

Mangalmandir

MARUTI EDITION – 1ST PART – 2ND YEAR – MARCH 1954 – MAAGH 2010

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Mangal Murṭi Maarṭi

(Raag Gauri)

Mangalmurṭi Maarṭi Nandan,
Sakal amangal mul nikandan,
Pavan tanaya santan hitkaari
Hridaya biraajat Avadha-vihaari ;

Maatu piṭaa guru Ganapaṭi Shaarad,
Shivaa sameṭ
Charan vinda vinavoum sab kaahu,
Dehu Raampad neh nivaahu,
Vandoum RaamLakhan Vaidehi
Je Tulsī ke param sanehi

- By Goswaami Tulsidaasji

Why Maaruti Edition ?

It is Lord’s utmost grace that he has arranged by the hands of this child of small intellect to vend recitation of virtues / merits of Mahaavir Maarutiji.

Nine editions of the first year had already been published and no decision had been taken on the special edition of “MangalMandir” : by accident two events took place which immediately prompted publication of Maruti edition.

Normally for the last 15 to 20 years reading and writing tasks have been ongoing till 12 to 1 o’clock in the nights. But one night I was reading 31st chapter of “Bhagvati Kathaa” published through compilation / editorship of Shri Prabhudatta Bhramchaariji : I read the new event of “Hanumaanji’s clinking of fingers” and went to bed to sleep.

And that same night as if Hanumaanji clinking his fingers gave instruction to publish Mangal Mandir’s Maruti Edition; and to do it with haste.

Even so, I did not pay too much attention. Thereafter I had different opinions of a few eminent scholar friends, and per chance on the fifth day received letters of some well-wishing friends of Mangal Mandir – with requests to publish “Maaruti Edition”. I looked at the dates of these letters which coincided with the night of Hanumaanji’s instruction to me.

And thenceforth leaving aside other special editions, decision was reached to publish Maaruti edition..

Getting necessary publishing material for the Maaruti edition presented difficult ! A great part of Mahaavir Hanumaanji’s life is portrayed in Vaalmiki Raamayan and GoswaamiShri Tulsidaasji’s Ramcharit Manas. Most people also know just those events. So most of the publication material received from saints, great people and writers was similar in content – to the extent that without heavy editing the articles would just duplicate in the special edition. Which left a small portion for publication and dilemma if material cannot be obtained – what action to take !

You have all seen the times of rationing (referring to the second world war when shortage of food and other necessities prevailed), what happens when family’s cooking has been matched to availability and if suddenly a few guests arrive ?

Just so, I was placed in same circumstances. Even in this situation the great intellectual Marutidev found me a way ! In enough proportion but good literature got collected, and the sweet offering that got prepared is in your sight

Maruti and social environment

At the most appropriate opportunity, inspiration was received for this Maruti edition, and that is God’s grace. Today most countries are engaged in increasing their power, some by weapons while some by engaging in aiding other countries and increasing their influence. In these circumstances, none is prepared to be a “Mahaavir” ! No one has the inspiration to simply perform service to all people !

Bhaarat (India) is still not this league. Because it is the territory of Mahaavir. It’s past tendencies of previous ages prevents it from acquiring such ego:

But this has presented another difficulty, and that is foreign blind copying and implementation of fascinating materials acquisition which is increasing pace at double nay multifold. Agricultural implements, and home industries have also seen use of foreign machine equipment : as such the Bhaartiya (Indian) Laxmi (wealth) in the form of Sitaa is lost overseas.

And this is a subject of great worry. It may not be obvious right now, but to retrieve that Bhaarat's lost wealth, we will not be able to do without walking on the path of the life of Mahaavir Hanumaanji. Fabulous empire of golden city is Mahaavir Maruti's blossom. It has been created only to turn to ashes. That is why Bhaarat has to make least use of it, it is sufficient to indicate here just this at this juncture.

This is just the ststus of the political environment. Leaving aside this subject, today's students who are tomorrow's citizens have forgotten lessons of the life of Hanumaanji. In the impenetrable body (Vajra-ang) of Mahaavir are strength, intellect and proficiency (skilfulness in carrying out any task) attributable to his celibacy. Songs of the cinema films, reading of its subjects is creating unexplainable transformation in their mindset. Instead of becoming impenetrable body, strong and intellectual, they are prone to being tender, devoid of strength and insignificant.. Today's youth is distancing from HIM immeasurably: devoid of physical exercise and celibacy, what type of citizens will they be? The very thought gives shudder.

Maaruti and sphere of devotion:

Thinking in the in the sphere of devotion, Hanumaanji is a utmost example of devotion. Would it be possible to find a similar devotee as HIM who fulfilled his wishes in the wishes of Sri Raam as also his life's happiness at the lotus feet of Sri Raam ? For these reasons, in various Raamaayans, Puraans and Upnishads, their praises sung to Sri Hanumaanji. What is the reason for this? It is because of his firm faith, sense control, service and constant devotion to the lotus feet of Sri Raghunaath; therefore despite being a monkey, he became more worshipful than humans and Deities, whenceforth also why Raam resides in his heart. Not just of history but of the Ages (Yug), Mahaabali Hanumaanji even today is young and eternal.

At this juncture we will not discuss about Hanumaanji's life, because this edition IS filled with over 300 pages of the same. His loving readers will certainly read about his innumerable events in this edition. Hope all will take advantage of this.

Was Hanumaanji a monkey ?

This has become a subject of debate as to what really was Hanumaanji? This debate is not misplaced in terms of devotion, nevertheless some people describe him as "from the jungle tribe of the time" and try to reinforce it; whereas some qualify him as "human but able to perform super human tasks".

But as we have no apparatus to visualise Hanumaanji, what is the use of furthering debate / argument ? In the Raamaayan, he has been adverbbed as Vanar kapi, Kapi-dhar, Kapi-sreshth. Nevertheless, there are not separate views about his heroism. Also there is no doubt about his amazing strength

Then consider even if Hanumaanji was a monkey, does it present a hurdle? I believe in the heart of the devotee, there will be no difference towards respect for him. Did not Sri Vishnu bhagwaan take the forms of Hayagriv, Matsya, Kachchhap, Vaaraaha, and Narsimha and carry out great tasks. The Lord can take or be seen in any form, but still is the Lord! When his Lordship is worshipful, then why this argument on his race. This is the view of my ignorant heart.

For a man faithfully believing, even a stone is God. Therefore there is no difficulty to be the Lord as Monkey, Vaaraaha, or Kachchhap. For a non-believer even in the very presence of the Lord, where is the Lord?

Among Bhagwaan Dattaatrey's 24 Gurus, they were in the form of serpent, python, hunter, and prostitute. It is within the dharma conventions of the aryaas, that the characteristics are worshipful, and the very Sri Krishna says in the Gita:

“Yadyadida bhuti mat satvam sri-madu-jimtam-eva vaa
tatta-devaava-gachha tvam mam tejomsha-sam-bhavam”

Meaning whatever a luminous element, it is part of my form.

Accordingly whether Hanumaanji was a monkey, his Lordship is within that form. Because when in Tretaa yug (age), there were monkeys of such valour, such intellect, and proficiency, then what would the humans have been like? And what would it be like if we apply in our lives a miniscule of the message of Mahaavir's life and become even minutely profident? And we take inspiration from his life and become selfless servant to God? Would it not bring a Golden age?

It is appropriate to the affectionate readers that human intellect is limited. To give beyond this our literature was also limited. In this edition there may be errors or shortages – we ask to forgive those – it is my heartfelt request.

Despite writing over and over, it is only right to point out that there should not be lack of finance and buyers of this monthly publication. Wherever you can find the possibility of adding even two buyers, our difficulties will disappear. When the Lord gives this inspiration to you, we would not need to make this appeal.

There is black of Maayaa in the human heart. From this fault of our hearts, you may notice such shortfalls. We request that the benevolent saints, devotees will forgive us for those errors.

Soulmate to you all – Pandit Mangal Shastri

Jagadguru Shankaracharya Sri 108 Sri Yogeswaranand-tirthaji Mahaaraaj, Sri Govardhan-math- Sri Jagan-naath-puriji

Aayur-vitam balam dheiram- eis-varayam buddhir-eva cha
Pragnaa medhaa-dhruti-scha-eiva hanumat-smaram-aad bhavet
Krute rudraatma-ko dev-strotaayaam Raam-sevakaha
Dvaapare Maarut-ha prokta Aanjaneya-ha Kalou yuge

In this kaliyug in Bharat, there are few who have faith in the deities. Present Indian technocrats while taking their positions on election go through take regime of oaths which openly negate any faith in the divine is a subject of great distress. Majority of the 163 Indian parliament members have taken such oaths that they have no faith in the Divine; that they only have faith in maral behaviour.

In these times, we say that according to our ancestors – rushi-munis, there are seven divinities who represent those to meditate upon. Among those deities is Hanumaanji who upon being remembered accomplishes desired work. Even in the present atheistic age, Hanumaanji is fully prepared to lead aspirants to accomplishing reaching the Divine. We have had experience of this, as also the experience of many other devotees.

Sri Hanumaanji made contact with Sri Raamji when Sri Raam-chandraji was in residing in the forest. Raavan abducted Sri Sitaadevi from Panchavati in Naashik. Sri Raamji went looking for Sitaaji from Dandaka-aranya (Dandak forest) and reached Kishkindhaa. Whereupon it was planned for Hanumaanji to be the representative of Sugriv / Sugriv's army chief.. According to Sugriv's instructions Sri Hanumaanji met Sri Raam. And Hanumaan prayed that all help will be availed by Sugriv. When Sri Raamchandraji heard this, Sri Raamji said to Lakshmanji “ Brother, this monkey is talking such refined Sanskrut”

From this one observed there were four classes within the monkey social hierarchy. The monkeys were a society of the forest. Those monkeys were different from the ones we see today. Like humans, they roamed and it is observed they were monkeys with divine energy.

After the felling of Vaali, sri raamji's character became closer to Sri Hanumaanji. There after the story of Hanumatji is renowned. His deeds are beyond not just ordinary humans but the deities. At the conclusion of Sri Raamchandraji's incarnation, it was Sri Raamchandraji's wish to keep Hanumaanji stay on the earthly world, and with that instruction Hanumaanji resided into dense forest.

When at the advent of the Sri Krishna incarnation in Dvaaparyug the time came for the great Mahaa-Bhaarat war, at that time great warriors in the form of Bhishma, Drona and others sided with the Kauravas, but there were no such warriors of that calibre with the Paandavas. Bhishma and Drona and other warriors were proficient in the use the various armaments. Sri Krishnaji considered to neutralise the power of these armaments, it was imperative for Hanumaanji to be called for. So Sri Krishnaji sent Arjun to bring

Hanumaanji. Arjun informed Hanumaanji of the request of Sri krishnaji, whereupon Hanumaanji said he was not acquainted with Sri Krishnaji and Arjun returned to relay same to Sri Krishnaji. Whereupon Sri Krishnaji said to Arjun to ask hanumaanji that Sri Raamchandraji was calling for him.

Again Arjun repeated to Hanumaanji that Sri Raamchandraji was calling for him, so please come for his vision.

Upon hearing of the name of Sri Raamchandraji, Hanumaanji was overcome and he lifted Arjun and started to walk. When Hanumaanji arrived, Sri Krishnaji had assumed the form of Sri Raam. Hanumaanji bowed / saluted the Raam form of Sri Krishnaji and said “O Lord, I am very tired of war”. Thereupon Sri Krishnaji said “ O Hanumaanji, you do not have to fight in the war, just to sit on Arjun’s chariot.

In this way, Sri Krishnaji found it necessary to for presence of Hanumaanji’s might / capability / power.

On conclusion of the war when Hanumaanji alighted from Arjun’s chariot, it went up in flames, because due to the powerful weapons of Bhishma and Drona, the chariot had already been destined for destruction but was saved till that time by the divine grace of Hanumaanji.

The reason for ointing Hanumaanji with oil and sindoor (lead oxide) on Saturday is follows.

Once Shanidev (Deity of the Saturn planet) relayed to Hanumaanji that he will be passing through Shani panoti (house of Saturn according to astrology) from the next day.

Hanumaanji sent reply “Very well, please do come”. Accordingly Shanidev came the next day and asked Hanumaanji that he had to reside on his body. Hanumaanji provided a location on his tail for Shanidev. Thereafter, Hanumaanji whizzed his tail at tremendous speed which was no match for Shanidev to endure due to his slow pace.

Shanidev said to Hanumaanji”Brother, I am going . I cannot endure the high speed movement of your tail, but I grant you a boon that any human who is not capable of enduring my pain, if they oint you with oil and sindoor, they will not be afflicted by my pain”.

Thereafter commenced the practice of ointing Hanumaanji with oil and sindoor.

The purpose of this article is that Hanumaanji is a visible deity and this experience can be gained by his worship and this is our guidance / instruction.

Sri Raam devotee Hanumaanji

Author: Yaagnik Sri Veniraam Sharmaa, Goud – Ved professor, Kaavya Tirth, Benaras

Amongst the innumerable incarnations of God, ultimate personified-control Sri Raam incarnation was for leading world's beings to ultimate height of control compliance. Sri Raamchandraji by tending the world and removing the weight of evil fed back respect-control to Devas, Brahmans, cows and sages. Despite all that, human life remains unfulfilled without taking a dip in the character chief Hanumaanji's devotion stream.

In this short article on Hanumaanji's life, how much can be packed?. Nevertheless, as much can be attempted to imbibe the nectar.

Sri Hanumaanji is considered incarnation of Shrivijaya, his incomparable feats, intellect treasure, proficiency and innumerable qualities are all packed in the pages of Raamaayan. He is no doubt Sri Raam's unparalleled devotee, but he is the luminous foundation of the victory over Lanka. He is able to change his form at will, there is no greater professional in moral righteousness : By creating friendship of Sugriva with Sri Raam, he proclaimed his great ideal of proficiency.

It was his task to find Sri mother Sita. He leapt over the ocean to make contact of the daughter of Janak. Revealing himself he mollified Sri Sitaaji. To assure Sitaaji, he showed his huge form; seeing this mountainous form, Sitaaji became confident this was no ordinary monkey, but my Lord's unparalleled devotee and great strong soldier.

How beautifully Maharshi Vaalmiki has described Sri Hanumaanji's enormous form? Here are some verses:-

Merumand-samkaasho babhou diptaa-nala-prabhaha I
Agraṭo vyava-tasthe cha Sitaayaa Vaaanar-arshabha-ha II
Hari-hi parvat-samkaha-shastaa-bhra-vaktro mahaabala-ha I
Vajra- damshttra-nakjho bhimo Vaidehi-ma-idam-bravit II
Sa-paravat-vano-deshaam saatta-praakaar-toranaam I
Lankaam-imaam sa-naathaam vaa nayitum shakti-rasti me II

(Sundar Kaand 37-37-31)

Seeing the mountainous form of Hanumaanji, Sitaaji said :

Tava satvam balam cha-eiva vijaanaami mahaa-kape I
Vaayo-riva gati-scha-api teja-scha-agne-rivaadu-bhutam II

O great kapi Hanumaan ! I recognise your energy, capability and valour, and I also understand your speed as that of air as also your halo as that of fire.

It is difficult to gauge energy of Hanumaanji. He proclaimed in Lanka –

Jayat-ati-balo Raamo Lakshmana-scha mahaa-bala-ha I
Raajaa jayati Sugrivo Raaghavenaa-bhi-paalita-ha II

Victory to the enormously strong Sri Raghuvir Raamchandraji, victory to great strong Lakshmanji and King Sugriva !

And together with that sound of victory, he destroyed many of Raavan's demons! By his lion roar, the earth trembled! By the thumping of the earth with footsteps, the mountains swayed! The great Lord of Lankaa was devastated. His skillfulness was forgotten in one sharp blow.

Obtaining Mother Sitaa's grace and jewel, he came to Sri Raamchandraji. Relaying the news, he prayed to proceed to Lankaa, and crossing the ocean, he became the leading messenger of victory over Lankaa.

Hanumaanji's utterances at the crowning ceremony of Sri Raamchandraji are evidence of his devotion. Praying to Sri Raam, he said:-

Sneho me paramo raajam-stavayi tishtha-tu titya-daa I
Bhakti-scha niyataa vir bhaavo na-anyatra gachh-tu II

O Lord! May my affection always be at your feet, may your devotion constantly reside in me and my mind state n ever be anywhere but with you.

And Lord Sri Raamchandra also uttered these devotionful appropriate reply –

Ekeiksyupaakaaraaya praanaan-daasyaami te kape I
Shesyeh-upkaaraanaam bhavaam runino vayam II
Mada-anga jirna-taam yaato yattavyo-upkrutam kape I
Nara-ha pratya-upkaaraanaam-aapat-svaayaati paatrataam II

Dear vir Hanumaan! I do not have the capacity to repay the debt of your help assistance. Repaying even one of your obligations with my life, I remain indebted for the rest. Therefore I desire that your obligations remain as debt in my body, because repayment instigates empire of destruction.

The one whose debtor is Sri Raam himself, why cannot the life of that Mahaavir Hanumaanji purify the hearts of mankind? The gangaa of Mahaavirji's life is capable of purifying the three worlds. By the mere remembrance of his name, all the faults of Kaliyug disappear.

Sri Hanumaanji's feats are miraculous, boundless, where is the capability in this lifeless pen to fathom his feats?

Sri Raamdootam sharanam pra-padhye

Sri Hanumaan Upnishad

Brahma's sons Sanak, Sanandan, Sanaatan and Sanatkumar together with many mahaa-yogis and mahaa-rushis once visited Sri Raam's protected city of Ayodhya, and after saluting Hanumaanji, they asked:-

“O glorious son of Vaayu! We have studied Vedas, Shaashtras, and historical volumes, but we have not been able to grasp their essence, please relate to us the substance of all the Shaashtras.”

Sri Hanumaanji said: “O devotees! Yogishvars and mahaa-munis! I will relate to you the essential substance to rid of the bondage of Samsaar, so do listen:

Raam eva Para-bhrahm Raam eva param-tapa-ha I
Raam eva para tattvam Sri Raamo Bhrahm taarakam II

Para-bhrahm’s other name is Raam. The fruit of Param-tapa is Raam, the substance is also Raam, and the rescuer to rescue from the Samsaar is also Raam.”

Rushis asked:

“O great monkey ! O great knowledgeable Vaayu’s beloved! Having heard of that substance Raam; what are parts of the substance Sri Raam, can you please show us”

“ O great munis ! Sri Sitaaji, Lakshaman, Bharat, Shatru-ghna, Vibhishan, Sugriva, Angad, Jaambavaan, and myself (hanumaanji) and Pranav (Aum kaar) are the ten parts of Sri Raam. The man meditating on the ten parts of Sri Raam is freed from all the impediments in the world and finally resides in the ultimate non-dual state – achieves ultimate liberation”

Rushis questioned further: “O Aanjaneya! Those men who are forbidden to meditate on Aum, how should they meditate on tis Aum-kaar? And meditating without one part leaves the meditation incomplete; so please settle our doubt.”

Sri Hanumaanji said”O rushis, I asked this question to Sri Raamji, and the answer I received, that I will relate to you:

“Raam Raamaay namaha” – repeating this eight syllable mantra, any man of any caste becomes purified. One repeating Sri Raam’s great mantra pre-fixed with the bijak “Raam” can meditate on Aum, because the three syllable A, U and M in Aum are also present in the word Raam, and the man constantly meditating on the ten parts of Sri Raam becomes literally form of Raam. Even literal Shesh-Naaraayan is not capable to describe the greatness of the word “Raam. Even so, the Lord of Lankaa Mahaaraajaa Vibhishan has described in the volume “Raam-charayaa”.”

The rushis were satisfied by this knowledgeable explanation of Sri Hanumaanji, and they prayed to him:

“O Maaruti! How many verses are there in Vibhishan’s creation of “Raam-charayaa” volume? Please tell us”.

Sri Hanumaanji said:”In Vibhishanji’s Raam-charayaa volume, there are 7000 Sanskrut vaakyas, 7000 gadhya, 8000 slokas and 24000 padhyas, in addition to 10000 dandakas, knowing this man, feels having fulfilled his deeds.

Aum Tat Sat

Direct perceiving deity Maaruti

The editor of “Mangal Mandir” must be a person of inordinate intellect., he likes to publish special editions never thought of, but doubtless it has to be mentioned that the Maaruti Edition is really for the welfare of all and is to be welcomed.

By his insistence, I will relate some events in the present age of Kaliyug. From this the readers will get feeling that Maaruti is the direct perceivable deity of Kaliyug.

This is a true event which took place in 1932 in a village of Sauraashtra

[1]

in the surrounding about 20 miles from Jetpur, there was a reputed vanik family man Sheth Raajaaram. He had no children from his first two wives. So at the age of 40 years he married a third time as the former wives had died.

3 to 4 years passed by but there was still no child. Certain devotee advised to visit an ancient temple of Hanumaanji 20 miles away, to have great faith in him so a childbirth can be granted – make a wish that when the child is 2 years old, Rupees equal to the weight of the child be donated at the Hanumaanji temple – child will certainly be borne.

There was no lack of wealth at businessman’s abode, but there was a lack of an inheritor of the wealth. Both the Sheth and his wife were faithful, they both believed the devotee’s saying and they took a vow that within two months from the birth of a child, they would present charity in the service of Hanumaanji weight worth of the child in silver Rupees.

Faith and trust fructify; the lady became pregnant and at the tenth month gave birth to a son. The parents were overjoyed to swing the child at this high age. In the celebration, the businessman immediately donated food to the poor, as also lots of money was donated.

