

Gaura Krishna

My Master



(2000)

With Yogi Ramsuratkumar Jayanti approaching, my mind goes 10 years back in 1990, living again this pressing inner call to join Mother Bharat once more without mentally knowing why. It was simply a state of being, a necessity, an imperative; and in no way some impulse or some simple desire. Without knowing why! Actually it was nothing more nor less than to fall into the arms of my Mother and of my Father, of my Mother Bharat Mata and of my Father Sri Yogi Ramsuratkumar, the Being who prevents the words to come out of my mouth to speak of Him, so indescribable is He; the most wonderful Being that can exist, like never I would have been able to imagine our so sick planet Earth could house. But is the Earth that houses him or He who houses the Earth?

When I try to give some expression to speak of Yogiji, one of the best my mind has ever been able to find is that He is the very incarnation of Vedanta, the living Vedanta. But truly living. Everything in his gestures, his behaviour, his words, everything is Vedanta. An expression of the Absolute Harmony. The incarnation of all the epithets men would give to That they name God: incarnated Love, incarnated Renouncement, incarnated Simplicity, incarnated Humility, incarnated Kindness, Incarnated Intelligence. Yes, for Yogi Ramsuratkumar, the best expression would certainly be: "OM TAT SAT". "Om, That is ". It is a wonder that such a marvellous Being was amongst us.

I have met, and for sure I am not alone, many men fit to be called "Masters", but in all of them I have found this something that denotes a 'personality', but in Yogiji what actually creates His Personality is this absence of personality, and that makes

Him a simply wonderful personality. Many people speak about renunciation, explaining that ego must be abandoned, and I know myself how to do that very well. Many people know how to make wonderful speeches and to drive your mind in spheres higher than your daily environment. Yes, people speaking about absence of ego, we can find a lot, but the very absence of ego, that, never I had met. The mastery among masteries, where there is nothing more to master, never had I approached a Master possessing this. And, as far as I am concerned, never would I have wanted another master than such a Master; and since a lot of years I had abandoned my search, convinced that such a Being could not be present any more on our Earth called 'modern' in soul perdition. As if the great masters had disappeared at the same time as the great musicians, as it were. The last were named Ananda Mayi Ma, of whom i hoped to get darshan and who left this Earth just before, Ramana Maharshi, Sri Aurobindo and Swami Ramdas of whom i was satiated with his words when I was younger!

But the Guru, the one who is in the heart of everyone and who fills the Universe, is unpredictable and always answers the wishes of His children. And it is in this way that 10 years ago came in my soul this pressing call, this urgent necessity to join my Father, my mendicant Father, King of the Earth, Master of the Masters. What a coincidence! Sri Aurobindo, Ramana Maharshi and Swami Ramdas! The "three fathers " of my Father! And to them He has led me in 1995 while before the assembly He had asked me to chant the mantra "Arunachala Shiva"! Heaven had already given me so many winks before!

The little being I am must force himself today, to say so, to try to write some words about Yogi Ramsuratkumar, for no word will ever describe Him in a better way than the Silence of the music of a great master, as the adagio of the 9th Symphony or

the Sanctus of the Missa Solemnis of Beethoven who, as it were, has led me to Yogiji. The incarnation of Music possessed this same Universal Love, this same love for humanity, this same humility and this force of renunciation that made him commune in the Divine for pouring out Its rays on entire Humanity through music that then sprang from his heart, he who is deaf! How wonderful it is to be able to feel both of them as the one and same Being, without for sure speaking of jivatman, but in a Vedantic sense, truly in the true sense of the term! Before those beings who spread the rays of the Divinity, i kneel and ask them to kill me.

To kill me as an individual, in order to join the great Divine Ocean. To kill for going beyond the senses and to become deaf and blind as it were.

All is simple, but we have to pass through the 'complicated' to know that and to reach there. The formula of this simplicity? Is there a better one than Yogiji's: "My Father alone exists"?

