

YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR THE DIVINE BEGGAR



Ma Devaki

YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR BHAVAN

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YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR, THE DIVINE BEGGAR

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Yogi Ramsuratkumar
Yogi Ramsuratkumar
Yogi Ramsuratkumar
Jaya Guru Raya

"The presence of One perfect Being can change the whole atmosphere. Whatever He does will benefit the entire mankind, not just individuals alone. There is only one Sun and you see, how its light benefits the whole world!"

Yogi Ramsuratkumar.



YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR JAYA GURU RAYA

FOREWORD

Anything and Everything happen, as ordained by the Cosmic Controller, my Guru Maharaj Yogi Ramsuratkumar. When Ma Devaki desired to have a 'Foreword' from me for her inspiring book, after my initial hesitation, i had the inner voice commanding me, to read the draft-book again and to move forward, more and more, in the path of Sadhana. This positive intuition, churned a resolution, the effect of which is - ' THIS FOREWORD.' Yogiji has given His 'WARD', this write up.

As the author has pointed out more than once, any attempt to write about this ' INFINITE GEM,' will of course be limited, depending upon one's

perception, for, fathoming into the deep ocean and collecting all the pearls, is not a feasible exercise. Let us note now the salient observation of Yogi Ramsuratkumar, "Just like when a man stands on the seashore and looks out over the great ocean, he sees only a fraction of that great ocean. Similarly, everyone can see only a small part of me. The whole cosmos is but an infinitesimal part of the real man, but how can a man see the whole cosmos? " We are certain that the dashing waves of the mighty ocean, before they recede, thrills us with excitement, varied of course, depending upon the individual's state of mind. These targeting waves do leave indelible impacts, and such impacts, on the author, have led to this concise and glorious book, which does give a veritable peep into the Sadguru and a part of his varied dimensions, depending on men, matters, surroundings, sincerity of purpose and genuine craving. The Master spoke on rare occasions, and a bounty of HIS WORDS are focussed here. I have consciously referred to the 'MIND,' in spite of Yogi Ramsuratkumar's salutary statement, 'DO NOT MIND THE MIND.' When our Guru Maharaj helps us in the process

of 'MIND VANISHING,' then there will be its cessation. In this finely scripted book, you will find references to the 'MIND,' its plays varied, and its possible extinction.

There cannot be any dissent, in the chorus of acclamation, the author is bound to get, for, i realize, based on my experiences, that 'YOGIJI' is absolutely behind this significant venture. The language used, is purity veritable and at the same time, simple enough for easy grasping. The division under various heads is not only charming but very purposeful. That India is the productive field of great Masters, will resonate, while you read this concise edition, made with a definite resolve, that one must have a glimpse of that " Divine beggar and dirty sinner " and thereby amass to oneself His ever flowing Grace. Every time you read the name, " Yogi Ramsuratkumar," be certain He is with you. Yogiji had said that transformation takes place, without our knowledge, in His presence, but i am also certain that it continues to be one of permanence. If Faith, which according to the Master, can even move the mountains, is total, results automatically fall in

the grooves laid by the Master and such instances adorn the author's write up. We have an insight as to how "MASTERS HAVE THE SAME WAVELENGTH," so different from us. This book could be a boon for serious and thoughtful reading as well a gift for those readers, who connect "GREAT MASTERS," with miracles, though that may be an infinitesimal part of their Divine dispensation. That Mahatmas suffer, for our well being, is postulated with ingenuity, that the immediate reaction of ours is that our body consciousness is the cause for all woes. I have a strong thought, that Masters like Yogiji are BORN. If my mind also ceases to think, i will not pose an interrogation, if Masters are MADE.

If you commence reading, i am sure that the book can be laid down, only on termination of the process. It has become a 'DISEASE' for me to write, " LONGS," but that is due to the 'EASE,' Bhagawan spontaneously provides, for, my individual thoughts have no place, in all my scribblings. Though I will not like references to me, which I find in this book, the author's

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prerogative cannot be disregarded by a foreworder. This hand book, lovely even for sight with adorable pictures of the Master containing substance of very great value to a discerning as well a casual reader, is positively the work of Yogi Ramsuratkumar, through His tool Ma Devaki. Let us pray to Bhagawan to facilitate her, with more of such 'precious scripting,' to make us aware of a little more dimension of HIS.

Jai Yogi Ramsuratkumar!

In the service of Bhagawan,
Justice T.S. Arunachalam

Date. 27.05.2008

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YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR BHAVAN

INTRODUCTION

Fortunate are those who come across a Gnani in their very life-time. Still more fortunate are those who recognise him for what he is and benefit from his divine association in humble servitude. But there can be no one, absolutely no one who could claim intimate knowledge or understanding of an unfathomable and unpredictable Gnani like Yogi Ramsuratkumar, unless the mind is liquidated at the altar of the Divine Master. Those of us who attempted to find some details of Sri Yogiji's past life were at once admonished by him with a cryptic remark, ' There is no need to know the origin of Ganga or the places through which it passes. Take a dip in its holy waters and purify yourself. That will do'.

Once a French writer, with a desire to write a book on Yogi Ramsuratkumar, approached him in Sannidhi Street house, through me, for some

possible material and a message to the world. Bhagawan with a self-derisive smile, said, 'What material? What message? This beggar has no material to give you. For messages, you must go to people like Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Ramana Maharishi, my Master Swami Ramdas, Ram Thirth etc. Enough has been said already. This beggar has no new message to give you. BUT FATHER HAS GIVEN A NAME TO THE WORLD THAT CAN LIBERATE PEOPLE!--THE NAME YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR! That's all! What can anybody write on this dirty beggar? Do you know the balloon? It is small. People blow and blow into it and (with a gesture of both the hands) it becomes bigger and bigger like that! Then the balloon will burst! நி(வரு)?' (An explosive laughter). A devotee seated opposite, pointed out, " You are verily God, you are the Truth, Swami. Not even four Vedas could describe you adequately. They fail and become dumb." With another uproarious laughter and a stout denial, Swami said, " Eh... eh ... ! Even four Vedas cannot describe God. Then what can anyone write on this mad sinner who is so lazy, who only eats, sleeps and smokes cigarettes which he buys with the money you people throw

into his bowl? This beggar is no G ... O ... D ... ! My friend, he is only a D ... O ... G ... ! " (Cascades of Laughter again). Just then a bundle of Balajothidams arrived with the postman. After Bhagawan distributed it, a devotee casually opened it-lo and behold!-the page had an article titled "Yogi Ramsuratkumar is verily God." Swami put a finger on his nose at this "final verdict" and burst into gales of laughter, drawing everyone with him! He also used to say, "If people understand Swami Nityananda of Ganeshpuri, they can understand a little about this beggar also."

Indeed, to attempt to describe this phenomenal Godman, who however called himself, only a " mad beggar " and a " dirty sinner," would amount to an exercise in scaling a peak like Kailash! So it is only with great trepidation and inadequacy I have dared to attempt to give a glimpse of this Mahayogi, trusting His own Grace. I can only pray to him in all earnestness that He should manifest in every word of this hand-book and its content, in all his spiritual magnificence

and sweetness giving the readers a taste of his intimate presence and compassion.

Originally this preparation was a paper presented in the National Seminar on " Muktha Purushas of Bharatham" held jointly by Yogi Ramsuratkumar Research Foundation and Sri Chandrasekarendra Sarasvathi Vishva Maha Vidyalaya of Kancheepuram recently. Justice Sri T.S. Arunachalam, the spiritual successor of Yogi Ramsuratkumar felt a prompting from Bhagawan that this could serve as the much needed hand-book on Swami and urged me to make it so. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to him for his kind generosity and backing, but for which, this book would not have been possible. My special thanks are due to Sri M.R. Venkatasubramanian for his ready and cheerful cooperation in computer typing the manuscript, despite his long office hours. No less due are my heartfelt thanks to Sri G. Swaminathan for his kindly verification of details and to all the other kindred souls of the Ashram who helped in some way or the other with loving concern. May this hand-book be a humble precursor to other more brilliant and studied

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works on Bhagawan Yogi Ramsuratkumar from
the Ashram, in the years to come!

Yogi Ramsuratkumar Jaya Guru Raya.

His eternal slave,
Ma Devaki

Yogi Ramsuratkumar Ashram,
Tiruvannamalai.
Date: May 26, 2008.

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YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR BHAVAN

CHAPTER - I

INDIA AND THE GREAT MASTERS

India is known as Bharatha Desam which means the land that revels in the light of sacred wisdom. The invocation of the Divine is the heartbeat of this beloved Nation. Swami Vivekananda once spoke, *"India I loved before I came away. Now, the very dust of India has become holy to me, the very air is now holy to me. It is now the holy land, the place of pilgrimage, the Tirtha!"* Indeed she is rightly called, *"Ratnagarbha"*, for, her spiritually fertile womb has given birth to an endless succession of holy sages, the crown-jewels among humans. Swami Vivekananda often exclaimed, or should we say, proclaimed, *"What has India been doing for ages and ages except producing sages?"*-- a quote very dear to the heart of Bhagawan Yogi Ramsuratkumar and it never failed to draw delightful and cascading peals of laughter from him! Once, when Alexander the

Great asked his Teacher Aristotle, *"What should I bring you from India, the wonderful land of elephants, Kings and diamonds?"* Pat came the reply from the wise man, *"Bring some great men of yoga from that country."*

Indeed the glorious destiny of India, in the words of Rabindranath Tagore is, *"to be the Teacher of all lands"*, and in the words of Sri Aurobindo, *"to be the moral leader of the world."* Long long ago, our ancient Manu had declared, *"To know your real identity and to realise your Self, you should sit at the feet of your chosen Guru in this land of Bharat."* Yogi Ramsuratkumar himself used to say *"India is our leela Bhoomi, the playground of Great Masters, the custodians of the Divine Plan. It will never be taken away from us, believe me, my friend, 'Truth shall have its way.'--* and would dissolve into enigmatic laughter.

Thus, the unique riches of India have always been its great spiritual Masters and Teachers of rare eminence from varied lineages and traditions, who have mastered the secrets of the soul and become completely one with the Universal Being.

The Divine Beggar Yogi Ramsuratkumar, by both precept and practice of surrender to the "Whimsical" will of the Divine, often reminded one of the sacred tradition of Avadhuts, who, unmindful of their own physical needs, sufferings and eccentric behaviour, ever live in the state of Supreme Peace, even while pursuing relentlessly their divine mission of uplifting humanity at large. They don't speak at length. Yet, even their casual words and gestures carry deep meaning and purpose. Free from the shackles of societal injunctions and obligations, an Avadhut's unpredictable behaviour is often difficult to interpret, since they live and act from their established state of Totality.

This mystic Seer revealed spontaneously at times, glimpses of his true state, declaring, *"This beggar doesn't exist. Father alone is. Nothing else. No one else"*, and a rare few times, he spoke more pointedly, *"I am the substratum of all existence. I am the cosmic controller. All of you are in me. I am in all of You."* However, clothed as they are, in the garb of a human body, they too go through birth and death and the vicissitudes of life as part of

the grand leela of the Divine and take on the strenuous burden of bringing order and harmony out of chaos and hatred and conveying to the hearts of men, the wisdom of their spirit. They labour to awaken people to the truth of their own innate divinity and hence to the ultimate peace and brotherhood of all men.

Indeed, attempting to write on such a great mystic is tantamount to a blind man wanting to describe an elephant by the mere feel of his hands! Yogi Ramsuratkumar himself never claimed to be a Guru or God and always referred to himself only as dirty sinner and mad beggar. Yet, the rare few glimpses he so graciously granted to a fortunate few, revealed a divinity of unsurpassed beauty, grandeur and profundity, in the guise of a common beggar of the streets. He could at once possess the simplicity of a guileless child and the sophistication of a powerful God. He could at once walk and work with the vitality and strength of a youth and yet suffer like a helpless, infirm old man. Indeed, he could at once manifest aspects so paradoxical, so contradictory in appearance yet always complimentary in the light

of his Father's work! It is a matter of ceaseless wonder and awe to his devotees. Indeed, all pairs of opposites met in him in an amazing blend of harmony! Here was a wondrous Cosmic Being one should only gaze at and be engulfed in the blissful peace that he embodied so gloriously- not fathom in vain.

It often seemed to the author that one glimpse of this beggar sage would wipe out Janmas from our Karmic sheet! This divinity in dirty rags walked the earth for most part of his life even as a street beggar, depending on chance meal with only an occasional roof overhead. However, there was nothing street-beggarly about his Divine Majesty, nor about his spiritual Ministry as the hidden saviour of mankind. Indeed, one glimpse of such an inspiring Godman and his life story can indelibly impress upon us, the lofty truths of life in greater measure than scores of books on philosophy and Vedanta!

CHAPTER - II

FROM BIRTH TO FINAL FULFILMENT

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

Born on December 1, 1918, in Nardara, a village in the lap of Mother Ganga in Balia district, Uttar Pradesh, to devout parents, the child, Ramsuratkumar grew with the rhythm, magic and moods of the celestial river. The legends of this sacred Ganga speak of its unique power to purify even the wholesale sinner if he should take a dip in her holy waters in great faith. Apart from the stories of Ramayana and Mahabharatha which the little boy learnt in wide eyed wonder sitting in his father's lap, the numerous sadhus who roamed the river banks also became his formative influences. Night after night, he would sit by the ' Dhuni ' (fire) in their satsang gatherings, listening spell-bound to their chantings and narrations of puranic tales

of religious fervour. They certainly fell on fertile ground and made his child's heart aflame with thrill and joy. They formed the first divine impress upon the fabric of his innocent soul. Looking back, one could see that these childhood fascinations were in truth, clear pointers to the direction, along which his life would advance before long.

