pure face was unforgettable. The two unusual mesmerizing eyes that she had seen at the tender age of nine or ten at her maternal uncle's house and the sensations and feelings they generated within her at that time when her eyes met those amazing eyes were remarkable.

She had never again experienced such an emotional state. She still has not been able to forget those two wonderful eyes. Amazingly, during these three painful days, time and again, she remembered those eyes and that person !!!

She asks, “Who is he ? Will I ever meet him again ? Where will I find him ?” Today, after so many years, when she is surrounded by sorrow, to her amazement, she sees that person.

“When we are extremely unhappy... remember, that soon, we will be on our way to immense happiness.”

“When we receive hatred... remember, that soon, we will receive affection at the highest level.”

Chandana sees that person gradually walking towards her. She sees her long-time dream turning into a reality. Her imagination of so many years was today a reality before her. She wonders, “Is HE the same individual ? After so many years, why am I seeing HIM today ?” There is a difference in HIM from what I had seen before. At that time, HE was dressed as a prince. Today, HIS outfit is different.

But... yes, the eyes and the love emitting from those eyes is the same. Who is HE?

There are many other people with him but Chandana's attention is on no one else but only HIM and HIS amazing eyes... When she sees those eyes nearing her, an unusual excitement arises in her heart... Her heart starts throbbing with unexpected sensations. The vibrations of that noble person are affecting Chandana's intentions and feelings. She strongly feels that her connection with this person is not only of this life but of many previous lives. She is genuinely blissful. Who was this gentleman ? Why was she so happy to see HE ?

“To like someone is different and to feel a positive tingling sensation, a sense of vibration, in one's entire existence is different.”

When our dear and our beloved ones come closer, our heart starts tingling... vibrating...!

Upon glancing into a person's eyes, if we feel a sense of belonging and if our heart pulsates strangely, we can well believe that we have some past life connection with that person.

The emotion created due to a connection, is affection.

The emotion created due to a bond from previous births, is love.

Connection creates affection, but the emotion created due to bonds of pre-birth is LOVE.

As that individual comes closer, Chandana's heartbeat increases...she feels an unusual current of strength running through her body... she gets up and keeps gazing in that direction. She does not move her gaze. As that person comes closer and closer, Chandana finds herself sinking in the ocean of love flowing from those eyes...! Her existence starts melting into the stream of compassion in those eyes...! She is not even conscious of herself, She sees him coming closer to her...!

Chandana says, "Oh God ! HE is coming towards me, coming closer to me. These are the same eyes. The face too seems very familiar. What is happening to me upon seeing HIM ? I have never felt like this before. Over the years, I have met so many people but I have never had the same feelings for anyone else."

She thinks, "this person has to be someone very special. I am feeling strongly drawn towards HIM. Thousands of emotions are rising in my heart. What is happening to me and why?"

Chandana's love was bringing Parmatma closer to her.

The arrival of this divine person from a distant place was also significant.

Lord Mahavir too was coming with an *abhigraha* (vow). Many months ago, HE had set out to collect alms with one vow. As that vow was not fulfilled, HE returned without breaking HIS fast and continues HIS penance.

The people of the city are worried. Everyday, they offer HIM

different food items, but Lord Mahavir would return without saying anything. This way, five months and twenty-five days have passed. HIS followers are extremely concerned.

They are wondering... “what are HIS requirements ? What vow has HE taken ?”

No one is able to guess. Today, five months and twenty-five days have passed.

The arrival of Lord Mahavir in Chandana's life at this moment is also very significant.

How was Chandana's love ? What did she feel ? Her love for Lord Mahavir was exceptional... her love was unimaginable !!!

It is in reciprocation of her love that Lord Mahavir is here and it is as if HE is saying,

Come, oh *atman* (soul) ! I have come to take you with me.

Chandana has not eaten anything for three days and Lord Mahavir has not consumed anything for five months and twenty-five days.

The person for whom Chandana's heart strings were tingling, had come so near to her today... so close to her. On seeing HIM, Chandana is overwhelmed with emotion but Lord Mahavir is absolutely quiet.

The real depth of love can be measured by how much one sacrifices, how much care there is for the other soul and above all, what the level of surrender is.

Where there is true love, there is willingness for complete surrender... surrender unconditionally... such divine love does not consider one's physical appearance, it experiences the warmth of the soul.

Seeing the ocean of love in Lord Mahavir's eyes, Chandana's eyes start sparkling. So far, she has experienced unusual emotions and now, she is completely soaked in the ocean of love. She is unable to understand the reason of this forceful current of love.