Then there was wait for just the ageing of the the child to two months, both the parents got ready to travel to Hanumaanji’s temple, taking a maid servant with them and a bag full of Rupees. The Lady of the house also wore expensive jewellery and beautiful clothes. Hiring a bullock cart, they began their pilgrimage to Hanumaanji.

It was the month of Ashaadh, the rains has not yet set in. As it was only twenty mile journey, it would be return home by next day. The bullock cart owner was a Sndhi Muslim. He used to buy on credit from Raajaaram’s shop, and also used to borrow money, returning at his convenience. Sheth had long acquaintance with him. The cart journey started in the morning, around three in the afternoon it started to rain !

Even so, the Sheth recommended to go faster.

The cart was made to travel in the rain, the bullocks were strong build. About a mile slong there was a small river, surrounded by forest around on all sides. Opposite half mile further there was a small village wherefrom Hanumaanji's mandir was very near.

Observing the flooded river, the cart owner stopped and said: "the river is overflowing"

Sheth got worried. He asked "What shall we do?"

"Best to reside this side of the river as the rain water flood does not warrant crossing", replied the cart owner.

"O dear! How can that be? We have hazard, we have small child and a woman to take care of, how can we stay here in falling rain?"

"Don't you worry", said the cart owner, "on the opposite bank nearby there is a village, I will immediately call out the youth. They will lead the bullocks, so we can reach the village."

"All right", said the Sheth. "Go quickly, even if we have to pay a few Rupees..."

"No problem Sheth!" the cart owner said alighting from the cart. "You sit under this tree and relax, I will come quickly."

Entering into the hip high waters of the river, the cart owner reached the opposite bank. Sheth opened the fodd boxes, the rain had become lighter. All sat under the tree and strated to eat.

It got late and the cart owner had still not returned. Sheth became very worried. What will happen now? With these thoughts in mind the Rajaaram Sheth could not finish his meal. It was getting darker.

At that moment, two youths were seen coming from opposite, the cart owner was not there. Both had wooden sticks with rings on them, and as if to frighten him they said: "Sheth, What is in these bags?"

"There is my baggage and food parcel, you must have been called by our cart owner to get us to the other side of the river."

"Yes, we have certainly come to take you to the opposite side, give us whatever you have else you will have to get to the other side."

Sheth stared at the two youths, the cart owner had still not returned. From their firm language, he realised their evil minds.

There was no more time, to save their lives he gave away all their belongings and stepped back.

Both youths looked at the belongings and one took hold of the bag with the Rupees. The other noticed all the jewellery on the young wife and said, “Oh, the real treasure is here while we are messing with the heavy luggage!”

Raajaaram Sheth became very concerned and stood in front of his wife and child and said, “Fols, Take all the jewellery that you want, I will take it off and give it to you, but do not hurt”

“ Never you mind!”, saying thus he took a rope out of the cart and tied the Sheth to the tree. Both then turned to the young wife, and shouting aloud said, “If you wish to keep the child from put him down.

The wife get was very frightened. With shaky hands she put the child down in a piece of cloth, what can a helpless woman do? Looking down, she mentally prayed to Mahaavir Hanumaanji. After the child birth, even this lady of Jain descent had developed great faith towards Hanumaanji.

Just then the demon like two youths picked up the young lady and started to walk into the jungle.

Crying aloud the lady wriggled. Tied to the tree, Sheth could not do anything to help. What would these cruel demons do to her? The thought made her tremble.

The two human demons lifted her. Screaming, the helpless woman became faint. On the other side, Raajaaraam Sheth was praying to Mahaavir adorable chills of Anjani:

Namaste Namaste Mahaa Vaayu suto
Namaste Namaste bhavishya dvi dhaataa
Namaste Namaste sadaa abhishta daataa
Namaste Namaste nisahm Raam bhakta

From Hanumaanji’s mandir in the village on the opposite banks, there ware sounds heard in the vicinity of arati with ringing of bells and drum beats. The half darkness of dusk was making man more frightful.

Just so, where the Sheth was tied to the tree, a monkey of great build alighted, and he immediately proceeded in the direction in which the two youths were taking the young wife of the Sheth.

When a monkey gets angry, his form becomes bery frightful. Crinching his teeth, he reached where the two youths were carrying away the young wife, and jumping he climbed on the shoulders of one youth. With his nails he started to hit him.

The two got frightened by this accidental calamity. Dropping the young wife they attempted to defeat the monkey.

But they were no match to the strength of the monkey. Having wounded the two, the monkey came to the Sheth and with his own hands he released him from bondage. Raajaraam Sheth ran to his wife who had regained consciousness. The two youths were still lying there injured by nail blows on their necks, chests and other parts of their bodies.

Sheth and his wife returned to the tree and found the monkey looking intently at the sleeping child on the ground. Upon their coming the monkey climbed on the tree.

Raajaram saluted from the distance to Mahaavir Hanumaanji who had appeared as a monkey, but in the falling darkness could not see him again.

Just then the cart owner arrived with two helpers. The helpers were relations of the cart owner, and were late coming due to taking some tea hospitality.

The cart owner told Sheth the details and apologised for coming back late. Raajaraam Sheth related what had ensued and showed the two injured demons. The helpers tied them up, and taking the cart to the opposite bank got the Sheth and his wife to the village.

Next day Sheth Raajaram with great pomp weighed his son with silver Rupees to donate, fed the Brahmins and returned back to his abode.

[2]

Another happening was in the district of Maarwaad. A little distance away from Jaypur at the Hanumaanji temple, a fair was held every full moon day in the month Chaitra. Thousands of people from around having sight / darshana of Hanumaanji fulfilled their purpose. Many traders would come some eight days before the fair and set up their kiosks.

A Maarwaadi by the name of Motishaa every year would set up a kiosk selling sweetmeats and savouries.

In 1942 as in previous years, Motishaa set up his kiosk for sweetmeats. This year on the full moon day of Chaitra, there was a big fair; as it was a good year, people in thousands from around were participating.

Motishaa began selling the sweets at three times the price. The day being the last day of the fair, his intention was to earn as much as possible.

It was evening time. A Saadhu arrived at Motishaa's kiosk and placing four Aanaas in his hand asked for quarter sher of pendaas.

Motishaa looking at four Aanaas and hearing the request for quarter sher of pendaas lost his equilibrium. With a loud voice he said, "Baavaaji ! You cannot get quarter sher of

pendaas for four Aanaas, one sher of pendaas are worth three rupees, it will be twelve Aanaas for quarter sher pendaas !”

Saadhu replied, “ Shethji, I have fasted all day today. I only have four Aanaas. In Jaipur you give quarter sher for four Aanaas, I have many times purchased from your shop. So give me quarter sher. If I had more money, I would have given it, but I only have four Aanaas and I am very hungry.”

“If you are hungry, then go to the ditch”, saying thus he threw the four Aanaas in ditch nearby full of dirty smelly water. And he said, “Is it your father’s property, so you want it all free?”

“Shethji!”, the Saashu said, “ Hanumaanji with the flag you see on the opposite is my father, and due to him you have earned a lot. Therefore it is my father’s property, but now you give back to me the four Aanaas, I will go to another shop and have something to eat.”

Motishaa said, “If you want them then take from the ditch.”

And he started serving other customers. In the end the saddened Saadhu sat on a stone opposite the kiosk.

Evening came, the people gathering became light. That day Motishaa had earned four fold from his normal trade. So he passed the trading to his associate to begin counting his take for the day. He counted 490 Rupees and put them in a bag which he put nearby him with the intention to gather further ten Rupees to make up to five hundred Rupees, and he got busy again.

A little time passed whereupon four monkeys suddenly forced entry into Motishaa’s kiosk. One powerful monkey got hold of the bag with the Rupees, another monkey lifted baskets with sweets and began to scatter them everywhere and the third took one sher weight of pendaas and placed them with the Saadhu ! The fourth monkey stood guarding the shop front !

All this happened in a split second. People from around gathered together. Motishaa began to wail. He had lost everything. One monkey took the open bag of Rupees and climbed on the tree opposite. Who can he complain to now?

Motishaa was wailing. The monkeys had all dispersed by this time. The gathering of the people gave chase to the monkeys, they tried to catch the monkey with the bag of Rupees but to no avail.

At last Motishaa realised and he went and saluted to the Saadhu. He pleaded repeatedly saying: “Mahaaraaj” I bow at your feet. Kindly get me my money back, else I am totally lost.”

“What can I do?”, said the Saadhu, “Whoever’s father’s Rupees they were has taken them. If you want to make it your father’s money from someone else’s father’s money, go to the temple of Mahaavir and bow to his feet, there is no other solution.”

In the tin containing pendaas, there were some five shers left. Motishaa lifting the whole tin arrived at Hanumaanji’s temple. It was just the time for the evening aarati prayers, with devotion he saluted Hanumaanji and offered pendaas as naivedya. He offered it as prasaadam to all gathered and humbly started to pray.

At that time the monkey with the bag of Rupees had climbed a tree and was scattering them down. People around gathered all the Rupees into the bag and Motishaa regained his comfort.

Bhagwaan Raam’s unparalleled devotee Sri Hanumaan

That human being who is intent to achieve the status of God’s devotee has to acquire single focus on God. To surrender oneself to God is called unparalleled devotion. When a devotee becomes singly focused on God, all his works are fulfilled by the help of God. The devotee leaves all to his chosen deity and devoted utmost at the feet of God. And the singly focused God’s devotee considers God’s wishes / desires as his desires. That task of his when becomes fulfilled, he considers it a grace of God. By becoming a devotee, his senses of attraction, repulsion to objects, lust, anger, deceitfulness / hypocrisy, and untruthfulness- all the demonic faults get destroyed. The devotee’s God-related life passes in only truth. And the devotee not taking heed of any other, in Miraa’s words becomes submerged in God:

Mere to Giridhar Gopaal dusaraa na koi
(mine is only Giridhar Gopaal, and no other)

When all the aid is rid from a devotee’s heart, he then looks on all the worlds as form of God. Separateness flies miles from the heart of the devotee. By his mere sight he views all equally. Just as the Lord indicates in the Gitaa the characters of devotee to Arjun:

Samaha shatrou cha mitre cha tathaa maana-apmaan-yoho
Tulya nindaa stutir mouni santushto yen ken chit

And further on Sri Krishnachandra says, “To obtain my single focused devotion, rid of all other pursuits and take refuge in me only.

In RaamChariMaanasa, the Lord of Bhagwaan Sri Raam said by his Sri mouth:

Mor daas kahaai nar aasaa
Karai to kahahu kavan visvaasaa

Therefore according to all sayings of Bhagwaan, it is established that to become God’s devotee one has to devote one’s life at the lotus form feet of God. At this juncture, the

reader may have doubt – who is such a devotee? Dear readers, all Shaashtras and Puraans indicate to us that it is Sri Raam’s devotee Sri hanumaanji. Filled with his pure sacred ideals, you are reading this special edition. Look, in the end of Kishkidhaa-kaand of RaamCharitMaanasa, there is an episode when at the command of Sugriv, Maarutiji went in search of Sri JagadAmbaa. And after hearing from Sampaati, everyone began to think who could go across the sea? All the monkeys vocalised their heroism / valour, but none had the energy to to traverse across the sea, when Sri Jaambvaan showed a trick that if praised, Hanumaanji will become very joyed and in that joyous mood he would traverse across the sea. And he started to say:

Kahai Richhapati sunu Hanumaanaa
Kaa chup saadhi rahehu balwaanaa
Pavan tanay bal Pavan samaanaa
Buddhi vivek vigyaan nidhaanaa
Kavan so kaaj kathin jag maanhim
Jo nahi hoi taat tumaha paahim

“O Hanumaanji, you are strong like the wind, intellectual and discrete/polite, systematic. There is no task in this world which is beyond you to accomplish. So why are you quiet? By these words, Jaambvaan praised Hanumaanji, but the singly focused Hanumaanji did pay attention. Because he had forsaken all praise and criticisms to God. Hanumaanji remained quiet for quite some time. Seing him quiet, Jaambvaan was surprised and thought this is a singly focused devotee, so Hanumaanji will not be pleased by praise. So Jaambvaan said again:

Raam kaaj lagi tava avataaraa
Sunat hi bhayavu parbat aakaaraa

O hanumaanji! Your incarnation is for performing the tasks of Sri Raamji. Immediately upon hearing these words, Hanumaanji assume a form that of a mountain high. With great force vigour and enthusiasm he let put out a lion roar and Hanumaanji said:

Simha nad kari vaarahi baaraa
Lilahim naadh-um jala nidhi khaaraa

I will this instance in mere play cross across the salty sea; not only this but also the one holding enemy with my Lord – Raavan with his associates together with the mountain Trikut, I will get them here. So Jaambvaan! Show me what I have to do when I get there. Thereupon Jaambvaan said:

Etanaa karahu taat tumaha jaai
Sitaahi dekhi kahahu sudhi aai

O Hanumaan, just find Sri Janaki and she is. Listening thus, spedy as the wind, Sri Hanumaanji went and on the Mounak mountain made a vow:

Raam kaaju kinhem binu, mohi kahaam visraam

Taking this vow and overcoming many hurdles, meeting Vibhishan and after finding Sri Jaanaki, he returned, and with all the monkeys came to Sri Ramji. Thereupon Sri Jaambvanji said:

“O Lord, how can I describe the work that the Son of Pavan has carried out? Even with a thousand mouths I cannot relate because:

naath Pavan sut kinahi jou karani
saha sahum mukh na aai so barani

Hearing all this Sri Raam was very pleased and asked of the status of Sri JagadAmbaa. Thereafter Sri Raamji himself said with his own words:

Sunu kapi tohi samaan upkaari
Nahim kou sur nar manu tanu dhaari
Prati upkaar karoum kaa toraa
Sanamukh hoi na sakat man moraa
Sunu sut tohi urin mei naahim
Dekhe-um kari vichaar man maahim

O Hanumaankji, there is no such benevolent / helpful among deities, humans or rishis or any one with form. How can I repay your benevolence? In this manner he addressed his unparalleled devotee and Bhagvaan even continued: “O son, listen. I have thought a lot that I cannot redeem from your debt.” Saying thus the Lord’s eyes filled with tears. Readers, just think the one whose Lord becomes indebted to his devotee, that devotee how unparalleled he is? What would have Hanumaanji felt at the tear filled eyes of the Lord?

Hanumaanji could not bear his praise. How can he answer the Lord? He thought of a way out, and with great emotion he began to say:

Charan pareu premaakul , traahi traahi Bhagavant

”O Lord ! Protect me, protect me”

Thereupon Sri Ramjistood up and hugged Hanumaanji and sitting him next to him, began to ask:

Kahu kapi Raavan palit Lankaa
Kehi vidhi daheu durg ati bankaa

O Hanumaan! How did you alight fire to Ravan’s maasive Lankaa. Seeing the Lord happy, Hanumaanji said:

Naandhi Sindhu haatkapur jaaraa

Nisichar gan badhi bipin ujaaraa

O Lord, I have not done all this

So sab tav prataap raghuraai
Naath na kachhu mori prabhu taai

O Lord! It was not my greatness but result of your grace, because:

Taa kahum Prabhu kachhu agam nahim jaa par tumha anakul
Tav prabhaavam badavaan lahi jari sakai khalu tul

O Lord! Those on whom your grace flows, for them there is no task difficult. Even the impossible becomes possible. Saying thus and saluting at the feet of the Lord, he began to say O Lord! I have no wishes except devotion at your feet. Therefore O Lord:

Naath bhagati ati sukh daayini
Dehu krupaa kari ana paayani
Suni Prabhu param saral kapi baani
Evam astu tav kaheu Bhavaani

Give me by your grace your immovable devotion. Hearing this deceptionless saying, Bhagvaan said “evam astu” (so be it). Because the Lord adores such unparalleled singly focused devotees. Those devotees who have forsaken deception from their minds, those devotees are very dear to the Lord. The Lord himself says:

Nirmal man jan so mohi paavaa
Mohim kapat chhal chhidra na bhaavaa

But Sri hanumaanji had given up everything. He was the ultimate devotee. That is why the Lord had said “evam astu”. Bhagvaan Sri Shankar described this episode to Sri Paarvatiji:

Yaha samvaad aasu ur aavaa
Raghupati charan bhagati soi paavaa

This ultimate devotee Sri Hanumaan and Sri Ramji’s conversation enters anyone’s heart, he is devotee of Bhagvaan. Alternatively he is qualified to be a devotee. Sri hanumaanji’s devotion stretched to the extent that when Jaanakiji gave her necklace as a prize to Hanumaanji, because there was Raamji’s name on it he broke it and threw it away.

Therefore if man wants to become ultimate devotee, then he has to adopt the above message / instruction. Ultimate devotion views in even micro elements the Lord. An where the name existence of his Lord is not present, he cannot bear to stay. Sri Hanumaanji’s ultimate devotion is not just on stones written with the name of Raam. But

today's chanters of Raam cannot stabilize a small thing in water, let alone a stone. Because rosary is chanted with, but devotion has not been established. Astu

Veer Hanumaan in Jain Raamaayan

Author : Pundit Sri Mafatlaal Zaverchand

Raamyad rushi dattaa paumaa-vad Anjanaa Sri-devi
Jittha su-jittha migaa-vai pamaa-vai chilla-naa Devi

Within Jain scriptures, authority regarding Vir Hanumaan is stated within Jain Raamayan. Additionally, there is also reference to memorable Satis. Within them is special mention Hanumaan's mother. There is also narration of Anjanaa's and her raas in Jain treasures.

The Kaki- age's all knowlegeable Hem-chandra-suri's created Tri-shashthi's seventh chapter is Jain-Raamaayan. This authority is included in it.

Anjanaa's father was Mahendra city's King Mahendra. Two offers of marriage by two prices were received by the king for Anjanaa. One was from Prince Vidyut-prabha and second was from King Prahalaad's son Pavanam-jay. Who should the king take the offer from? He asked the astrologers. The astrologers recognising the short life span of Vidyut-prabha recommended Pavanam-jay's offer, so the king got Najanaa married to Pavanam-jay.

Pavanam-jay with his friend Prahasit once had come to Mahendra city in their youth secretly to see Anjanaa. Anjanaa was playing with her friends. One of the friends was praising Vidyut-prabha while another was singing praise to Pavanam-jay. Anjanaa was silently listening to both. Pavanam-jay silently listened to all this. but praises were said of Vidyut-prabha, Anjanaa did stop them, so he had ill-feelings towards Anjanaa. Prahasit in reconciliation said – Friend, do not worry, Anjanaa is not speaking due to medesty.

A littele time later, Pavanam-jay and Anjanaa's weeding took place. But from the first day, Pavanam-jay did not speak to Anjanaa. Anjanaa made great efforts to understand her husband's ill-feelings, but failed.

[2]

At this time, Raavan had to engage in a battle with Varun. Raavan asked for the assistance of Pavanam-jay's father Prahalaad. At the time, Pavanam-jay was seated in the court, he immediately left with his army and his friend Prahasit. Before departing, Pavanam-jay met everyone but did not even cast a look at Anjanaa. Nevertheless with tearful eyes, Anjanaa bade farewell to her husband.

Pavanam-jay on the first day made camp by the shore of a lake. Night drew in. Moonlight shone everywhere. Pavanam-jay's gaze rested on a female Chakra-vaak. The female Chakra-vaak was crying bitterly due to the absence of her partner. She would one

moment be on the branch of the tree and next moment come down from the tree. From this vision, Pavanam-jay remembered Anjanaa, what would the helpless suffering lady be doing? How would she be suffering? Just remembering her, his eyes went blank. Pavanam-jay was proficient in occult. He took his friend and came to his palace. Prahasit took to guard duty. Seeing her husband suddenly back, anjanaa was overjoyed. her lame body was electrified and her face lit up. Pavanam-jay and Anjanaa made up for the time apart.

Pavanam-jay now thought it unwise to stay any longer. In case his father and others get to know, they would consider him as a coward. So he went back with his friend secretly in same manner as he had come. And by the break of the morning he was back in his tent. There after Pavanam-jay repeatedly went to the assistance of Ravan.

In time, it became to known that Anjanaa was carrying a child. Her mother-in-law said : “O sinner, My son is in battle, so how did you become pregnant? Immoral woman ! you have shamed the dynasty. I do not want you in my house.”

Anjanaa explained what had ensued in the night, but she would not accept. Anjanaa was delared an immoral woman and was seated in a chariot and delivered to her father’s abode.

[3]

Before Anjanaa could reach her father, bothe her father and brother Prasann-kirti got the news that Anjanaa was a black mark on the dynasty. She was stopped on route before she could reach her father’s city. She was refused permission to enter. Anjanaa with her servant Vasnt-tilakaa stayed in the forest. Lamenting Anjanaa was relating her tale to the forest’s birds and trees. Here in the jungle she gave birth to a son. This son’s birth was celebrated by the great noises of the birds and the dropping on the grounf of flowers and blossom from the bending branches of the trees.

In a little while, Anjanaa was met in the jungle by an Aachaarya (professor) by the name of Amit-gati. Anjanaa poured out her heart, and asked what her future was to be. The muni reading her horoscope said “ Sati ! You will find your husband. The blemish / disreputation will be rid off and those have disrespected you will repent.

All this will happen in nest few days.

Muni flew away by sky route. and wher he became invisible, a plane was sighted and flew in circles. Anjanaa intently watched it, whereupon it landed. From it alight a Vidyaa-dhar – it was Anjanaa’s maternal uncle Prati-surya.