Active, intelligent and highly sensitive with an innate passion for God, Ramsuratkumar also exhibited rare traits of selfless love and large heartedness. Indeed, such was his love for the itinerant sadhus that he could not bear to see them go hungry. Always, the little boy attempted to feed them, many times parting with his own food or bringing them home to his pious parents or to an obliging neighbour. His mother who understood his unique compassion and all its concomitant virtues, would fondly address him as "*my Sadvi beta.*" ("my virtuous son"). This generous hearted feeding of people, especially of sadhus, often found expression all through his rather chequered life and culminated later on, in Sadhu Bojan and feeding of all visiting devotees in his Ashram in Tiruvannamalai.

THE TURNING POINT

Even as he continued his format learning in school, this young boy began to have flashes of spiritual experiences, the significance and magnitude of which was beyond his immediate comprehension. However, the pivotal episode of his life occurred at 12 years of age. One evening, his mother sent him to fetch water from a well, a house chore, he always enjoyed doing. In the twilight of the dusk, he saw a tiny bird perched on the edge of the well. In playful innocence, he flicked the rope across, only to find, to his great horror and heart-break, the bird falling dead! All his frantic efforts to revive it proved futile, drowning him in tears of unbearable remorse and sorrow. With the bird, the fun and frivolities of his childhood innocence died too and the event whipped him into a new awareness of life and death and above all, the agony of suffering. He began to feel for all life. This event sowed the seeds for his future mission of alleviating the suffering of all creation, the ultimate expression of universal love, born of oneness with all existence.

The episode set him on a mystical journey, a journey of no return. At 16, the teenager felt an irresistible urge to leave the security of home for Varanasi with no thought of food or money. When he entered the Sanctum Sanctorum of Viswanath Mandir, he instantly saw a brilliant effulgence engulfing the whole space, which to his great wonder, emanated from himself. Drunk with the blissful presence, he wandered farther away upto Saranath. At the site of the huge stupa where Buddha gave his first sermon to his intimate disciples, Ramsuratkumar had another spell of trance. Much later, again, an impromptu urge drove him to Buddha Gaya where he felt the blissful benediction of Lord Buddha.

THE YOUNG SADHAK

However, young Ramsuratkumar, like the youth of his days carried on his higher education in Allahabad University and graduated. For a period, he even worked as head-master of schools, and tried to live the temporal life of a house-holder. But even then, his visits to the river haunts of

sadhus continued undeterred. An elderly sadhu of great wisdom in particular, seems to have played a major role in shaping the early spiritual phase of young Ramsuratkumar. His yearning heart, further inflamed by Sadhu sangh and his own mystical experiences, now reached a point of new despair. The life of comfort, ease, name and fame held no sway over this young man! All personal interests were pushed behind. He threw himself into severe austerities with unrelenting regimen in food and life style, solely to divinise his body. Year after year for nine years, he took only raw vegetables and fruits and would not hear of cooked food!

It was in this period that two significant things happened which added fuel to his already flaming inner fires and propelled him into a fateful journey towards South. One was that he heard twice, the voice of Swami Vivekananda calling out to him, the second of which occurred while he was returning home from school work. He distinctly heard the words " *It is Vivekananda calling you. What you are doing now is not your work,* " which astounded him and stopped him in his tracks. The

other catalyst was his reading of Sri Aurobindo's "*Lights on Yoga*". On fire for god now, his friendship with the elder sadhu offered but little help. His mentor pointed helplessly to the spiritual giants of the South. Burning as he was with the raging divine fever, unable to stop himself for anything but the ultimate goal, this born seeker of Truth began the momentous journey in search of his spiritual Father. He was to live a life far different from the milieu of ordinary men and was already undergoing tremendous transformation through arduous Sadhana.

IN THE SOUTH WITH THE THREE SPIRITUAL FATHERS

In 1947, Ramsuratkumar somehow managed to reach Sri Aurobindo Ashram after a rather difficult journey. He had the first taste of a wandering life. With ticket and money in his pocket, he boarded the train along with the crowd and soon found himself in an embarrassing situation when the ticket collector demanded the ticket. In the place of the ticket and money, he found only a gaping hole and realised with shock

that he had been pick-pocketed! He learnt to travel penniless and ticketless and braved up the consequences even if it meant being thrown into jails. All travails were adequately compensated for, when he entered Sri Aurobindo Ashram and instantly went into a deep spiritual state of an ineffable peace and felt intuitively that this peace was Sri Aurobindo.

Later he went over to Tiruvannamalai and stayed with Sri Ramana Maharshi for two months. Under the Maharshi's piercing gaze steadily fixed on him, veil after veil dropped off, revealing deeper reaches of awareness and he was completely lost in the timeless wonder of a throbbing silence. Yet, soon this familiar longing was back again and there was no established sense of fulfilment. He visited Papa Ramdas of Kanhangad twice. But by a strange leela of the Divine, inscrutable as it always is, he was unable to detect his 'Spiritual Father' in the sage of Kerala unlike in the instances of Sri Aurobindo and Bhagawan Ramana. According to Sri Yogiji, the four years of tutelage under Sri Aurobindo and Maharishi Ramana were a period of ceaseless transformation of the human into the

divine - a period of construction of all that was conducive, destruction of all that was dross and sublimation of all into greater and greater awakening. His days see-sawed between heights of ecstasy and depths of gloom.

THE FINAL PLUNGE

In 1950, when Ramsuratkumar was back in the Himalayas, he heard about the Mahasamadhi of both Sri Ramana Maharshi and Sri Aurobindo, which news plunged him in an utter despair. In 1952, he desperately reached out for Swami Ramdas, the spiritual giant of Kerala who was affectionately referred to as "Papa" by his huge following. To cite Sri Yogiji's words, "*But this time Swami Ramdas turned out to be an entirely different person. At the very first sight, Swami Ramdas could tell a number of intimate things about the life and mission of this beggar which nobody but this beggar knew ! Not only that, but the Master started to 'take a special care of this beggar'*". One day Ramsuratkumar

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approached the great Master and expressed rather shyly his desire for initiation. Swami Ramdas smiled and with no ceremony whatsoever, said, "*So you want to be initiated? Sit down.*" Ramsuratkumar seated himself on the ground and repeated after the Master, syllable by syllable, the ancient sacred Mantra "*Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram*". Swami Ramdas gave only one instruction as he probably gave many others too "Go and repeat it day and night, all the 24 hours." The Divine Guru's command came sharp and swift even as high powered Rama Bana (the deadly arrow from Rama's bow) and began its alchemical work.

Ramsuratkumar, the born seeker of Truth was already a ripe fruit needing but a gentle tap from the sage of Kerala for final consummation with God. Day and night, day after day, for seven days, Ramsuratkumar was in the grip of inexorable repetition of Mantra which stirred his deeper recesses into blazing heights. Waves of rapturous love for God swept over him until finally even the subtle but stubborn traces of individuality were washed away in the floods of the ultimate Self awareness. This often reminds

one of the pivotal episode of the tiny bird which is symbolic of ego, falling dead at one forceful swipe of the hand with the rope which symbolises the Master's initiation. Caylor Wadlington, the first biographer of Yogi Ramsuratkumar writes, " In the course of seven days and seven nights, Ramsuratkumar made the great exodus from the Kingdom of man to the Kingdom of God." It was a mystic birth, a birth into the causeless, boundless, changeless, attributeless awareness. Ramsuratkumar became Yogi Ramsuratkumar, a saviour of ignorant souls with a mission greater than his own liberation. Bhagawan described the ultimate dissolution of the sense of individuality, *"This beggar died at the Lotus Feet of Swami Ramdas in 1952. Papa Ramdas killed this beggar. All that remains is Father alone! Nothing else! No one else! This beggar has no mind, no thinking, no planning, no CONSCIENCE! No sense of right and wrong, no sense of good and evil! All washed away! Millions and millions of salutations to my Master!"*

THE AFTERLIFE

Now a divine madness, bordering sometimes on the vestiges of insanity, gripped him uncontrollably. Yogi Ramsuratkumar laughed and wept, sang and danced and yet other times sat still as a stone or rolled on the ground, ecstatically overwhelmed by beatific surges of divine consciousness. His adoration of Papa Ramdas and Mataji Krishnabai gushed forth in endless ways and took forms of demonstration that were not always acceptable to all the people. Eventually, Sri Yogiji had to leave Anandashram at the insistence of Swami Ramdas who felt that Ramsuratkumar's own nature and that of his spiritual mission required him to set foot in the turbulence of the World. Swami Ramdas explained which was at once illustrative and cryptic, *"The forest trees grow to be tall and strong and they gradually become a haven for numerous forms of life seeking refuge from predators. Domestic trees never acquire such a mighty stature"*. When the Master enquired where he proposed to go, pat came the reply from the divine

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spontaneity of Yogi Ramsuratkumar, “*To Arunachala.*” Strangely it took seven long years of trials and tribulations - years of greater assimilation and integration- to reach his final destination, the place of his Father's cosmic work, the mountain of sacred fire, Arunachala!

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CHAPTER - III

THE WANDERING YEARS

God intoxicated as he was, Sri Yogiji was unable to fend for even his barest needs and went about wherever his Father's inexorable will took him. Barefoot, unkempt and dirty with clothes hanging in tatters, he was dragged across length and breadth of India even as the proverbial straw in the "whimsical" wind, right from the sacred Sangamam of the three great ocean at the Lotus Feet of Bhagavati Kanyakumari, through the plain of varied parts of the country, upto the towering grandeur of the Himalayas. At this juncture, one is reminded of the beautiful song of the Sannyasin by Swami Vivekananda :

*Have thou no home, what home
Can hold thee, my friend?*

*The sky thy roof, the grass they bed,
And food what chance may bring
Well-cooked or ill, judge not.
No food or drink can taint
Thy noble Self which knows Itself.
Like rolling river, free thou ever be,
Sannyasin bold!*

Indeed, during this Avadhuthic phase of his life, Yogi Ramsuratkumar walked the whole of India in the beatific radiance of his luminous Self, free from all pairs of opposites, uncaring for social norms and niceties but eyes always blazing forth with the fire of Supreme knowledge. Relying in entirety on the benevolence of the Divine alone, the Yogi accepted things as they came as nothing but Father's grace. Never thinking of the past nor bothering about the future, he moved on as a silent and choiceless witness to the present. There were days without a morsel of food or a single cup of tea and occasions when stale "roties" of several days old, dry as wood, with no softening gravy, would be dropped into his hands in such condescending manner! Years later, Bhagawan used to express with his characteristic candour

that only in Punjab and Gujarat-especially in Gujarat, the land of Mahatma Gandhi, people gave alms with warmth and kindness! Again there were instances of people even setting the dog on this vulnerable beggar sage with such contempt for beggary. Much later, commenting on this sad state of affairs in India, Bhagawan would say in tearful voice to some of his devotees, *“Beggary is not a crime in India. Beggars are permitted by Vedas. Great Masters come in the form of beggars. Of course, it is very difficult to distinguish the Masters from beggars. Grahasthas may give food. But they will not allow beggars like me to sleep in their house. Temple is our only shelter. Our only refuge. If you want to make India like Europe, Great Masters will not come here (tears). If they are protected, they will do their Leelas here. If you throw one meal to a beggar, it is not going to make him a millionaire! Nor would you lose your fortune.”*

During these penniless wanderings, there were also occasions, when he was kicked out of trains into grass fields of snakes, in the pitch darkness of midnight, for want of a ticket. Quite a

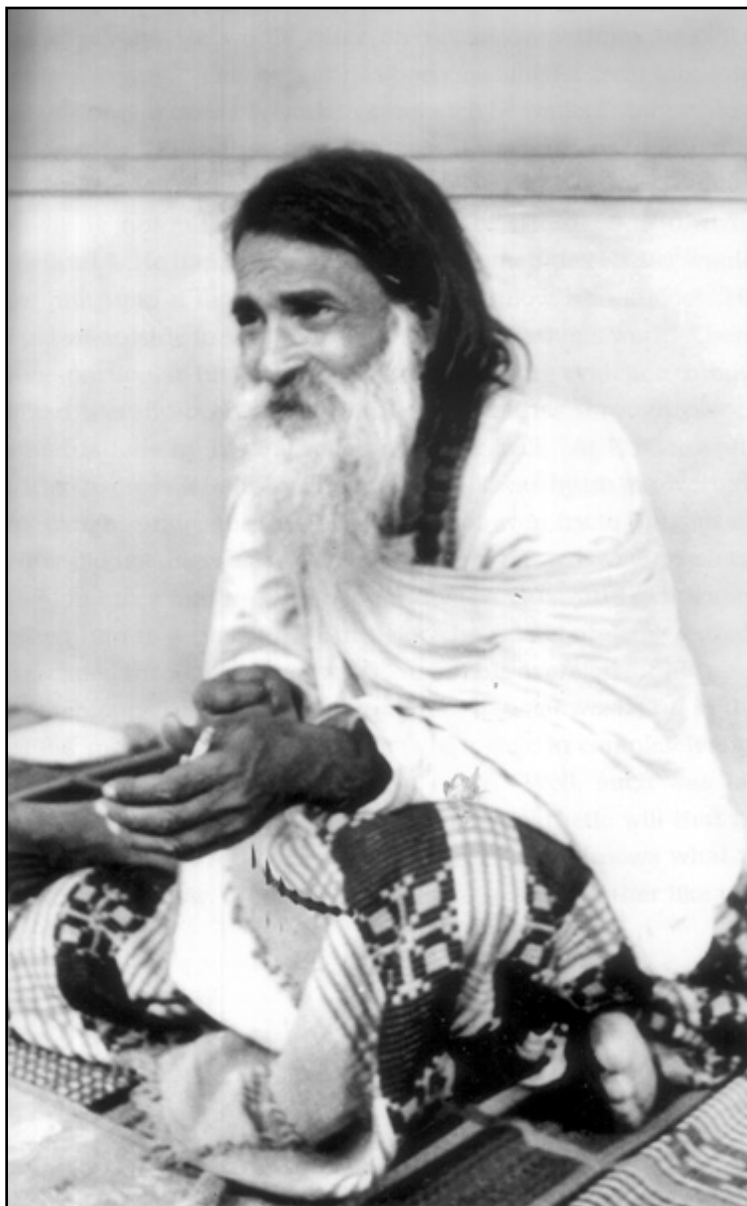
few times it occasioned that he was arrested and thrown into jails for ticketless travelling. Whatever way Father (God) kept this beggar sage was alright for him. He lived in a surrendered existence to the Divine will of Father, however fanciful it seemed. Often his eccentricities and enigmatic behaviour were judged harshly by the ignorant, landing him in great trouble. Highly sensitised as they are, these Mahatma's agony of suffering could be extraordinarily sharp and severe than ordinary mortals. However, this mad beggar did not complain nor did he want freedom from Father's seemingly uncharitable will. Nor did he seek the comfort of a private shelter, but brave the rigors of the defenseless life of a wanderer with ease equanimity.