Lord Mahavir has now reached very close to Chandana. She is

looking into HIS eyes and HE is looking into hers. Chandana is swimming in the stream of love without blinking her eyes. Both are quiet.

When love surfaces, words take a backseat and pulsating sentiments arise.

When speech becomes quiet, vibrations do the talking.

When eyes talk, lips get sealed as words become unnecessary.

Will these happy moments remain permanent for Chandanbala? Will this historic moment bring any transformation in her life? Will it bring a u-turn?

Lord Mahavir is looking at Chandana with love and compassion... Chandanbala too is gazing at HIM without blinking her eyes.

Thus, gazing at Lord Mahavir, Chandanbala realizes that HE is the only one who is her savior. With the emotions of love, dearness and reverence, she also feels that Lord Mahavir is the person who will free me from the unhappiness of all my prior and future births. Not only this, HE is the one who will liberate me from the never ending cycle of birth & death.

She is thinking...

What can I offer my Lord? In comparison to my soul, everything seems insignificant.

What should I offer my God?

What should I give to my dearest?

As it is, she did not have any *mithai* (Indian desserts), any delicacies to offer HIM, she just had black beans.

The truth, however, is that if one offers black beans with true love, it befits *mithai* and if one offers good food without love, it is as though nothing is being offered.

Remember, when love rises, emotions are roused, when reverence rises, the wish to offer is roused on its own. In such a state, an individual feels like offering everything that HE has. The desire to offer reaches its peak when an individual's only true aspiration is to offer the

best at the feet of HIS beloved.

Though born a princess, today, she has only black beans to offer to her most beloved !

Where there is pure love, material possessions are irrelevant.

Chandana is eagerly waiting with her offering. She wonders, “ will Lord Mahavir accept her gift ?” She is offering with deepest love and affection.

The individual standing in front of her is not any commoner. She is connected to HIM since many births. HE is Lord. Will Lord understand her emotions ?”

A great person is one who gives higher importance to his own sublime vow rather than only to the feelings of the opposite person.

Chandana is highly excited and overjoyed with her feelings of her offering. Her heart is dancing with joy. On the other hand, Lord is carefully and thoroughly observing her. HE is recollecting his vow. Lord had taken a vow with thirteen conditions. Five months and twenty-five days have passed, yet the conditions of HIS vow have not yet been met.

What is this *Abhigraha* (vow) ?

Abhigraha is a determination.

When a person determines with a clear heart and good faith, strong desire, firm decision, sincere efforts and perseverance to fulfill his resolution, then, with the passage of time as his vow becomes increasingly stronger, his fate is destined. This is called ***Bhavitavyata***

Bhavitavyata means the reflection of your intentions, the reflection of your feelings, starts casting its impression on the entire universe. The auspicious vibrations of your firm feelings are received by the universe.

Thus, note that the creation of your destiny is dependent on your intentions. Your circumstances are a result of your intentions. It is entirely according to your intentions that your circumstances are

created. This is the power of *abhigraha*.

Thus, your circumstances are the reflections of your intentions.

Lord Mahavir too had taken a vow at an auspicious moment. HE had thought of an *abhigraha* in HIS mind and had firmly decided that HE would only break HIS fast on the day HIS vow is fulfilled.

Today, even after five months and twenty-five days, HIS *abhigraha* has not been fulfilled. Due to the firmness of HIS intentions, circumstances have finally become favorable to HIM.

Lord Mahavir is looking at Chandana and recollecting the thirteen conditions of HIS *abhigraha*, one-by-one...

HIS first condition is... that HE will only accept food and water from the hands of a lady who is a princess leading a virtuous life... a pious life... must have been sold in a market, whose head should be bald and her hands and legs tied in shackles, she must be sitting at the doorsill of a dark room, her one leg should be inside the doorsill and the other leg should be out, there should be a sieve in her hands with black beans in it. Lord Mahavir noticed that all these conditions were fulfilled... they were exactly as HE had determined.

Moreover, there is immense happiness on Chandana's face as Lord Mahavir has come to her doorstep today.

AS HE could see all HIS conditions being fulfilled, HE thought the moment had arrived when HE would break HIS fast... HIS *abhigraha* was about to be fulfilled...!

Chandanbala is waiting eagerly to offer food to Lord Mahavir... but unexpectedly, in the midst of this atmosphere of joy and happiness, HE turns HIS back and HE leaves...

Chandana is shocked ! She starts shivering.

How does one feel, if on the verge of experiencing total universal bliss,... complete happiness... one loses it all in a fraction of a second ?

She thinks... "this world gave me pain, unhappiness, anguish. My

own parents left me and went away. Mulla *shethani*, whom I looked upon as a mother, turned her face against me.”

