



Teachings by Gurumayi Chidvilasananda

Be Generous

Satsang for the Siddha Yoga Sangham in India

Wednesday, April 1, 2020

Bhagavan Nityananda Temple

Shubh Ramanavami! Shubh Vasant Navaratri! Shubh “Be in the Temple”! That is the title of this *satsang*. *Ātma mandir*, the temple of the Self.

These days everyone’s home has become a temple. Recently I heard that even though the Siddhivinayak Temple in Mumbai is closed from the outside, *puja* is continuing to be offered within, and it is being live streamed on the internet. And so I have greatly enjoyed watching the video of *puja* being performed in the Siddhivinayak Temple. *Shri gaṇeshāya namah*.

India is my country. Indian people, wherever they may go, their heart remains Indian. No matter where the body is, the heart belongs to India.

I was thinking, when we leave this world—and go up to heaven, or so we can hope!—perhaps we will say to God, “We are from India.” The color of India is very strong. We say that in India, people like *kadak* chai—they like strong chai. In the same way, the color of India is *kadak*. It is very strong. So perhaps when we tell God that we belong to India, that we have come from India, God will feel happy to hear that.

Because it is only in India that we sing different names of God. It is only in India that we worship God with different names. In India we have the understanding that we can worship God in any way, and God will be pleased. As Saint Kabir has said, “Whether you repeat the name of Rama with enthusiasm or with laziness, at least repeat the name of Rama.”

Because God listens. We may not be aware and alert, but God is. We may not be happy, but God is happy. We may be sad, but God is always in bliss.

Therefore, *prema mudita mana se kaho, Rama, Rama, Rama*—“With a heart that is delighted, with a heart that is replete with love, sing the name of Rama.” And even if your heart is sad, still sing “*Rama, Rama, Rama*.” Always continue to do the *japa* of Lord Rama’s name.



These days you are all getting a lot of time to look at what is arising within, aren’t you? When I heard about the lockdown in India, I asked a lot of people, “How is it going for everyone who has to stay home with people they don’t get along with?” Before, when you didn’t get along with someone, or you got into a fight with them, you could just go somewhere else. It’s like what children say to their parents when they’re feeling petulant. “Fine!” they’ll say. “I’ll leave! I don’t need you all.”

So let me ask the children: how is it going for you these days? You get into a fight with your mother and your father, but then all the doors you’d use to leave the house are closed. How are you guys feeling?

Remember how we say in India, “Tension *mat lo*. Don’t worry”? So, through whatever struggles we encounter, through whatever trials and tribulations we face, we can always say, “Tension *mat lo*. Don’t worry.”

For when we are tense, when we are worried, then love will ask, “Is there space for me?” Where is the space for love when we fill our bodies with tension? Where is the space for joy, for happiness, for peace? Right?



I think of you all every day, and this morning I was thinking of you with particular focus. As I said, the body may be anywhere, but the heart—the heart is Indian. India is my country.

I was praying to Bade Baba, asking him what I should say to you today. I was thinking about it very intently. Everyone is feeling so much pain, so much sorrow. You’re feeling it in India, and people are feeling it throughout the entire world.

There is no place these days where there isn't sorrow. Those who follow the rules are suffering, and those who do not follow the rules are also suffering.

I recently saw a video that was taken in India in which a man was riding on a bicycle and three policemen pursued him and started beating him up. My heart sank when I saw this. It was a blow to my heart.

I sat quietly for a few minutes and sent my love to this man. He may have made a mistake, but perhaps he had thought that there would be no one on the road, and so nothing bad would happen. He didn't know the policemen were there. They beat him so terribly.

On the other hand, there are those who do follow the rules. Some people have told me that they are happy to be at home, since they are finding some work or tasks to do, and they think doing that is good and beneficial. Yet there are other people who consider their home to be a jail, and so they are unhappy.

And then there are all those people who don't even have a home. What state must they be in?

This is why I say that the whole world is unhappy. Not very long ago, the fires were raging in Australia. They were writhing in anguish—and I say they were “in anguish” because it's not that the fires wanted to do this. However, it did happen. I heard that a billion and a half creatures perished in these fires. When I read about this in the news, I thought, “How are we going to bring peace to their souls? In what manner have these creatures had to give up their lives?”

That was the state of the creatures, and now it has become the state of human beings. So we are all in this together.

No one is a king and no one is a beggar.

No one is intelligent, nor is anyone a fool.

Everyone is in the same situation.

Everyone is affected.

When I asked Bade Baba this morning, “What should I say?” he gave me this poem:

There is less work these days
for people to get caught up in,
less action and activity.
Yet in their minds, there is agitation.
In their minds, there is agony.
Even so, people are not languid.
They are not lethargic.
They are absorbing themselves in meditation.
In meditation, there is true intoxication.

Won't you listen, my dear one?
The sun may set after a long day's work.
Yet whether there is happiness or sorrow,
whether there is joy or suffering,
the light of the Self will remain forever shining.

Remember *Ātmā kī Prashānti*. Peacefulness of the Self.

Whether there is love or anger, remember *Ātmā kī Prashānti*.



Do you know that today is April 1? On April 1, the whole world celebrates April Fool's Day. This morning I thought, “Oh no! Today is April Fool's Day. Perhaps people will think this is a prank, and that actually there won't be *satsang* with Gurumayi.” I hope you didn't think that. But you understand. You wouldn't think that, since you only have love to express. Isn't that true? Yes!

Today is April Fool's Day. Let's look at this word: “fool.” In India, whatever object you are holding, whatever word you are using, whatever at all is before you — there will be a lot that has been said about that. So it is with “fools.” The scriptures talk a lot about fools. They say that one who doesn't repeat the name of God is a fool; one who doesn't listen to elders is a fool; one who doesn't have *darshan* of the light of the Self, even though that light is ever present, is also a fool.