They were also the years, when this " *Athi Ashrami* " saw the agonizing plight of the vast majority of this country men who had forgotten their rich, spiritual, dharmic and cultural heritage of their Vedic ancestors and had become slaves to the imported and crass materialism of the West. In unbounded compassion his heart began to bleed for all the poor, the lowly and the misguided. In the

light of some of the hints Bhagawan dropped later on, one finds that Sri Yogiji, all through his earlier life was aware, if somewhat vaguely, of his life's mission. He kind of intuited that he would have to walk amidst people unobtrusively which entailed him to perform the subtle and sublime work of secretly extricating the suffering souls from the “bonded labour” of their own making, from the prison house of “I am the body” identity. He understood that as a benefactor of the world, he should not estrange himself from the world he felt compelled to serve, but integrate his entire godly living in tune with it. When a man blossoms forth into a Divine Being, it must happen in every aspect, in every pore of his being, in perfect harmony with entire creation. Thus, he learnt the strengths and weaknesses of people, their cultures and the countries in the light of his Father's work. He recognised the compelling need for a Rama Rajya in this dark age, kali yuga, the need for the birth of a world family - VASUDAIVA KUTUMBAKAM.

His Father's cosmic work, thus started in great vigour but unobtrusively. He would later on reveal sometimes to close devotees saying, "*This*

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beggar has been assigned a great mission. And this beggar does his work in every step he walks." Ashtavakra Geetha says, " *Even though a Jeevan Muktha remains thoroughly inactive, he is made to act sometimes by the wind of Totality. But he is not tainted by the nature of the deed, sinful or beneficial.*" He had told some of us how sometimes Father would take him upto a famous temple but not allow him inside! He would sit outside in some corner and do his Father's work! There is one particular incident which bears striking evidence to how he had literally been pulled hither and thither through places and situations by his Father's inexorable will. At Erode, while he tried to cross a Railway line, his left foot was by an inadvertent slip, caught under the line. He could not even try to pull out as Father did not allow it! The oncoming train passed over, crushing two of his toes and he fell unconscious! A Gujarati gentleman rushed him to a hospital. But before he was completely cured, he escaped through a window because of his aversion for hospital confinement. Till the very end, that foot had felt weak and in the last few months of his earthly sojourn, it gave in completely and he had to be wheeled around in a chair. Well, such was his

surrender to his Father's seemingly unsympathetic will that he would only say, *"All Fathers blessings. Father knows what to do, when and how. This beggar cannot question Father like you people do!"*

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CHAPTER - IV

ARUNACHALA AND THE YOGI

THE HILL OF SACRED FIRE

The mighty hill Arunachala possesses a magnetic aura and a charismatic hold and casts a magic spell on all serious seekers of Truth. Hailed as the very embodiment of Lord Shiva and the divine beacon of light, this peerless jewel, the Mountain of Arunachala has been both a natural and chosen abode of great Spiritual giants from time immemorial and most recently Guhai Namasivaya, Sri Seshadri Swamigal, Sri Ramana Maharshi to name a few. On important festival days, people move in lakhs around the hill, a distance of 8.5 miles of Giri Pradhakshina (circumambulation) with an unswerving faith in its efficacious benevolence. The Darshan of the sacred

flame lit at the summit of the mountain in the month of Karthigai (December - January) every year on the full moon day is considered as the highest merit.

In 1959, the divine dictates of Father finally landed this Godmad beggar who looked dishevelled and wild eyed with clothes hanging in assorted tatters, yet exuding an air of divine beauty, purity and exuberance, at the foot of this sacred hill, his destined refuge for the rest of his life. With no one to offer food or shelter, cemeteries, temple precincts, the vessel shops' sun shades and the green folds of the mountain with the caves already sanctified by other Mahatmas, became his favourite haunts where he went about the divine labour of curing ailing patients, healing the mentally sick, rescuing lives out of danger and above all and most importantly, suffusing divine light wherever darkness reigned.

Initially he was often seen under the Ashwatta tree near the bus stand but for most part, it was under the punnai tree near the Railway station, he held his cosmic court. Many

young westerners during late sixties and early seventies sought him out for their highest benefit. Truman Caylor Waddlington, a young man in early twenties, was one such who came to Bhagawan in great urgency of a meditation problem. His sitting for hours together in deep concentration at Ramanashram, soon proved unbearably strenuous and misguided. He began to get splitting headaches which got worse day by day. Unable to endure it anymore, he sought Bhagawan's help. When Bhagawan set it right with expertise, Caylor's devotion to Yogi Ramsuratkumar became so intense that this hidden saint, who so far shunned crowds and lime light, took the liberty of allowing him to write the first ever biography on him. It was the dire need of the hour and the book gave relief to endless tortures he suffered as a Hindi speaking and wild looking North Indian.

Often his enigmatic eccentricities made him a vulnerable target for cruel persecution from the political detractors, which he bore with phenomenal endurance. Many were the vicious attempts made on his life. Knowing the paths he

walked unsuspectingly on his daily route to the town and back, broken glass pieces would be strewn all over the way. There were instances of even putting hot powder in his eyes while he slept unguardedly. Several times he had been pelted with stones or beaten up brutally to the point of unconsciousness. Two horrid incidents, described by Bhagawan himself fills one with shock and disgust at the barbarities committed on this unprotected Sage.

One day as Bhagawan was walking in the street towards Ashwatta tree (near the bus stand), three or four thugs, all of a sudden, closed in on him, flung the coconut shell, fan and the paper bundle away and began to thrash him cruelly while twenty others were standing and merely watching "the show". None came forward to help him for fear or other reasons, even though some of them were known to him! The barbarity stopped only when his attendant came running with three other friends. Another time, Bhagawan entered a tea-shop where he used to have a cup of tea with the Muslim owner of the shop. The man used to be friendly and they would converse in Hindi, a

luxury to Bhagawan in those days, as there were hardly any one who could speak his language. That particular day, suddenly, three or four men which included the friend-turned-foe owner, pounced on our unsuspecting Swami and beat him up. They pushed him into the nearby gutter and forced him to say "Hindi down, down, long live Tamil." But Bhagawan refused to yield and said, "*I would say, long live Tamil. But not Hindi down, down!*" They beat him up right on the mouth with a stick until he became unconscious! Even when this is being written down, the whole body of the author shakes at the atrocities man's evil nature is capable of committing on the innocent and the virtuous. Yet the prompting for mentioning this incident is to make people see, especially those of us who imagine our lives overwrought with untold suffering (most of it are probably invited by the vagaries of our ego itself!) that our agony is nothing before what these great ones themselves went through in uncomplaining silence.

Bhagawan had to suffer repeatedly such barbarous indignities for no fault of his! These apart, there were always, intimidating and

calculated psychological harassment of verbal abuse and insults flung at him systematically. Yet, even covered in bruises and blood stains all over, he would only counsel patience and peace with gracious words, *"We shall bear it. Let us do Father's work."* Ashtavakra Geetha says *"The ultimate test of a Jivan Muktha is that he does not react to any events or news, however the provocation is. He sees only His own Self even in the tormentors."* Some of these happened while Caylor was with him that he noted in his diary, *"The plots and endless schemes! No one except Swami could survive! Anyone else would be crazed or deranged in a week's time!"*

About this period, Bhagawan would say *"This beggar was wandering here and there but became tired of it. But there was no shelter. Arunachaleswara, in the form of the hill had mercy on this miserable sinner, so this beggar gives a thousand thanks to this holy hill and the holy temple. They saved this beggar. Oh! Magnanimity of the Lord!"* At this crucial juncture, Caylor's book, *"Yogi Ramsuratkumar, the God Child"*, brought him out of obscurity and gave some relief

from the agonies of brutality. Bhagawan commented *"This book has come when it is no longer possible for this beggar to live and do Father's work unnoticed. Nor could he even remain in Tiruvannamalai! This book has begun to alleviate the situation."*

Following Caylor, a steady stream of western youngsters found their way to his varied hide-outs. Not only their misguided spiritual practices were corrected by Bhagawan's unerring guidance but they were also propelled into greater closeness to the Divine. Eventually, Bhagawan began to spend more time under the Punnai tree near the Railway Station, sometimes for the entire day and would walk back to the vessel shops for the night stay. Sitting under the Punnai tree, totally consecrated to the service of the world, the Divine Beggar began to beg-not for food or comfort. He begged Father for the well-being of all life and he begged people for chanting Father's varied Names for their own highest benefit. Moulded by Sri Aurobindo, one of his three Spiritual Fathers, Yogi Ramsuratkumar believed in the evolution of entire human race and hence

in the necessity of his Father's work. He said, *"This beggar believes in the vision of the spiritual Teacher Sri Aurobindo who had a dream of universal peace and unity on earth of a race of Spiritual Supermen. This work must be done. This beggar will tell you, it won't fail."*

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CHAPTER – V

SPIRITUAL MINISTRY

SOME SALIENT FEATURES

Always Bhagawan's spiritual Ministry entailed smoking, a high focus ritual in his Father's work. He smoked away our bad karmas and the impurities of mind as much as he possibly could, in the circumstances. As soon as a person walked into his presence, he seemed to know everything about their past, present and future! Despite this, sometimes, he would want to know meticulously every detail of the devotee's problem as though his work depended completely on that! Other times, there would be no exchange of words at all. Yet the subtle work of helping the visitor would go on behind, sometimes even without the

knowledge of the visitor. Sometimes, the gift of help entailed smoking the entire length of the cigarette one after another, in long succession, sometimes only a puff or two. Yet there would be neither any smell of the cigarette nor the smoke rings! But people would begin to feel an unwinding of their body and mind, an unlocking of their hearts. They would begin to feel at ease and at peace. In him, they found new depths of compassion, power and wisdom.

Before the divine madness took over, smoking was nauseating to him. But after he was commissioned with a mission, it became different. When a westerner asked him directly about smoking, Bhagawan said briefly, *"After Swami Ramdas gave this madness, this beggar could not bear to be around people, because, their vibrations were too gross. Smoking helped."* It enabled him to bring his mind down to earth and concentrate on worldly problems. To mitigate the vicious effects of chain smoking, he would keep a piece of dry gooseberry in the corner of his mouth. Dr. T.P. Meenakshisundaram, the former Vice-chancellor of Madurai University, a Tamil savant and a great

linguist, describes beautifully, in one of his poems on Yogi Ramsuratkumar, *"Your continual smoking of cigarettes one after another in quick succession brings immediate relief from suffering to your devotees. Knowing this you rejoice over your work."* But this ongoing ritual with cigarettes and gooseberry cost him dearly-not only to his health, he also lost all sense of taste! Yet, he was always an ardent champion of gooseberry and he advised, *"It not only improves one's memory power and concentration, it also helps to develop body immunity. It is a tonic and panacea for all ills."* He laid emphasis on Nama for all ills of the mind and on gooseberry for all ills of the body.

Initially, this beggar king could take an occasional bath in the water jets of paddy fields - a luxury, considering the way he lived in the dusty streets of Tiruvannamalai. But slowly it changed over years into mere sprinkling of water over the face. Later that too stopped because it was too much of a bother! This divine labourer simply had no time for bath and the like. Father's work was heavy. He would not change clothes until they became threadbare and would literally start "falling

apart!" Yet, a casually worn turban (initially, of any colour that came to his hands but later, mostly green) would sit like a diadem of emeralds on his hallowed head! He carried a staff, an assortment of long sticks with peacock feathers bundled together with strips of rags, with a jute string dangling loose. When these were pulled tight, the whole structure could look like a bow! Sri Yogiji, would point it out jokingly as "*Rama's bow*". Indeed, it was No JOKE at all! Many years later, in 1993, the author had the opportunity of witnessing a strange scene. A fanatic mob of commoners from a political meeting, once, surrounded him and back-walked him to a closed compound gate of a Sadhak in Ramana Nagar, who would not open the door for fear of the mob. Bhagawan and a sadhu friend were almost pinned against the gate. Horrified, the author stood at a distance, bound by Swami's order not to come out and so unable to help anyway. The author's heart stopped in fear of what might happen to him, when suddenly Bhagawan snatched the stick from the hand of the sadhu friend and held it high even as Rama would hold his bow. Soon, a wondrous scene unfolded. The frenzied crowd slowly quietened down and dispersed without much fuss!