“Today, will my divine love also turn away ? Will my beloved also go away from me ?”

What is the proof of our connection with God or Guru ?

If our eyes do not become moist on the darshan of our God or Guru, then understand that our real connection has not yet been established. When we come in close proximity with God or Guru, the warmth of our sentiments and emotions are bound to rise. We will become speechless and our eyes will do all the talking. When our eyes start getting moist, our real interconnection with God establishing. The strings of our heart have been connected with the strings of the God's heart. When hearts melt, eyes are bound to become moist. God knows that the extremity of devotion is tears rolling down from the loving eyes and melting of the heart !

Lord Mahavir turned around to leave. Chandana wonders, “What is happening ? I felt HE is my savior, my protector, HE is my everything and now, HE too has turned HIS face away.

Imagine we are drowning in the sea. A log comes close to us from somewhere. We will be relieved and become hopeful that, finally, we will be able to swim with the help of this log. That is our last hope. Suddenly, a strong wave comes and the log drifts away from us. How will we feel ? Chandana's feelings are similar. She was convinced that her savior and protector had arrived, but in the next instance, HE turns HIS back on her. Why ? What went wrong ?

God (*Parmatma*) is one who takes your worth (*patrata*) to perfection (*purnata*).

Chandanbala's heart was full of devotion. There was warmth in her heart and excitement in her hands and legs. There was smile on her lips, yet something was missing...

She was looking at Lord without blinking her eyes but there was

something lacking in order to be one with the Lord. Her devotion and worship had not reached its peak. What was missing?

When Chandana sees Lord Mahavir turning away, she is overcome with anguish. She ponders, “what has happened ? Am I unsuitable? Am I unworthy of feeding HIM ? What is lacking in me? I know these black beans are not delicious but could Lord not see my love ? HE looked at the beans but could HE not see my devotion ? Did HE not notice my affection ? Is there any defect in my love ?”

Only when a person dives deep into the ocean of worship can he swim and only then can he be liberated. Mere splashing around is insufficient in worship. One cannot be on the sidelines in worship. Worship has no boundaries, no limits ! One has to drown deep in devotion !!!

Lord Mahavir is on HIS way back. HE glanced at Chandana but it did not take HIM long to turn away.

This is the difference between attachment and love. It is difficult to let go when attached to someone but when in divine love, one is able to detach as well.

Chandana fell in love with Lord Mahavir at first glance. It is purely a case of love at first sight. The strings of her heart start tingling.

Her worship and devotion for Lord Mahavir are unconditional...!

Chandanbala's affection for Lord Mahavir is not mere attachment. It is divine love and devotion. She is deep in devotion when HE turns away. She feels this world has given her so much pain and wonders if her Lord will do the same—leave her and go. Thousands of thoughts cross her mind at that moment.

**If we are neglected by the world, we can still accept it
but if our beloved leaves us, it is unbearable.**

**If the world does not look at us, it is still tolerable,
but if the person dearest to us does not look at us, it is almost
impossible to digest.**

We yearn for the glance of the person we love.

She ponders, “The person whose one glance gives me the experience of eternal happiness, HE only gave me a moment's happiness and then, left. HE did not even exchange a word with me. HE - the coach with whose support I was hoping to swim the worldly ocean did not give me any inspiration. Why didn't HE show me how to swim? Why did HE just leave?”

Anguish... Pain... Gloom... Issues... Millions of thoughts... Chandana is totally bewildered.

Love does not require any addressing(sambodhan). A relationship requires explanations, clarifications, etc.

Always remember that a relation, where there is no requirement for any explanation or any sort of addressing, is a permanent relationship!

Only a devotee can understand the extent of pain, anguish and unhappiness that Chandana experienced when Mahavir turned back. Only a devotee is aware of the unbearable pain that he experiences when he has to depart from her God or Guru.

Only a person deeply indulged in divine love is aware of the suffering of separation.

One has to drown in worship. Yet the devotee, who is drowning in devotion, is actually very happy because he knows for sure, that he will ultimately swim through the worldly ocean because of his devotion.

Onlookers feel that Chandana has lost her mind and become mad after Lord Mahavir. Only a devotee is aware of the intoxication of devotion and worship.

In order to know *Parmatma*, one has to have the heart of a devotee. A devotee only can understand the mental state of another devotee. One who has never worshiped God or Guru can never be aware of the spiritual yearning of a devotee.