Observing the condition of his niece Anjanaa, Pratisurya’s heart became tender and emotional. And he took aboard the plane Anjanaa, her son and Vasant-tilakaa. The plane took off to Hanumaan-pur. The son was small but glorified with luminosity. As the plane was proceeding, his anklets let out sounds from the diamond hangings. In trying to catch

them, the child fell off the plane within sight of Prat-surya and Anjanaa. Anjanaa instantly began to cry. The plane came down, to find the child palying on a slab of stone. But the slab of stone underneath had completely fractured. So the maternal uncle named the child Sri-sheil. And as this event had occurred by Hanumaanpur, he was named Hanumaan.

[4]

Pavanam-jay defeated Varun. Raavan greatly congratulated him. Pavanam-jay returned home. Only then he heard of anjanaa's calamity. Pavanam-jay cried out and said: "If anjanaa cannot be found then I will not be able to live." He made searches everywhere, he eventually found Anjanaa at Prati-surya. The mother-in-law who had been contemptful, her brother and father all brought back Anjanaa. Anjanaa and Prati-surya's evolved sweet as nectar.

Hanumaan – Sri-Sheil grew up to become heroic. He also helped Raavan thereafter many times in battle. And he wedded Varun's daughter Satyavati and Shurpa-nakhaa's aughter Anang-kusumaa.

When Sri Raamchandraji came from Ayodhyaa to the forest, then the meeting of Sri Raamchandraji took place with Hanumaan. Hanumaan was an intellectual. His dynasty was from monkeys, so he was known as monkey intellectual.

Hanumaan at first sight of Raamchandraji became his greatest devotee. And he remained ever present in his service .

At the time he heard of abduction of Sitaaji, he had been acquainted with Raavan for a number of years. Even so, he got very angry at him and went to Raavan as the king's messenger.

Prior to going to Raavan, he first went to Ashok forest and met mother Sitaa and said, "O Mother, sit on my shoulder. I will deliver you to Sri Raamchandraji. Observing his devotion she was very pleased.. But not wishing to touch another male despite the devotion, she declined. Telling the good news of Sri Raamchandraji, he presented sitaaji with the finger ring.. jumping away, Hanumaan went to Raavan's court. He terrorised all Lankaa. He devastated Raavan's gardens. And in full court, he admonished Raavan that his end was near.

Before Raavan could mete out any punishment to Hanumaan, in full court slapping Raavan threw down Raavan's crown. And before any could catch im he had vanished.

Thereafter Raavan's frightful battle ensued. In this battle, many opposing fronts took place. In them the intellectual hanumaan became the leader of the army. He fronted battle against Raavan's so called undefeatable Angad. Hanumaan was victorious in this battle. And he remained equally devoted to Sri Ramchandraji as prior to the battle.

After Sri Raamchadrajī's victory, Hanumaan acquired wisdom and achieved bliss.
(Based on Tri-shashthi chapter)

Floral tribute

Victorious warrior Hanumat son of Anjani Vaayu's darling Maaruti
Indescribable thou miraculous and incomprehensible power
Obtained from the sweet beuteous ocean single small water drop
With great affection having presenting this satisfying but minute effort

Who crossed across the vast ocean in search of Sitaa
Who lifted the mountain Drona and brought to the battle field
Ridding Saumitri's fainting brought pleasure to all
With great faith do offer this "flower" at the blissful feet of Maaruti

The guardian of saadhus and saints

Denoting as dispenser of punishment to the evil and protector of saintly persons. The great valourous Hanumant is promoted in "Hanumaan Chaakisa" as "the guardian of saadhus and saints" through praises sung with pious heart by saint Tulsidaas. And the destroyer of difficulties Maaruti by protecting many saints and great souls has secured those taking refuge in him. Numerous events are available from the feats of saints and devotees about this. In the published article, here are some of the events.

[1] Saint Maadhavdaas

Surat's great influential saint Maadhavdaas period was from 1610AD to 1652AD. In his life history are included many glorious happenings. During his second pilgrimage travels, he went to the north Gujaraat's Paatan city. Let's look into the event.

Going along the road for the welfare of humankind, the saint came to Patan. Lighting dhuni (small fire), the saint was lost in meditation. Whereupon Paatan's muslim chief's police came upon him asking the saint to move himself from there. But as he was in meditating trance, there was no reply. The police pestered him a lot. But the saint with sight of euanimity to all remained silent. The police then lost all control. They started beating the saint without any care. This evil deed could not be endured by great warrior Hanumaan.

In next moment, troop of mankeys came running and fell upon the police. Tearing apart their clothes, they left them bloodstained. Coming back to the chief, the police narrated the details saying "A kafir saadhu has brought us to this condition" sat near hi.

Looking at the state of the police, the chief got very angry. He ordered men from the garrison to catch and bring the saadhu. Maadhavdaas came with the police to the office of the chief. The chief ordered hundred lashes punishment for hurting the police. At the

command of the chief, the police readied to deliver the lashes. As if the destroyer of difficulties – Maaruti was there, monkeys fell upon the police. The police ran to save their lives. Tearing his clothes, the chief was left bleeding. The frightened chief fell at the feet of the saint crying frightfully aloud “Baba! Baba! Protect me!.” The compassionate saint’s heart shivered and he saluted Maaruti Hanumaan. All the monkeys thereupon left. Honouring the saint, the chief took a vow to never in future harrass saintly persons..

[2] Saint Pyaaredaas Surat’s Nawaab

Saint poet Pyaaredaas’s period reigns from 1625AD to 1745AD. He was born in a vanik family in Kaashi. Alike his name, Pyaaredaas left a pleasing image in many hearts. In his youth he fell attracted blind to a prostitute.. And that to the extent he even forgot his parents to spend days in the prostitute abode.

In the third pilgrimage travels, true saint Maadhavdaas went to Kaashi, whereupon he released the prostitute prone vanik and brought him back to Surat with him. Pyaaredaas had unparalleled love for his true saint guru, so before taking the final departure samaadhi, the true saint guru cleverly diverted him to Kaashi and departed for the great journey. On the way Pyaaredaas got the painful news of his beloved guru’s departure. With agitated heart, Pyaaredaas returned to Surat. The true saint had already departed. Upon his physical body, an impenetrable stone grave had been erected.

Confounded Pyaaredaas wept relentlessly on the grave. Suffering from the separation, Pyaaredaas became truly blind. Separation from true saint guru left his life poisoned. So one moonlit night the blind Pyaaredaas looking for the way came out of aashram into the outdoor, and tripping over fell upon his sadguru’s grave. His head split like a coconut, the grave stained red with blood. That very moment, sadguru came back from departure and hugged Pyaare.

Thereafter bestowing him with sight gave him instruction, gaining vision of sadguru Maadhavdaas, Pyaaredaas returned to the aashram. And with great pleasure he resided as the Mahant (head). Time passed with serving saints and singing praises to SriHari. Like sadguru Maadhavdaas, Pyaaredaas also became glorified.

Surat’s Nawaab (muslim ruler) inaatkhaan took him to test and put him into prison. But after harrassing the saint the Nawaab felt so tormented that on the third day Inaatkhaan himself unlocking the doors released the saint, even though the evil minded courtiers were would advise the gillible Nawaab otherwise.

The saint’s abode was very beautiful and scenic. It was a pilgrim centre free dispensary for many a cows and saints. One day Inaatkhaan came to view the saint’s abode. He rested his eyes on the saint’s had milkbearing cows. He ordered them to be released and taken away.. looking at the cows being taken away, the saint’s heart cried out. The great guru Locan Swami had consecrated Mahaavir’s statue. Going near him, the saint let out a cry “Baba, you are the protector of this aashram. The cow wealth is being looted from the saintly abode, still you are sitting silent

The compassionate Mahaabali was moved by the painful cries of the saint.

Releasing the cows, the police moved forward. Immediately, Maaruti came running in a very frightful form,, and killing the police freed the cows. And filled with immense anger, Maaruti rushed towards Inaayatkhaan. And he started beating him badly. The frightened Inaayatkhaan let aout painful cries “ Baba ! Protect me!....” and came running to the feet of the saint. The compassionate saint prayed to Mahaabali, and got the Nawaab released.

The evil minded Nawaab’s mind set was replaced. Humbly prostrating at the feet of the saint, he returned home.. Thereafter he visited the saint many times and obtained true peace.

After Inaayatkhaan, Gyaasudin became the Nawaab.At that time, a fort was being erected. Building was being erected next to Pyaredaas’s. A command was issued by Gyaasudin that “the saadhu’s ashram was to be demolished and replaced by the fort. So take all your belongings and go elsewhere outside the realms of the fort.” Sadguru Pyaaredaas was shocked upon hearing the command.

The fort was for the inside of the city. It was possible to build it without infringing upon the aashram. Therefore the Nawaab commanding to demolish the aashram was unforgivable. So the saint said in clear words that this place was from ceturies before. It had been for four generations there from Baba Lochanswami. We do not wish to move this location to go elsewhere.Hearing the straight forward reply, the officers returned. And relayed the saadhu’s words. So in a temper, the Nawaab ordered the immediate demolition of the location.

The officers reurned to demolish and proceeded to break things about. Saint Pyaaredaas was meditating in peace at the statue of Mahaabali. Suddenly a man of big build cam running. And he beat up the Nawaab’s officers so badly – some died. Nawaab Gyaasudin himself came, and found the dead bodies of his officers at the saadhu’s abode.

Pyaaredaas was was still in meditation.. In his presence command was issued to demolish the aashram. Just as the words were uttered “demolish the aashram”, someone so forcefully slapped him – Gyaasudin literally fainted.

The nawaab and the officers were astonished.because the one who issued such a powerful blow was not even visible! That day the Nawaab returned with his officers.That night the truth was revealed to him. So the next day, he modified his command to retain the saadhu’s abode and build the fort’s wall next to it.

Many glorified events prevailed in saint Pyaaredaas’s life.Like his sadguru, he also lighted many stars. Within those are included Dhrupswaami, Maneldaas, Sohandaas, and the pathaan Rahemat khan. A wealthy vanik’s daughter Chandraavati was attracted by the beautiful form of the saint.In the end due to the separation from the loved one, the lover

made for the great journey of samaadhi at the feet of Pyaaredaas. The lover affair is widely acclaimed.

Like sadguru Maadhavdaas, he also constructed unadulterated saintly sayings, and the glorified saint in 1745AD at great age of 119 took living samadhi.

Maruti-loving Saint Nirmaldaas

Sant poet Nirmaldaas was born in Ayodhya in Vikram Year 1822. His original name was Amraav Shukal. During his youth he worked as a trusted sepoy in the employ of the Nawaab of Lucknow. Though he worked as loyal servant, the doubting Nawaab put him to test, but Amraav came out blazing as gold. But from that day he forsook the careless Nawaab's employ and became a thug. His thuggery was so incompassionate and frightening, the royalty of Lucknow shivered. People became frightened upon hearing the name of Amraav. Finally one day an event took place which changed the cruel thug to abandon impermanent worldly treasures to take up detachment. His old parents came running with tears in their eyes. They pleaded for him to change his mind, but the virtuous son was not to be deflected. After pilgrimage for twelve years and harsh penance he became disciple of true guru Odhavdaas. After some time lapse, he took leave with permission of sadguru for pilgrimage.

With the passing of time, in the Vikram year 1792 Nirmaldaas came to Surat. And the rest of his life was spent in Surat. Within his life history, there are included many glorious events, but at this juncture we shall only concentrate to narrate his love for Maaruti.

Sant Nirmaldaas initially resided outside Surat city fringe in the village of Daandivallaa. In those the way was surrounded by jungle. That was the path of travellers from distant villages. He lit small fire (dhuni) and was lost in meditation. Some glorious events of that time become unfolded. Eventually people came to recognise him as a saintly person, and crowds of humble began to come to his feet.

That sant of Avadh was seated in meditation of Sri Raam. Around the dhuni, people were crowded awaiting the saint to become conscious, when suddenly from the flaming dhuni of the sant came loud bang, and with that a statue of Mahaabali Hanumant came into being. The devotees hailed glory.

Hanumaan's statue which came from the sant's dhuni resides to this day in the place of Sant Nirmaldaas in Daandivalli. In his saintly words of that event, he describes :

“Dhuni fod Mahaavir pragat bhaye
shor bhayo saare jagame
aaye Bजारंग
Holi khele nagarme”

Thereafter, the loving devotees with great pomp and show brought the saint into the city of Surat. In Surat the saint resided on Kotsafil. After some time a temple was constructed there. Passing days there, there were many tales of the saint's loving devotion.

At midnight there would be no-one present in the saint's residence, yet there was a melodious sound of someone's dancing anklets jingling when the meditating saint sang praises to Sri Raam. People could not fathom out this curious event. Some used to call it "Mahaabali Hanumaan's loving jingles". Whatever that be, but by this extraordinary effect of the saint, a low caste bhangi residing on a hilltop in harijanvaas opposite by the name of Khushaalpir who was proficient in black magic became jealous of the glory of the saint. So when the saint was in meditation at night by the dhuni, at that moment the crooked low caste low minded by his accomplished strength of black magic mantras used to fly huge grinding wheel half at the saint.

The huge frightening grinding wheel would come into the location of the meditating saint, circumambulate the saint and used to go back to the bhangi's residence. The low caste did not succeed in his effort, so in a feat of temper he used to employ even greater of his accomplishments in black magic. In the end the lowly minded decided to experiment to make the saint lifeless!

He employed all his black magic accomplishments on the grinding wheel half and sent it to the saint. The meditating saint would certainly have died, if it was not for the presence of the able guard. Just as the revolving grinding wheel half came into the saint's residence, immediately Mahaabali Hanumant held it and running at wind speed threw it on crooked bhangi Khushaal. Ending the life of the evil one who had dared to assassinate the saint, Maaruti truly proclaimed his status of "Guardian of the saintly".

The saint great affection for Mahaabali Hanumant, as if he was totally immersed in the his form – such that people were at times even frightened to go near him. In all his activities it was as if Mahaabali was the leader. In all his temples Mahaabali was residing foremost.

Even to this day, in Surat's mother Tapi river's floor there is a big temple known as "Paatalia Hanumaan" which was built by saint Nirmaldaas. There are some glorious events connected from the time of the accomplishment of the temple. Thereafter, a temple was constructed in Salaabatpuraa. In that temple when the saint was conducting the aarati, it was also time for the proclaiming baang (loud recital) and namaaj at the masjid next door. Once there was great crowd violence. The saint used to lock the temple gates and sit opposite at the place station. But at the evening aarati service time, the bells rang out by themselves. There was no body in the temple. In this respect the police checked for themselves its authenticity. Only when the fanatic ir-religious were impressed by the miracles did the normal daily practices revert. Similarly, there is a statue of Hanumant consecrated in Kotsafil temple. There also a similar violence took place. His place also stands to this day in Bharuch in front of farujaa.

During the uprising of 1857, he was arrested and jailed accused of treason. At that time, the impressive saint stunned the British officers. The jailer was walking guard in front, and the saint would appear on a horse riding away when to try and catch him the jailer would run after him to find no body there!

Looking in the cell, he would find the saint sitting in meditation, so the confused jailer would shout to try and wake up the saint. The saint would come out of meditation, but as the saint's meditation stream of affection on his foremost deity Sri Raamchandra was interrupted, he would feel hurt. Mahaabali was very annoyed at the jailer's behaviour. So the next time the jailer came to the cell to shout, at that moment Mahaabali in temper picked him up and threw him at the jail chain stone. The poor jailer fell fainted. Thereafter, the saint also impressed the British collector, so he immediately declared the saint as not guilty and released him from captivity. And saluting the saint, brought him him back with great respect to his abode.

There are so many glorious events connected with Sant Nirmaldaas that a book could be published.

In Vikram samvant 1935 in the month of Bhadarvaa first day of the dark half – on Monday at the high age of 113 years he took live samaadhi in Surat. His saintly lyrics, songs, praises are sung by devotees even to this day.

Messenger or servant ?

Looking casually at Bhaarat's ancient glory, so many jewels appear to make them beyond count. It would seem Vidhaataa (the deity of forecat) showered all her proficiency in just Bhaarat. Some full of strength, some tactful, some valorous, while some compassionate; some endowed with intellect, while some graceful and some unparalleled devotee and some others complete servant. In that manner, there is no such shortage of any faculty, but all this glory is in the past, then what in present ...?

“Mangamandir's editor has been involved working incessantly to avail this message to all corners of Gujaraat. At his hands so many such monthly editions have been born and have stood up and been made to progress – giving them new life. It's amazing speciality is that they are not short lived. His brain from time to time generates novelty. And to give shape to the environment, he generates it with life of great individuals of that age. Organisation of Maaruti's character organisation is commendable. Because Bhaarat needs glory, cowardice cannot have place in it. Therefore, the ideal intent of above prayer is Mahaavir Maaruti.

In the tale of Mahaavir, a section of Raamaayan becomes a natural part. So the editor's imagination is praiseful as “one path two objectives”. Therefore it is intended to serve plate of part cooked sweetmeats. In Mahaaraashtra's tales, the faith in connection with Maaruti, the process to give it direction will be found by the readers as interesting.

Sridhar Swaami in Maraathi language has in “Omvi” verse written a volume “Sri Raam Vijaya”. Which has passed over two hundred years old. Yet it’s royalty is still intact. Fortunate families conduct rituals with it. It is written in it’s 40th chapter:

“Vaalmik kakrut mol granth, Hanumant kaavya god-bahut,
aanik satyavato sut, Raam katha bolila || 33
tethi chem samant gheuni, xx teim cha lihi lem saa-kshepe || 34”

Therefore this volume is based on Vaalmiki Raamayan. The poet further states, the poem of Hanumaanji is very sweet.

Raam, Laxman, Bharat and Shatrughna; these four sons Mahaaraajaa Dashrath obtained as the fruit of the Putreiti-yagna conducted by Srungi-rushi. In this connection, in the third chapter, the following facts are in Omvi 104 to 205:

Yagna Naarayan (fire) was pleased and gave rice pudding vessel (Paayas-paatra). Srungirushi gave it to Guru Vashishtha. He divided it and gave the best part to Kaushalyaa first. Then gave a part to Keikei. Keikei was offended. Vashishtha said “Eat immediately, there are hundreds of impediments in good actions”. Words uttered by great beings are exceptionally bear untrue. Egoistic Keikei got its fruit immediately. The part of the rice pudding she was holding in hand was taken away suddenly by a Samadi (bird). Keikei was left crying. Seeing her painful crying, compassionate Kaushalyaa and Sumittraa took pity on her. In that age there was no enmosity amongst polygamous wives. They both would not have their portions until Keikei was rid of her offence. So they broke their share and gave to Keikei (therefore she had two separate parts).

Divine actions are beyond our understanding. The part snatched away by the Samadi from Keikei’s hand was not for her weak fate. It was for the fortunate Mother Anjani. Kesri monkey’s wife Anjani was a great vituous (sati) medicant (tapo-nidhi). She was doing penance for years on the Rushimukh (mountain) to the great guileless simple-hearted Mahesh (Shiva). She had a great desire for limitless extraordinary supernatural son. Mahaadev said to her : O sati, I am pleased with your penance and grant you a boon, from my parts of the Rudras, of those the eleventh Mahaarudra will take birth through your womb”. Thus waiting for that moment, she continued her penance.

Mother Anjani was sitting holding her hands out in receiving mode, when from the sky fell the rice pudding – from the crutches of the Samadi who was suddenly trapped in a tornado. The rice pussing fell in the lap of Anjani. According to Mahaadevji’s boon, she ate it. At the end of nine months, great luminous Maaruti was born on he full moon day of Chaitra month (lunar month) from Anjani’s womb.

There is description of Kaushalyaa, Sumittraa and Keikei’s sons – the births of Sri Raam, Laxman, Bharat and Shatrughna in the Raam Vijay chapter 4 Omvi 151 to 154 as following:

“Aso bhatliyaa nav maas |

prasut samay Kausalyes ||151 ||
Kavan rutu kavan divas |
Saavkaas ekaantem || 152 ||
Vasant rutu Chaitra maas |
Sud paksha navami divas |
Surya vamsi Jag-annivaas |
Surya vaari janma-laa || 153 ||
Madhyaa-nahaa aalaa Chand kiran |
Pushya nakshatra saadhun ||
Avatar-laa Raghu-nandan |
Purna Bhrama Jagad guru || 154 || »

Sri Raam chandra was born from the womb of Kaushalyaa in Vasant (spring), Chaitra bright half 9th Sunday, Pusya nakshatra, at mid-day. The incarnation of the Bhagwaan lying on milk ocean. The king of pleasures – the great serpent Sheshnaag was born same day after Sri Raam of the womb of Sumittraa. In same period from the womb of Keikei were born Bhagwaan's conch and disc as Bharat and Shatrughna. As such apart from the part from the three divisions of the rice pudding that the Samadi had snatched away, four sons were born from remaining two parts. Marathi language is so mixed with Sanskrit and sweet. The readers will realise this.

In the above description, Bharat and Shatrughna both brothers were from Keikei's womb. Where as in "Hindu Dharma Dipikaa" volume named "Rugved", Laxman and Shatrughna were brothers born from Sumittra's womb. This conflict is observed.