When you read that, you must feel a pinch in your heart—but what to do?

In the Hindi language, the word for “fool” is *moorkh*. There is another word for it, too—*moodha*. In English there is a similar-sounding word: *mood*. But that is not what I mean. People in India say, “Mood *theek hai, na?*” “Are you in a good mood?” Or they say, “Mood *nahī hai*” —when they’re *not* in the mood to do something. No, not that mood. I’m speaking about *moodha*, the word for “fool.”

As soon as I thought of this word *moodha*, Adi Shankaracharya’s hymn *Bhaja Govindam* began humming in my mind:

*saṁprāpte sannihite kāle nahi nahi rakṣati dukṛñkaraṇe
bhaja govindam bhaja govindam govindam bhaja mūḍhamate*

Adi Shankaracharya says, “O you who are bound by delusion, sing the name of Govinda. Repeat the name of Govinda. For at the time of death, you will not be protected by the rote recitation of knowledge you have acquired from books.”

Shankaracharya goes on to say that through *satsang*, you can attain detachment. Through detachment, you in turn attain discrimination. Through your power of discrimination, you attain steady knowledge of your true nature. And through this knowledge of your true nature, you attain liberation. You attain knowledge of the Self.

Ātmā kī Prashānti.

Now you know that April Fool’s Day can be auspicious as well—because now you can sing *Bhaja Govindam*. In India there is this kind of *jugād*—resourcefulness. We can make anything auspicious! Therefore, even with what is going on these days, we can create auspiciousness and spread auspiciousness.

In *Play of Consciousness*, Baba Muktananda writes:

This is my prayer to Shri Gurudev!
May everyone's life be a paradise.
May the trivial feeling of “I and mine” disappear,
and the knowledge of Chiti arise in our hearts.
May all beings always worship you with love and equanimity,
and the movement of our breath ever repeat the mantra *So’ham*.

Bless me, that I may worship you
with the awareness of the Self of all.
May I abandon distinctions of race, religion, and language,
and keep my mind in purity.
May I behold you, Gurunath, in the great and small,
the suffering and poor, the noble and foolish.
Give me simplicity of mind, a humble spirit, and a generous heart.
May I be the bestower of true knowledge.

Grant me this boon, Gurudev:
May I always meditate on you in the temple of my heart.
O Self of all! May I always love the all-pervasive light.
May I be devoted to you, O Guru.
Let my awareness be steadfast in knowledge, yoga, and meditation.

May I ever be a worshiper of Siddha Vidya;
may my mind merge with Chitshakti.
May I always behold in you Rama, Krishna, Shiva, and Shakti.
May I live in Ganeshpuri, where your Siddha Yoga dwells.
Set me free from distinctions of country, language, sect, and race,
and give me equality of vision.
Fill my heart with the pulsations of Nityananda.
May my mind be that of Nityananda.

May everyone attain simplicity, truth, courage,
valor, discretion, and radiance.
May the world be a garden of joy for all,
complete with the wish-fulfilling tree and the wish-fulfilling cow.
May Siddha students become masters of their senses
and take delight in *kriyā yoga*.
O Gurunath! May I always see you
within the temple of the human heart and feel fulfilled.

Let me fulfill my duties so long as there is life in this body,
and let me remember you constantly.
Let my life be full of my own labor, Gurunath.
May I meditate on you always.

O Gurudev! Grant me this at least:
May I always be united with you.
May I behold you always and everywhere,
from east to west,
from north to south.

You are Parashiva, invisible and pure;
you are the very form of *sacchidānanda*.
The universe is in you; you are in the universe;
there is no differentiation in you; you are unsurpassed, unique.

Muktananda says: Shri Gurunath!
May the Siddha science come to full flower.
May our meditation be dynamic.
May we find repose in the Blue Pearl.

May I always wander joyfully in the world,
and may you abide forever in my heart.
Muktananda says: O Gurunath!
May our lives be the play of universal Consciousness!

When Baba ji wrote this prayer, the world was very different. Even so, when we read this prayer today, it feels as if Baba ji wrote it for the present moment. The Truth is immortal. When we study what was written in the scriptures all those ages ago, it seems that the sages knew how we would be living now. The great beings, the wise beings have foresight. See what we are going through now! The Truth is immortal.

Hasn't Baba ji written so beautifully? *May I always wander joyfully in the world*. These days we cannot roam in the outer world. But on the Siddha Yoga path, we have cultivated the inner world. We can roam in the inner world.

And during these trying times, it is important to make a greater effort to ensure that our inner world is a safe haven. Those who are happy must share their happiness. Those who are unhappy should speak with their family and friends, with those who have an empathetic ear, and let them know about their sorrow. Then those who have something can give to those who do not. And those who do not have anything can receive with the intention that, when they do obtain something, they will in turn give to others.

When we say that service to humanity is service to God, it doesn't mean that only one person or one group does everything for everybody. Those who have will give. Those who don't will identify people of generous heart and altruistic nature and, without hesitation, tell them of their need. And when they—the people initially in need—have greater means, they will then share with others. In this way, everyone has the benefit of experiencing generosity in their heart. This experience of generosity is good for the health of the heart.

Each year in June you have the opportunity to read about and study the *sadguna vaibhava*, the divine virtues, on the Siddha Yoga path website. I have heard that many of you have written down these virtues, and many of you have even memorized them. So you have the *sadguna vaibhava* within you as well as in your journals.

Therefore, while this lockdown is going on, you can study one *sadguna* at a time, imbibe it, and share it with others.

This is my hope.

This is my request.

You'll agree to do this, right?