Divine Father, you have taught me to be the same everywhere, wherever it can be, in whatever activity, to feel Your presence and so to think of You. I can be considered great or insignificant, this has no importance at all, everything passes like on a screen, it is the stage of Your immense theatre. I am nothing and I am all, doesn't matter, it is a very insignificant question of choosing words. But I am Your son, and this is my glory.

Some years ago already, while in Sudama, i just went on falling at Your divine feet, O my Father, and when in the middle of the chanting of Your name I have heard this words coming out of Your lips: "This beggar is waiting for Krishna since long. Now that Krishna is here, this beggar will not leave

him", my soul soared. The Heaven presented this relatively stupid being with the greatest happiness he could ever hope. I had rejoined my Father; my Father had taken my hand. Could I be in better hands? Long ago I had been told: "You are in God's hands". But is not everybody in God's hands? However never would have I thought that He would take my hand in this way. Father, I told you, it is really practical! I am here like a kid, I am even not obliged to look in front of me; you are leading me, You who know perfectly the Destination, and I can look to the right and to the left, enjoying kicking stones that are in the way, soiling my shoes in the mud of the gutter. Why would I be afraid of anything? Your hand is here, I feel it, You lead me, I have nothing else to do than to admire the landscape You unfold under my eyes, to look at the wild flowers on the slopes, to admire your dawn and your twilights. Even while working in this world, as it seems You want me to continue a little bit in the karma yoga; so i watch. I am like a witness who looks at himself. In a sense it's funny. For sure not always, because sometimes You make me pass through strange stony places; but Your hand always is here and unceasingly Your presence.

A friend, a sister from France, who chants Ram Nam, asked me this very day through the modern system of email: "Why are you always relying on Yogiji's power and authority instead of applying directly to RAMA, to God or to your Self? ". Beloved sister, there is no difference: Yogiji, Rama, God, the Self are different names of the same Being; when i apply to Yogi Ramsuratkumar, i apply to the Guru, to the Sadguru that is present in everybody and in everything, that is sometimes called "the voice of the Consciousness" and that is Consciousness. "Yogi Ramsuratkumar is the name of my Father, so I want to hear it. Chant!" As RAMA is the name of Universal Consciousness or, said otherwise, that Universal Consciousness is called "RAMA", in the same way YOGI

RAMSURATKUMAR has also become the name of that same Consciousness, even if it has become incarnated in the body of "this dirty beggar". The "dirty beggar" is the King of the Earth.

In the same way, this reminds me the words between Jesus and his disciples: "People, what do they say I am?" The apostles to answer: "For some you are Elijah, for others etc." - "And you, what do you say I am?" And Peter to answer: "My Lord and God", or "You are the Son of the living God". Understood in a Vedantic sense, this is of a sublime limpidity. If one asks: "What do people say about Yogi Ramsuratkumar?" some will say: "He is a beggar" while others: "He is a tramp who mumbles in holding a fan and a coco bowl"; I will say: "He is RAMA!"

My Father, you have taught me, and I have felt that always, that I am in the world but not of the world, that I am not from any country - "Krishna does not belong to France, he does not belong to any country, he belongs to my Father". I have no country, my country is the Universe, and if i had one in the world, it would be Bharat my Mother for she has given me the true food. I don't speak any more in this world, Father, only through RAMA NAMA you have asked for the continuation. Who understands now? The truth you have given to me, they take it for being culture, a simple mental luggage! I see them making money in Your very name! O God, You have become merchandise, and one of the most profitable in the present world! Not only through sects, but through take-over of denomination; here Yoga is called this, there prana is called that, and "they make money", those who say they speak of You! And I see traders who designate themselves by the epithet of masters in this or that. They say they serve you when they serve themselves. And I hear Your laughter! And this laughter, o this laughter! It makes me laugh too!