Another remarkable feature of this Divine Beggar was that always, his index finger and thumb would move, in rapid succession, indicating his ceaseless Rama Japa on an invisible japa mala, reminding one of Mother Ganga who runs afresh inexorable, even while she keeps merging with the ocean at Ganga sagar in Bengal. His laughter, pure and blissful as it was, would melt even the stone-hearted ruffians. In his sublime presence, every move became a holy act, an act of penance-like the solemn ritual of a continued pooja. Simple acts like taking coffee or tea or any food prasad were done just as he ordained as they were communication of His Father's blessings. If he ordered a certain number of coffees or teas, no matter what the number of people present was, it always made up to an exact precision. And again, the placing of the cups of milk would be a carefully considered act of high purpose and significance. It was not always the first in the row being first served. It followed a random precision of a careful planning of cosmic order of things! As Hilda Charlton, a spiritual leader in her ownright from a New York community, rightly put it, "When Yogi Ramsuratkumar moved a

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cup, he might be moving the events of a country!" If any visitor should willfully move a tea-cup or casually share his coffee with the next one, without any signal from Bhagawan, it would spoil Father's work and would have repercussions on the cosmic level!

He was a highly focused cosmic being and his immediate surroundings had an intense cosmic ambience - the force field of a highly concentrated energy of his divine presence where even so much as a small out-of-turn move might tilt his careful balancing of cosmic events. People could not just straight away walk into his presence without prior information and distract his attention. *"What would happen if a high speeded plane is brought to a sudden stop?"* was his response to a devotee's good natured query of his such eccentricities. Indeed, he did his Father's work in every step he walked, in every word he talked, in every gesture he made, in every moment he lived. He kept saying till the very end of his earthly sojourn that his Father was pleased with his work. He once told some listeners that he was aware, whenever the satellite went overhead and that they were

interfering with his work. He also added, "*The scriptures are all in the air. Those radio waves are disturbing the scriptures.*" It was common enough, for visitors of bloated ego to get a (figurative) blow or two to just where it was needed and be cut down to size! The ego would suffer a spectrum of emotions, swinging back and forth from annoyance to anger and from raving wonder to rage and outrage! His disarming look would sear through the dense layers of pretensions and airs and strip them bare to their natural simplicity. Even his anger would prove to be a great blessing.

Yet there were times when this charming Divine Child with his bewitching smile, would swing into the hearts of people by his engaging talks and intimate gestures. He would hold a deserving hand in his divine grip for hours, while he continued smoking. Yet, his eyes would dart back and forth and slide over every one present and no detail would ever escape his vigilant supervision. In an endearing gesture and intimacy of mood, he would share his food and ideas with some, who, awestruck as they were, would be moved to tears. He would focus on a spot above a

visitor's head, with a glowing cigarette in one raised hand and the other drawing some mystical circles on the ground. Or he might engage some people in some inconsequential talk like sports or politics or even details of how to make '*Pakoda*' (an Indian savoury) that could last for 2 or 3 days inviting big sales! Generally these talks would be a ploy he employed to keep the visitor's attention engaged, while he did his more subtle work of transformation on them. The visitors would however feel a deeper communication in their hearts.

When he was living in a cemetery near Esanya Mutt, the grandnephew of Sri Ramana Maharshi's brother, Sri V. Ganeshan once saw Swami dancing and leaping gracefully from slab to slab for hours, totally oblivious of the surroundings. Another longstanding devotee reports of his dance of Shiva with his hands and legs moving in graceful arcs while his frame leaped and twirled even as his mouth was making the sound of '*Damaru*' (a small drum) in tune with the rhythm of his dance! A profound thrill of joy and wonder ran through the frames of the onlookers who were literally

transported to the abode of Lord Shiva. Bhagawan always carried a coconut shell, a stick and a country fan in hand and kept a collection of newspapers along with books, strings, rags, dried flower garlands etc., and some other odd items in old gunny bags. Everyday these gunny bags would be carried by the attendants on their heads with Swami in the lead military fashion, on their daily walks between the Punnai tree and Theradi Mandap near the temple. Sometimes this solemn ritual would be accompanied by Bhagawan's high-fervoured utterances like "*Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai!*" and "*Bharata Mata Ki Jai!*"

BHAGAWAN WITH MEN OF DISTINCTION

It was under the Punnai tree, that the great composer, poet, writer and Chief editor of Tamil Lexicon, a huge book of 7500 pages and the winner of prestigious awards, Sri. M.P. Periyaswamy Thooran was drawn to the magnetic aura of Yogi Ramsuratkumar and began to make frequent visits. He spoke on his experience, "*I saw the blazing fire of sacred wisdom in his eyes. Far*

beyond the snares of the illusory world which is but a mere trifle to him, this Yogi of Supreme knowledge stood there (under the tree) infusing graciously both the literates and the illiterates alike, with his own blissful joy. It must be the fruition of arduous penance on the part of my father or mother or some ancestor that has brought me to his Divine Feet. It is verily my great fortune!” Needless to say, this divine composer wrote enthralling songs on Yogi Ramsuratkumar on the authority of his divine kinship with Bhagawan, which were set to Karnatic music and sung by great musicians like Smt. D.K. Pattammal, Sri. K.V. Narayanaswami, Sri. T.V. Sankaranarayanan etc., thanks to the strenuous and devoted efforts of late Sri Murugesnji, the then director of a spinning Mill in Tuticorin. The cassette has occupied the pride of place in the heart of Yogi Ramsuratkumar that he gave an all time assurance that those were songs of benediction and that whosoever listened to it, would be blessed nicely by his Father. One of his compositions reads like this, *“He Himself is God. Apart from Him, what God is there? Don't run after this person and that person. He, Yogi*

Ramsuratkumar, is verily Parabrahman - the Supreme God. »

Dr. T.P. Meenakshisundaram, another renowned Tamil savant, a prolific author of high veneration and linguistic scholar who had practiced Transcendental Meditation under the tutelage of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, heaped passionate praises on the beggar sage unreservedly, drawing deep from his own experience with this blessed minstrel of peace and Grace. He depicts Swami as verily the all-pervasive Omkara, Chidambaram Nataraja, and Arunachaleshwara Himself. Around 1976, another Tamil savant, and a punster of high fame, Sri K.V. Jagannathan was drawn irresistibly to the blazing divinity of the mad beggar. Whenever he sat in the effulgent Presence of Bhagawan, the source of all creativity, Sri Ki.Va.Ja.'s poetic depths stirred of their own accord and an overwhelming adoration sprang up. Songs divine gushed forth in torrents, extempore that the scribes had difficulty catching up with his speed. Though many had been lost, somehow 1024 gems of poetry of classical rhythm and beauty had been saved. The book of songs

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shines forth even as a diamond studded ornament,
as another embellishment to the spiritual
grandeur of the Master.

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CHAPTER - VI

BHAGAWAN WITH GREAT MAHATMAS

THE SAGE OF TAPOVANAM
SWAMI GNANANANDA GIRI

When Swami was still holding his court under the punnai tree or Theradi Mandap as his Father's will fancied, a profound communication developed between Yogi Ramsuratkumar and two great Spiritual giants -- the sage of Tapovanam, Swami Gnanananda Giri and the sage of Kanchi Sri Chandrasekarendra Saraswathi Maha Swamigal, for both of whom Sri Yogiji had the greatest veneration and love. Both, in their own inimitable ways, offered help and relief to Sri Yogiji from the heartless indignities heaped on him by the miscreants. Yogi Ramsuratkumar would sometimes visit Tapovanam of Tirukoilur. Sri Gnanananda Giri and Yogi Ramsuratkumar had revealed on occasions, a wonderful and mystical

camaraderie that is joyously recounted by many long time devotees of Tapovanam who still visit Sri Yogiji's Ashram. According to Thennangur Sri Namananda Giri Swamiji, once Swami Gnananda asked the ensemble of devotees at Thapovanam if they would like to see Kabir (the saintly poet, whose songs, full of mystic beauty and knowledge are popular even as Meera Bajans.) When all the devotees' eyes were riveted on Sri Gnanananda Giri expectantly, he, but, pointed to Yogi Ramsuratkumar and proclaimed "*He who was Kabir then is now Yogi Ramsuratkumar.*"

Swami Nityananda Giri of Tapovanam reminisced with great joy, a rather mysterious episode that occurred in Tapovanam. One morning, as Yogi Ramsuratkumar was approaching Swami Gnanandanda, the sage of Tapovanam suddenly jumped up and announced, "*Let us run a race-one, two, three-shoot!*" at which point, to the amazement of the assemblage, the two sages, like little children, galloped gleefully, down the passage! The older devotees also report of an occasion when Swami Gnanananda Giri handed over a country fan and a burning incense stick of sweet fragrance to Yogi

Ramsuratkumar - a mystical transpiration, the import of which is beyond general comprehension or interpretation. Swami Nityanandaji Maharaj also remembered with great feeling that whenever Vedic chants were going on in Tapovanam, Bhagawan would pay his obeisance and exclaim, "*This beggar is seeing Vedic Rishis - don't you see? They are here now!*"

SHRINGERI ACHARYA

There is an interesting mystical account of the other dimensional communication between the sage of Shringeri and Yogi Ramsuratkumar, recorded by a devotee. A householder given to earnest spiritual practices on account of the sacred company of Sri Yogiji, was once instructed by Yogi Ramsuratkumar to go to Sringeri Sri Abinava Vidya Theertha Swamigal and make a humble appeal for Sri Guru Padukas (Sandals). Somewhat taken aback by this rather sudden and out of protocol nature of such prompting from Yogi Ramsuratkumar, the devotee was hesitant. To the nonplussed sadhak, Yogi Ramsuratkumar assured that paduka Pooja and Gayatri Japa would take

the devotee to the highest experience and that it was his Father's wish. Yielding himself to the authority of Yogiji, the devotee approached Shringeri Acharya, not without some trepidation and related everything. Pat came the reply from Sri Acharya, *"Oh Yogi Ramsuratkumar! He has become a Jnani long back. I too have received Sri Saradambal's command that the Sandals be handed over to you with proper instructions for the pooja."* Needless to say that the astounded devotee carried the sacred padukas over his head with tears of adoration, to his house. With continued inspiration and encouragement from Yogi Ramsuratkumar, he worshipped the sandals as the very embodiment of grace from both the sages, for the rest of his life.

SRI PARAMACHARYA OF KANCHI

Though addressed and worshipped as Bhagawan by his followers world over, Yogi Ramsuratkumar however remained a parama Bhaktha of the sage of Kanchi reverently referred to as *"Mahaperiyava"* (The very great one). Such

was Yogiji's passionate devotion for Mahaswami that if anyone should visit him from Kancheepuram, Yogiji would be the first to bow down in "Sashtanga Namashar" (Prostration with 8 parts of the body touching the ground) and would say with folded hands, *"Oh, you have come from Kancheepuram carrying Paramacharya's blessings to all of us! You have come to bless this mad beggar."* The author had seen tears in his eyes whenever he spoke nostalgically, *"Paramacharya has been very kind to this beggar."* Any mention of the Mahaswami in any paper or magazine would invariably claim his immediate attention and absorption. Once Bhagawan himself reminisced to us in that inimitably charming style of his, Sri Periyava's visit to a village near Tiruvannamalai. In his own words, *"When Paramacharya reached Srinivasa Iyer's place, people began to prostrate. This beggar also did Oh God! Something happened This beggar slept off! (Smile). He could not get up! Then Paramacharya's voice came loudly .. um.... um* "This is how he would describe his Samadhi spells!

Once, an one time attendant of the Jagatguru, Sri C had come for Bhagawan's Darshan. When the author asked him with Bhagawan's permission, what exactly Paramacharya said about Bhagawan to him, he said, "பெரியவா நெீசான்னா, இவாள்ளாம் ரொம்ப மேலே இருக்கறவா." (meaning, "they all live very high above.") Indeed the two sages' tremendous love and regard for each other could only compare with that between Lord Shiva and Lord Rama! Declared He, many a time, with great feeling and a glowing countenance, "*India is the land of great Masters. This is our playground, our leela Bhoomi. This country is rooted in Vedas, which are the most precious work of our ancient Rishis. If sanatana dharma rooted in Vedas is gone from India, then India is gone too -- then, India is nothing! Vedas are not only good for one country, but for the entire mankind. If they are preserved, mankind too will exist. Like Vivekananda said, India has been producing sages for ages and ages. But without Vedas and sanatana dharma, it can no more do so. Vedas are to be preserved at all costs. Our Sri Paramacharya is doing everything he can, to preserve the Vedas and Vedic pandits. He is doing*

so much for the Vedas! His views are perfect. They are the best ever. Paramacharya is a well-wisher of whole humanity, a well-wisher of future generations. We should not brush aside what he says. Jaya Jaya Shankara! Jaya Jaya Sanatana Dharma! "

Bhagawan would sometimes comment, "Sages like Paramacharya are models for the society. This beggar cannot be a model. This beggar is like a Varaha (Pig)... we have come to clean up the society." I shall now narrate an interesting incident or two that would give an inkling of their veneration and depth of communication. A resident of Kancheepuram then, Sri C once approached Paramacharya for permission to leave for Tiruvannamalai on the previous day to Bhagawan's Jayanthi, as he was keen on Darshan of the kingly beggar on his Jayanthi day. When Paramacharya refused permission, he was of course greatly disappointed. But, soon he learnt to his great surprise and delight that Paramacharya had already arranged for homas in honour of Sri Yogiji in Ekambareshwarar temple for the next day! The following day, Mahaperiyava gave the directive to him to go to the temple, collect the prasad and

carry it over to Yogi Ramsuratkumar, on the day of his Jayanthi. Absolutely thrilled, the attendant rushed to Tiruvannamalai, located Yogi Ramsuratkumar in the temple corridor among the other beggars and presented it. So deeply touched by this gesture of Paramacharya, Yogiji with utmost reverence placed it on his head and later distributed it.