Contemplating on the matter, the Samadi taking away Keikei's part and kaushalyaa and Sumittraa giving half of their parts, and so Keikei getting two parts would logically be possible for her to have two children. How would Sumittraa having just one part have two children – supports the description in "Raam vijay". Also, Keikei's father Yudhaajit alias Aswapatitook home both Bharat and Shatrughna for studies is described in "Baalkaand", as such it would appear that Bharat and Shatrughna were brothers. Whereas in Raam-panchaayatana, Raam and Bharat are described with dark complexion and Laxman and Shatrughna are described as with light complexion.

To settle this conflict, solution will certainly be offered by professional intellectuals. Also as this edition is subject of Mahaavir Maaruti, the doubts of these four brothers whether they were related and to which mother has to be set aside and will concentrate on the main subject.

Sri Maaruti was from the full part of the rice pudding is great limitless strength. Due to the boon of Mahaadev, he is incarnation of Mahaarudra. He is absolute celibate. In his child period, asking for the sun as his toy incidents etc. can be considered ordinary child play, but are nevertheless unprecedented. In his youth, his meeting occurred with Sri Raamchandra in Sugriv's kingdom near Pampaa lake. At that time Raam was grieving Sitaa's loss. Where and who would have abducted Sitaa? He was confounded and uneasy minded. Raam and Laxman just two brothers on their own were in need of support of

appropriate people in society. They got together army of monkeys. Mahaavir Hanumaanji was the leader of the monkey army. It is easy to become leader of literate. But it is very difficult to lead uneducated. To be a leader is not easy. But Maaruti became their leader.

Destroying evil Vaali, Raam established rightful Sugriv on the throne. Even within the jungly monkeys, there was a king. But in today's democratised society, there is no need ! Sugriv was faithful. He was aware of obligation to Raam. For searching Sitaa, he selected the most intellectual, strong, and sent Vinit to north area, Sushen to west destinations, Shatbali to east with other assistants. The south area was prevailed by fearful demons and so our story leader Mahaavir Hanumaanji, Vaali's son Amgad, Jaambuvaan, Nal, Lil and others were sent there.

Raamchandra was confident that if anyone would locate Sitaa, it would certainly be Mahaavir Maaruti. But how would Sitaa ascertain that Maaruti was one of our people? Therefore he gave his finger ring to Maaruti as identification.

Pebble

- by devotee poet Dulaabhaai Kaag

In wake of destruction of Raavan's dynasty
Raam had a doubt
Stones floated with my name
Who sustained this pretence?

With the thought he stood up
Did not bring any others to accompany
Hiding away from others Raamji
Came to the shore of Udadhi

Clever Hanumaan immediately became aware
Followed ahead of Raamnaath
Servant of Raam in the land of the valorous
How can Raam be left on his own?

The valorous standing at the shore of the ocean
As if frightened of someone
Taking a pebble in hand
Raamji peeking in all directions

Like a thief from the foliage of tree
Sri Hanumaanji is watching
Adoring in his mind the monkey is astonished
What is Raghunaathji doing?

Throwing the pebble, immediately went to the bottom
As if been robbed by a housebreaker thief?

Raam was ashamed of himself
Red with shame abound !

At the feet Kapi clasping hands said
O lord! How come this desire inclination?
Throwing the one whose hand you had grasped
Did not you have shame of your vow?

Being rescuer and yet thrusting into the waters
Forgive , having erred mightily
The one whom you foresake, to that O Lord !
Who will rescue in all the three worlds?

Mahaavir Maaruti

Author: Sri Dalpatraam Jaggannaath mahetaa ‘Dharma Bhushan’

Atulit baldhaam svarna sheilaabh deham
Danuj van-krushaanum gnaani-naam agra-ganyam |
Sakal gun nidhaanam vanaraa-naam-adhisham
Raghupati var dutam vaat-jaatam namaami ||

To write about Mahaavir Hanumanji can be classified as an adventure. From the modern articles which writer can give full justice any subject? On Kishkindhaa having hugged Sri Raamchandraj in the form of a bhraaman, thereafter his activity came to light. And thence forth one after the other his actions were seen by the world which could not be contemplated by ordinary humans. From those examples we will look at which by far were beyond imaginationMahaavirji’s many great feats are in the Raamaayan, but those feats which pleased Lord Raam to grant unprecedented intellect, that is worth meditating / thinking by gentle folk. Once in solitude, Sri Raamji called Hanumaanji and preached enlightening sermon:

Sri Raamji’s knowledge charity – quelling of Maaruti’s sorrow

Dear Maaruti! Those who have taken birth in the samsaar, and those who will be born, and those who have passed away, of all them and mine and of those others’ actions I know intimately. For concentration of your passion for knowledge, making you ever live I have bestowed you with devotion, apart from which you have no other desire. Even so taking account of your serving with your five element composed body “Yaavat chandra divaa karou” i.e. for ever your remembrance will remain acquainted with my name, from which the world will achieve bliss for its beings.

O Mahaavir! You are very knowledgeable and intellectual. Righteous and follower of truth. And greater than any of my unparralleled devotee and servant. Like you knowledgeable devotee who good – bad, favourable – unfavourable, in all conditions remaining of equanimity, therefore it does not befit you to be engrossed with sorrow.

Apart, you know that every living being's life is reducing every moment and at the end will eventually meet with death. And after death there is life again. For beings attached by maayaa this wheel keeps rotating. From this unending law of the creation, I have saved you and made you an exception. Otherwise for other beings:

“sarve kshayaantaa nichayaa-haa patanaantaa-haa sama-cha- uchhrayaa-haa |
sam-yogaa vipra-yogaantaa maranaantam cha jivitam ||!

It is for sure. Knowing thus, meditate on the form of the para-bhram highest being - without sorrow, with knowledge, of true form, unadulterated and become one such that O darling of Anjani, thee will remain no difference between you and me. And with that sight you will see my actions done by you and your actions will be recognised as done by me.

When the ultimate Lord, the great purush of modesty (maryaadaa purushottam) Sri Raam himself – who becomes the giver of knowledge, the guru, who can measure the fathomless knowledge of that being? And that is why in his praises and prayers, Mahaavirji is bestowed with “Gnaani-naam- agra-ganayam” – the title of the highest amongst knowledgeable beings:

The soul erudite Mahaavir

The most gracious source of compassion Sri Raamchandraji's life history as known today by the many is immensely attributable to the great Sri Tulsidaasji's Maanas, but –

“Charitam raghunaath-asya shat-koti-pra-vistaram”

Sri Raghunaath's life story is vast expanse of hundred crore Raamaayans, we are acquainted with names of only two to four of them, but even more than those are filled with the sacred feats of Lord Sri Raam and Mahaavirji.

Goswami Sri Tulsidaasji's Raamaayan's creation was with the aid of Mahaavirji himself, but Hanumaanji himself also constructed a divine Raam's feat narrative. Even though modern world may not have knowledge of that narrative, nevertheless can this great victory of great devotee Sri Maarutiji remain secret?

In Ayodhya Sri Raamchandraji was carrying out Raam-raajya, the whole populace was satisfied with the authority of Sri Raghunaathji. At that time getting some free time Sri Hanumaanji in the mountain range of Chitrakut created in solitude on the mountain side an all beautiful Raam charitra in stone inscription by his very nails.

When Maharshi Vaalmik came to know of this, he visited Hanumaanji, and observing this extraordinary supernatural creation was fascinated ! But then he also thought if this feat of Sri Ram became renowned in the world, the prevalence spread of my Raamaayan will cease, he was therefore saddened !

Observing the Maharshi sad, Sri Hanumaanji asked why he was sad? He then replied: “Mahaavirji, presently my Raamaayan creation prevails in the world, but if your Raamaayan of Raamcharitra is publicised, the my Raamayan’s worth will diminish, my life’s toil will be wasted.

Great saints, devotees and great beings at the cost of their own hard labour give the benefit of glory to others. Mahaavirji threw away those inscribed slabs in the sea, and saluting the Maharshi, said:

“Here, King Rushi! Now your Ramaayan’s worth will be intact, but how will humans in Kaliyug get to understand your creation in the Sanskrit language?”

Vaalmikiji now realised Mahaavir’s greatness. He fell at the feet of incarnation of Rudra Sri Hanumaanji, and with very emotional voice said:

“Son of Wind deity! Your utterance is very true. Humans of Kaliyug will not understand the divine language. Therefore I request your aid, so that I may be born to recreate Raamaayan in the language of the time. When you have made such a big sacrifice, then you must grace me this promise.”

Mahaavirji promised this.

And “Vaalmiki Tulsi bhayo” (Vaalmik became Tulsi) accordingly to that saying in the Kaliyug he came to be borne as Sri Tulsidaasji! And according to the memory of the past incarnation began to write Raamcharitra.

But he began to create Raamaayan in the Sanskrit language, leaving incomplete finish. The next day opening the pages he observed the previous days pages blank! He repeated the process again to find the words from the previous day had disappeared on the third day. Thus his efforts going wasted he was pained and remembered Hanumaanji:

By the grace of Sri Raamji, Mahaavirji is indestructible and immortal. By the mere remembrance of Goswaamiji he presented himself. Goswaamiji related the fact of the disappearing words. Maarutiji with a mild smile said:

“Goswaamiji! According to our agreement, Raamaayan needs to be created in the present day language, the salvation of the beings will be achieved by Raamaayan of simple language, and I will help you with this.”

Goswaamiji began ManasRaamaayan, Hanumaanji became his aid. What he had inscribed on the mountainslabs and thrown the sea, he filled all the meanings and their sentiments.

In so doing, the great erudite Maarutiji by his wisdom influence spread the unadulterated Sri Raam story’s greatness.

All say “Maarut-soot Hanumaanki Jay!”

The love of muslim saints for Maaruti

1 – Baabaa Jalaaludin Vasaali

On the banks of mother river Saryu in Pramodvan under the bordi tree is situated a beautiful shrine. In this adorable shrine lies under shadow of Bhram sleep Baabaa Jalaaludin Vasaali attaining oneness with Bhagwaan Sri Raamchandraji prostrated in eternal sleep.

Word Vasaali is related to Farsi language. It means one who has attained living inclusion in the Lord.

Sufi Husnaparast alias love faith devotee Shaah Jalaaludin was resident of Khuraasaan. Roaming about this Great soul arrived in Multaan city in Punjaab province.. In those days erudite orator Pandit Tekchandji was reading out story of Raamaayan. Shaah saheb daily came to listen the Raam story and thus developed deep love attachment in his heart.

One day completing the story folding and wrapping his book Panditji was leaving for home. At that time going near saaluting Shaah saheb respectfully said:

“Panditji! For last so many days I have been coming here listening to the story. I get overjoyed. I have become a great fan of the prince of Avadh. Turning away from the world humbling myself I will await his coming.” The lover of Sri Raam went many obstacles. Similarly Pandit Tekchandji also became target of the anger of muslims. So the story telling had to stop. Fearful and to save his life, he was fleeing. On the way he was met by Shaah saheb.

Panditji had changed his attire. Even so recognising him in his disguise Shaah saheb respectfully uttered: “ Panditji, changing your attire like this, where are you going? Give your address to this fan if yours!”

With fixed gaze Panditji let out: “Shaah saheb, at this moment I am fleeing for my life. Otherwise I would have certainly read to you the exploits of dear Bhagwaan!” Shaah saheb was an accomplished person - carefree devotee. Hearing the fearful voice of Panditji he said smiling: “panditji! Do not fear. I will give you tis knife. When you strike it on the ground, it will become a python and all around will flee frightened. When you will cover it with earth it will gain its original form of knife. So therefore walk around with it in your hand. You will be reading to me my Lord’s story, won’t you? Then why should you be frightened?” Panditji became confident.

Shaah said: “Now begin relating the beauty of the prince of Avadh” The love permeated Panditji opening his book sat in the road and began to relate Raam katha. He started to relate the beautiful form of Raghupati. At the time of Dhanush (bow) Yagna, the Mahaa Raajaas of various countries were no compare to the beauty. The Panditji described in

detail and Shaah listening to it became carefree in joy. So getting a feeling that he should give from his accomplishments (siddhis) something to the orator of story of his dear Lord he said: “Bravo ! Panditji ! Bravo! You have related a lot. I am very pleased today. So ask for any desirous boon!” Paditji asked for three boons and said:

“Firstly, I am childless, so I need a son. Second, my death occurs effortlessly, so I do not have to seek anyone’s help or service.. Third, I always have love devotion at the feet of Sri Raam.”

“You have spoken very well Panditji! So I will grant you two of the boons now. The third I will grant when we meet again and you will relate to me the story of my Lord.” Panditji accepted. But he repented thereafter. Beacuase he did not ask for the main real desire first and he had traded for unreal. Panditji’s heart became sad. So Baabaa proclaimed: “Panditji! Don’t think any more and go now. We will certainly meet again”. Saying thus Shaah saheb departed. And Pandit Tekchand with heavy heart walked towards his village. Five months later Shaah saheb arrived in Ayodhya and resided in Baaber masjid. Desirous for so many days, arriving in the Lord’s abode, who can describe the joy of his heart?

Immersed in the love of the Lord, he delved into single minded contemplation of Bhagwaan Raamchandra. Meantime someone seeing Shaah saheb alone said: “ Baabaa why are you sitting alone?” Mahaama Vasaali’s contemplation was disturbed. Presenting form of his pain of separation from beloved, he said in a relaxed voice: “Till now I was not alone. I was sharing the love with my beloved Lord. But after your coming that stream was broken, and I am left alone!” Hearing these nectar like words of Babaa, the uninvited traveller was dumbfounded and clasping his hands asking for forgiveness departed.

Thereafter Shaah saheb departed to circumambulate the abode of his chosen deity. Joyfully he roamed in the streets of Ayodhya. In those there were only a few temples in Ayodhya. And gain entry to them was impossible. On one hand it was the contempt disrespect of the pujaaris and on the other the dislike of the irreligious. Between the conflict of the two, that love separated Mahaatmaa’s vision eager heart experienced a kind of fire of longing. He was as if drownined in the ocean of suffering.

Eventually his heart’s agitation became very intense / acute. The agitated saints eyes filled with tears of love. At that moment, oracular words were heard “ O Vasaali! Come quickly, my heart is longing to meet you!” Hearing the mysterious voice, Mahaatmaa Vasaali’s countenance was thrilled. Diving into love joy, tear streams began to flow from his eyes.

Coming to the bank of river mother Saryu andtaking meditation posture, Shaah saheb became absorbed in contemplation of the Lord. The engrossment was so abiding that his thirst or hunger were forgotten. When he regained consciousness, he observed a pile of fruits of the forest. The fresh fruits had shrivelled and almost dried in the heat.

Astonished Shaah saheb began to think, when a monkey came and as per his daily routine, he left fresh fruit at the feet of the saint and sat nearby.

Observing the monkey, the saint uttered “Beloved! You have brought me so many forest fruit, but where has the fakir got wealth to pay?” And saying so, tears began to drop from saint’s eyes. Observing thus, tears also flowed from the monkey’s eyes. Eventually, the persistent monkey began to unskin the fruit and hand them over. So the fixed gazed saint began to eat the devotional offering. Likewise daily that monkey would lovingly feed Baabaa with forest fruit and take leave.

Days later he traversed to Mani mountain and resided there. Then also the intimate friendly monkey presented himself to serve Shaah saheb. The saint watched him with astonished eyes. But could not comprehend why that forest dweller showered so much love on him.

Eventually late one day Shaah saheb recognised the true form of the forest dweller.

Under the shade of a tree on the Mani mountain, he was seated in meditation. Suddenly there was a whirlwind / tornado. Trees began to fall to ground. Baabaa was engaged in joyful contemplation of his beloved Lord. But the tree he was seated under began to fall. If the tree fell, then the saint’s body would get crushed. Suddenly there was a great thunderous sound. The saint was awoken. His eyes caught sight of the trunk of the tree and observed a huge monkey had held it in his arms.

Upon awaking of Shaah saheb, the tornado receded. The huge bodied monkey releasing the tree trunk jumped and departed. Thereafter he was never seen.

Passing of time, pandit Tekchandji arrived in Ayodhya seeking for Shaah saheb, but did not manage to make contact. So he began to orate Raam katha. Eventually he found his beloved Shaah saheb. There after with oration with great love of the full Raamaayan katha, listening to the Sundar kaand and Lanka kaand feats of Hanuman, he realised the true form of the monkey. Who was the monkey who daily fed him with forest fruits? Who would be the huge body monkey on Mani mountain who had held firm the tree trunk during the tornado? Shaah saheb came to recognise the true form of Hanuman, so his heart began longing to see him. But he could never see him.

When he had vision of his beloved worshipful deity Raamchandraji, he observed near the beloved Lord that monkey who had daily fed him with forest fruits. So the love-confounded saint said: “Baabaa! I could not recognise you, forgive me,” saying thus tears of love began to flow from his eyes.

The Lord became invisible. Thereafter Shaah saheb had vision of Maaruti many times.

Pandit Tekchandji humbly asked for the third boon to be granted to the contemplating Shaah saheb. In a state of great love joy, he let out: “you now become Vali Allaah. Hearing Baabaa Vasaali’s words, Panditji said: “Baabaa, I am your servant Tekchand!”

“You speak true. You become Valiraam”. Immediately, Panditji also became imbibed with the same carefree state of Baabaa Vasaali. Thereafter he became known as “Valiraam”.

Reading just three to four verses (sher) from Baabaa Vasaali’s written narrative “Maamukimaa”, Valiraam became proficient with Farsi and Arabic languages. Beloved people even to this day look upon with great adoration Valiraam’s volume “Diwaane Valiraam”.

Both the love crazy diving into the ocean of ecstasy ended their mortal beings.

There were many other glorious incidents within the life of Baabaa Vasaali. Eventually, that singly devoted Raam devotee saint truly rested at feet of his worshipful Sri Raamchandraji.

To this day there resides under the tree of bordi, his shrine in Pramodvan.

[20] Sai Din-darvesh

The great influential and carefree devotional singer saint Sai-din-darvesh’s name is very well known in north Gujarat. Not only that, but in the north Maarwaad and Mevaad his reputation has spread.

In his construction of unadulterated saintly sayings are said to include 125 thousand Kundalias. The life history of the venerable saint includes numerous glorious events. From those, how he became fond of Sri Raam, will relate a little of the happening :

Once he was in meditation at his residence in Paalanpur. There was none other present at the time. It was mid-day. Serenity was spread in the environment.. the saint was fully immersed in contemplation. At that time a monkey was jumping about calling out the name of “Raam”. His actions were directed to wake up the saint from his meditation. So in the proximity of the saint, running about he was calling a chant of “Raam”.

Due to the commotion, the saint awakened. Looking around he saw the monkey jumping about chanting the name of “Raam”. The saint was astonished. The fearless monkey continued jumping about chanting the rosary of “Raam”.

Having never before observed or heard before , the event was extraordinary. The wise saint immediately recognised the true form of the monkey. Observing so, the saint said a kundalio:

Abuz sai jaane kahaan, Vir Vajrang ko naam
Piyaraa nikat aay ke, Aap jape Sri Raam
Aap jape Sri Ram, Naamaki lagani lagi
Raam katha anuraag, sunat bhaye bad-bhaagi

Kahat Din-darvesh, Baabaa tohe Avval bakhaanu
Vir vajarang ko naam, abuz mein sai kahaan jaanu

“Baba, I unintelligent Sai could not recognise you, but coming near, showering your grace you reminded the lost Sai chanting the name of Raam, you bestowed your blessing. An lighting fondness in my heart, so prior to all I will sing your praises, saying so Sai saluted with fixed gaze Mahaabali. Lost with intoxication of adoration, when the Sai became present, he had become invisible. Even so, he had reverberations in his heart of the chant of “Raam”. From that day, he developed great fondness in his heart for the chant of “Raam”, and that to such an extent he devolved his mind to the daily study of Raamaayan. In that love intoxication, he related Raam-kathaa to brahmin poet Bherunaath who became his desciple. And by the same fondness of Raam-kathaa, Nurud-din pathaan was smeared and became his desciple. And the very fond of Raam-kathaa Nurud-din became a great devotee of Raam.

From the numerous Kundalias created by Sai Din-darvesh, we derive many related to Mahaabali. From those, let us take note of a few: (to be cont.....)

Comical events in the life of Mahaavir Maaruti

[1] The joy of Yugal kingdom

Bhagwaan Sri raam after achieving victory over Sri Lanka arrived in Ayodhya. Sugriv, Jaambvaan etc. had retired to their own locations, just Hanumaanji was engaged in the service of the Lord.

Once the Lord was resting on bed, Sitaaji was opposite seated on the swing bed preparing a paan refreshment for the Lord. Holding a fan in hand, Hanumaanji was blowing cool air to the Lord. The Lord had a wish to play a joke. So looking at Hanumaanji he said: “Hanumaan! You hve carried out celibacy for so long. You can now oblige an appropriate young girl in marriage and become a householder, there should be no problem. I will try and find you a suitable young girl. There are suitable beautiful residences within the palace for you. Stay and enjoy.”

Mahaavirji realised the Lord was up to teasing him. So he should respond appropriately. He therefore clasing his hands said: “Having said the greater part of my young life as a bachelor, what use is it to have a “picnic” in my later life? In the condition I am now, that is just pleasant for me. Who will part me with a girl at my great age?”

“ ...But Hanumaanji! Soppose if I command you to marry, then what?”

Maarutiji began to wonder! How can he disobey the Lord’s command? And his vow to lifelong celibacy will be broken. Thinking thus for a moment, he said: “On one condition, I will then carry out your command..”

“So what is wrong with that?” said Mantharaa smiling.

“Never mind the wrong”, Hanumaanji said with a light kick. “You dare even stare at me. And listen, tomorrow when the Lord asks your consent to marry, then clearly say no – did you hear?”