If Lord Mahavir has turned back, it is alright. Maybe, he did not require the black beans. If he needs them, he will return. What is there

to cry or be disturbed by this? Ordinary people can think this way. But this is unimaginable for Chandana. She cannot even envisage this because she is a true devotee. She has loved and worshipped Lord Mahavir wholeheartedly.

She is indeed very disturbed that HE came to her door step, yet she could not offer HIM anything. She cries, "I could not serve HIM in any way. I could not do anything for HIM." Thinking about all these things, she starts weeping uncontrollably.

There is a vast difference between tears of love and tears of selfishness.

No one bothers about the tears of selfishness, but tears of love have the power to melt God's heart too.

If you want to make God or Guru your own, there is just one way. Love and worship from the bottom of your heart. Offer divine love. without any expectation or desire. Just keep on worshipping.

It is only divine love that has the power and strength with which one can make God or Guru one's own.

A devotee is one who gets wet... is soaked spiritually with tears of love, both from within as well as outside. Only one who gets wet in this way can make God his own. A person whose heart is drenched... gets wet from within and whose eyes get wet with tears, is one who can succeed in connecting with God... in bringing him back...!!

To connect with God does not require items or objects. What is required is **divine love**. If we want God with us... within us... we have to be filled with pure love.

Chandana is weeping. Tears are flowing from her eyes. With tears in her eyes, she calls out to Lord, "you too will leave me alone here? The people of this world have neglected me, you too will neglect me? My Lord, will you really leave me and go?"

It is very painful to be separated from someone whom you have made your own and loved so dearly. The person who has loved deeply

and truly, he alone can understand the pangs of separation.

Chandana's tears don't stop. She once again requests Lord Mahavir to comeback, "Oh Lord ! Please don't go away. Please come back."

What will Lord Mahavir do ? Will HE listen to her cries ?

At times, in order to teach a truth-seeker, God goes near him and at times, in order to teach HIM certain truths, God goes away from him.

At times, to kindle devotion, God needs to get close to the devotee and at times, God needs to drift away from the devotee.

A true worshiper values both proximity as well as distance from God or Guru.

How did Lord Mahavir know there were tears in Chandana's eyes ? Did HE turn back to notice ? No !

When the heart gets moist, eyes get moist too. When there are tears in the eyes, words too gets blurry. The tremor in her words moved Lord Mahavir. HIS heart softened and melted.

One who has never got wet in the rain can never understand the beauty of the wetness. Same is the case with divine love.

A true seeker is one whose eyes are moist and heart is soft... whose lips are wet... who shivers, and the words uttered have a tremor...!!!

Such moist words fall on Lord Mahavir's ears and HE turns around and realizes... Oh ! there are tears in her eyes!

When Lord Mahavir had first looked at Chandanbala, his twelve conditions were fulfilled. However, the thirteenth condition was not yet met.

HIS thirteenth condition was "tears in her eyes".

On seeing tears in her eyes, Lord Mahavir's eyes showered Chandanbala with divine love. A cloud of divine affection surrounded her.

When God or Guru glance at their devotees, there is immense affection in their gaze, there is boundless love. On whomever the shower of love flowing from God's or Guru's eyes falls, he not only

receives love but also obtains divine knowledge (*pragya*).

God or Guru showers HIS devotees with both eternal love and divine knowledge.

When Lord Mahavir showered HIS love and blessings on Chandanbala, she too was continually gazing at HIM with divine love in her eyes. At that auspicious moment, she established a soul to soul (*atmic*) connection with Lord.

A spiritual connection with God is essential. Soulful surrender at HIS feet is the only way that one's meeting with God or Guru will be fruitful. This is the sole route to God's heart.

What is the point if one's meeting with God or Guru does not take them to the state of spiritual and emotional ecstasy.

Very few people in this world have the good fortune of meeting God or Guru and only a handful amongst them have the extraordinary great fortune to experience a state of spiritual and emotional ecstasy.

Chandana is emotionally and spiritually connected to Lord and desires to offer all that she has ! The strings of her heart are connected with that of Lord and Lord's blessings is showered upon her. It is as if Lord is quietly inspiring her and explaining to her that, "Oh Chandana ! You have been suffering since so many life cycles, now, come onto the path that will give you eternal happiness...! Till today, many people may have broken your trust but I will never break your faith, I will never leave you. Come with me for self elation... I will lead you to salvation."

Chandana's entire existence gets shaken up. Her heart is throbbing with strange sensations. She is undergoing extreme fluctuations in her feelings. Her heart is yearning to rush towards Lord Mahavir. She wants to run and put her head at HIS feet. This is the peak of devotion.

But Chandana is unable to do so as her legs are tied in shackles.