Another time, Paramacharya, who fondly referred to Yogi Ramsuratkumar as "*Visiri Mattai Swamigal*" (The swami of palmyra fan) gave 500 Rupees to the attendant and ordered him to hire a taxi and accompany Sri Yogiji to Govindapuram, the Samadhi of Bhagawan Nama Bodendra Saraswathi Swamigal. This place is so vibrant with Ram Nam that those who are spiritually sensitive can still hear Ram Nam reverberating around the Samadhi. But, Bhagawan's Father's design of the event was otherwise! When the attendant arrived, Shri Yogiji, after some contemplation spoke, "*Wherever Paramacharya is, that is Govindapuram for this beggar!*" The attendant was understandably all nerves now, caught between two different orders of two Spiritual giants but however, he surrendered

himself to the immediacy of the moment, on the strength of Sri Yogiji's authoritative dictate. Eventually, Yogi Ramsuratkumar with his group of companions landed on the doorstep of the Kanchi Mutt. Mahaswami in an unusual breach of his routine, came out of his place and met the Yogi Swami where he was waiting! Thus Mahaswami and the Yogi Swami, two great sages of Kali yuga belonging to far different traditions, came together in a memorable event. They looked at each other in an eloquent silence, with both their arms raised in greeting. Just when Bhagawan was about to leave, Paramacharya remarked softly that Yogi Swami belonged to Surya Vamsa (a descendant of the sun).

In a place near Tanjuvur, Sri Mahasami while giving a talk, was explaining the terms "*Andhar Mukhi*" (the one whose senses are turned completely inward) and "*Bahir Mukhi*" (The one whose senses are turned outward). Yogi Ramsuratkumar had gone particularly for Darshan of Mahaperiyava with some people and was standing with the crowd in his natural humility. Suddenly Periyava's eyes fell on Yogi Ramsuratkumar. Singling him out of that crowd,

Paramacharya explained to the assembly, "*Here is the perfect example of "Andhar Mukhi," - a person of total inner living,*" and offered him a seat right near his own. Once Sri Ra. Ganapathy brought a beautiful portrait of Sri Paramacharya much to the delight of Sri Yogiji, when Bhagawan was giving Darshan in the Dining hall of the Ashram. Immediately Bhagawan had it hung on the wall near the dais, also arranged for a lighted oil lamp to be maintained non-stop before the picture. Sri Paramacharya's "*Mythrim Bajatha*", the song of benedictory message to the world, a melody sung in the divine voice of Smt. M.S. Subbulakshmi at the United Nations, in 1966, became his most favoured song. As per his order, till today, the song is sung in the prayers three times a day, with its both Tamil and English versions in the Ashram. The song with its choice words and subtleties of usage, makes for a perfect peace prayer among nations and peoples world over and draws a compelling response from the inner recesses of one's being. With the patronage and blessing grace from two spiritual giants, it surely is the need of the hour and people should adopt it in their prayers without any further delay.

THE OTHER MAHATMAS

Sri Satya Saibaba of Puttaparthi and Yogi Ramsuratkumar were profoundly connected even though, to the knowledge of the devotees, they had never met on the physical level. Sitting with Bhagawan in the veranda of Sudama, the author herself once felt a sudden and subtle change -- tangible extra electrification -- in the atmosphere. Bhagawan whispered softly - so softly that she had difficulty catching his word "*Saibaba is here!!*" and went into a trance! Bhagawan also used to listen to Baba's lectures with such rapt attention when devotees played the tape, and would call it "*Voice of God.*" Baba for his part, would tell his devotees, "*In Tiruvannamalai, Sai Ram lives as Yogi Ram.*" Sri Agnihothram Thathachariar once sent an American professor from Columbia University, U.S.A. to the Ashram to take blessings from Yogi Ramsuratkumar. The professor introduced himself as 'Agnikumar,' a researcher in Vedas under the tutelage of Sri Thathachariar. Bhagawan expressed his wonder at such an erudite professor wanting a Darshan of a dirty beggar. The professor fell

prostrate and said in a voice of adoration “*Sri Thathachariar said, Tiruvannamalai Swami calls himself a dirty beggar. But he has all the power of the Vedas. Go and take his blessings.*”

The mutual rapport and concern between Bhagawan and Sri Krishnapremi Swamigal who is fondly addressed as 'Anna' by his huge following and others alike, has always been a source of great joy to the devotees who visited both the places. When Paranur saint met with an accident and fractured his leg, it became a cause for deep concern with Bhagawan that Sri Krishnapremi Swamigal was unable to perform his ecstatic dances during Bhajans. Sri Yogiji would express it solicitously. Every week someone or the other was sure to visit the Yogi swamigal with the news of Sri Krishnapremi Swamigal's progress and a special prasad would accompany the visitor for the Paranur saint with the loving care of Sri Yogiji. Sri Anna, for his part, would revere and cherish it to the extent that he would eat it all by himself and not give it to anybody! Sri Koti Swami of Puravipalayam once spoke of Yogi Ramsuratkumar as an “*Avathara Purusha*” (a direct descent of

Divinity in the human form for the purpose of uplifting humanity, with no past Karmas to work out) to a popular music director of the silver screens. Once Mata Amrithanandamayi and Yogi Ramsuratkumar met at Tiruvannamalai when the holy Mataji referred to him as an Avadhut who ceaselessly worked for the spiritual evolution of humanity.

Swami Muktananda of Ganeshpuri chided gently, when Yogi Ramsuratkumar prostrated before him in a humble gesture, "why are YOU doing it? You and I are one and the same!" Sri J. Krishnamurthy and Yogi Ramsuratkumar had profound love and veneration for each other. When young Ramsuratkumar went to see Sri J. Krishnamurthy but was denied entry by the secretary, Sri J. Krishnamurthy against all protocol came quickly down from his upstairs room and held Yogi Ramsuratkumar's shoulders as the latter bent to pay obeisance. Sri Muralidhara Swamiji who attracts crowds in thousands and conducts mass prayers and Nama Sankirthan is a great adorer of Yogiji and till today he visits Bhagawan Yogi Ramsuratkumar's Samadhi as a humble

devotee! Swami Nityananda of Bangalore and Sri Narayani Siddhar of Tirumalaikodi, both sought his company and counsel in their earlier stages of spiritual ascendances – a fact admitted freely and gratefully by Swami Nityananda in his public speeches and writings.

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CHAPTER VII

SANNADHI STREET RESIDENCE

After 17 years of street ministry as a hidden saint, in 1976, some of the devotees purchased a house for him at Sannidhi Street near Theradi Mandap, where they could be reasonably certain of having his Darshan! Indeed, sometimes even three days would pass before the devotees could locate him and that, only with the "luck" of his grace! After much persuasion, he yielded to the devotees' request. However the harassment continued even here for some more years. Bhagawan once mentioned that the narrow open passage between the toilet and the back door of the house would be strewn with broken glass pieces in the night. In the early morning when he walked unsuspectingly to the toilet, he would find them poking his feet and hurting them in several places. He would return

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with bleeding soles! Also they would throw stones into the house through the windows from the open terrace. So he would avoid that space for lying down. The street harassment continued too, yet, nothing ever deterred his moving about freely, if it meant Father's work

The house which he called Father's cottage, used to have an open gutter bordering the outer wall of the house which served blatantly as a public convenience, symbolizing the sins that are drained right at His Feet. Bhagawan never allowed any cooking to be done in the house. He still depended only on chance meal and lived for most part, alone in the house. From the days of Punnai tree, a dog of wisdom, got attached to the divine Master which he fondly named, "Saibaba." The wise canine continued to enjoy the Master's love and close proximity even after Sri Yogiji shifted to this house. The reports say that Bhagawan kept him inside the house in his personal care and whenever he was let out for a free roam in the streets, Bhagawan would shout, "*Saibaba*" from Theradi Mandap and the wise one would rush back to Swami with his wagging tail. When this fortunate soul met with its

natural death, it was given an honoured burial by devotees under Bhagawan's instructions. Then Saibaba II promptly followed suit. Though not that close to Bhagawan as its predecessor, it had the canine wisdom to run to the Great Master at his beck and call. However, by a strange twist of fate, he met with an unfortunate death in the hands of local miscreants, much to the grief of the Master and devotees. If ever anyone should refer to Saibaba as "*Nai*" (Tamil word dog), he would correct them quickly, "*No Nai, but Sai!*" Sai means both Saibaba and Sahai, the helper.

The Sannidhi Street house afforded a relatively protected space for living, especially during night stay. Now forced to emerge out of obscurity, another phase of his Spiritual Ministry started at Sannidhi Street under the luxury of a roof over head! From simple common folks upto the elite of higher echelon, from Yogis and sannyasins to business magnates, from professionals like doctors, Engineers, lawyers, judges, musicians, professors and writers to workers from various walks of life, sought after his Darshan. Each one of

them, according to their earnestness and potential stood to benefit from this fount of wisdom and benevolence. Every event, every situation, every devotee was unique and special to him and they all helped his Father's work. He held his cosmic court mostly in that small space of the veranda. But there were times, when he would take some close devotees inside the house and would even keep them with him for days. Yet, everyone felt close and " chosen " for his special attention and care.

There are ever so many instances wherein he had effected cures by asking the patients to eat something that was specifically forbidden for them. Indeed, the Halahala, the highly destructive poison became life-saving ambrosia in his hands. The fact that great Masters could play foot-ball with the planets as papa Ramdas used to put it, had found repeated demonstrations in the lives of Yogi's devotees. There are anecdotal evidences where a particularly bad period of Saturn had gone by without any hazardous event, or people literally counting their days because of a killer disease, got a new lease on life which they dedicated to the

service of Bhagawan. His compassion and care lured people into a love-net -a love-net that was no stifling prison but a means to greater freedom -- a love-net that would extricate them from the ensnares of the illusive world! People who approached him with arrogance or idle curiosity or biased view might be turned down right at the door step. Still, people who came full of faith and devotion or people who had none of these virtues yet were in acute agony of their problems were sure to be embraced with warmth and concern.

During Darshan, devotees had reported having seen streams of colourful beams of light pouring out of his fast moving gestures and blessing hands, filling the entire ambience with the richness of his Grace. Even the hard-core atheists, skeptics and scoffers had been charmed by his childlike innocence, immense erudition and infectious humour. They were touched by his warm friendliness and humility, and they found themselves transformed into a new awareness of life's purpose. The intellectuals found him to be an

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inscrutable enigma, and felt stripped of their defenses and antics of ego, and left as humble learners with open mind. On the other hand, for the devoted, a mere look, or a word or a touch or even a distant Darshan did the magic, drowning them in rapturous wonder. Without exception, all found a change in their attitude to life and relationships, a shift in their consciousness of higher life and a greater kinship with God. Even the most dense and mediocre felt a stab of longing for a lofty life and were catalysed into attempts at spiritual practices.

He enriched lives and provided healing at physical, mental and spiritual levels. Being with him proved to be an adventure into one's own mind and spirit, however uncomfortable it might be! All through one's stay with Swami, one was sure to witness his instant and total concentration into any work and instant and total withdrawal from the work, once it was over. There was no lingering over of any 'moods.' Despite his calling himself 'beggar,' anyone who stepped into his majestic presence would soon realise, sometimes with a shock that this was no beggar of food or

comfort, but a king whom one had to obey and take orders from - a king one had to kneel before and beg for riches! When students came to him with an obsession for western education, particularly for computers, he would ask them outright, *"Do you want man-making education or machine-making education?"* If an arrogant philosopher should walk in, Bhagawan would feign total ignorance of spirituality and say with folded hands, *"This beggar is so bad, so mad, he only knows to eat, sleep, and smoke cigarettes which he buys from the money you people throw into his bowl."*

A proficient H.O.D. of English from a popular University felt absolutely humbled when he could not answer Bhagawan's intricate enquiries into English literature. Many had benefited and progressed by his unerring spiritual guidance and nurturing. Every gesture of his, every move of his, had a beauty, a sweetness, a tender love and a divine quality that one would feel profoundly moved to tears and melt with upwelling love. With aggressive and abusive people, his demeanour would be equally dramatic and

uncomfortably demonstrative. Once at a persistent knock at the door from an assertive man, while Bhagawan was so importantly busy with some people inside the house, he strode out in visible anger and exploded on the man. We could hear his shouting, *"Don't disturb this beggar. Get out."* The next second, he was walking in, full of laughter and good humour and to the profound amazement of people around said, *"That leela is over now. Let us proceed with Father's work."*

Thus, as people from varied walks of life with varied interests and aptitudes began to crowd his residence, that small veranda of his house became even smaller! An acute need for wider space and some inevitable comforts for devotees had to be attended to. So, on repeated entreaties and persuasive attempts from close devotees, this beggar sage with only a coconut shell, a country fan, and stick for possessions so far, eventually in 1993, consented to an Ashram at the foot-hills of Arunachala -- an Ashram that would be a place of pilgrimage for all races and religions and a sanctuary of peace, joy and service as personified by the living Master himself so

gloriously. The site of the Ashram was personally chosen by Bhagawan himself. It is said that Sri Ramana Maharshi, in one of his writings, had mentioned a place near his Ashram - a place rich and vibrant with the Veda Mantras by the Rishis of Yore. Bhagawan had also commented once that he could hear Veda Manthras in the Ashram premises. It makes one wonder if Bhagawan's choosing of this place had something to do with that!