Father, they have cut you in slices and each slice has its masters, its experts, and its graduates! And they are listened to as if they were all-knowing while they have no view of the whole, of the harmony, of You! This reminds me, it must be 3 years ago (in 1997), at the time of a darshan, this American who asked You: "Why so many sufferings, so many problems"? And Your answer that embraced everything: "Because man has forgotten God". There is nothing else to say. O Father, sublime beggar, how many stones have you received, how many stones are they still throwing to you! More and more, like men continue to crucify Christ every day. Our world is the prey of the two things Sri Ramakrishna said one must avoid: "sex and money". And with that we see Ignorance, the Mother of all troubles, invading our planet with destruction and hatred. In all of this, men have gone in an unbridled dance. Divine Play however! Dance of good and evil, cosmic dance between Light and Darkness. But for living again one has first to die. Father, what you teach us is to go beyond in order to see that drama only as the positive and negative poles of electricity. As soon as one is missing, there is no more current. As if you were playing to connect the plug. For playing. And oops, that dances, that twists, until one unplugs one's own personal small plug. Then the mental mechanics stops.

"My Father alone exists"; and all the things we perceive are only phenomena that actually are happening in ourselves. When another foreigner, in 1995, in lying down at Your feet, told you: "I repeat the mantra, but I don't succeed in concentrating my mind", Your answer came like a flash: "Don't concentrate on mind, concentrate on Consciousness".

The last time i saw you, Father, Your body was lying down, You hardly moved any more. However You have welcomed me with words of Love. Even at that time You were blessing in

allowing me to cool your body with Your fan. What You ask for: surrender and absolute faith. You are constantly present but, under Your form of the Divine Beggar were you to leave this Earth that needs You so much? When you said: "My Father wants this beggar to do still some work in this world", how many souls were there to rejoice! (But since those lines, you have returned to your Father...)

So many things are passing before the mental screen today. Memories of images, like this identification with Jesus when, seeing you from behind, Your white long hair emanating from your turban and falling on the upper part of your back, bare foot you were entering the hall to offer Your darshan to the pilgrims. With Ramakrishna, divine child of the Mother, the Divine child of the Father also identifies.

On this Earth very few reach the Vedantic understanding. And You said: "Understand first". Vedanta is for the free man, the universal man, beyond all limitations, beyond all religions that are but, as Swami Vivekananda said, "to their best, kindergartens of Religion". For the Vedantin, the only existing law is Vedanta itself, that is to say Sanatana Dharma, the Cosmic Law. He does not reason any more in terms of family, of village, of clan, of religion, of motherland, even of planet.

When man has reached Vedanta, then all the readings cease, all the shastras stop. What the Vedantin looks for is no more the intellectual understanding that Yogiji says we have to reach first. That has been then passed, but he looks for the effective realisation of the "I am That". As few reach Vedanta and then no more stay at the level of religions or thought systems, in the same way few are able to feel the immense greatness, the summit, of a guru such YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR, the very incarnation of Vedanta.

Men need signs, books, demonstrations, miracles, manifestations of powers; all this for living blindly without trying to understand, they just follow a system that satisfies them. In the same way readings stop with Vedanta, with Yogiji manifestations stop. It is not that manifestations don't happen, but they are never public, or they pass unnoticed like the manifestations or the miracles of Nature. Manifestations are of the sphere of the phenomenon. In the presence of Yogiji we are beyond the phenomenon. So the one who manages to 'feel' Yogiji has passed the stage of need of external manifestation, of subject-object duality. Here the silence of the Being reigns. No external teachings, no 'you must do this', no expression of superiority - like Dakshinamurti (it is noteworthy that lately, during breakfast darshans, Yogiji was facing South).

As the Vedantin feels God in every thing, in the same way in the presence of Yogiji he is in the presence of God, beyond mind and beyond it's expressions; The Essence.

So i often say that Yogi Ramsuratkumar is like a book written with invisible ink. The immense majority come and see hardly anybody but a beggar and ask themselves what "extraordinary" can be there. Even few ask themselves in which way this beggar has been able to cause the building of such an ashram. They see a book containing only blank pages and they go back disappointed. The developer of the invisible ink is this very developer that allows some to feel the flower perfume emanating from Yogiji. The developer is within the heart. And then, for the being who has developed it in himself, all the pages of this book appear, the book of Vedanta, the book of Sanatana Dharma, the book of the Cosmic Law.