With the very light kick, Mantharaa felt dizzy. She was just stunned. She thought better not to be clever, else a hard kick could be fatal. So clasping her hands she said: “Brother Hanumaan. Just as you have said, I will reply to the Lord, but please do not hurt me.”

“OK, and another thing”, said Hanumaanji turning back, “and you will not tell the Lord that I have met you – did you hear? Else ...”

“Very well brother.” Mantharaa said in short.

“Brother’s sister!”, said Mahaavirji, raising his fist. “If you consent to marry, or if you tell the Lord I met you here, then with this fist I will deliver you, understand?”

“Yes, I have understood, brother. I have understood. But please go now. I bow to your feet.”

“Bow to the feet of the Lord.” Saying thus, Hanumaanji returned to his bedroom, and peacefully went to sleep.

Next day at the same time, after finishing his lunch the Lord was exercising his hands and. Sitaaji was preparing tambul refreshment for the Lord. And as per his daily duty, Mahaavirji was fanning the Lord, whereupon Sitaaji with a mild smile said: Arya son, as per yesterday’s decision, shall we call Mantharaa?” Saying thus she got a maid to fetch. The maid immediately arrived with Mantharaa.

The Lord asked Mantharaa: “Mantharaa, what if we arrange your marriage to Hanumaan? How do you feel about that?”

Sitaaji also same time said: “Mantharaa say Yes. By merely saying yes you will become my sister-in-law.”

Bowing to the feet of Sitaaji, Mantharaa said: “Mataaji, forgive me. I do not wish to forsake being a maid to become your sister-in-law. Hanumaan is my considered brother.” Hanumanji sighed breath of relief.. With a mild smile, Sitaajibade farewell to Mantharaa. Hanumaanji was now relaxed. His celibacy vow remained intact, and there was break in carrying out the Lord’s command. With this thought he was immersed in a feeling of joy. But just then he heard the sweet sound of Sitaaji: “Hanumaanji, if not Mantharaa, then it is my wish perhaps you can marry a female from the monkeys. Your bride’s name be whatever, but I shall call her Hanumati. Say, will you obey?”

Lord Sri Raamji's command had been settled, but now it was Mother Sitaa's command. What to do now? Hanumaanji was trapped in confusion. Claspng his hands, he said: "Mother! Your command is an issue of breaking my lifelong vow. So I will think it over and give you my reply tomorrow."

"Very well", said Sitaaji, "You are free to think it over."

All night Hanumaanji spent thinking over, but could not come to any decision which he could put into action immediately. He had realised there was no meaning to the worldly things, but then why was Mother Janaki insisting on the issue? He could not comprehend this.

It was just before breaking of dawn. In his relentless thinking over, his eyes now became drowsy and fell asleed. And he had a dream. He had, as if taking on board the command of Mother and the Lord, set out in search of a bride.

In the dream, he felt he was walking through a forest and arrived in Dandak-Aranya. It was evening time. He was looking to rest. So he turned towards a hut in the distance. Entering the hut Hanumaanji began to look around. The home had been decorated beautifully. Upon tender leaves was set a deer skin. In one corner there were forest fruit, in another corner was bench of sandalwood with throne for a king. On the throne was placed a crown, beautiful clothes. On the wall was hung a Vinaa.

Taking each item in his hand, Hanumaanji checked them out. Such beautiful house and no householder in sight! "Who could be the resident of this hut? If it is a Rishi or Muni, then would benefit from religious rendering.. And if not, then spend the night in relaxation and proceed forward tomorrow." Hanumaanji thus made a decision.

Per chance, Hanumaanji wore the clothes on the throne. And in wonderment, he put on his head the crown that was on the throne. And sitting on the throne he began to think: "The food is ready, but there is time before eating. Also without the owner of the hut present it is disrespectful to eat alone. So let me play the Vinaa.

Mahaavirji very carefully took off the Vinaa from the wall and began to play.

But how long would a tender Vinaa last in the strong hands of Mahaavirji? Just about with the first sound, the Vinaa strings went pieces!

Becoming renounced, Hanumaanji let out: "Such tender instruments are of no use to me." And thereafter he laid relaxing for a long time on the deerskin. His mind began to wonder: "What would be the purpose of the command of Mother? Should I carry out her command? If I have to carry out her command, then what sort of bride should I be looking for? Fat or thin? Tender or quarrelsome?"

Suddenly, his thoughts took a turn, and his mind began to wonder: "What! How come I have involved in such thoughts? This is all illusion of Maaya. How can the Hanumaan

who had crossed over the ocean and burned Lankaa to ashes get deluded by this illusion. At this high age, why this nuisance?”

And again his thought took a turn. He said in his mind: “Why consider it a nuisance? Would Mother give such a command without thinking? And when Mahaaraajaa Dashrath got married, he was much older than me. Then there is no question of age.”

“But why am I involved in this confusion? Women bind one into the matters of the world. They laugh without reason. And also cry without reason. At times serve like a maid. And other times would have no hesitance to disobey command. And when she disrespects, what should be the punishment? The monkey scriptures recommend getting things right with use of the fist. But should I now not have to abide by the scriptures of the humans?”

Mahaavirji was engrossed in such thoughts, when a young man entered the hut. In one hand he had ripe fruit and in the other he had a honeycomb. Seeing Hanumaanji, he said: “Welcome great one! As a forest dweller I offer my hospitality to you. Would you kindly introduce yourself?”

“O warrior!” Hanumaanji said, “People call me Raam’s servant Hanumaan.”

“Welcome Mahaavirji! Leaving Ayodhyaa you have privileged me by sanctifying my hut, wearing my clothes. And looking at the destruction of my Vinaa, I was slightly angered, but it was well that as a householder I did not express any words. To be reactive too quickly is a sign of stupidity. Pray tell me how can I offer my hospitality to you?”

“Mahaabali!”, said the youth after stopping a moment, “Consider this as my forest dwelling. Here apart from honeycombs and fruits, there is not much else. Feel free to eat what pleases you. You like my clothes and crown. If you feel so, you may take them. If you come to my kingdom, I can gift you a lot of things. Here you have to make believe with auspiciousness in jungle.”

Hanumaanji said: “Brother, I am very pleased with your politeness. Your clothes and the crown I attired only for curiosity. I get uncomfortable, unpeaceful feeling with them. For me this impenetrable loin cloth is enough. But pray tell me who you are. And why you are living auspicious life in this jungle.”

“Wind-son”, the youth said, “Due to mental commotion, I live here to gain peace. I am in fact King Chancharik of Toomb country. I have a beautiful wife. But I cannot consider her faithful wife. Because as when I start to talk sweetly to any other woman, she takes vow to stop talking to me. For such trivial issue, why does she this? I am not able to understand it. For that reason as punishment I live here.”

“Mahaavir, woman is root of suffering, it is my personal experience.. Here in this jungle resides an old mendicant Lomash-muni. I have heard he has perfected the art of subduing woman kind. I wish to gain that knowledge from him.”

Just as the chat was proceeding thus, there was a knock on the door. Chancharik stood up and opened the door to observe a mendicant of emaciated body, who said to Chancharik: “Brother, I live short distance from here in my aasharam. I am very hungary, if you could give me any food. I will then relate all to you.”

Chancharik gave that unknown old mendicant some fruit. Mahaavir and Chacahrik also had some fruit. Finishing eating, Chancharik appealed: “Muniraaj, Pray tell, why you look so feeble?”

“Brother”, old mendicant said, “Listening to my tale, you will get to learn something. I am known by the name of “Lomash-muni”. Previously some hundred kings came to me to perform a sacrificial yagna. For performing the yagna, the pleased kings each gave me a daughter, each with own abode and amenities of clothes.”

Chancharik interrupted: “O Mahaamuni, I was just talking about you. You have the art of subduing a hundred women, that art I...”

“...You listen brother”, Muniraaj said, “The art of controlling women does not exist in the three worlds. If wind can be controlled, then women’s heart can be controlled. Still leave that, let me get to the original subject.”

“I neamed the women Gangaa, Godaavari, Saraswati – such great names. But as soon these women entered my aboce, they called each other monkey, shankhani, cat, bitch. The environment in my home turned to that of an angry abode. It became difficult to live in the house. My knowledge, meditation, and respect – none took care of it. In resolving their fights, my life is passing away like flow of water. I belong neither to the jungle nor the road. I feel tjo get some peace I should go and stay in some distant solitary mountain and contemplate on the Lord. Else to stay in Ayodhyaa serving the feet of Lord Sri Raam. Without serving and contemplation there is no real peace. For that reason I am so feeble.”

Hearing the words of Lomash-muni, Mahaavirji was dumb struck and said: “Mahaa-muni, my salutations to you. Brother Chancharik, may your wishes be fulfilled, I must immediately depart to see my old friend Sugriv. I have come so far, so I must go and meet him.”

Saying thus hanumaanji departed wind haste.

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In a beautiful garden of Kishkindhaa, the monkey king Sugriv was enjoying the environment of the dawn, when Hanumaanji arrived and offered his salutations. Sugriv saluted and said: “Mahaavirji, welcome, pray are you well?”

Mahaavirji related all facts. Also his meeting with Chancharik and Lomash-muni. How can the confusion be cleared? He requested his help.

Sugriv said: “Brother Hanumaan, you know I have eight hundred wives. Even so I had a wish to obtain the Plavangam king’s daughter Chilimpaa. But my request was denounced by that proud Chilimpaa. I now do not have any desire for her.. I believe she will be pleased with your valour. From here in the southern direction is Kichchat country. King Plavangam passed away recently. You can marry his daughter Chilimpaa and enjoy with pleasure the kingdom. Mother Sitaa will be very pleased.”

What to do now? Listening to the experiences of Chancharik and Lomash-muni, marriage was akin to diving to death into a dark well. But then Sugriv had a different opinion. Despite living among eight hundred wives he had no bitter experience. So it is better to visit the Kichchat kingdom. Having thought thus, he departed.

Hanumaanji arrived in Kichchat kingdom. The guards to the city alerted the princess there was a huge monkey in the gardens. His form reveals a great valiant being.

“No worries”, said the princess, “Many such valiant beings have come to this kingdom. Ask him to come here.”

The guards came to Hanumaan and said: “Our Princess has requested you to meet her. Hanumaanji came in an ordinary form to Chilimpaa. Observing the form of Chilimpaa, Hanumaanji began to wonder – the girl’s outer appearance has no faults, but what is her character like? That must be discovered, whereupon Chilimpaa said: “O brave one, who are you? And why have you entered my kingdom without permission? What is it that you wish?”

Hanumaanji said: “Princess, I am the servant of Sri Raam. By the command of my Mother, I have come in search of a bride. I wish to marry you and take you to Ayodhya. Getting there you can serve Mother Sitaaji, and I will serve Lord Raam.”

Hearing Hanumaanji, all the friends of princess laughed. Chilimpaa said: “Hanumaan, I do not desire a servant like you, and I have no wish to serve anyone either. Only some time ago King Sugriv’s servants came to me, but I only have partial liking for him. You go and continue to serve Sitaa and Raam. And if happen to pass Kishkindhaa city on the way, pass a message to Sugriv to meet me. If I see it fit, I will marry him.”

Mahaavirji made his decision that moment. Making his form huge like a mountain, he lifted Chilimpaa in his fist and saying “Jay Raghuvir” he departed by the sky route.

Chilimpaa was screaming, but Mahaavirji had no time to listen to any of it. By the sky route, he arrived to Kishkindhaa. It was mid-day. Sugriv was bathing in a big lake accompanied by his eight hundred wives. Mahaavirji arriving on the lake opened his fist. From the open fist, Chilimpaa came swerving down to land on Sugriv’s shoulder.

Mahaavirji breathed a sigh of relief. And he woke up from his dream. Waking up, he uttered “Jay Siyaa-Raam”

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Saluting at the feet of the pair of Sitaa-Raam, hanumaanji said: “Mother, I have obeyed your command and married a pleasing woman by the name of Bhram-vidyaa. But the pain I experienced for a worldly woman in my dream, what would it be like after marrying in waking stage? I can now gauge that, and I respect all the world’s women as Mother.”

Saying so, Mahaavirji saluted again. The universal mother-father were smiling at the comical incident.

Sri Hanumaani lifelong remained celibate without break in the service of Sri Sitaaraam.

Kapiraaj – monkey discourse

The huge Kapiraaj: “You describe yourself as “Sri Raam’s monkey”, I will therefore ask you a question as to what joy you feel in calling yourself such a name?”

Monkey: “Kapiraaj! A divine being, who are you in the form of a monkey. Pray if you will first introduce yourself.”

Kapiraaj: “Who am I? And why have I come here? Please do not ask those questions. Not only the Mrutyulok, but I know the language of the whole of the cosmos – Bhramaand. And if I meet any body who will spread my command on this earth, in front of that one, I appear due to their good fortune. The instruction I give to you, that you preach to your friends, family members and countrymen. You will thereby achieve bliss and happiness. Now tell me, why do you describe yourself as “Sri Raam’s monkey?”

Monkey: “That even I do not know why absolutely. But I do know like a monkey the human mind is unsteady. Therefore when he sits to worship, his mind begins to wonder about. I realised a lot of “monkeyness” in me, therefore I believed I was “Sri Raam’s monkey.”

Kapiraaj: “But why “Raam’s monkey”?”

Monkey: ““Raam’s monkey” because Raam had unusual love over the monkey race. He used to forgive faults of the monkeys. Humans believe they are intellectual, and their faults Sri Raghunaathji would consider unforgivable. But he would excuse monkey’s agility. I therefore take pride to be “Sri Raam’s monkey”.”

Kapiraaj: “So are you claiming to be Sugriv or Hanumaan?”

Monkey: “No Mahaaraaj. Sugriv or Hanumaan – I do not claim to be even their feet’s dirt. I am just claiming to be an ordinary monkey, such that some time I receive Sri Raam’s grace – because:

Atishay prabal dev tav maayaa,
Chhutaahi Raam karahum mein daayaa

And

Tumhaari krupaa paav koi koi

According to these verses of the Raamaayan, there is escape from the Lord's play act – Maayaa by his grace – pray tell me such a solution.”

Kapiraaj: “I have come just for that. You have in you discrimination to identify your faults already. But to gain the love of Raam's feet, need to study the Raamaayan.”

Monkey: “Kapiraaj, some four years ago I went to Sri Gayaaji. Prior to that according to my maternal uncle's indication, I had decided to study the Raamaayan four times. During the journey, I had the occasion to listen to Sri Raam Charit Manas at a friend's home. Also, I had similar fortune in Kaashi, and I purchased Sri Raamaayan volume.”

Kapiraaj: “That is OK, but there is a chopaa in Raamaayan, if you will recollect:

‘Je par krupaa na karahi puraari,
so na paav muni bhagati hamaari’

Monkey: “Kapiraaj, I discovered that much later. I was from childhood worshiping my family deity Haatkeshwar, but I did not the procedure to worship him. And growing up I was more involved in worldly affairs, so I forgot all that. Yes, but sometimes I recited ‘Sri Raam Rakshaa’ poem, or I recited Gitaaji. I thereby had experienced supernatural phenomena, but you are not unaware of them. I only know thus:

‘Sevak sut-pitu maatu bharose,
rahe a-shouch bane Prabhu poshe’

and thereby I am passing my life.”

Kapiraaj: “Having heard your words, I am convinced that you require the devotion to Sri Raam's feet. But Sri Raam is ocean of compassion. When a being is rid of faults, then the being certainly gains vision of Sri Raam. In this respect there is no doubt.”

Monkey: “That's all well Kapiraaj. I have related my history in short to you. It is my wish to hear at least once Raam charit from a great intellectual like yourself. Such that my agile mind can stick to the feet of Raam.”

Kapiraaj: “That is a very good suggestion. But you have not gained such a qualification yet. Get rid of viruses like sex, anger. I will then relate ‘Sri Raam Charit Maanas’ to you. Do not be discouraged. Whichever great beings of devotion you meet, you make their contact and do satsang. Do service to them. When you will gain appropriateness, I will like today come and fulfil your mind's desire. For now just remember:

‘Raam naam ratate raho, jab lagi ghat me praan,
Kab hu krupaa din dayaaluki, bhanak padegi kaan’

I am going now. May the grace of Shambhu shower on you. To gain such compassion and grace in plentiful, make such attempts swiftly. And become Sri Ram's loved one. Come the right time, you will have vision of me."

Siyaavar Raam Chandra ki Jay !
Pavan sut Hanumaanki Jay !

Was Maaruti really a monkey ?

When the world's people were calling out in great pain, when the devotees devotion, when virtuous wives modesty was at stake, when the divinity of the divine was not safe, when evil demons spread terror in all directions, the divine beings then went to the shores of the ocean to pray to the Lord.

Lord Great Vishnu then appeared and commanded thus: "O Devas, Very shortly I will incarnate in the form of Sri Raam, and as my assistants you take the form of monkey dynasty. And so:

'Pragat thayaa Bhagwaan, Pragat thayaa Bhagwaan
Raajaa Dashrath tyaan, Pragat thayaa Bhagwaan'

Today many virtuous wives modesty is being taken away, many dev mandirs are desecrated, the human element of humans is disappearing gradually, then is it not - to talk of bringing divinity, akin to flower in the sky?

A great monkey of that era heard the story of abduction of Sitaa, and his hair stood up. Not only because the spouse of his emperor Sri Raam had been abducted by a demon in the form of Raavan, but the fact that abduction of a virtuous woman of his country was simply frightening. The monkeys of that Tretaayug could not endure a demon blemishing the reputation of his country's woman.

Tha great valorous Mahaavir got together army of the monkeys. As described above, the monkeys were not just monkeys, they were the divine beings. Those divine beings seized the opportunity of the destruction of the demons. Hanumaan became their leader and eventually it resulted in eradication of the Demon dynasty.

Hanumaanji was a monkey, or that he was a human like us, such doubt is very much the subject of the modern intellectual. But the trespassing of the ocean, the war with the very formidable demons, the frightening battle with great strong warriors like Indrajit, and the bringing of huge mountain like Dron-giri were not the feats of some ordinary monkey.

It is a great folly of those who consider the eleventh Rudra incarnation Mahaavir Maarutidev as an ordinary monkey.

This geat intellectual, the great professor and knower of the events of all the three periods (past, present and future) is immortal even today. Making the cronies of Raavan

to eat dust, that warrior Kesari prince rid the pride of MahaaBhaarat's Bhimsen. Seated on the chariot of Arjun, he fought in the MahaaBaarat war. And in the present Kaliyug, he got direct vision of Sri Raam to Goswami Tulsidaas.

When Goswaami Tulsidaas was kept imprisoned by Emperor Akbar, then the huge bodied in the form of a monkey released him from bondage.

Even to this day, there are cases of Bajrangbali in direct and indirect form giving vision to devotees. We will take in short some of these.

In the Surat district of Gujaraat, in town of Bhimpur Dummas on the coast came a saadhu to a temple of hanumaanji. The saadhu was full of vices. So Mahaavirji came to him in his dream commanding him to leave. But the saadhu would not budge.

So another time at night Hanumaanji came directly and slapped him hard! The saadhu left immediately. This event happened some hundred years ago*. (Note this article was written in 1950's).

Another incident was in the village of Munsaad which is locates some four miles from Navsaari in Gujaraat. A few years back (note this article was written in 1950's) to a saadhu named Tulsidaas, Hanumaanji commanded him in his dream there was a statue located in a certain place to be excavated and to be placed in a Mandir – shrine. Tulsidaas accepting the command dug out the statue and made a shrine in the middle of the village and consecrated the statue. To this day there lives a big Naag (serpent) in the Mandir Although the Mandir is right in the middle of the village, he does not hurt anyone. This Mandir's organiser's third generation (1950's) is present in the son Manchhaaraam.

In that same Munsaad village, this servant (the author of this article) lived there in 1949. I had to go travelling out . Had to leave my young children and there was no way I could prevent my trip. After my daily pujaa worship, I prayed to Mahaavir Hanumaanji: “ O Mahaavir, please take care of this household.”

I then departed after the prayers. There was terror of thieves around the village. In the night, someone's footsteps were heard walking on the roof of my house. So my eldest daughter came out in the foyer to look. She saw a vision of Hanumaanji holding a mace pacing in the balcony. Saluting him, all peacefully went to sleep.

When I returned home, I heard the story and my heart poured out. In my mind I saluted Mahaavirji..

I can relate many other events in my life, but refraining due to fear of immensity, I will just reiterate Raam's army was not just monkeys, but were really Divin beings – Devas. As noted in Aadhyaatma-Raamayan, I will relate following and conclude my article:

Hanumaanji – was really an incarnation of Shankar
Jaambuvaan – was incarnation of Bhramaa

Sugriv – was really incarnation of Surya (sun)
Angad – was incarnation of Chandra (moon)
Nal nad Neel – were incarnations of Agni (fire) and Vishvakarma respectively
Sushen – was incarnation of Varun (water)
Kish – incarnation of Takshak naag (serpent)
Vaali – was Indra's incarnation
Taar – was incarnation of Bruhaspati (guru of the devas)
Sharabh – was incarnation of Megha (rain)
Meind and Dvi-vid – were incarnations of Ashvinikumars.

The feats of all these monkeys are known from the various Raamaayans. And all those feats can be carried out by some humans is inconceivable. So was Maaruti a monkey? – this question remains meaningless.

Recitation of Sri Raam

Saryu tat vase Avinashi
Raam vase abhi-raam vase ...