But by now the long years of heavy and ceaseless work of Father and irregular food intake coupled with advanced age, had debilitated his otherwise resilient body. In November 1993, the debility landed him in a serious viral infection. Now, unable to move even, and needing a constant vigilant nursing care, he finally yielded to the persistent prayers and begging from the four sisters of Sudama House in Ramana Nagar and took up residence in their new house, which was only a few minutes walk from the Ashram site. Though initially it was meant to be a temporary arrangement, Father's design was different. As soon as he bounced back to health,

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his Father's inscrutable dictates made it his permanent residence and he began to live in the veranda of the house, be it pouring rain or burning sun!

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CHAPTER - VIII
YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR ASHRAM

The Foundation Stone laying ceremony for the Ashram held on February 26th, 1994 marked a milestone event in the annals of Bhagawan's Father's work. At the loving invitation of Sri Yogiji, Pujya Sri Satchidananda Swamiji of Anandashram, Kerala, graced the occasion and laid the Foundation Granite amidst high-fervoured vedic and nama chantings. That apart, the touching reunion between the two unparalleled brother disciples in the lineage of Beloved Papa Ramdas, after forty long eventful years, and their intimate hand-in-hand togetherness offered an unique and memorable Darshan, a veritable feast for the eyes and moved many of the devotees to joyous tears.

The Ashram developed fast along the guidelines of " Beauty, Divinity and Durability " as per the specifications of Bhagawan. Sitting under a thatched roof and smoking all through, he always knew if anything went missing anywhere! The magic wand of his " sankalpa " (strong will) and personal concern inspired the two hundred and odd workers into a dedication and commitment which became a wonder to all those who witnessed it day after day. He often said, "*Whosoever helps the Ashram in any way, will be blessed by Father nicely, even if they take money for the work. These workers are doing Tapas since they are doing my Father's work.*" He arranged food for them and would go around blessing them while eating. Today, the Pradhan Mandir, a massive, imposing and impressively huge piece of architecture, stands as a magnificent symbol of His grace and compassion, housing his tangible living presence and embracing everyone who visits, in its comforting warmth and peace. That apart, its huge space is adorned with such beautiful photographs of Bhagawan in varied moods and stages of life, each one invoking in the hearts of the visiting devotees and the new-comers alike, an upwelling love and adoration. The

teachings displayed speak for themselves, revealing the great mystic Yogi behind, who lived those teachings all through his life. The whole mandir opens to reveal a mammoth album on Yogi Ramsuratkumar in all his sacred glory, depriving visitors of their even most stubborn distractions and casting them into a state of high focus meditation - all thanks to the inspiration, guidance and hardwork of Justice Sri. T.S. Arunachalam, the Ashram Head and his team of devout and committed professionals.

BHAGAWAN'S MURTI

In 1996, in a sudden move, Bhagawan as unpredictable as ever, pointed a spot, off handedly, in Pradhan Mandir and wanted a 3' x 3' x 3' pit dug there, stirring curious speculations all around. To the amazement of devotees, the spot proved to be the precise centre of Pradhan Mandir when the Engineers measured using their paraphernalia. He had a few gunny bags full of Rama Nama and Yogi Ramsuratkumar Nama note books, arranged neatly inside the pit and closed

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with earth on top. Later a life-sized bronze statue of Swami, sculpted by the renowned sculptor Sri Kalasagaram Rajagopal was installed facing south, over this spot and consecrated by Bhagawan. Finding the vigraha without his usual emblematic stick, the country fan, and the begging bowl, the author raised her doubt to Swami. Yogiji replied quickly with his divine authority, " *There is no need for them. Father is beyond emblems and symbols.* " Infusing it with his precious power and beneficent force, Bhagawan declared that it was no statue but his Father Himself and that people could witness even changing facial expressions in response to the events, situations and people -a fact evidenced and experienced till today by many devotees. Indeed, a watchful eye can see his bewitching smile widening into a happy grin or contracting into a grim look, if and when the occasion warranted. In the last six years, many have reported joyously of animated gestures from the Murti!

The Majestic Vighraha stands as a visible manifestation and symbol of the Transcendental Reality that Bhagawan embodied all through his

living. From the Abhaya Hasta, the hand raised in eternal benediction, flows such soothing radiance of his ever active grace, bestowing on one and all what is NEEDED, which of course might not be what is wanted! His favourite song of the renowned statesman and sage (as Bhagawan often referred to him) Sri Rajaji, which he made his devotees sing twice a day in the Ashram, runs like this, “ *There is no complaint, oh, the Lord of the Vedas. Since you stand there to bestow on us whatever we need, we do not need anything else!* ” Indeed, with a beatific smile adorning his face, he stands there facing south verily as Dakshina Murti, breathing, living and talking through his throbbing, powerful and eloquent silence, the realization of which would fill the hearts of the devotees with his strong living presence and a gratifying peace. Bhagawan used to sit there in a chair about 12 feet away from the Murti and 'trained' the devotees to go around the Murti and offer the worship at the vighraha's Feet since three years before his Mahasamadhi.

Initially he used to roam the Ashram grounds so much, there is no nook or cranny

where he had not trod on. Many times he had walked round the boundary of the Ashram, occasionally sitting at places for a smoke. It would often remind one of going round the mountain. Strangely Bhagawan one day bestowed the very boon - he said that those who would go around the Ashram as Girivalam would get five times more benefit than they would acquire going around Arunachala mountain! On this Girivalam path of the Ashram, the south-west corner near the Seetha Mandap springs an absolutely marvellous surprise on Ashram Girivalam goers. Yes, it offers a magnificent view of a naturally embossed face of Yogi Ramsuratkumar on the southern slope near the summit of the mountain-wonder of wonders, Indeed! With his loose turban, eyes, nose and a well-cut moustache and beard, Bhagawan's face looks well-chiselled by Mother Nature. Indeed, it is there for all the world to see, in affirmation of the truth that he and Arunachala are inseparably one deity! Isn't this an extraordinary divine gift from the Mount Arunachala to the devotees of Yogiji?

Bhagawan also reiterated that those who entered the Ashram would not go empty-handed --

" Father's blessings are pouring on them whether they are aware of it or not. " During construction of the roof of the Pradhan Mandir, when the truss work was started in that space, an inevitable accident took place in the physical absence of Bhagawan. For further avoidance of such occurrences, and also to ensure a relatively easier lifting of the trusses to the roof by the crane and their precise positioning, Bhagawan asked to arrange a photograph of his to be kept in the North-East corner and ordered a lighted oil lamp to be maintained before it forever.

As early as February 1996, Bhagawan selected Justice Sri T. S. Arunachalam as his spiritual successor and authorised him to function as the Sarvadhikari of the Ashram for which sake, he called Justice to come back to the Ashram in December, 1998, from New Delhi where he was practicing in Supreme Court. When the hesitant Justice pleaded spiritual ignorance and lack of fitness, Bhagawan assured him that he was spiritually qualified and that it was Father who had selected him. Indeed, the speedy and all round development and the excellent maintenance of the

Ashram in the Post-period of His Samadhi have proved beyond doubt, the wisdom of Bhagawan's choice of this devout, intuitive and hard working devotee. At about this time, Bhagawan also organised two important projects simultaneously with the assistance of Justice Sri T.S. Arunachalam - the sadhu Bojan and Medical Camp for the poor people in and around Tiruvannamalai. Feeding the wandering sadhus had always been dear to the heart of Bhagawan. As said earlier in this book, to feed a sadhu is to invoke direct blessings of Father and to invite an ongoing growth of the Ashram.

There is an interesting narration related by two regular Sadhus of this special meal session to the author soon after Mahasamadhi of Bhagawan. One of them invited a friend Sadhu who had an investigative nature and practiced self enquiry but thought little of Nama chanting. However, he visited the ashram, if somewhat reluctantly and partook of the meal at Sadhus session which started with Nama chanting before the meal. Lo and behold! To his great astonishment, the Nama chanting continued to ring in his ears non-stop the

whole day and night and the whole of next day as well until he realized the wisdom of Nama chanting and Yogi Ramsuratkumar's subtle treatment of his lopsided spiritual attitude. It could be inferred from this that it is no mere Sadhu Bojan but Gnana Bojan. Medical camp with free distribution of Medicines, organised monthly once under the efficient leadership of Dr. Ramanathan, Ponneri, benefits nearly a thousand poor people from nearby villages. Apart from the expert attention and care of the attending Doctors, the patients also feel the miraculous cure effected by the divine power of Bhagawan in the medicines. Both the projects hold the pride of place among the Ashram activities.

CHAPTER - IX

**BHAGAWAN'S SUFFERING AND
MAHASAMADHI**

From 1998 onwards, Bhagawan's body began to show signs of declining health. The ever increasing flow of devotees and visitors coupled with the mammoth work of the Ashram, made enormous demands on his time and health. He often admitted, "*Seeing people and blessing them is only a small fraction of My Father's work. Most of this beggar's work is hidden.*" However, despite his growing illness, he founded on 4th July 1999, Ma Devaki Vedapatasala Trust with the view to promote the study of Vedas, Sanskrit, Indian philosophy, and culture and their allied disciplines. From February 24th 2000, he began to sit under a Neem tree behind the Abode and built, in great urgency, the Veda Patasala building in the record

time of three months! The place where he was sitting is now called "*Parnashala*."

The tireless slogging, day in and day out with an already infirm body had resulted in contracting cancer in the abdomen, the truth of which was revealed by him only when the disease had proliferated beyond human help. Bhagawan stoically refused all treatment, more so allopathic, until the agony and tears of his pleading devotees moved him - as only love can - to accept medical help. However, the hope was short-lived. When a grief-stricken attendant asked him tearfully why he could not cure himself as he had done in many many cases of cancer devotees, he replied with a quote from Swami Nityananda of Ganeshpuri, "*That force is not for this body. That is only for the devotees. This body is mud and dust.*" Again, when a devotee complained bitterly, why such a cruel disease should affect someone who had worked selflessly all his life, Bhagawan explained so graciously, "*FATHER MAKES THIS BEGGAR SUFFER FOR SOME COSMIC BALANCE.*" But he added, "*This beggar can do much better work without this body*" allaying fears of the devotees

about their future protection. Yet, it hinted at the impending disaster, much to the despair of his followers. However, the crowds of devotees that thronged him in the last few months of his earthly sojourn, remember with deep love and gratitude, the torrents of blessings that flowed incessantly from his hands and feet, despite the apparently immobile state of his body. The heart-rending sight of Bhagawan reminded some of the devotees of the great Bhishma in the bed of arrows. To some, it was Jesus pinned on the cross. Bhagawan seemed to suffer in every part of his body - the ultimate crucifixion of a Godman in paying for the sins of the world!

A few days before his Mahasamadhi, he suddenly opened his eyes and spoke clearly, "*I am everyone. I am all. I am here, there, every where. I alone exist.*" Bhagawan Yogi Ramsuratkumar left his mortal coil on 20.02.2001, plunging thousands world over in inconsolable sorrow and despondency. Sukhahstakam says, "*Whether a pot continues to stay on or breaks, matters not to the space inside.*" The unmanifest reality that embodied Itself in order to ward off the dark forces that constantly

harassed the world and redeem souls from their abysmal ignorance of life and its purpose, freed itself, for its own reasons, from the fetters of the body that housed it so graciously, so resiliently thus far. But now, it shines forth within all beings as their very conscience, as their very consciousness, in an incessant vigil over them. The Godman, who defied all attempts at definitions, stands there apparently in the narrow confines of the embodied Vighraha with his hand raised in perennial benediction, out of his boundless compassion for his form-loving devotees. The same Bhagawan also never missed a chance to hammer upon his body-conscious devotees, *"Where is Yogi Ramsuratkumar?"* (pointing to his head and feet) *Is he only from here to here? Those who think so, will become narrow, selfish and miserable. He is here, there, everywhere. THERE IS NO PLACE WHERE THIS BEGGAR IS NOT.*" Bhagawan in truth is both *Saguna* (the form) and *Nirguna* (the formless) and ever so many besides!

Shridi Sai Baba said, *"My tomb will speak. My clay will give you replies. My shrine will bless my devotees and fulfil their needs."* Swami

Shantananda Puri of Vasishta Guha says in his book 'Jeevan Mukti', "Even long after a Jivanmukta leaves his body, the Samadhi where the body lies interred, continues to confer fulfillment of the material desires as also immense spiritual benefits to the devotees who circumambulate the Samadhi and pray to that saint. Those disembodied saints also become the Gurus of some earnest seekers and continue to guide them. It is presumably because (Brihadaranyaka Upanishad [III-2.11]), "the vital life-force (Prana) and the forces responsible for speech etc., of a Jivanmukta do not go anywhere else after death but continue to be earthed and absorbed in that very place." True to this, his vibrant living presence continues tangibly, to this day, embracing all who come seeking, in its protective and compassionate fold.

