

The Call of the Master

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Every very person on earth is in search of himself. In course of time the veil of Maya dissipates and the light in him leads him, imperceptibly and unconsciously towards the Being who awaits him.

What follows is only a very small contribution to illustrate the glory of my divine Father - Yogi Ramsuratkumar who lives in each of us. The author has no other interest than to be a prop to this small story that goes on to show that to believe ourselves to be the authors of our own actions is but an illusion and that we are in fact just instruments in His hands.

Because his entire soul was searching, Bharat revealed itself to the author at the age of 19. Since he has found back his Mother. Two years later, at a time when he did not have the means to do so and without his having to ask anyone for help, two people visiting the country requested him to accompany and guide them on their journey through this sacred land. To set foot on the soil of Varanasi, Ayodhya, Mathura, Vrindavan and Kurukshetra ! And the following year a visit to Haridvar, Kamarpukur, Belur Math and once again Vrindavan ! On his return to France he had not hoped to be able to visit the blessed soil of India so soon. Nevertheless the internal search continued beyond life's various experiences, to the day when he found himself at a cross road in life, facing total emptiness and with only his faith to guide him. It was then, towards the end of 1987, that he wrote to his mother, "*I am in the hands of God* "

That was the beginning of a new stage in life when he was happy to let himself be led. One day while he was working in the ruin that was his home, his dog Raja, blind, fell on its back on hard ground, from a height of 3 meters. The dog was tetanized and blood passed in its urine. The neighbours helped carry it to the vet who informed them that the animal would certainly not live to see the next day. It was taken back home and was laid on the sofa covered with a sheet. The dog had given a lot to its master. And while it was still dark outside, the dog's breathing slowed and the end approached. The author then prostrated himself totally before the divine will of God and cried out his acceptance in front of his neighbour. *"My Lord, I understand. Let the animal live and give me its suffering. This little dog has done nothing and should not suffer, what should be my fate, My Lord, I understand and bow to your divine will."* The next morning Raja was back on his feet, chasing the bicycles and the liens as if nothing had happened. From that day on, life took on a new meaning for the dog and for its master and things precipitated.

38 years old and confirmed bachelor, the author found himself married, 5 months later, to a young Kshatriya Hindu girl living 12.000 km away from his home town and of whose very existence he had been unaware of till then. His ways are inscrutable ! A red mark appeared on his forehead and within himself he was sensible to events occurring in the far away island of Mauritius. All opposition one can easily guess, some of it very strong and even in the mid of the family, disappeared the moment he set foot on this marvellous island and pronounced the name "Ram". What a surprise it was for everyone that Ram should be as familiar to him, a foreigner as he was to them. He was baptised Krishna and his marriage took place in a temple decorated with flowers and palms from the Pamplemousses Botanical Garden. Even if the only family members to make it to the wedding were his mother, his brother and his sister-in-law, more than 1000 people were served lunch.

Returning immediately to France, he came to the island, for bringing back his bride, 3 months later, after clearing the

formalities. It was at this time when, combing through the libraries for texts on Hindu spirituality, texts he could never find in his own country, that he chanced upon a 4 double-page bilingual (French - English) booklet titled "*The Inner Light*".

Back in France he re-read the booklet and noticed a small inset : those interested in Hindu culture could write to *Sister Nivedita Academy* in Madras and this is what he did. Life continued and soon a girl child - Lakshmi - was born to them. Krishna quit his job as it went against the principles dear to him. He took a job that destiny had made him to create, one that brought joy to many children. And slowly the desire to return to India deepened till it seemed to come from the very depth of his soul. The desire grew to a point when with tears running down his face he cried out "*I must return to India*". The couple then decided to go on a pilgrimage of South India in time for Satya Sai Baba's Jayanti. And as if predestined he received an invitation to participate in the Jayanti celebrations of a saint then unknown to him; Yogi Ramsuratkumar, god child of Tiruvannamalai. He replied to Sadhu Rangarajan, the author of the invitation, accepting it. An unexpected tax reimbursement helped them to pay for their tickets.

November 1990. 7 years later, what a marvellous sensation to feel the warm breeze of Mother India in alighting from the plane ! One week before departing, they had learnt that the spouse was bearing a second child. Passing through Kanchipuram to reach Puttaparti, their first stop, they reached Madras with a warm welcome from Sadhu Rangarajan and his family. Krishna once again heard the Ramnam that he chanted during the Jayanti of Yogi Ramsuratkumar. It was in a way, a return to the source that had beckoned him since the age of 19 when he passed days after days reading the words of the great Hindu masters - notably Swami Ramdas.