Shabari nishi-var Raam rate,
Sitaa nish-deen e Raam rate,
Shashi-dhar nir-goon nish-kaam rate,
Tulsi rasanaa abhi-Raam rate

Bharat rate vanamaa vanamaa,
Dasharatha rate manamaa manamaa,
Lakshaman-naa atmaa-Raam prabhu,
Hanumaan rate tan-maa man-maa

Author: Bhakta-kavi Sri. Prabhulaal Dayaaraam Dvi-vedi

Balvir Hanumaan by Sri Krishna Prasaad Bhatt

To teach the world strength, learning and selfless service devotion
The one who incarnated; future generations cannot eface from memory

Hanumaan, valorous warrior came to this world to teach exclusive lesson. That lesson was celibacy, humbleness – devotion to Lord, selfless service.

That elevanth Rudra – Sri Shankar's incarnation – the miraculous play acts he performed, the various ideals he presented before the people – those cannot be forgotten for eons.

That Rudra – Sri Hanumaan's appearance event was also strange. King Dashrath performed sacrificial fire – yagna. At the end of the yagna achieving of the fruit of the effort which was snatched from the hand of Kaikai by Samadi bird.

At that very moment Kesari monkey's wife Sati Anjanaa was performing penance to Bhagwaan Shankar. From that penance, all the three worlds became agitated. Bholaa-Shankar appeared, put his boon hand on Anjanaa's head and said: "Ask, Ask for whatever you wish."

Anjanaa wanted a son. And she asked: "Lord, if you are pleased, then grant me a bright son.". And the Lord granted saying "So be it – tathaa-astu – Anjanaa, you repeat the Vaayu mantra. Your heart's wish will be fulfilled."

"Vaayu mantra?" said Anjanaa.

"Yes, yes, Vaayu mantra", saying so Bhagwaan Shankar taught Anjanaa the Vaayu mantra. With the Lord's grace, the mantra entered memory and speech. Lord Shankar became invisible. And she started to repeat Vaayu mantra.

As Anjanaa was repeating the mantra, the weather became stormy. The whole jungle became restless. Like arrows the wind impacted on the Samadi bird which was carrying the the snatched fruit of the yagna – which dropped and fell in the hand of Anjanaa. Anjanaa who was repeating the mantra devoured it.

Days passed. Bhagwaan Rudra appeared in the form of Hanumaan. Immediately upon birth, considering the dawn's red sun as a ripe fruit, he reached the sun's periphery.

'Baal samei Ravi bhakha kiyo,
tab tin hu lok bhayo andhi-yaro
taahisu traas bhayo jagako
yaha sankat kaahuso jaat na taaro
Devan aan kari vinati tab
Chhandi diyo Ravi kashta nivaaro'

(as child devoured the Sun
then the three worlds became frightened
not knowing how to rid of this calamity
the deities thereupon requested
wherupon releasing the sun rid of their difficulty)

That growing Hanumaanji performed miraculous feats, on the strength of celibacy he carried out impossible tasks.

Bhagwaan Sri Krishna upon defeating Indra lifted the mount Govardhan – whereas Sri Hanumaanji lifted Drona-giri and crossed the ocean –

'Prabhu mudrikaa meli mukh maahi
jaladhi langhi gaye acahraj naahi
durgam kaaj jagat ke je te
sugam anugrah tmhare te te,
(Placing the finger ring in mouth
he crossed the waters without surprise
the impossible tasks of the world
became simple by his grace)

That impenetrable bodied Hanumaan –repeating the name of Sri Raam, even after the departure of Sri Raam at the end of the era, remained on the earth.

Time – which does not stop proceeded. Bhagwaan Sri Krishna, to rid the world of the demons incarnated in the home of Vasudev. The Paandavas were born at Paandu’s abode.

Days passing, at Paanchaali Draupadi’s wish – son of Vaayu Bhimsen went to get the lotus flower from the lake of Kuber. The lotus flowers were guarded by security guards. Without caring for them, to accomplish that task, he was proceeding like the wind. There was none who could stop him. Uprooting trees in his way and throwing them aside, even the cruel animals by his voice hid themselves in caves. The birds trembled falling to earth struggling to escape. Environment in all direction shivered. The earth trembled by his walk.

Bhim is progressing forward. At his every step, Yaksha (Kuber’s servants), Gandharva (celestial musicians), van-devtaa (deities of the forest) were all puzzled. Their wish to guard the lotuses seemed like pie in the sky. The Van-devtaa were all frightened.

“Sister, sister, what will happen now? This approaching Bhim will not rest without destroying all.” Said the Van-devtaa with trembling voice.

“And there is no way we can escape. There none of the divine capable to stop him.”

“So what will happen?”

“I am also thinking the same. Have to do something to escape from fear.”

“But when.? When the last moment arrives?”

Moments began to wade by. The Van-devtaa began to be impatient. “Sister, will you just stand by silent or will you say something?”

But Van-devtaa remained silent. She was immersed to find a solution. Spending quite some while to resolve, she said: “Shall we ...”

“What? what?”

“There are two paths going towards the lake. If one path is blocked, he will proceed by the other path to meet his end.”

“Well done”, said the van-devtaa smiling, “You have found a good solution. Come, let’s just do that. Let’s finish the job before he arrives.”

Pleased in mind, Van-devtaa proceeded to block the path. Vaayu dev with sad face was standing by Hanumaanji. Hanumaanji asked: “Father, why do I observe worry on your face?”

“Son, the cause of my worry is Bhim”, said Vaayudev.

“Bhim?”

“Yes, son. Your young brother. To please Paanchali, he is proceeding to fetch the divine lotus. Van-devtaa have conspired to destroy him.”

“Destroy? My brother?”

“Yes, son. Van-devtaa have blocked the path, and going on the other straight path will bring his destruction....”

“No, no father”, Hanumaanji interrupted, “That is not possible.”

“to make that impossible, I have come to you. If you will carry out the task to save him, it will rid me of my worry. It all depend upon your energy and intellect.”

“That worry will be eradicated father. This Hanumaan considers your wish as the command of Raam. You become free of worry. I will carry out that task.”

“Will you stop him proceeding forward and divert him to the correct path?”

“Absolutely father.”

“I am departing full faith”, saying thus Vaaydev became invisible. With that Hanumaan’s heart became immersed in ocean waves of bliss. His heart became impatient to meet Bhim. Separation’s every moment seemed like eon. He placed his gaze on Bhim’s path. His ears were attuned to hear the voice of Bhim. The eyes were thirsty of vision of his face.

As time proceeded, Hanumaan’s patience increased. At last the voice of Bhim fell on his ears, and immediately jhis heart called out: “Come, come”, and his face lit up with smile. And within a moment that smile disappeared. The face became sedate. He made the sound “Hum” to attract Bhim.

This sound Bhim heard and in response he made a loud roar and moved forward finding the direction from the sound came, eventually reaching where Hanumaan was. Seeing Bhim, Hanumaan asked: “O valorous, how come you look lost?”

“Who said?”, Bhim looking in all directions. His sight could find none other than only Hanumaan.

“Who is it?” Whoever it is show yourself”, said Bhim in a loud voice. His voice reverberated in the whole forest. Animals and birds became frightened.

“What you? Monkey? And in human language?” saying thus Bhim was astonished. His heart was not willing to believe. But there was nooption not to believe.

“You?”

“Yes, brother, yes”, said Hanumaan, “O Valorous speak a little softly. By your loud voice innocent animals and birds are so pained.”

“Pained, are they?” questioned Bhim

“Yes, strong one. Yes, and that is why I had to say it. The valorous do not cause fright to the innocent, that is what I have heard – is that untrue?”

“Yes, brother, yes I am asking you that.”

With great humbleness, hanumaan said softly, “The brave are adorned with compassion, would that be incorrect? Is the greatness of the brave achieved by harrassing the innocent?”

“Do you really want to know that?”

“To know that I am asking. By your behaviour, the innocent are frightened. The poor deer are shaken. The lion and tigers have hid themselves in caves. The birds singing naturally are disturbed in their nests. Why all this?”

“Who are you to ask?” said Bhim, observing the sight of the lifelong commanding leader. Hanumaan did not respond. He just remained silent.

“O monkey?” shouted bhim

Hanumaan remained silent.

“Why are you not answering? Nevermind, if you will not respond. But get out of my way.”

“Brother, I do not believe I am in your way at all. But if you feel so, then you can move me out of the way with pleasure.”

“So,” said Bhim with red eyes, “you will not move by yourself, is that so?”

“Brother, why should I refuse to move? But you can see, I am old. My body is home to diseases. Due to old age, I feel without energy.”

“Without energy, are you? There is a saying – ghee does not come out straight. I will get you throw you over by your tail.”

“Watch doing so brother. I may meet my death. Carefully move me to one side. If I had the energy, I would have moved myself.”

“Liar”, saying Bhim moved forward. “You want to gauge my strength. So here.” Saying so the half vajra (impenetrable) bodied Bhim stretched out his hand to lift the tail of the vajra bodied Hanumaan.

That tail that pressed down likes of the ten-shouldered, and destroyed many a demons, that tail would Bhim be able to lift?

“Be careful, brother.”

“You are teasing me monkey. In just a moment,” saying Bhim attempted to lift the tail. But he was unsuccessful. He tried once, twice, thrice but all came to naught. His body was sweating.

“Why brother, what happened? Are you not intending to move an aged like me? Why is there sweat on your body?”

The unsuccessful felt the words of Hanumaan like arrows piercing his heart. He collected all his strength and thought of making a final do or die attempt to lift the tail. And he did so, but could not move the tail. He said mentally “What is this? Where has my strength gone? How come those strong of Bhim which destroyed the demons become so weak? Who is giving me this defeat? Is it not my big brother Hanumaan?”

“It is Hanumaan” came the voice from his soul. And he humbly asked, “Are you not my big brother Hanumaan?”

“What brother Bhim?”

“Yes brother I am Bhim,” saying Bhim bowed to Hanumaan.

“Come my brother”, called Hanumaan with love. “Brother, my heart and soul is all moved seeing you. My eyes are laughing.”

“Brother!” said Bhim

Brother!” called out Hanumaan.

“Looking at you in this condition I am thinking...”

“What?” Hanumaan interrupted Bhim.

“Doing so much service to Raam, were you not granted divinity? Did you not go to the celestial abode with Sri Raam?”

“Fool,” said Hanumaan listening to the words of Bhim. “When Sri Avadh-naath distributed the kingdom, he gave something to all, and to me:

“Kahe Raghupati sun Maaruti tan

Tu mane vahaalo chhe tan, man dhan

Maate maang maang man-vaanchhit aaj

Puru taara sakal manorath kaaj”

(Said Lord of Raghu, listen son of Maaruti
You are dear to me – body, mind wealth
So ask ask, what pleases your mind today
I will fulfil all your desires)

Then I said:

‘Suno karunaa-sindhu Bhagwant
Jo prasann thayaa tri-bhuvan-dhani
To aapo bhakti charan raj tani’

(Listen ocean of compassion Bhagwant
If the Lord of the three worlds is pleased
The grant me devotion to thou feet)

Bhim, are you able comprehend what I am saying? What would I do by achieving divinity? Once the merits are exhausted, one has to be re-born. And it was not my intention to go with the Lord. My ears remained unquenched listening to the praises of Raam. And so I asked the Lord ‘Unto the day I can sing your glories, please let me stay here. And the Lord granted me what I asked for. Wherever the glories of the Lord are sung, I go there and I feed my hungry ears. And unto the day where and when Raams’s glories are sung, there and until then I will be present’

“Raam and glories of Raam are very dear to you and that is why the invaluable garland of pearls...”

“Yes...yes. That garland of pearls”, said Hanumaan interrupting Bhim, “was without the essence of my Raam. Silly, that invaluable garland without the essence of my Lord was of no use to me. I just require my Raam.”

“Let that be, all those those things. Listening to self praise is like committing suicide.”

“But still, it goes without saying that you are great. And being great you are without egotistic pride. Being great you are never afflicted by vanity of your strength. Your knowledge has not deteriorated . You have never proclaimed yourself ever that you are devotee of Raam. Brother.....Brother!

Manojavam Maarut-tulya-vegam
Jit-indriyaam buddhi-mataaam varishtam
Vaataatma-jam vanar yuth mukhyam
Sri Raam dutam sharanam prapadh-ye”

Saying thus Bhim bowed to the feet of Hanumaan. Hanumaan touched him with great affection. The Bhim said in very low voice, “Brother I am a fool. I have been blind. I lost my senses due to my pride of strength. But....bt ... you destroyed that vanity and brought me to my senses.”

“Bhim, my brother Bhim”, saying so Hanumaan’s eyes filled with tears which fell on Bhim.

“Bro..ther,” said Bhim. The voice was filled with love and affection.

“My brother,” hanumaan said affectionately. And then asked, “This difficult route, why did have to traverse?”

“Brother,” Bhim began to say, “I had to come this way to obtain the lotus from the lake of Kuber.”

“But if you will not go further on this path ?”

“Why?”, asked Bhim.

Not responding to Bhim, Hanumaan said, “I will myself bring the lotus for you.”

“No, No, that cannot be so. Those lotuses I have to fetch.

“in doinso, death..”

“Brother,” That death I can avert, give me that boon.”

“So be it – tathaastu,” said Hanumaan, “see that path.”

Bhim looked on in the direction indicated by Hanumaan.

“That path,” Hanumaan continued, “by the request of the Vandevtaa, Ghataasur has blocked it.”

“Ghataasur”

“yes Ghataasur, Jataasur’s brother. You distroy him. And further on, rid of Kuber’s servants. But in doing so do not sacrifice your duties / responsibilities.”

“Brother.” Bhim bowed his head.

“Be victorious,” said Hanumaan

At that moment, divine music could be heard from afar.

“Pavan tanay sankat haran, mangal murati roop

Raam Laxman Sitaa sahit, hyadaya baso sur bhoop”

Jain opinion for Hanumaan is as follows:

Aaditya-nagar’s Prahalaad’s son Panam-jay was wedded to mahendra-pur’s king Mahendra’s daughter Anjanaa born of his wife Hyaday-sundari. Post marriage there was disagreement between husband-wife. Before the disagreement could be resolved, it was decided to help in then battle fought between Raaavan and Varun. And Pavam-jay went out with his army.

One night – seeing a Chakra-vaaki weeping, he remembered Anjanaa, and he told his friend whereupon –

Friend said hiding we shall go, so I have advised the chief of Army

Prachhan-gat came there, knocked on Anjanaa’s doors

Vasant-maalaa coming recognised, with own eyes visualised her spouse

Anjanaa coming out , meeting eye to eye, then Pavanam-jay said:

I abused with my saying, I caused you you lot of ill-feeling
Clasping hands he knealt, pardon pardon my fault

Then – staying at his home three days, enjoying all good foods.

Thence beautiful anjanaa, became pregnant that night
Secret is this work, none knows this tale
Days went by. Anjanaa showed all signs of mother-to-be.

Pregnancy auspicious indication, pregnancy became known

Ketumati mother-in-law said – what have you done
Pavanji is away, daughter-in-law has inflated womb
Just as I thought has happenend,

And Anjanaa’s in-laws and her parents disowned her. So anjanaa went to the forest to live. Eating forest fruit, she began to spend the days. In due time –
..... Anjanaa son is Hanumant prince
as if the sun had arisen, from the heavans the virtuous sang glory
demon Raavan’s (enemy) born, Raam’s servant foundation of dharma

At birth of son, mother’s heart wailed. Hearing her crying a vidyaa-dhar by name of Pratsurya came. Taking mother and son in a plane, he took off. On the way, the son slipped from Anjanaa’s lap. Falling down, he smashed to bits the mountain.

Vidyaa-dhar came to the smashed mountain. Taking the child with care brought him to Anjanaa. This Vidyaa-dhar brought them to his city by name of Hanu-ruh. From the name of the city the child derived his name Hanumaan.

In time there was an explosion. Panam-jay kumar, Anjanaa and Hanumaan met and were enjoying themselves. Whereupon there was a call from Raavan to assist in battle. So Hanumaan said:

Hanumant said I will go, father said your body is small
But Hanumaan refused to agree, and went to battle. Fighting the sons of Varun

Raavan’s battalions fled, at fron is standing Hanu kumar

Seing just Hanumaan standing alone, the Varun sons said:
Come to the grasp of Varun, your days are done

Then a batle with Varun ensued

Achieving proficiency in the art of monkeys, took the form of a monkey then
Crying out aloud, defeated the battalions, for twelve yojan rang out the cry

Defeating Varun with his battalions, he turned them over to Raavan. Seeing the energy of child Hanumaan, Varun and Raavan were surprised.

Raavan praised Hanumant, brave with such small body
Calling great and priased, seing the great feat
Gave his earrings, also gave him lots of attires.

Sri Hanumaanji and monkeys

[Was Hanumaanji a monky or a human? This is a common question. Reply that question and relating experiences with monkeys, here “Kalyaan’s” direct author serves enjoyes of mangal-mandir publication – editor]

Sri hnaumaanji was from the race of monkeys, so it reads in the Raamayan. But in the present age of doubts, was Hanumaan a monkey or a human? Did he have a tail or not? Such questions keep arising. Those who study Mahaa-bhaarat or Valimiki Raamaayan diligently are not affected by such doubts. To have such doubts is indication of lack of knowledge of the ancient civilisation of Bhaarat.

Be as it may, but we recognise as true the ancient Shaastras, and should not give any place to doubt to any opposing views / guesses.

So we get to know from the Shaastras, Puranas, and history three things:

- 1) Hanumaan had a til
- 2) His form and character were almost like those of our monkeys
- 3) And they were not monkeys like modern monkeys. They studied just like the humans. They dressed just like the humans and living in Kishkindha, they just like the humans had social etiquettes and believed in organised social structure. Their organisation of the kingdom was similarly equal.

The doubters forget that Bhaarat's history is interwoven of divine and humans. And for the time the environment was sanctified, to that time heaven's deities traversed from heaven to earth. And similarly, the sense controlled mendicants made visits to the heaven. This fact will be acknowledged by all.

In those time, a demi-divine race resided in Bhaarat. The demi-divine monkeys, bears, serpents, demons, Yakshas, Kinnars also resided on the earth. These demi divine races from birth were able to change form of their desire. And these races were accomplished from birth.

Monkeys, bears, serpents etc. names are prevelant just by their namesake to the current likeness of the monkeys, bears, serpents. But despite their likeness to their current animal forms, they were diferent these animals. Their qualities , character more aligned to humans and the dieties.

But it is also probable that due to the polluted present times, they abdicate the earth. And that is why those demi divine races are not to be seen today.

The above clarification is provided because Hanumaanji was not a monkey like today's monkeys, but was from the demi divine race as above described. Today's monkey race is represent in form as proof. And Hanumaanji's grace is even to this day showered on present day monkeys. To please Hanumaanji, it is described in the granths to feed monkeys. And for that reason killing of monkeys' repentance, penance is considered equal to human killing. Pining the monkeys, Hanumaanji gets angry. Because by the medium of monkeys, Hanumaanji's grace also flows by that rule.

In this connection, I will relate three experiences to "Mangal mandir"'s readers, If not great benefit, it will certainly provide entertainment.

[1]

this relates to the year 1930. On the occasion of Sharad Purnimaa (full moon day) celebrations, I was visiting Chitrakut. I was at that time eighteen years old. I was very shy by nature in those days, so I could not go to anyone's house or a public guest house – dharma-shaalaa to stay.

After arriving in Chitrakut, I had bath in Payasvini. I had just six paisas. I was very hungry. So with 3 paisas I bought some roasted chick peas. And I went outside Chitrakut on the shores of Payasvini. There were mango trees in the jungle, a built around well where I sat. I had with me a wet dhoti which I spread out in front of me to dry. And sitting on one side of the well, I began to eat the chick peas.

I had just put the first chick peas in mouth whereupon some 25 to 50 red mouthed monkeys came up. In those there were not many monkeys in Chitrakut. For no apparent reason this troop of monkeys arrived. And they all sat in one line on the wet dhoti I had spread out, as if it had been laid for the purpose. The monkeys arranged their sitting in two rows facing each other. There was a gangway of a foot between the rows.

I was frightened thinking the monkeys considered me their foe. Or had they come to snatch my chick peas. Or will they tear apart my dhoti?

I considered the value of the chick peas more than my dhoti. I was very hungry. And I was left with only three pesis change.

Conversely, I had only two dhotis – one which I was wearing and the other I had left to dry. The monkeys had settled themselves on the dhoti, but I had no courage to disperse them.

At that moment I just had a thought – in Chitrakut Rammchandra resides permanently. I am a poor child have come as a guest of his. Then would he have sent his monkey army to attack me? Or would the directly perceivable Hanumaanji with his army arrived to dispense the punishment for my wrong doings?.

Would he not consider a helpless hungry child wants to eat some chick peas to satiate his hunger – would he not like it? What consideration from the just supreme purusha ?

I was also attached to my dhoti. I gradually took hold of one end of the dhoti. And it felt the monkeys understood my intention. Both the rows of the monkeys moved apart some four inches from the dhoti and settled in same two rows as before. The dhoti remained between them.

Even so, I could not pick up courage to pick the dhoti, Also the monkeys did not attempt to sit back on the dhoti.

I again sat on the edge of the well wall eating the chick peas. Now all the monkeys were sitting respectfully watching me. None was frightening me, and neither were they moving from their locations.

I was also hungry and could not let go of the chick peas without filling my stomach. At last my stomach was full. I had handfull of chick peas left which I left by the well wall on a platform.