To take the first step towards God or Guru, one has to begin with

own their feet. A journey that begins with one's feet and reaches the heart is the only journey that can help to reach God.

Chandana is too eager to achieve both, to reach the Lord's feet and to gain a place in HIS heart. Her heart is yearning to reach both in a flash.

Chandana sees her Paramatma... her dear Lord... her most revered... coming towards her. With tearful eyes, she sees Lord Mahavir coming closer to her. She wonders, "what is this? What am I seeing? Has my Lord understood my feelings? Has HE seen the depth of my anguish? Has HE come back to rescue me from my pain?"

Lord Mahavir smiles at her and she too smiles through her tears.

Why has Lord Mahavir come back to Chandana? Did Chandana have the strength to bring him back?

Yes, all devotees have that strength. **That strength is divine love.** With it, a devotee can make his God or Guru his own.

There is so much strength in a disciple's devotion that he can call back his God or Guru with it.

Lord Mahavir has almost reached Chandana. He sees tears in her eyes and simultaneously, there is happiness on her face because of the arrival of her *Paramatma*.

Finally, all thirteen conditions of Lord Mahavir have been fulfilled!

Lord Mahavir is standing in front of Chandanbala with his open palms (*karpatra*) while she offers black beans with a joyous heart.

Is Chandanbala offering HIM only black beans? No, with it, she is offering her mind, heart, love, devotion and everything that she has (i.e. her entire existence).

Chandanbala is blessed. She is fortune's favorite, the chosen one. Lord Mahavir, in front of whom thousands of followers stand to obtain blessings, is today standing in front of Chandanbala, with HIS hands stretched, asking for alms.

There is nothing new when we humans stand in front of God and

ask... beg... for HIS blessings. We request many things. This is normal and natural. But it is an unusual sight when Lord Mahavir stands with HIS hands raised, in front of a devotee and asks for something. It is a historic and most auspicious moment.

There was such strength in Chandanbala's Divine love and depth in her devotion.

Divine love can melt God's heart.

Divine love can make God respectfully bow down.

This is Lord Mahavir, who has thousands of people around to serve HIM. There are thousands who are worried about HIM... thousands care for HIM... thousands have offered HIM the best food items so that HE can break HIS fast. But Lord Mahavir returned back quietly without accepting anything. HE neither says nor does HE accept anything. All HIS followers are worried for HIM.

A miracle has taken place ! The person whose heart could not be melted by anyone has softened towards Chandanbala. Why?

Remember.....

**This world can never truly understand anyone's Divine love.
Only God is the one who can.**

People are wondering... we offered Lord Mahavir so many delicious dishes but HE would not accept anything. Today, Chandanbala shed a few tears and Lord Mahavir's heart has softened towards her. We were so worried about HIS fasting increasing upon each day's passing. We have cried for HIM but at that time, HE did not respond but today, HE is standing in front of Chandanbala with a smile on HIS lips and hands raised for alms.

This world can never truly recognize a true devotee. The world is usually against HIM... it is often in contradiction with HIM.

Just imagine how Chandanbala must be feeling when the black beans were, one-by-one, falling from the sieve in her hands into the hands of *Paramatma*. What must be happening in her heart?

Chandanbala's three-day fast... was it merely a fast or was it an

instrument to break all the obstacles for the meeting of Lord Mahavir and Chandanbala?

At this instance, did she remember Mulla *shethani*?

People who give pain sometimes turn out to be great benefactors. Mulla *Shethani* had given pain to Chandanbala and it turned out to be her benefactor. If she had not locked her up, Chandanbala, would not have met Lord Mahavir. In turn, Lord Mahavir would not have met Chandanbala and HIS vow would have remained unfulfilled.

If there is no evil in this world, then there will be no recognition of God in this world.

One must always pray, “Oh God ! You may give me a hundred reasons to be happy but always give me at least one reason for unhappiness because...”

During happiness, my eyes are totally shut, but during pain, I get to see you and I can get your *darshan* (blessings)."

The auspicious moment when Lord Mahavir comes at Chandanbala's doorstep, she offers black beans with immense love and devotion, his vow of thirteen conditions is fulfilled and the Lord, who has not eaten for five months and twenty-five days, ends his fast.

At that time, not only the people of the city but furthermore, numerous heavenly Devis and Devtas (divinities) are overjoyed and shower praises for **Chandanbala saying, “Aho Danam, Aho Danam... Shresht Danam, Shresht Danam.”** With this, there is a shower of gold coins from *Devlok* (heaven).

Can you imagine the beauty and grandeur of this scene?