"*Aum Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram*" chanting at the feet of a large portrait of the Yogi whom he had not yet met, Krishna continued to let himself be led, fully conscious of the fact that he

only had to follow. With John as a guide and accompanied by his wife, he went on a pilgrimage of South India, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Chidambaram, Madurai, Tirunelveli, Thanjavur, Rameswaram right upto Dhanushkodi, Kanyakumari and many others. Finally a few days later they reached the north of Kerala, to Anandashram, the ashram of Father Ramdas, where total calm reigned.

Krishna looked forward calmly to the long awaited day when he would have darshan of the Yogi. First it was where they get the great favour in getting the darshan and the blessings of Mayi Ma. The Tiruvannamalai. The spirit was free and the mind calm. The stupid Krishna had met various Gurus in his still young life, but none had struck his heart. He had heard many discourses and metaphysical discussions, a lot of "I" also, but never "The" real Master. When John knocked on the door in Sannadhi Street, Krishna was not very surprised as he had already heard a great deal about the Yogi since his arrival and as he had already read Sadhu Rangarajan's book *"Glimpses of a great Yogi"*. The Yogi accepted the garland of flowers and their offerings and asked them to seat themselves. *"Your name ?"* he asked. *"Ishwari, Swami."* *"Your name?"* he asked. *"Krishna"*. As he paused in thought, a small smile appeared on the Yogi's face, that grew little by little till he turned to John and said, *"Tell me how did Krishna come to marry Ishwari?"* and he bursted into laughter. Soon he started conversing with Ishwari asking her what was cultivated in France etc. Bemused Krishna's soul was now calm. Time stood still and there were no more questions, no more words, as if the journey in search of the master had finally reached its destination and the bags could finally be unpacked. The next day, they were blessed with another darshan. Krishna remained silent and his heart was calm. They left with the master's blessings and, for him who didn't know it then, the first of many pats on his back.

They returned to Madras and then to France and Krishna found himself in charge of the Ramnam movement in France without his asking for it in anyway.

Life continued to change and Krishna became completely autonomous professionally. But how could the Ramnam become well known in a Cartesian community where people were hardly friendly, where spiritual life was held on another plane altogether, where no one would talk of spirituality without being considered either 'enlightened' or crazy, were those who searched already belonged to big or small cliques. And how could he make do, with his meagre resources? With the help of an electronic directory he sent information about the Ramnam Mahayagna to the first 100 Indian names that he found there. But he received no reply. He continued nevertheless, this time targeting around 40 Mauritian Hindus. Again he received no reply. This convinced him that the Ramnam was meant for everybody, irrespective of their religion and other such illusory differences, that the Sanatana Dharma was above all religions and indeed encompassed them all. This prompted him to write an article in a small local newspaper titled. "*India my Mother, Yogi, my Father*". The article was taken up in the *Tattva Darshana*.

The following episode is worth mentioning because it illustrates the Lila of the master. But first it must be mentioned that at the time of the incident, Yogi Ramsuratkumar was totally unknown in France. Visiting his brother one day, Krishna's eyes, as was his habit continued to search for some interesting book, found on a table a magazine placed face down. Picking it up and turning it over, Krishna received a darshan of Yogi Ramsuratkumar whose face was on the cover. When questioned, the brother tells him that he had not bought the journal and that it was sheer chance that Krishna found it there. A few days later he was able to contact the author of the article and they decided to write another article on Namasmara with an address to which people could write to. Thus was born the nucleus of the movement of Ramnam in France and in Africa. This

illustrates that it is the Master who does everything and that we are only His instruments.