People who circumambulate the Samadhi shrine of Yogi Ramsuratkumar are also in for an exciting sight! The glass door that connects the Nirvana Room of Siddhi Sthalam (which houses the relics of Bhagawan) with the Pradhan Mandir, displays a miraculous reflection of the Samadhi Tower, right above the bed where he breathed his

last physically. This 'Subtle tower' is visible to only those who bend their body and look up - not to those who don't make the effort as is always the rule for any accomplishment. There is another magical reflection too, no less sensational but visible only at the time of final Aarathi at Samathi Shrine. The camphor flames of the five-pronged Aarati plate is visible in the fiber glass over the tower, when the plate is kept at a certain place behind Nandi.

Often he impressed upon the devotees that the Name and the Nami (name and the named) are inseparably one and chanting the Name would not only help the individual but also the beggar sage's work and the whole cosmos. To all the suffering devotees, he gave a simple but potent prescription " *If you want to be happy, you have to make the Lord happy. To make the Lord happy is to chant His Name.* " YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR FOREVER LIVES IN HIS NAME. Today thousands world over, testify to the tremendous blessing power and potency of his Name, " Yogi Ramsuratkumar. " Both the Nama chanting and Vedic chanting, the twin ideals of all his teachings were like the two eyes to him. He

would counsel again and again, *"Wherever Vedas are chanted, go to that place and listen to it even if you don't understand. It will do you good."* Today, the Ashram under the able leadership of Yogi Ramsuratkumar's spiritual successor Justice T. S. Arunachalam, continues the divine work of Nama chanting and promotion of Vedic studies and culture. The very form of the Ashram stands today as the symbolic physique of Bhagawan and the very breeze that flows around so gently and soothingly as his sacred breath! The plants and trees of the Ashram remind one of his green garment and the whole Ashram radiates his divine beauty and peace. Those who enter the Ashram with eyes and heart ONLY FOR BHAGAWAN, can instantly see and feel the authority of his divinity and the intimacy of his presence. True to his declaration, *"The whole Ashram is Dhayan Mandir. My Father has made this Ashram in such a way that even the dullest would be able to feel something when they come here,"* one could feel an instant convergence of mind, free of all distractions leading to a deep peace.

CHAPTER - X

ANECDOTES AND ANTIDOTES

What we, the creatures of circumstances call "miracles" are, in truth, natural and spontaneous expressions of an omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient Divinity in automatic response to situations, people and events that need and deserve, in some way, the divine intervention. Sometimes they explicitly project the lofty aspects of the higher power. Sometimes they look like mere miracles. However, they all have the pivotal function of boosting people into greater faith, devotion and kinship with God. - That apart, there are anecdotes - either incidents or bits of conversations - the devotees themselves have had or witnessed which are indelibly etched in their memory. They carry either a teaching lesson or a

lofty truth about the Mahatma which, when repeatedly contemplated, would serve as a powerful antidote (Medicine) for the ills and impurities of mind. Here are given a few anecdotes worthy of reflection with their antidotes, which would also spotlight how the beggar sage functioned.

BY FATHER'S WILL EVERYTHING HAPPENS

A group of devotees, in great jubilation, reported to Bhagawan at Sannidhi Street house that the engine trouble of their car on the way from Madurai to Tiruvannamalai was miraculously set right after they began to chant his Nama. With a wry smile, Bhagawan pointed out, “ *Eh, Eh, Father set the car alright. But who stopped the car? ”*

NO ONE IS A STRANGER

Swami's car was coming from Sudama Residence towards the Ashram. A few foreigners were passing by. Bhagawan gave them a warm and brilliant smile. But, unimpressed, they walked on straight with a dead-pan face. Disconcerted and

hurt, a devotee nearby asked Bhagawan why he would smile to total strangers who hadn't even the courtesy to return it. Bhagawan grinned and said, *"This beggar doesn't know why he would do a certain thing and not the other. You see, it's all madness. Whatever Father wants this beggar to do, that this beggar does, no matter what. Father's work is done. That's all."* After a short pause, he turned to the devotee with a benign smile and said, *"No one is a stranger to this beggar."*

THE BEGGAR'S PERMANENT ABODE

A couple once, expressed their inability to have his personal Darshan in Sannadhi Street house. Their complaint, however, fortunately, provoked Bhagawan into a spontaneous admission of his true state of being, *"This house is only temporary. (Pointing to Arunachaleswar Temple) That is this beggar's permanent abode."*

DANCE OF SHIVA

It was on the Arudhra Darshan Day - the day Lord Shiva danced for his divine consort Parvati and His intimate devotees. On that day, Bhagawan was seated in the outer courtyard of the temple under the Ashwatta tree. The author who had an acute longing to see Bhagawan's dance, somehow overcame her fear and hesitation and voiced her prayer to him. Surprisingly, Bhagawan very casually said, "*Why not?*" Absolutely thrilled, the author waited in happy anticipation. As Bhagawan was engaged in casual conversation with those present, a sudden rustle of leaves overhead by a passing wind, made us all look up. Swami pointed the leaves and said, "*See, Shiva is dancing!*" After a few minutes of further casual interaction with the devotees, he once again drew the devotee's attention overhead and this time, it was three white doves gliding in a beautiful arc (How did he know!) and said, "*See, Shiva is dancing!*" Now, the devotee began to understand that the dance she was expecting all along might not be forthcoming. Instead, something far more subtle and sublime was emerging out of his Leela.

She found her thoughts arrested as her eyes fell on a millipede snaking its way towards her and she felt a stirring of disgust for the creature. Swami's voice rang through loudly, "*See, Shiva is dancing! How beautiful!*" and he pointed to the creeping millipede! Bhagawan then gently made his point, "*Shiva is always dancing all around. Learn to see.*"

UNDERLYING KNOWLEDGE

Under the impression that there were different gradations in spiritual perfection, a sort of hierarchy, a westerner once, asked Swami what exactly was a difference between a saint, a sage and an Avatar. Bhagawan replied with this characteristic simplicity but with an air of finality, "*Oh, this beggar does not know all that. But this beggar knows one thing. So long as one thinks he is the body, he cannot be any of these. But when he knows that he is not the body, then there is no difference.*"

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NOTHING ELSE, NO ONE ELSE

In Sannidhi Street house of Bhagawan, one young man, who in some way reminded one, of Young Narendra of Calcutta, was seated across from Bhagawan. Seeing Bhagawan and the boy together transported the author to another time, another space! Strangely, the boy put the same question perhaps, in much the same way that young Naren put to Ramakrishna Paramahansa, "Sir, Have you seen God?" All eyes were riveted on Bhagawan. The author in particular, was "all ears". Pat came the rejoinder from a radiant Bhagawan, *"My friend, Is there anything else to see?"*

Verily Myself

A devotee came from Krishnagiri for Bhagawan's Dharshan on his way to Tirupathi. The divine beggar gave him one rupee coin to be dropped into the Hundi and instructed him to ask Lord Venkateswara who the beggar of Tiruvannamalai was. Even as the devotee approached the Hundi with the coin, he began to feel an intense vibration in the ambience which

became more and more reverberative as he neared the Hundi. When he dropped the coin and put the question “*Who is this beggar in Tiruvannamalai?*” mentally, he felt to his profound amazement, the vibrations arranging themselves now in an audible voice, saying “*Nenudha*”, plunging the devotee in an ecstatic joy. When he reported back to the beggar sage, Bhagawan asked him for the meaning of the Telugu Word. The devotee replied “*Myself*”. Sri Yogiji so innocently, so gently, suggested, “*Could it be verily myself*” Of course, the devotee was astounded at the sharp and precise translation of the rich content of the Telugu word from someone who did not know Telugu! It was also one of the rare moments of revelation of the Grand Truth of Sri Yogiji's state of being.

YOGIJI AND ARUNACHALA

Once a foreigner importuned Bhagawan to permit him to take Sri Yogiji to United States. He begged, “ Sir, if only you let me, I would just carry you over to my country. ” Bhagawan pointed to

Mount Arunachala and said " *This mountain never moves.* "

ALMS FOR THE BEGGAR

Another time, a Welsh man was begging Bhagawan to visit his country. Bhagawan simply said, "*This beggar gets enough alms in this country. He doesn't have to go to another country to beg !*" and smiled gently.

A RARE ADVENT

Bhagawan would say occasionally to some close devotees, "*A beggar like this comes once in 500 years.*"

LIVING FOR FATHER'S WORK ALONE

A centenarian devotee of another Ashram had a strange hatred towards Yogi Ramsuratkumar and would openly express it saying that no one could compare with his own

Guru and stuff! Once, Bhagawan was seated in his residence talking to some people. All of a sudden, he got up with a jump and began to walk towards that Ashram so fast that others had to run to catch up with him. He went inside that Ashram, paid obeisance to the Shrines there and then walked straight to the centenarian's cottage. After letting the older man know that Yogi Ramsuratkumar had come to have his Darshan (what culture!) Swami entered the centenarian's room and fell prostrate at his feet, holding the old man's feet with both his hands, to the chagrin of his own devotees. The centenarian, with open disgust on his face now shouted, "*Chee, Chee, go, go away. Why do you come here? Get out.*" Unmindful of the insult heaped on him by the older man, Bhagawan got up slowly and with folded hands left the place. Indignant and hurt, a devotee asked Bhagawan why he should invite such abuse and humiliations for himself. Swami merely smiled and gave a simple and straight reply, "*Father wanted this beggar to help the centenarian. This beggar could do that only by touching him. There was no way the centenarian would allow that.*"

Falling at the feet of people is so easy for this beggar. That way, this beggar could touch him as Father wanted. It's alright. Nothing to bother. "

UNNERING GUIDENCE

Two ladies went for darshan of Bhagawan at Sannidhi Street. One of them had a devotional mind-set and the other had a keen investigative intellect and a bent for clinical analysis. Bhagawan would often ask the latter to read J.K. or Sri Aurobindo. When the lady with the devotional bent asked Bhagawan for Japa mala and a photo of his, Bhagawan readily gave with blessings. But when the other lady, impelled by a similar desire, asked for the same, Bhagawan kept quiet. When she persisted, he opened up, "*If you ask this beggar to give you poison, how can he do it?*"

SOURCE OF ALL ACTIVITIES

Once some Christian missionaries had come to Bhagawan and they complained, "*We Christians are doing real service to humanity,*

building hospitals, schools, orphanages etc., but you people are simply sitting, not doing anything." Bhagawan replied, *"Does the sun build hospitals? Does it run Schools? Build orphanages? But because of the sun, everything happens. A YOGI IS LIKE THE SUN."*

BUSY WITH THE HIDDEN WORK

Justice T.S. Arunachalam, the spiritual successor of Bhagawan, was once talking to Bhagawan about an article by Sri Rajagopalachari that appeared in the morning Hindu Paper. Knowing Bhagawan's admiration for Sri Rajagopalachari, Justice asked, *"Did you not see it, Bhagawan?"* Pat came the reply, *"Where was the time? This beggar was busy in Kargil"* - Indeed, a spontaneous and unguarded revelation of his Father's hidden work! But Bhagawan quickly steered clear of the topic, unwilling to divulge further details.

A GHOST STORY!

A lady, who was devoted to Yogi Ramsuratkumar as much as she was to Maharishi Ramana, began to live all alone in her newly built house in Ramana Nagar. She would often call Sri Ramana her father and Yogiji her mother. To her horror in the new house, in the middle of every night, she began to hear the noise of a rocking chair which would persist sometimes throughout the night. She rushed to her "mother" Yogi Ramsuratkumar's lap and sought blessings. The kindly beggar visited her house, walked the entire inner boundary of the house with his stick held upright like a king holding the scepter and then left. From that day onwards, the noise ceased completely much to the delight and relief of the lady devotee. We can be sure that unearthly element too had its share of his blessings.

BUSY WITH THE WORLD

One day, in Sannidhi Street house, all of a sudden, Sri Yogi started talking about the Berlin

wall and how the families had been forced into separation for years now because of the division. The visiting author who read newspaper avidly was puzzled about the sudden appearance of this topic which had no relevance to all those present. But, within a week, the sensational news of Berlin wall coming down and the consequential family reunions were reported with jubilation, in all the newspapers! Knowing Bhagawan's work, she clearly saw Bhagawan's 'Sankalpa' behind this world event. Several years later, in 2001, a little after Mahasamadhi, a German couple had come to the Ashram. They exclaimed that the official removal of Berlin wall was indeed a pure miracle, an accidental happening due to the slip of the tongue of a prominent politician who never intended anything of the sort. But the slip was caught in the fire of the news media and flashed across the country and it became pivotal obligation on the part of the Government to bring down the wall. This surely is a celebratory gift from the providence Yogi Ramsuratkumar!

FATHER HAS NO EYES BUT SEES

Once, the author was anguished over the intense suffering that many people go through and it all seemed so pointless! Why this suffering? She voiced it out to Bhagawan who had been smoking all along quietly. He gave the author a deep look and pointed to a gunny bag that was spread out as the foot-rest at the entrance of Sudama. "Go and read what is written on it" he said. Unable to connect it with her question, yet knowing that no gesture of Bhagawan was purposeless, she ran and read, "*Kalkurunai Neekiya No. 1 Dhidam Arisi*" meaning, "*the No. 1 rice that has been cleansed off stone and bran and made pure and strong.*" She looked up at Swami. He smiled. Then it flashed, "*Oh that is it! The suffering cleanses people off their impurities and makes them pure and strong!*" She looked up once again for confirmation when he raised his hand in benediction and smiled. Suddenly it struck her - How did he know what was written on the gunny bag? That too in Tamil? Day after day, we had been walking over it but never bothered to notice it even! Indeed, "*Father*

has no eyes. But sees everything." She bowed down deeply before him.