We may not have been fortunate enough to be present at that time or to be a part of that historic moment but we can certainly imagine the magnificence of that moment and praise Chandanbala and admire her true devotion.

Supporting and respecting a virtuous deed eliminates obstacles.

The moment Lord Mahavir consumes the offering,

Chandanbala's shackles break. She, however, is not even aware of this. She is too preoccupied watching her *Parmatma*.

On one hand, the overjoyed people of the city indulge in acclamation of Lord Mahavir on his triumph. They applaud his achievement. They are overwhelmed with joy because Lord Mahavir has ended his fast. On the other hand, Lord Indra and other divinities sing praises of the *mahadaan* (offering) made by Chandanbala. The euphoric divinities use their superpowers – Chandanbala gets her hair back and she now looks more beautiful than ever before.

After consuming Chandanbala's offering, Lord Mahavir leaves. No matter how much love she has in her heart and tears in her eyes, how much she wishes that the Lord stays, no matter how much she desires that he should not leave, he does not stop.

Lord Mahavir accepted Chandanbala's love, seeing tears in her eyes, he turned and came back, he accepted her offering, but he will never stay back merely on Chandanbala's request because...

Mahavir never belongs to one person.

One who belongs only to one person is not Mahavir.

Lord Mahavir is gradually moving further and further away from Chandanbala. She is sadly watching her dearest, her most revered, moving further and further away from her. How does she feel?

On one hand, she has regained her beautiful hair. She has nice clothes, gold coins are being showered and people are praising her. The atmosphere is highly divine. Is Chandanbala happy or woeful in this divine atmosphere?

The truth soon spreads throughout the city that Chandanbala is not any commoner – she is a princess. She has brought an end to Lord Mahavir's fast. People are praising her. Mulla *shethani*, the king and the queen of the city, have all gathered. The king and the queen realize that Chandanbala is their niece. The king requests Dhanavah sheth to take her to the palace.

After spending miserable days in imprisonment, Chandanbala is finally experiencing happy days. But somehow, she is not cheerful.

On the contrary, she is gloomy because her Lord has left. Chandanbala meets Lord Mahavir. But how does she make this meeting fruitful and beneficial for herself? How does she become one with the Lord?

Every *atma* (soul) aspires to become *Parmatma*.

Due to some good *karmas*, one gets a Guru. What should occur in order to make this meeting fruitful? What should we do in order to attain *Moksh* (a state of permanent bliss/salvation) with their guidance and inspiration?

What did Chandanbala do to attain *Moksh* with her dear *Parmatma*?

The unhappiness that Chandanbala experiences on Lord Mahavir's departure from her life is exponentially greater than the happiness that she felt upon his arrival.

People are telling her, "Chandanbala, look at your hair. It is so beautiful." But Chandanbala is uninterested in her hair. She is only interested in Lord Mahavir's divine love and affection.

Chandanbala is taken to the palace.

Observe the mathematics of *karma*. Till yesterday, she was hungry and had not eaten for three days. She was imprisoned in a small dark room. Today, she finds herself in a palace.

From being born in a palace... to the jungle... to the charioteers' house... to being sold in the market... then enjoying the seven-storey magnificent mansion to the suffering of the small dark room... and today, back to the palace!!!

We should always remember that, just as high tide and low tide are the natural course of the sea, similarly, happiness and unhappiness are part of the passage of life.

One's cause of happiness today may tomorrow become the cause

of unhappiness. Therefore, one should not depend on happiness alone, one should never be proud of one's good fortune as it is temporary.

Pride concerning happiness leads one towards insults of sorrow.

Factors for one's joy during the manifestations of good *karmas* turn into factors of grief during the manifestation of bad *karmas*. An individual who becomes overjoyed during times of happiness later suffers more during periods of gloom.

A balanced individual is one who remains stable and composed during times of both happiness and unhappiness. Such a person remains unaffected by both happiness and unhappiness.

Chandanbala understands the mathematics of *karma* very well. Thus, she never blames people who tortured or troubled her. She always attributes her situation to her *karmas*.

Chandanbala observes Lord Mahavir leaving, till she no longer can see HIM. From the world's viewpoint, Chandanbala's happy days have returned. She is once again a princess and starts living in the palace.

Somehow, she is unhappy. Rather, she is very uncomfortable. The love of her relatives... her relations... do not give her any happiness, instead it makes her sad. She is constantly disturbed by just one thought, the memory of her beloved *Paramatma*. She is unable to forget Lord Mahavir.

She is engrossed by the thoughts of her Lord. She keeps thinking... "where is my Lord at this moment ? Will he be in some forest or some city ? Has HE got alms to feed HIMSELF ? Has HE ended HIS fast ? What is my Lord doing at present ?"