The Yogi had already found a place in Krishna's heart before this incident but the revelation was not yet complete. In 1992, with the blessings of the Master he was able to make another journey, this time to the Char Dham. At Kedamath he witnessed the assimilation of Lord Shiva and the Yogi. He sent a card to the Master. Back in France the Yogi continued to work in his heart without his knowledge. His omnipresence was more and more evident and Krishna decided to go back to India this time uniquely for his darshan and to participate in his Jayanti. At Tiruvannamalai, as he waited for darshan, Nivedita came to tell him that the Master was indisposed and that he had called for Krishna. Arriving hurriedly at Sudama he began to shiver when he found his Master asleep. Tears ran down his face and he fell on His divine feet. He then understood that this was He who guided him since that fateful day in 1988 and had led him to His feet. Still crying, he heard Ma Devaki introducing him to another person from the Lee Lozowick community, "Krishna, this is Balaram." As always it was the Masters Lila and soon the Master said something that only Krishna could understand. *"This beggar has been waiting for a long time to meet Krishna. Now that Krishna is here, this beggar will not leave him."* And He went on to speak about the article *"India my Mother, Yogi my Father"*. Who else but the Master could have guided this brave young man's pen? The immense greatness of Yogi Ramsuratkumar, whose name was everything, was then revealed to Krishna within himself, as also that the Name was All. *"All that I know is Ramnam»*. And all this was said almost without words, by His very presence. He heard, saw and lived it and all doubts disappeared. He was in the presence of God. And this, he heard, like a confirmation. Yes the Yogi was his Father and it could not be otherwise. It was he, His Father, who looked after His son and later returning to France he received a word in His hand, at the end of a letter from Ma Devaki. His heart was flooded with joy. During the Jayanti at Madras he sang with all his heart and so well that the

microphone was handed over to him, and he was asked to lead the prayers. He had the pleasure of seeing his French and African brethren honoured for their Mantra books released during the festivities. Krishna was staying with Mani and Raji and all talk was only about the Master. They had become brothers and sisters in Yogiji, and the farewells at the airport were cause for much sadness and tears. Just before his departure the Yogi confirmed Krishna's name and since then Mani has really become as he calls himself - the beggar's beggar.

Returning to France Krishna started a small monthly bulletin, for liaison between people who had adopted the Ramnam as sadhana in Africa and France, RAMA NAMA. Parallely the author of the article on the Namasmaran, told him that he was going to write a biography of Yogi Ramsuratkumar. The attempts to translate "*Glimpses of a Great Yogi*" in French proved in vain for many reasons around which was the 'inability to adapt it to a French public'. It was agreed that the book should result in an opening up of the Ramnam movement, for that was the work at hand and that Krishna would write the concluding chapter. The book is ready today and will be published in France in September 1995. The goal is not to have a supplement but to spread the message of Bhagavan so that it helps all those searching for the truth to reach sadhana with the guidance of the greatest master on earth today.

Wishing nothing more than to have the blessings of his father and to be a tool in His hands, Krishna returned to India in October 1994, in particular to follow a suggestion of the Master accompanying Sadhu Rangarajan on his tour of North India to propagate the Ramnam. Journeying to Tiruvannamalai for his Father's blessings, Krishna's first stop this time was Lucknow, where he was lucky to participate in the Jayanti celebrations of Swami Rama Tirtha (introduced to him by the Sadhu). He also had an opportunity to talk to Papaji, Bhavavan's gurubhai inn Ramana Maharishi. This was followed by a trip to Varanasi, passing

through Ayodhya. He then went on to Prayag, Kanpur and Delhi where an even more singular event occurred.

Krishna had wanted to take advantage of his passage through Delhi to meet some one with whom he had been in correspondence from the *Vedic Anusandhan Samiti*. But this person had changed his address. Nevertheless, time being limited and uncertain about meeting this person, Krishna forgot about the omnipresence of his Father. It so happened that he found himself seated in the same car as the head of the Samiti whose father had participated in the Jayanti of Swami Rama Tirtha at Lucknow. It was thus that he was able to go to the Laksha Griha, where Bramachari Krishna Dutt, the reincarnation of Rishi Sringeri had lived.

This was followed by return to Yogi Ramsurat Kumar at Tiruvannamalai for the Dipam and the blessings of everyday darshan in the presence of Ma Devaki and Mani to the day when Bhagavan authorised him to leave once again with the Sadhu for Nagpur. There, he met some wonderful people among them some old freedom fighters, people engaged in Ramnam, and he was able to participate in a magnificent Ramnam homam in the company of other faithful and devoted followers and return to Tiruvannamalai for the Jayanthi, where Bhagavan was proclaimed, He the shepherd of souls. What the stupid Krishna has witnessed standing by his Father constitutes the best moment of his life. The event however cannot be described for only the glory of Ram, of Yogi Ramsurat Kumar, His Divine father should be sung. It is this that has prompted the author to write this article which has led him to speak of his not interesting person. Let Yogiji bless this humble servant to continue in His service and help in His divine labour.

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JAYA GYURU RAYA !