AN ATHEIST TURNS AN ARDENT DEVOTEE

A professor and a distinguished academician became an ardent devotee of Bhagawan because of his mentor Dr. T.P. Meenakshi Sundaram. Once, his brother, also a professor but an atheist, was caught in a conspiracy and was facing the crisis of inexorable removal from service because of his honest non-cooperation with the V.C. in signing a false bill for the purchase of wrong books worth several lakhs. The devotee professor, anguished over his brother's plight, went to his room and began to pray to Yogi Ramsuratkumar. Very soon, the atheist professor heard a knock on his door and to his surprise, his own brother was standing and smiling. He also took the atheist Professor to a particular room where the purchased books had been hidden. Now, with the new evidence of books, the atheist Professor was acquitted of his false charges and was reinstated with honor. To their amazement, they found out that the devotee

professor never visited his brother's room nor did he know the whereabouts of purchased books! Needless to say, the atheist turned into an ardent worshipper of Yogi Ramsuratkumar!

NAMA SAVES LIFE

A Sadhu entrusted with the task of spreading Rama Nama by Bhagawan, once, found himself swept away by the mighty swirls of Ganga in Allahabad. In the last vestige of consciousness, Yogi Ramsuratkumar's Nama flashed suddenly and the sadhu called out desperately. Soon he found himself lifted up bodily by some boat men who, but, mysteriously disappeared when he came around. Only a little before that time, in Sannadhi Street House, Bhagawan gave some flowers to Sadhu's daughter for her mother in Chennai!

A cyclist in Germany was thrown several feet high in the air which might have ended in his landing on the rocky path way, in pieces. But a timely call to Yogi Ramsuratkumar by a friend, landed the cyclist precisely on the grass between

two slabs of rock, to the wonder of everyone around!

INCREDIBLE YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR

Once a stranger who called himself a 'Wholesale sinner' had written a pathetic letter to Bhagawan, pleading his inability to change his sinful way of life, yet begging for mercy. This was only one of many of its kind to Bhagawan over the years. But it triggered a deep concern in the heart of the author and she was worried if there was really no way at all for their redemption. How would mercy come to such people? Would this pleading alone do? She began to brood again and again, to a point of distraction. Only three days before that, a large and delectable mango had fallen down, bitten by a monkey and was already buried in the slush, that being the season of rains. In the next three days, it had developed black, white and green spots of fungus all over the visible portion and looked so horrid (to say the least!), strangely and symbolically reminding her of the hopeless sinners in a similar predicament. She mumbled to herself,

" What should have been a healthy ripe fruit that would probably have round it's way into a pooja room, has now landed in a miry grave! Perhaps, mangoes have their fates too! Suddenly, cutting the author's thoughts, Swami's voice boomed from behind "*Will you go and get that mango?*" Unable to believe what she heard and overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of the command, she ran and brought it over to him, not without some misgivings! But for a little spot of clean yellow, the rest had been proliferated by the fungus already. Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks! Knowing only too well Bhagawan's eccentric ways, she began to wonder if her stomach would be the mango's new grave! Indeed, so much for thinking about fates and mangoes! True to her fear, Bhagawan asked her to fetch a knife and with a knowing smile, ordered her, "*You see that yellow spot? cut it out.*" She meekly offered to wash the mango before cutting, suggestively. But a firm, " No " was his only rejoinder! Choiceless and resigned to her own fate now, she scooped out that portion. To her great surprise, it revealed a luscious pulp, clean and free of any fungus or insect! He ate it with obvious relish and shared some with her too!

Indeed, it was so delicious! Even as she savoured the last bit, she felt his piercing luminous gaze upon her in silent communication. Then it flashed!! Of course, the sinners and the mango! Oh, yes, so this was the way a Godman saved them! Finding "that little nice spot" in their otherwise resisting armour of chronic worldliness, a Godman would enter their being and start his redeeming work! What compassion! What mercy! The author felt absolutely thrilled at this revelation through a cryptic demonstration. She fell at his feet with folded hands, seeking his confirmation and he smiled his nod!

CHAPTER XI

BHAGAWAN STILL LIVES

Though the flesh and blood form of Sat-Chit-Ananda Yogi Ramsuratkumar had passed on to the Great Beyond, he lives on in the powerful Samadhi Shrine and the precious Vighraha of the Ashram as the veritable light-house of Grace and compassion, beckoning one and all to a higher life and transforming difficult situations of life into great opportunities for blessings. He also remains enshrined as the sublime Indweller in the very hearts of his devotees with all his miraculous potency and power. In rare cases of profound longing and love, he even appears in transparent effulgence of his endearing human form! The dynamic and all powerful Name of this Beggar-saviour is our eternal companion and prompter, helping, guiding, protecting and transmuting the

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devotees into better beings. The lives of trusting devotees abound in such gracious leelas of the Great Master. A few of these vignettes are highlighted here.

BHAGWAN'S DIVINE DARSHAN...

As the news of Mahasamadhi of Yogi Ramsuratkumar reached a family in Arni, Sri. G, a devotee from the days of Punnai tree, rushed forth with all his family members leaving his daughter alone at home for some reason. Unable to bear the misfortune of not being able to have even the last Darshan of Bhagawan's Divya Sarira, the daughter began to cry her heart out to Sri Yogiji. Suddenly, she heard a knock at the door. When she opened, lo and behold! who should stand there.... but none other than Yogi Ramsuratkumar himself! With a bewitching countenance and smile, he strode past the flabbergasted daughter of Sri G, into the house. The daughter pulling herself together quickly from her shocked amazement, ran and offered a chair to him. Still grinning, Swami seated himself in the chair comfortably and

asked her for a cup of buttermilk. In great exuberance, she ran into the kitchen and brought a cup of butter - milk-but alas! only to find him gone, to her utter frustration!

* * *

Late in the night, a girl staying in a cottage of the Ashram was afflicted with sudden stomach pain. Unable to bear the severity of the pain and finding others fast asleep, she called out to Bhagawan and cried pathetically. Suddenly, she found Bhagawan's brilliant form walking up and down a little distance away and felt reassured. When Bhagawan disappeared from her sight, her pain too disappeared with Him.

* * *

Three Sadhus visited the Ashram one afternoon. They wanted the Darshan of Bhagawan Yogi Ramsuratkumar whom they had never seen before. They had no idea that Bhagawan had taken Samadhi. All they said was that they had been directed by 'someone' to this Ashram for Darshan

and lunch prasad. When they entered the Pradhan Mandir, the flooring was being laid by several workers and Bhagawan's statue was covered by a cloth because of dust that arose from the work, and understandably there were no photographs either. However, they learnt the truth of His Mahanirvana in great disappointment. When they came to the Dining Hall which was substituting as Darshan Hall then, they saw the picture of Bhagawan and were astounded beyond words. And then, to the delight of everyone around, they confided that the sage in the picture was the one whom they met in the Arunachala Mountain path and by whom they were guided to the Ashram!

THE HEALING ENERGY OF THE DIVINE BEGGAR

An old lady somehow managed to reach the Ashram despite all her ailments and aches in the body. In despair of her failing health, she called out to Yogi Ramsuratkumar and was about to faint at the gate. Within minutes, to her delightful surprise and relief, she found herself completely free of all

her pains and felt rejuvenated into a new sense of well being. Of course, she ran her way into Pradhan Mandir for the Darshan of her beloved Murthi!

* * *

A jeep driver from local Electricity Board met with an accident and developed complications below the waist, because of which he lost his job also. All treatments failed and the operations could not restore his driving ability. A family man with wife and children, he desperately prayed and prayed to Bhagawan but nothing seemed to happen. Angry and upset, he dragged his body somehow to the Ashram upto Swagath Mandapam. Now, in a fit of outrage and agony, he screamed Bhagawan's Nama Yogi Ramsuratkumar and began to roll on the floor of Swagath Mandapam in "Angapradakshina." Towards the end he collapsed into a heap and lost consciousness. When he came round, he suddenly found himself getting up casually and walking with ease! He felt fit and strong for the first time and knew instantly it was the magic of Bhagawan's Grace. With tears of joy streaming down, he began

to narrate the happy story to the people present (the author being one of them) in the Pradhan Mandir breathlessly!

BHAGAWAN SAVES LIFE

Mr. R. a devotee of Yogi Ramsuratkumar was transferred, all of a sudden, from Melur to Sivaganga. There he became a close friend of the Municipal Chairman of the place. But unfortunately, he was lifted again from the place to a village near Athoor - a lonely forest area. He found it difficult to manage living there. So he kept praying to Swami but in vain. Once he came on some work to Shivaganga and visited the Municipal Chairman friend also. Absolutely delighted to see his old friend, the Municipal Chairman invited him to a lunch outing. Just when they were about to start from the place, Swami's devotee felt dizzy in a sudden fit of weakness and began to sweat profusely. Afraid that he would faint, he sat down immediately, telling his chairman friend to move ahead and that he would join him in a minute. Just when the chairman reached for the door of

the car, a bomb exploded from inside the car (due to some local politics) killing the chairman on the spot. The devotee realized with a shock that he had been specifically spared from the politics of the place by his transfer to the village and now from a similar fate of his friend, purely by Swami's Grace!

* * *

Thus, numerous are the instances one can go on narrating which point out clearly that Bhagawan continues to keep an incessant vigil over his devotees and wards off evil in a miraculous manner. In the Ashram, every Thursday, the prayer letters that heap up for one week would be read out before Bhagawan's Samadhi Shrine and prasad would be sent to those addresses with a picture of Bhagawan. The feedback Ashram gets, reveals the abundant grace that flows inexorable sending gifts of help and fulfilling the needs of all those who appeal to His Holiness. Today, in the Ashram, we see Muslims coming in crowds seeking his blessings and prasad. Christian nuns visit and exclaim in surprise at the divine peace they feel instantly on

entering the Ashram and express their happiness freely. Jains, Sikhs and Parsees pray before the shrine and leave light-hearted with a sense of fulfilment. We have seen a Muslim doing his 'Namaz' in front of Samadhi Shrine

Indeed, Masters like Yogi Ramsuratkumar are deep like the ocean, strong and steadfast like the great Himalayas and immaculate like its snow-white grandeur and effulgent like the Sun. Whether they continue to live in their flesh and blood form should not be a cause for concern now, since their true form is one of eternal light, power and grace alone. Yogi Ramsuratkumar, all through his living, had taught that he was not the body but the Eternal Entity - the all pervasive, all knowing, all powerful consciousness and compassion. To love and adore such a one ensures our highest good. Studying the life of this beggar-king, remembering his leelas with great fervour, pondering over his teachings seriously and practising at least a fraction of what he advised in all earnestness would mould our outlook, our character and our very life in all its aspects and in course of time, would cast us in his own image. To live in his

vicinity mentally in dedicated servitude, withstanding severe tests and challenges the world throws at us invariably is true sadhana. Every moment of life is a gift from God. Only our deeds would leave imprints in the sands of time when all else would disappear in the mists of time. And our one deed lifelong must be a continued practice to become a perfect instrument in the hands of our divine Guru. Bhagawan used to point out, "*For the simple and clear minded, Guru's Name and his Lotus Feet will do. It is only for the others reading books like Bhagawath Geetha is necessary.*" Unfortunately for those of us who are caught in the glamorous net of Western education and culture, the mind is never that simple nor that clear! So let us appeal to the Compassion Incarnate,

Oh, Yogi Ramsuratkumar,
Merit or defect, I know none apart from you!
You took sole charge of my body and spirit.
Do with me what you will,
only give me ever increasing love for your Lotus Feet.

The world today is a depressive kaleidoscope of frenzied passions and barbarities, greed and killer competitions. Man feels weak and exhausted in the face of challenges that keep multiplying unmanageably. He needs spiritual strength and right exertion to counteract evil influences and tendencies and be inspired into living a higher life in the footsteps of the Great Masters. Bhagawan's simple prescription, "If you want to be happy, you make the Lord happy. To make the Lord happy is to chant His Name" is not to be brushed aside easily. Let us all take to chanting the divine Nama which is the easiest and surest way to reach His abode of peace and bliss. Let us also ponder over diligently what he so beautifully revealed to us, "*I am infinite and so are you and SO IS EVERYONE, my friend. But there is a veil. You can see only an infinitesimal part of me. But HAVE FAITH - NO one is isolated. No one is separate. This sun, moon, stars, the tree, the stone, you and me all are related. When a blade of grass is trampled upon, a distant star trembles. IT IS ALL ONE LIFE, my friend, ONE LIFE!*"

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This phenomenal Godman lived a life perfected in God – a life that was a river of enormous love that flowed ever afresh in absolute spontaneity of the divine, breaking all barriers and past all distinctions, across the vast and the wondrous diversity of the ONE PURE EXISTENCE – THAT OF FATHER.

May Bhagawan Yogi Ramsuratkumar, the Love Divine, the Light of lights remove all the darkness of our mind and make our lives happy and fruitful. Our salutations again and again to His boundless compassion forever and forever!

Yogi Ramsuratkumar Jaya Guru Raya!

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