Her mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Lord Mahavir and HIS well being.

Unless one does not have a strong desire to take care of God or Guru, till then, one's heart has not reached the state to love God.

There are thousands and thousands of people who want God to fulfill their wishes.

How many are there who offer themselves to take care of God or Guru without an ounce of selfishness?

Will the wealth and luxury of the palace make Chandanbala happy or will she become totally detached because of her love, yearning, thoughts and constant remembrance of *Parmatma*?

She says, "I want to remain at his feet. I want to live near HIM. I cannot forget the love flowing from HIS eyes. I do not want to forget that love. That love is calling me. I do not want to be with anyone in this world. I do not want to live with anyone in this world. I want to spend the rest of my life at the feet of my Lord." These are and should be the thoughts of a seeker.

**A seeker is one who lives in the world,
yet is detached from worldly life.**

A seeker lives in this world but the world does not live in him.

A seeker is never attached to this world. In fact, day-by-day, his attachment for worldly life decreases. He becomes transparent in his relationships. When the depth and appeal for worldly relations start decreasing, we are on our way to renounce the world (*sarvasangh tyag*).

We cannot renounce the world by just giving up certain possessions and relations. In fact, the world can be renounced by embracing *Parmatma*. There are two ways to decrease attachment of worldly and materialistic life. One is the route of *tyag* (giving up worldly ties and interests) and another route is love.

If one takes the route of *tyag*, then for a certain period, one may be successful in giving up worldly attachments. The travelers on this route very often succumb to their desires and weaknesses and once again get attached to the world.

The alternate route, love for God, is very safe because on this route, the strings of an individual's life are in the hands of God or Guru. Guru helps one to be detached from this world and to unite

with *Parmatma*.

Chandanbala is the traveler of the second route. She is in love with the Lord. Her heart is filled with devotion for HIM. She yearns for HIM...!

This unflinching love for Lord takes her to the height of total surrender. Fully drowned in her love for *Parmatma*, Chandanbala does not have to give up anything consciously. She does not leave this worldly life consciously. It happens very naturally and unconsciously.

Her deep love for God leads to her detachment from the world.

Did she ever listen to any discourse by Lord Mahavir ? No ! Did Lord Mahavir ever tell her to renounce this world and follow HIM ? Did HE ever tell her that there is nothing in this world, and she must give up everything and aspire for salvation ? No ! HE never said such things to her.

Where there is divine love, such inspiration is roused very naturally and automatically.

In spite of living in the palace, in spite of Lord Mahavir's departure, in spite of being in the midst of luxury and happiness, Chandanbala is unable to forget HIM.

Hers is a heart to heart connection with *Parmatma*. Thus, no matter what she does, whatever activity she engages in, she is constantly aware of the Lord's presence in her entire existence. She receives constant inspiration from within.

She says, "My Lord does not eat this, so I too cannot eat this. My Lord does not do this, so I too cannot do this. *Parmatma* does not wear ornaments so how can I wear them ?" Thoughts like these go on in her mind consistently and continuously.

Thus, deeply in love with the Lord and following HIS footsteps, Chandanbala too starts becoming like *Parmatma*. She now totally surrenders to HIM.

One who surrenders to God, automatically starts becoming like God.

As Chandanbala starts surrendering more and more to *Parmatma*,

she starts becoming more and more like HIM. A unique source of inspiration awakens within her. As this inspiration grows, so does her love for the Lord and as the love grows, the inspiration increases too.

This cycle of love and inspiration keeps escalating and strengthening with the passage of time.

Chandanbala's love for the Lord keeps growing deeper and deeper. She only wants to worship HIM. She is uninterested in anything or anyone except *Parmatma*.

What is the reason for her becoming one with the Lord ? Why is she inspired to follow HIS footsteps, to distance herself from worldly matters ? Why is it that we do not have such feelings and desires ?

Either our love for *Parmatma* is incomplete or we are not strongly inspired. We are either lacking in our love or in our dedication...

It is the universal law of divine love that if someone loves deeply and truly without any desire or expectations, then inspiration is bound to arise.

If the percentage of love is less then source of inspiration, the bond is likely to be weak. Chandanbala's love is divine, thus her inspiration is resilient.

It is said that each soul is bounded by the *karmas* of *seventy krodakrodi sagaropam* (millions of years). Due to the obstructions of these *karmas*, we are unable to realize the truth.

At times, we do experience real truth, but this only lasts for a short while. We again slip into illusion due to the effect of the obstructive *karmas*.