Just as I moved away from there, the monkeys arrived at the spot. They would each only get two chick peas each, but they still picked and ate them. I picked up my dhoti and walked away.

[2]

A similar incident is from 1934. At that time I was residing in Vrindaavan. I had arrived to see the festival of Jamaashtami.. I fasted all day without even water and also kept awake for the night. On the morning of the ninth day, I thought on the way to bathing in the Yamunaa river I would buy some fruits from the shops. And after bathing and offering fruits to the Lord, I would break the fast of Janamaashtmi. After fasting for

twenty four hours and also keeping awake in the night, you can imagine my state of hunger !

Walking on the road I purchased quarter sher of ripe grapes from the bazaar. Putting the bunch of grapes in a paper bag I proceeded to the shores of the Yamunaa. Gokul you may have seen. On the buildings of Gokul, a number of monkeys were jumping about on the roofs. From amongst them a huge red mouthed monkey jumped and sat on my shoulder. As I raised my hand, he jumped off and sat on the opposite side of the road.

A chain of thoughts were provoked in my mind.

Referring to Gopaal-Krishna-Kannaiyaa, I said in my mind: “Krishna-Kannaiyaa ! Have you fed these monkeys so much buttermilk cheese to make them huge such they would strip me a guest of your intended offering of fruit!”

But the next moment, I thought if this monkey for the sake of the grapes jumped on me, then I should give it to him. And at that time I also had extra money with me. There was no need to worry.

Taking the bag with grapes I walked to the monkey and left it by him. But to my surprise the monkey would not even look at it.

I thought maybe the monkey does not realise the grapes were in the bag. So I took out the bunch of grapes from the bag and laid them out on top of it. As if he understood the thoughts in my mind, the monkey shifted few steps away.

But at the same time there was a strange happening. Seeing the grapes on top of the paper bag, the other monkeys came running to snatch away.. But as if the big monkey was guarding the grapes from a distance, he stopped all the other monkeys from going near the grapes. Maybe he had said in their language to the monkeys not to touch them. That they were meant for offering for adorable Kannaiyaa.

All the monkeys split up and sat in stray groups on the tree.

I waited for a little while to observe, but the monkeys seemed to have taken on the duty of guarding the grapes!

After waiting a little while, I put the grapes back in the bag and proceeded to the shores of the Yamunaa.

[3]

Third story is from 1950. I had gone to Kaashi. One day I had desire to have darshan of Sankat-mochan Hanumaanji consecrated by Goswaami Tulsi-daasji. On the way there was Durgaa-kund. I had a thought in my mind – Durgaa-devi was our clan’s deity. I (was borne in the area of Kaashi. I had visited Kaashi on numerous occasions. But I had never had chance to visit and see Durgaa-devi. I will today also have vision of Durgaa-devi. I stopped the taangaa-waalaa and alighted.

Nearby there was a florist shop. I went and looked but the flowers were not very good. I was a bit disappointed. One should always offer good things to the divine. Here there were only red karen flowers. The flowers which I did not like at all. What to do now? I had alighted from the taangaa to have vision, and to go without doing so was against my habit. At last I purchased just one garland of the flowers and proceeded towards the temple.

Right in the middle of the compound of the temple is a courtyard. Besides Sundays and holidays, there are not many about at the temple. Yes, the temple's cows and monkeys do roam about.

On the outside gates of the temple on both sides are statues of huge lions. Of those on the right was seated a small female monkey. As I was climbing the steps passing between the lions, she jumped trying to snatch away the flower garland and sat on the other lion. I had held on to the garland tightly, so the monkey could not take it away. I went inside the temple. I raised my hand to offer the garland to Mother when my gaze fell on the broken garland in my hand..

I was disappointed when I purchased it and now I was even more disappointed to see it broken. I thought in my mind Hanumaanji did not leave even that garland whole. I will not go to see Hanumaanji now.

I offered with a saddened heart the broken garland to Mother Durgaa. Saluting her, I reverted back I noticed the monkey still seated on the lion. Even she had tried to snatch the garland, some flowers had ended up in her hands, She was breaking up the flowers and devouring them.

I was again angry. Whatever the state of the garland I had bought with great faith and Hanumaanji had got it broken.

And that day I did not go to see Hanumaanji. I returned back from there.

That night I had a dream. In the dream I saw Mother's temple. In the temple were numerous statues of the Mother. Amongst those, there was a statue of Mother with the mouth of a monkey. As I was having the vision, immediately Mother Devi came stood in front of me and said: "I had taken one of your flower due to your great faith. You have expressed your displeasure on Hanumaanji for no reason. You probably do not know – Hanumaanji is my son."

I got up in the morning and after normal chores I had my bath. But the words of the monkey goddess in the night still reverberated in my ears: "I had taken one of your flower due to your great faith. You have expressed your displeasure on Hanumaanji for no reason. You probably do not know – Hanumaanji is my son."

I finished my morning worship in a haphazard way. Retiring from the worship I started to look in the scripture books to discover if there was a form of the mother with face of a monkey

Looking at the books I found in ancient Aagam-granth a notation to the monkey face form of Bhagawati. I also came to know that before the advent of the Rama incarnation, many devas and devis had taken form to aid Bhagwaan Raam. Amongst them the Monkey Goddess had taken incarnation of Anjanaa-devi – who was the mother of Sri Hanumaanji!

The kind reader should not consider this as a miracle or extraordinary. If we have firm faith / intellect towards the divine, then the divine energy is not beyond us. Every faithful being can experience this. If there is any lacking then it is that of our faith..

This essence my self experience is that Hanumaanji's grace can also be obtained by this medium. It is my humble request is that such descriptions in the scriptures of the divinely energised beings not be considered as just humans or animals but to be inspired by their great feats and deeds – you will obtain bliss thus.

Kapivar's contrivance

Author: Poet Sri Nrusimha Prasaad Bhatt

Hanumaanji was a great intellectual proficient in the grammar; and how did he with that proficiency fail Raavan's Yagna ritual? That is portrayed here.

Ullanghaya sindhou-ha salilam salilam
Ya-ha shok-vahanir-Janakaatma-jaayaa-haa |
Aadaay te-neiva da-daaha Lankaam
Namaami tam praanjalir-Aanjaneyam ||

Crossing the great ocean waters in mere play, taking the fire form of Jaanakiji's sorrow – setting ablaze the golden city of Lankaa – that Hanumaan I do pray clasping my hands. Once Sri Raamchandraji was smiling looking at the moon from the balcony. There came Sitaaji and shut both his eyes with her soft hands. Sri Raam said: “There is a deer in the moon. I set my gaze on him so that my Sita cannot be away from me.” Sitaaji immediately was pleased for her being recognised and they sat in the balcony enjoying conversation.

Bhagwaan Raam said: “ In the victory over Lankaa, if Marut-kumar was not present, then I would have remained separated from Sita.”

Sitaaji said: “I hear repeatedly from the mouth of Aarya-son praises to Anjani-nandan. Pray tell me one of those great feat of Pavan-kumaar in victory over Lankaa.”

Pleased with the sweet words of Sitaaji, with overjoyed countenance he iterated just one part of the feats of his utmost devotee Hanumaanji: “Jaanaki ! By the contrivance of Kapivar, the the ego-pride infatuated Raavan was set back and he met his defeat. See, with a view to gain victory he began to perform the Laksha Chandi Mahaa-yagna (One hundred thousand).

Now if the yagna gets performed straight forward, then it would bring defeat to Sri Raam and Raavan becomes victorious. But Kapivar Hanumaanji went into the Yagna mandap. He changed his form and greatly served all the brahmin folks. Satisfied with the service, seated in the Varun brahmins said: Varam bruhi, Varam bruhi” (ask a boon, ask a boon). Hanumaanji said he wanted nothing – so the brahmins apart from the normal dakshinaa (normal stipend) made a vow in front of the great Mother, so Pavan kumaar asked of the brahmins.”

“What did he ask for my Lord?”, Sitaaji said with great eagerness.

“Sita, in that asking of his is the contrivance of Kapivar. He asked “Give me just on portion (maatras) from the verses to Chandi-maayi.” Deluded by the play act of Bhavaani Bhagvati so so be it (Tatha-astu). Thereby that great grammatarian Maruti-nandan got what he wanted. In that was the destruction of Raavan and Sri Raam's victory”, Sri Raam reminiscing on Hanumaan said smilingly.

Sitaaji said: “Of which verse and portion did grammatarian Pavan-kumaar obtain. Pray tell me.”

Sri Raam began to say: “Listen Sita, Rupam dehi Jayam dehi, Yasho dehi, Dvisho jahi”, meaning that wishing for his resolve accomplishment give our yajmaan (organiser) Raavan beauty, victory, fame and destruction of enemies – was what the brahmins were

chanting. Kapivar's contrivance was in "rupam dehi" in which the "e" maatraa was requested by him – so it so happened that:

"Rupam dahi, jayam dahi, yasho daho, dvisho jahi" meaning that wishing for his resolve accomplishment may our yajmaan (organiser) Raavan's form be burned, his victory turn to ashes, his fame be burned, and his opponents be burned. So by Hanumaanji's obtaining just one maatraa, the whole Laksha-Chandi operation turned adverse by the fault of mispronunciation and instead of giving Raavan victory, destruction was granted – what contrivance of Kapivar! When Raavan came to know this, he began to maim the brahmins with his mace. Whereupon the noble like Vibhishan etc. said to him: "Even Bhagvati Shakti by mispronunciation through the brahmins is turning to oppose your accomplishment of resolution. Please believe and refrain. There is still time."

"But paying no attention and flouting the words of advise of his brother Vibhishan, Raavan became convinced that the monkey who in return for his service asked only for one maatraa was no ordinary person – that Hanumaan was no ordinary monkey but a great intellectual grammatarian and knower of tantra and mantra. Raavan was set back and by the contrivance of Kapivar, Sita I obtained you."

Sitaaji asked Raam for next morning to grant a boon to Hanumaanji according to his wishes for his assistance. And as if the moon was bearing witness it shed cool rays and hiding behind the clouds watched the sweet company of Sri Raam Sita. Though he was cursed with deterioration of his brilliance, he had not given up his act of the play act of prakruti and purusha. Sri Raam related Kapivar's contrivance to Sita – was it not heard by any other apart from the moon? Astu.

The great intellectual Hanumaan

Author : rev. Swaami Sri Sachchidaanandji

Was Hanumaanji a monkey or human? In reply to that question Swaamiji presents his view.

In a book published by Sastu Saahitya Vardhak Kaaryaalay "Mahaabhaarat vishe ketlaak vichaaro ane suchanaao" has an article "Hanumaan and his associates were humans but not monkeys with tails" the essential facts within which are that Hanumaanji was very well versed with Rug-ved, Yajur-ved, Saaam-ved and grammar faculty. Such a great intellectual, who can call such individual a monkey? In this God's creation can one see any rule by which one can draw inference that the race of monkeys could behold wisdom of the Vedas? So, it can be concluded that Hanumaanji and Sugriva and others who were the beholders of the knowledge of Vedas were not tailed monkeys. For example, just a little time ago when the war took place between Russia and Japan, noticing the jumping of the Japanese the Russians inferred them as Yellow monkeys (many Japanese are yellow in complexion). That is how this reference became established for the Japanese. And it also came to be used as such. Also even today many Europeans and other countries refer to the Russians as bears. And for the British as the British lions or John Bull. And take the example of our Bharat. Warriors of the Naag dynasty (Naag-vanshi) are famed, whose descendants of Chhotaa-nag-pur etc. Mahaarajas pride themselves with the title of "Naag" (serpent). So were they really serpents? Not so, they beheld the lustre of warriors so their dynasty became known as "Naag". Similarly, there is no doubt that Sugriva and his other associates and aids became known as monkeys. Observe, even to this day many

statues of Hanumaanji's face have moustache bent at the ends – so has anyone seen such moustaches on the faces of the monkeys? Yes, humans do have them. What do these moustaches suggest? It is worth thinking over.

Not observing the essential foundation of Maharshi Vaalmik, just as the story telling of the Puraans began in Bhaarat, so did the stories of hanumaan and Sugriva etc, spread out. Think over, can it happen for there to be a kingdom of the monkeys? In Ramaayan there is description of Kishkindhaa, a wealthy kingdom similar to those of the humans. In which case how can the residents and statesmen administrators of that kingdom be believed to be monkeys? Yes, in the construction of poetic verses some names may get attached to their synonym. By above facts, it becomes apparent that Hanumaan etc. were not tailed monkeys. But they were humans.

Hunumaan was a great intellectual, in that subject there is a prevalent example. Once in Bhagwaan Raam's court, the mind knower (antaryaami) Ramchandrajai observed the mind set of members that Hanumaan was a servant / guard sitting constantly at the feet of Raamchandrajai. He cannot be included in the class of intellectuals. Observing this neglect / disrespect of Hanumaan, Bhagwaan could not tolerate it. So to expose the intellectual brilliance of his devotee, suddenly in the full court he asked Hanumaanji a question – who are you? Hearing the question, Hanumaanji was astonished – does not my sweet Lord not know me? Surely it seems this question is being asked with an intent to the one who is ever present at his sanctified holy feet. So this could not remain hidden from intellectual Hanumaan. Immediately with clasped hands standing up within the ear shot of all courtiers in clear and full of intellectual words he courteously said:

By the consciousness of the gross body, I am your servant – you are my dear as life Lord
In practical terms I am part of you the resident in all - In mind set of individual being
From the angle of the aatma, I – you is that only one
From the vision of the Bhrahm, I am not nor are you
In the inexpressible, how can exist you and me?

By such reply there was a great surprise in the court. Hanumaanji got accounted amongst the best knowledgeable and intellectuals. By this example it becomes clear that hanumaanji was great knowledgeable intellectual, who can say that such spiritual knowledge exists in monkey with tail?. So by this it becomes very apparent Hanumaan was a human.

In Muktikopnishad, Sri Raamchandrajai in peaching to Hanumaanji says:

Vasanaam sam-parityajya mayi chin-maatra vighrahe |
Yas-tishatathi gata-sneha-ha soham sach-chit-sukhaatma-ka-ha ||
Darshan-a-darshane hitwaa svayam keval roopa-ta-ha |
Ya aaste kapi-shaardul bhrahm sa bhrahm-chitta svayam ||

Meaning: Those beings renouncing all attachments meaning giving up all affection to anything and stabilising the “I” (ego) on the pure consciousness considers just me as his form – that being transcends to become my sat-chit-aanand truth-consciousness-bliss form. And O greatest Kapi Hanuman. Any being forsaking my visible and invisible and

stabilises into the Brahm, in other words becomes committed that he is Brahm – he becomes the knower of Brahm and himself becomes Brahm.

By this sruti (verse) it becomes clear Hanumaan’s eligibility of not just any ordinary being but a being even greater than human – a divine being. So call him divine or Vaanar human but not from the animal kingdom’s monkey. This becomes easily comprehensible.

Humans are in four types.(1) Nar (2) Lok (3) Jan (4) Maanav. Humans in the Nar category are described in the Gitaa by Bhagwaan:

Tulya Nindaa stutir-mouni santush-tou yen ken-chit |
Ani-ket-ha sthir matir-bhaktim-aana-me priyo nar-ha ||

The one who considers praise and criticism with equanimity, and is also deep thinking, and remains content with whatever available for body upkeep, and remains unattached without affection to location of his stay, the stable intellectual is very pleasing to me. And also:

Sve sdhe karmanya-bhirata-ha sam-siddhi labhate nar-ha (Gita 18-45)

Sraddha-yaa parayaa tapatam tapasta-tri-vidham narei-ha |
a-falaa-kaam-kshi-bhir-yuktei-ha saatvikam pari-chaksha-te ||

The one engaged in his normal duties human (nar) achieves the bhagvat achievement of utmost fulfilment (siddhi). Similarly the three penances known as Saatvik penances - the being who achieves these is motiveless, free of desires of fruits of actions, and totally faithful. All these qualities are present in Hanumaan. In other words, the qualities of Nar are embedded in Warrior Hanumaan. And also to aid bhagvaan Vishnu’s incarnation the divine beings were born into the Nar type as human beings.(This is proclaimed in the Raamaayan).So it is established that Hanumaan and Sugriv etc. were human beings and not animals in the form of monkeys..

And now the description of qualities of the class of beings:

Yagna-artharta-karmano-anyatra loko-ayam karma-bandhana-ha (A.3.9)

Those actions performed in the course of yagna, apart from those all other actions are binding the beings. In other words Bhagwaan has described beings engrossed in worldly actions by the word “Lok”. They perform all good actions – but for consumption and achieving end goals for themselves – to achieve fruits of those actions.

Now follows description of “Jan”:

Pra-vruttim cha ni-vruttim cha jan na vidur-asuraa-ha (A. 16.7)

Pretaan-bhoot-ganaan-scha-anye yajante taamsaa janaa-haa (A.17.4)

A-shhashtra-vihitam ghoram tapa-yante ye tapo janaa-haa (A.17.5)

The beings in the category of “Jan” are of demonic behaviour and outlook and do not know of engaging in actions and dis-engaging from non-actions. Such being of tamas qualities worship ghosts. And also they do penance prohibited by the scriptures. They ascribe to bodily pleasures and know none other than actions of eating, fear, sleep, procreation. Such beings of animal qualities are categorised in the “Jan” class of beings. In other words “Jananeti-jana-ha” – the one engaged solely in procreation is known as “Jan”.

Now follows description of “Maanav”:

The being who professes to bring the mind under control. And also has tendency to consume detachedly fruits gained by performing righteous actions is known as “Maanav”

“Yata-ha pra-vruttir-bhutaanaam yen sarvam-idam tatam |
sva-karmanaa tama-bhya-arcya siddhim vindati maanava-ha || (A.18.46)

The Param-aatmaa (highest being) from whom all beings have come forth and by whom this whole is pervaded – the one worshipping that Param-aatmaa (Maanav) achieves the highest accomplishment. Just as a fithful wife considering her husband as her everything and continuously thinking thus performs to the requirements of her husband with all her mind, speech and body devoting the actions to the Lord, such a being is counted in the category of “Maanav” class.

Thinking thus establishes warrior Hanumaanji was a devotee of the highest class, spiritual knowledge, and residing in the highest class of “Nar”, a qualitative human. But then The Lord knows all. Astu..

Sri Hanumaanji in Valmiki Raamaayan

Author: Dr. Sri Bhaanu-shankar Nilkanth Aachaarya M.A.PhD

Based on Vaalmiki Raamaayan, facts are presented here of Sri Hanumaanji’s form and other details – Editor

Sri Hanumaanji has been described as a monkey in Vaalmiki Raamaayan and other Raamaayans. But reading through his description in Vaalmiki Raamaayan, it observes clearly that he must have been a human.

Sri Hanumaanji’s knowledge of the scriptures

The event of the first meeting of Sri Raam Laxman with Sri Hanumaanji is described the poet as:

**Naan-rugved vini-tasya naa-yajur-ved-dhaarin-ha |
Naa-saam-ved vidush-ha shakyam-eva vi-bhaashi-tum ||
Nunam vyaakaram krutsna-manen bahudaa srutam |
Bahubyaa-harataanen na kimchid-pashabdi-tam ||
(Kiskindhaa Kaand 3-28-29)**

In this verse Sri hanumaanji was knowledgeable of Rugved, Yajurved, Saamved, etc. and also all the grammar. And there was no fault in his pronunciation has been clearly described.

The time when Sri Hanumaanji first entered Lankaa has been described by poet Vaalmik as:

Chakre-atha paadam savyam cha sha anaamsa tu murdhani | (Sundar Kaand 4-6)

i.e. He put his left foot on the head of the enemies.

In astrological, it is prescribed enter enemy territory with the left foot – this verse is related to that.. So Hanumaanji also possessed knowledge of the astrological sciences is made clear.

After returning back from Lankaa with Sitaaji, Hanumaanji describes Sitaaji to various monkeys – the poet describes:

Prati-pat-paath-shil-asya vidhi-eiva tanu-taam gataa | (Sundar Kaand 60-31)

i.e. she is week like the student of the first day of the lunar fortnight.

In this verse Hanumaanji is portrayed as possessing the knowledge of rules pertaining to forbidden actions according to the dharma scriptures.

When Sugriv sends hanumaanji for the first meeting with Sri Raam Laxman, at that time:

Kapi-rupam pari-tyajya Hanumaan-Maarut-Aatmaj-ha |

Bhikshu-roopam tato meje shath-buddhi-tayaa Kapi-hi || (Kishkindhaa Kaand 3-2)

Poet Vaalmiki thus describes Hanumaanji discarding his form deceitfully presented the form of a beggar. In this verse it transpires the monkey form was artificial as also that Sri hanumaanji was proficient in deceit – politics becomes obvious.

Also at the time of entry to Lankaa, proceeding to enter Raavan's palace and various other events, Sri Hanumaanji is described as taking a miniscule form and before Sitaaji and other events taking a massive form are described in various places in Vaalmiki Raamaayan – not included here due to space. By these it becomes clear Hanumaanji was versed in Yoga practices and had mastered the eight accomplishments (siddhis). Thus Sri Hanumaanji possessed knowledge of the scriptures becomes clear from the above. During the events of the battles, it also becomes clear that Hanumaanji possessed knowledge also of art of war.

When was Sri Hanumaanji's entry to Lankaa ?