How can one negate these *karmas* ? What did Chandanbala do ? How was she successful in reaching the Lord by cutting through the obstructions of her *karmas* ?

It is said that, the more intense the dedication and inspiration, that much easily it can burn the obstacles of *karma*.

If inspiration is resilient, it will remove the obstruction but if the obstruction is strong, it will eliminate the inspiration. Stronger the inspiration, weaker the obstruction, Stronger the obstruction, weaker the inspiration.

For example, an ant is passing by and it smells jaggery. It will change its route and go towards the direction of the jaggery. No matter how many times we move the ant from its original location, it will keep going back towards the jaggery. Why ? Well, because there is lesser inspiration to take its original route as the scent of the jaggery is very strong. The ant's attraction lies in the scent, that is why it goes again and again towards the jaggery.

In the same way, due to the obstructions of our past *karmas*, spiritual inspiration is less in us and the attraction of the world is very strong.

If our inspiration to renounce this world strengthens, then the fire of desires will diminish. Inspiration will speed up our spiritual progress.

Our spiritual inspiration can become strong only if we have divine love for God or Guru. Worship HIM... Love HIM intensely!!

Intense love for Lord resides in Chandanbala's eyes. Her love is such that even in extreme pain, the thought of *Parmatma* makes her extremely blissful...

In the midst of her tears, the thought of *Parmatma* brings a smile on her lips. The arrival of Lord Mahavir gave her tremendous happiness and HIS departure left her in unbearable pain.


It is this divine love that brought her closer to Lord. Treading on the path of love, she found eternal peace at his feet. She accepted the restricted life of an ascetic and became a *sadhavi* under the guidance of Lord Mahavir.

In this fifth *ara* (*pancham ara*), when God is not visible to us or is not before us in-person, we must love and worship the representative, our Guru. We must make all efforts and take all pains to reach the Lord.

... to be united with *Parmatma*.

Mahasati Chandanbala did not become one with the Lord. She herself became the Lord. To belong with the Lord and to be one with the Lord means to become like the Lord. Those who become one with the Lord can never be happy in a worldly life. One belonging with the Lord can never live in a palace. The person's body may be in the palace but their soul will be with the Lord. Their life may be at various stages but their sense of existence is fully with the Lord. When a worshiper's soul is detached from his/her body, when a devotee's body is at one place while the soul is at the feet of *Parmatma*, this is the moment he has come closer to *Parmatma*.

Divine Love (*Prem thi Parmatma*), is the true story of the journey of the divine love of Chandanbala, Lord Mahavir's first *shishya* (disciple). **Pujya Gurudev Shree Namramuniji Maharaj Saheb** narrated this divine love story of Chandanbala in the pravachanmala (discourses) in Kolkata. The awe inspiring account of Chandanbala's unusual and intense love, the undeterred strength of this love, the two types of tears flowing due to this love, one of happiness and one of pain, and the achievement of *Moksh* (salvation) by Chandanbala was recounted by Pujya Gurudev in such a heartwarming, original and effective way that it touched the cords of the hearts of thousands of listeners. They were moved to tears... tears of love... and devotion...!

Pujya Gurudev's speech flowed continuously, and all the incidents of Chandanbala's life felt like real life experiences to all listeners. It was as if they were transported to that auspicious age and moments when these incidents took place. The divine experience of being in the presence of Lord Mahavir and his disciple Chandanbala left listeners spellbound. 

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Gurudev's missions are not limited to the children of Look n Learn and youngsters of the Arham Yuva Group but Gurudev has also initiated the Arham Senior Citizen Group, Arham Satsang, Divine Mission, Shree Uvasaggharam Bhakti Group, Guru Spandan and Dharma Shravan thus inspiring all ages.

Pujya Gurudev has been a divine guiding force to convert the "atheist (Dharmavimukh)" by guiding them with love and understanding to brighten and develop their intelligence; transcending to become "devout (Dharmasumukh)".

*With Pujya Gurudev's inspiration & guidance, various publications like **Pranpushpa** (monthly), **Look & Learn** (fortnightly), **Jain Kranti** (monthly) and **Arham Sandesh** (fortnightly) are being read by millions of people the world over. Besides, Pujya Gurudev's yearly sermon & Aagam books; CDs of his discourses, **Atmasiddhi**, **Shibirs**, **Programs**, **Gurubhakti** celebrations, **Bhakti** songs are also in demand all across the globe.*

With the intent of World Peace and Global Welfare, Pujya Gurudev's missions are not limited to Jain devotees only; but huge contributions in terms of time, energy & power are also received from people of all religions who play a significant role in fulfilling these missions.

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