In Sudarkaand's 53rd chapter verse 16 in commentary by Tilak is mentioned Raavan abducted Sitaa in month of Faalgun; in the bright half of month of Kaartik, the monkeys initiated search for Sitaaji; on the ekaadashi (11th lunar day) of the bright half of month of Poush Hanumaanji mantry into Lankaa, and that night he sighted Sitaaji; on the night of the 12th lunar day he met with Sitaaji; and in night of the bright half of the 14th / full moon he set alight on fire Lankaa. These indicate there were only two months left from the 12 months span that Sitaaji had told Raavan – the commentator thus explains with the dates.

Protection by Sri Hanumaan

When Raavan commanded setting alight Hanumaanji's tail, protection was provided by the merit of the chastity of Sitaaji. On that occasion Sitaaji says:

Yada-asti pati-su-srushaa yadya-asti caritam tapa-ha |

Yadi vaa tva-eka-patni-tvam shito bhava Hanumata-ha ||(Sundar kaand 63-23-27)
i.e. O Agni ! If I have served my husband, performed penance, and observed chastity,
then you become cool in Hanumaanji.

Despite alighting Hanumaanji and he was not affected by fire, he was very surprised, and
he observed and realised he had been protected by the influence of Sri Raam and Sitaaji.

The grant of immortality to Hanumaanji:

After taking of leave of Sugriv and others from Ayodhya, Hanumaanji requested Sri
Raam:

Yaavad-Raam-kathaa vir charishyati mahi-tale |

Taavat-cha-sharire batsa-yantu praanaa mama na sanshaya-ha || (Uttar kaand 40-17)

i.e. until Raam-kathaa prevails on this earth, till then my life force will remain in your
body – this is without doubt.

By this request, it is clear till Raam-kathaa prevails on this earth i.e. for ever, immortality
is granted to Hanumaanji.. And to this day, among the immortals, Hanumaanji's name is
at the forefront.

Sri Raamji's considered obligation to Hanumaan

Sri Raamchandraji accepting obligation to Sri Hanumaanji said:

Ek-ekiek-sya-upkaar-asyapraan-aanand-sya-ami te Kape |

Shep-asye-ha-upkaaraa-naamaam bhavaam runino vayam |

Bhad-agne jirna-taam yaatu yat-vayo-up-krutam Kape |

Nara-ha prati-upkaaraa-naam-aapat-svaa-yaati paatra-taam || (Uttar Kaand 40-23-24)

i.e. O Kapi ! from all your obligations on me if I give my life in return for even one, I still
remain in debt to you for all the others. So Kapi! I just say that all your obligations be
digested. Because when one is in difficulty, only then he becomes eligible to oblige
(meaning that you have difficulty any time and I do not have occasion to return the
obligation back to you). In this way, Sri Raamchandraji says it is impossible to return
favour for the obligations of Sri Hanumaanji.

Sri Hanumaanji's service to Sri Ramchandraji was totally selfless and to recompense that,
Sri modest Purushottam (greatest purush) declares his inability and qualifies the true
value of his service.

Sri Raamdoot Hanumaan

Author : Sri Chimanlal B. Thaaker – Vaamajkar

In our modern Bharat (India) application of science is at the forefront. We receive news
of villages hundreds of miles away with the aid of science. But the news of separation of
husband wife is obtained through humans by humans. Existence of Bhaarat predates
modern era of science. Today's Bhaarat is the land of Sri Bhagwaan Raam. Bhagwaan Sri
Raam was born in this land. Where would one find modern scientific methodology in
ancient Bhaarat?

In the era of Sri Raam, humans took the aid of humans or animals. Such Bhagwaan Sri Raam resided in our Bhaarat. Pleasures and pain affected not just ordinary humans but also Bhagwaan like Raam....

“Na jaanyu Jaanki naathe savaare shu thavaanu chhe”

In that manner, instead of Raam’s crowning as the king, he was bestowed with life in the forest. The command of the parents was the prime mantra of those times. And so

“Van chale Raam Raghuraai...”

Raam went to the forest. Like the sharp teeth of the circular saw sufferings moved around.. Raam bowing to the wishes of Sita went after the deer to hunt. Same time Raavan abducted Sita. Raam returned after hunting the deer ... but

He experienced separation from Sita... Now in that era, where was scientific research available? Sita was taken over the seas. Raam came in the army of the monkeys.. and messengers were sent out for news. Hanumaan was the son of the Wind god (Maarut). And so he was reckoned to be the ideal for the job. Hanumaan became Bhagwaan’s greatest devotee. And he took the status of messenger. And on those whom the grace of the Lord is showered, for them the impossible becomes possible. Such as :

Taa kaham Prabhu kachhu agam nahim jaa par tumaha anukulaa |

Tav prabhaav badvaan-lahi jaari sakai khalu tul ||

And the status of messenger Hanumaanji glorified by the grace of Sri Raamji.. Because the person who for ever observes celibacy, and true faith in heart for the Lord, that being is always victorious. Such being observing celibacy – Hanumaan – in one jump with a lion like roar traversed the ocean, and returned with the news of creatrix of the worlds – Sitaaji.

Such was speedy Hanumaan. Even this day, the greatest ideal devotee status is held by Hanumaan. And such celibate Hanumaan is ever remembered by the youth.the wrestlers in the ring prior to their match pray to devotee Hanumaan:

Mano-javam Maarut tulya-vegam

Jit-indriyam buddhi-mataam varish-tham |

Vaat-aatmajam vaanar-yuth-mukhyam

Sri Raam-dootam sharam pra-padhye ||

O Hanumaan ! Make us speedy agile like the mind and wind. And make us celibate.

This is our modern prayer. The being who devotes to Hanumaan is the ideal servant of Hanumaan. In that era Hanumaan glorified the status of a messenger. Sri Hanumaan was the ideal messenger and greatest devotee of Sri Raam. He suffered even a moment’s separation from Sri Raam. And was always prepared to do his service to Sri Raam. For the re-convening of Sitaaji with Sri Raam - the praise for this goes to Sri Hanumaan.

Those being who truly heartfully devote to the Lord and who worship faithfully Bhagwaan, they are the ideal devotees.. Sri Hanumaan became that messenger. And serving Sri Raam became devotee to Sri Raam. And to take rest without accomplishing Sri Raam’s tasks he felt was inappropriate, as he used to say:

Raam-kaaju kinhem binoo mohi kahaam visraam ||

And sanctifying the status of messenger, people pray to the statue of Sri Hanumaanji: “O Sri Raam’s messenger, we seek refuge in thee”

Sri Raam dootam sharanam pra-padhye ||

Sri Hanumaanji

(from viewpoint of health)

Author: Dr. Sri Manibhaai Bhaa. Amin

The minds, speedh and behaviour are meant for the good of the world. From religious point also, Mahaavir’s glory is not described any less in this edition. But from point of body, if strength, intellect and health are not present, then where will be the presence of religion?. The author of this article gives us the view of Hanumaanji from the angle of health. Editor

In winter and specifically in the month of Sraavan, many homes conduct collective recitation of Raamayan, Bhaagwat. The youth get very great pleasure to hear the feats of Hanumaanji and Bhim. In the story of Maha-Bhaarat, the very strong Bhim could not even lift the tail of valorous Hanumaanji. Thinking on this, one realises the tremendous strength and energy of Hanumaanji.

If we read meticulously the life history of Hanumaanji, contemplate on it and understand it, we question what was he not? It is not possible to understand it. Valiant Hanumaan was a great astrologer, great musician, great intellectual and extraordinary loving devotee. Not just that, he was also a great medicine man.

How proficient he was in medicine can be gauged from his attire, diet, behaviour...He was very fond of Aankdaa flowers and Sidoor (red lead) and to this day he is adorned by those during his worship. Behind that there is a great reason.

Firstly, we will interrogate how Hanumaanji was strong inside and outside. His life was simple and straightforward – mind intellect, speech and behaviour were unadulterated and social. As a result his organs of his body were pure, clean strong. Misuse of speech, and behaviour result in the destruction of inner purity and make the finer parts of the body diseased.

His attire and diet were so simple and natural! On the body he only wore a loin cloth and his diet consisted of fresh leaves or fruit. His huge and impenetrable body and also his amazing body strength were due to his very natural living. America’s modern alopahy doctors are recommending natural living.

By exposing the body 24 hours to open air, the body’s every vein is filled with life giving oxygen, and by the powerful rays of the sun and moon and stars the body becomes clean and brilliant. Similarly by partaking fresh fruits and green leafy foods, the five elements of the body are least disturbed and with minimum intake get maximum nutrition. Valiant Hanumaan’s health wisdom was so wide and great?

Celibacy meaning protecting the semen – by its effect the body’s outer and inner organs become strong and brilliant. That understanding and knowledge valiant Hanumaanji demonstrated to us by energy he obtained from practice of katch and celibacy. Keeping semen from sexual intercourse, it’s lustre can be converted to the head and heart. More than a strong person, the celibate person is more lusterous and strong. Apart from

protecting the outer health of the body, it is also necessary to think of the inner health. This view and knowledge Hanumaanji has imparted to us.

Saturday is dedicated to Hanumaanji. Every Saturday, worshippers offer Aakdaa flowers, oil and sindoor (red lead) paste to the statue of Hanumaanji. Behind this are very important scientific and health reasons.

Let's think of the importance of Saturday.

Everyone is frightened of the effect of Saturn in their horoscope. The effect of Shanidev (Saturn) is so extraordinarily powerful that on whoever his curse or bad gaze rests, becomes helpless. None can save him. Even a Lord is made a beggar to roam the earth. Neither he gets enough to eat nor clothes to protect his modesty. Due to such extraordinary impact of Shanidev, everyone is frightened of him. But if Shanidev is pleased and is residing in the fifth house of the individual's horoscope, then he is made a king from pauper. Such is the power of Shanidev, so everyone prepares to please Shanidev.

The body's lustre, the excreting process of the body, stoppage of urine, the ugly becoming of the body, hunch back, spine, digesting system are under the influence of Shanidev. TB, asthma, jaundice, cancer, stroke, skin diseases, diseases of the urine excreting organ are all due to the effect of the displeasure of Shanidev.

Shanidev's lineage is oil extractor. He lacks in compassion, forgiveness, benevolence and such virtues. When he becomes adverse, then that is how he remains. To obtain protection from Shanidev, people turn to the Lord's great devotee, who is endowed with great strength of the body, mind, speech and the soul but nevertheless compassionate and benevolent – no surprise people turn to take refuge in that Hanumaanji.

Hanumaanji is guileless and compassionate. To protect people from the effects of Shanidev, he immediately taught them the rules of health. He advised people: "Brothers, the effect of Shanidev is to prevent the excreta from leaving the body and thus results in diseases. To obtain protection, make the organs strong by observing celibacy and live a natural life – to keep the pores of the skin open do exercise – to avoid skin diseases smear oil on the body – if already affected by diseases then to please Shanidev fast on Saturdays – for skin diseases rub in sindoor (red lead) and oil mix – for asthma, cough take Aakdaa flowers – for TB and cancer observe celibacy and pray and worship Sri Raam".

To obtain protection, we always go on Saturdays with sindoor and Aakdaa flowers – does this not seem obverse and strange? Is Hanumaanji affected by Shanidev in the horoscope? It may be that to maintain the message of Hanumaanji, the wise have created this arrangement to visit Hanumaanji on every Saturday !

Hanumaan's Jump

Sri Sarod

On the edge of the vast expanse of the ocean, surrounded by the monkey kings
Stood Hanumaanji, with inexplicable sorrow in heart
Beyond the continuous water Lanka city, there Jaanaki,
Have to go without doubt to get message, by the command of Raam

Energy lacking body or impossible to traverse the waters ?

In these thoughts the moments constantly while away
Sudedenly awoke in the heart the consciousness
I the servant of Raam, my energy not limited
I full of energy, and strong, I am of the limitless Bhrahmaand
Victorious, what lack do I have
Uttering glory to Raam, with limitless will power
Jumped the brave Hanumant

Crossing the seemingly endless waters, that strength from Sri Raam
Always direct my mind to cross the expanse of the worldly existence.

The light house to light darkness of knowledge of human heart
Great servant Maaruti

Author: AshtaangYogi Sri Purna-visraam

Eons old some incidents represent light houses of ridding the darkeness of the lack of knowledge of human heart. Where about born in the Dwaapar eon Raam and Hanumaan? That great story which infused Tretaa eon with vibrance – new energy, new devotion – and even in the present Kaliyug eon offering with same energy guidance to devotees. The radiance of the Sun cannot be separated from the Sun; similarly Raam and Hanumaan's lives cannot be parted. Just like the Raamaayan is depicted by the life history of Raam, in same way it is adorned by the brilliance of life history of Hanumaan. If there was no brilliance in the Sun it would not be considered a Sun; similarly would be the impact of discounting Hanuman from the Raamaayan – it would not be Raamaayan. The whole of human society's progressive indicator Sri Raamaayan has placed Hanumaan at high status – not unknown to the lovers of Raam. Whose praises children sing on Saturdays, on the birthday of Hanumaan, on Raam-navami with great passion:

Glory to the Lord of Siyaa, glory to adorable Raaghav
Say to benevolent Hanumaan – glory, glory, glory

Many Sanskut lovers also prya to Hanumaan with verses:

Manojavam Maarut-tulya-vegam
Jit-endriya buddhi-mattaam varishthim |
Vaat-aatmajam vaanar yooth mukhyam
Sri Raam-dootam sharanam pra-padhye ||

Anjani garbha-sambhooto Vaayu putro mahaa-bali |
Kumaaro braham-chaari cha tasmei Maarut-ye namaha ||

It is a rule that ggod character is worshipped for long times. Observe the lineage of the qualities of Hanuman? Who is speedy just as the mind and windin cotrol of the mind and its faculties, greatest amongst the intellectuals. The leader amongst his race. Born of the womb of Anjani. Incarnation of Shambhu and son of the Wind god. Hugely strong, and child celibate. Despite all these high qualities, still remained serving to Raam which is his

greatness. Just as candy increases the sweetness of when mixed in milk – in same manner serving to Raam placed a star in Hanumaanji's life.

Easy to be called servant but to become a servant is difficult

Sevaa-dharma-ha param-gahano yogi-na-amapya-gamya-ha

Even unknown to yogis - of the leader in duty of service – let us reminisce on the life of Maaruti.

To write about the life of Maaruti is akin to lighting the Sun with a candle, nevertheless some of the events of his life are helpful for progress of human life and very useful.

Child warrior son of Anjani Hanumaan

Extraordinary men's birth is also extraordinary. When the words hit Anjani's ears that by the light of Sadaa-Shiv she would carry a child, she then trying to disprove the words buried her body down from midriff in the earth and carry out penance. But what is foretold cannot be erased. The saying "Man thinks he does all, the doer is but another, what has been initiated remains unfinished, only by the will of the almighty gets done" came to be tested. To accomplish the fruits of the penance, Anjani got Bhagwaan Shankar to blow the mantra, fate does not fail. Shankar's semen by blowing entered through the ear of Anjani into her womb. Fate's great strength did its work. Minutes, hours, days and months went by, Anjani's foetus began to grow, Sri Hanumaanji took birth. The child began to play in lap of Anjani. Anjani passed days imparting her motherly love. The child gets hungry. Seeing the sun in the sky thinks it was a fruit to eat. The child displayed his valour. At the speed of wind he departed to devour the sun. Indra thinking it was a demon trying to devour the sun threw his weapon vajra at him. The child fell to break his jaw (hanu in sanskrit) and became known as Hanumaan. Can a child be so valorous?. Why not? If the earth is good, the seed is good, the rains are proper, good husbandry should see a good crop. Anjani was personification of celibacy, statue of penance, Shankar a yogi, his semen unfailing, child from that semen means a symbol of valour, intellect. Compare modern cowardly society of low intellect to this Mahaavir. For this to happen is due to breaking of the rules of rearing children.

Chief of the army and beginning of the army.

To a child mother's lap is his heaven. And it also world of Bhrahm and Vainkunth. Similarly the one who has spent his life in the lap of mother nature, he has no aspirations of worldly things. In him sprouts valour, intellect and expansion of great character, the capability to understand success of human life.

Lap of mother nature means the simple singing of birds, the luminosity of the nature in the form of flora and fauna waving in the pleasant wind. The tops of mountains conversing with the clouds in the sky. By the roars of the wild beasts, the forest reverberates. Where there is play of lovely animals like deer, the "hum, hum" sounds of somersaulting monkeys, streams and rivers are running out zealously to meet the sea saying to the humans why don't you have the zeal to meet the creator? Look we are going, why are you still sleeping? In such excellent lap Hanumaan begins to rear from a child to a youth. He wrestles with his contemporaries. Does sit up and downs. Does meditation. Together he learns of worldly knowledge. His life aim is to serve – how can he be a fool? Fools can never serve.

Hanumaan apart from being a great wrestler was also a pandit. Think what present day student I like. Legs like those of lapwing, tragic light lacking eyes like water in a dark well, face akin to dried sour fruit and body representing sugar cane squeezes of its juices. Like dried bamboo sticks waving in the wind. Whose both body and mind are weak, what could that student accomplish?

Hanumaan gained the youth, but good people are not blinded by it. The females' charms are dispelled by the shield of restraint. The one whose life is devoted to sincere celibacy. But for the betterment of society who becomes minister of Sugriv. Yathaa raajaa, yathaa prajaa (like king, like his subjects). But the king hands and limbs are his ministers. By whose consultation rules are carried out. By the lack in ministers, subjects are led to disaster. While good ministers' competency leads to welfare of the subjects. Even this day, we reminisce on Raam's kingdom. But who was managing it? Bhramaa's mind child dynastic teacher Vashishtha and with Hanumaan also! Where would then be any lack? Sugriv had good ministers and by attempts for the betterment, the monkey race advanced in intellect such that the race got valorous Raavan meet the dust.

Meeting with Raam and service to Raam

Bad company breeds vices. The one who tried to please Lord Shankar, subduing the divine, lecturing on Ved - Raavan due to effect of bad company led to the road of immorality. He became the destroyer of rishis and munis, immersed in sensual pleasures and a brahmin-demon ! He spread terror all over the world. He abducted Sitaaji from Panchavati.

Raam and Laxman in search of Sita traversed over forests and mountains. Fearful his brother Vaali, his younger brother Sugriv with his ministers was staged on Rushyamuk mountain. As the saying goes – one burnt by milk eats curd by scent. Sugriv inferred the two were secret spies of Vaali.

To discover their mission, he sent the great intellectual and faithful Hanumaan to meet them. Only those of clean heart can recognise another of the same. Hanumaan became aware of Raam's circumstances. Just like the source is only one of the seven colours of the rainbow, similarly Raam and Hanumaan although of different bodies became one of heart. And Hanumaan bowed to the feet of his supreme deity. And by all modes taking refuge in Raam became overjoyed. From Raam and Laxman were taken to where Sugriv was. Sugriv learned all the details. He became Raam's great friend. He handed over the jewellery of Sita. Raam showered his grace on Sugriv. He offered his willingness to retrieve his wife from Vaali. In return, Sugriv promised to help in search of Sita, And both the friends became participants in each other's pains and pleasures.

In search of Sita

Powerful men disposing with humanity become demons. Those engaged in destroying others valour and power, for their destruction nature is always prepared. In short time they reap the fruits of their actions.

Pardaaraathi preet kare, hoy sujan balwaan
Palavaar maa rodaai jashe, satya kahe Visraam

(engaged in lust of other's wife, he may be good and strong
In a moment beats the dust, truly says Visraam)

Restraint is the only big strength. The measure of Vaali's strength who kept Raavan in his hold for six months and who hung prince Angad as a rattle toy – that Vaali by lustfully engaged with the wife of his brother beat the dust at the arrows of Raam. Raavan's end was also determined he same. Killing Vaali, Raam returned wife to Sugriv. Sugriv sent his men in all directions in search of Sitaa. Sitaaji was in Lankaa- with this message he sent them all out to discover. But who would go? Jaambvaan took courage, but being old he could not fulfil. Jaambvaan reminded youth celibate Hanumaan of his strength and devotion and take faith in them. Hanumaan prepared to go to Lankaa in search for Sitaa. Service to Lord Raam was his only great task, he took from Raam advice and finger ring, going towards Lankaa, he went at wind speed to traverse the ocean.

Crossing over the waves of the ocean he reached the calm waters, whereupon a huge bodied demoness caught Bajrang in her fist and rested him in her stomach. Hanumaan making his body reduce to minute size came out of her mouth. Hanumaan as intent upon the destruction of this demoness, so he resumed his former form, and the demoness again sent him back to her stomach. Hanumaan increasing his form within tore apart the demoness's stomach and came out. The demoness returned the five elements. From there Hanumaan made entry into Lankaa.

Analysing the destruction of the demoness, the essence is the soul is Hanumaan. And he is in search of Sitaa in form of peace. The demoness in the form of Maayaa forms hurdle in the way to obtaining happiness giving peace. Life's true form is very fine. Body consciousness is the curtain presented by Maayaa. When the being realises its true form, he is released from the clasp of Maayaa. But to destroy Maayaa, knowledge of the ultimate reality has to be gained. Obtaining the knowledge of the ultimate reality, Maayaa loses her independence and becomes subservient wagging her tail. This is a subject of experience. The human being who does not consider him as the body and has accomplished realisation he is beyond it removes the curtain of Maayaa and obtains true happiness.

Seven elements rule human being's life, in which reside gross, feeling and causal bodies at the animal level in the form of a human being. Approaching from the fourth mind element at the periphery of the fifth element the being achieves miracle of luminosity of knowledge. Reaching the fifth element, the being denounces his animal form and its attributes and remains tempted to do good works. Still sometimes the mind inclination droops to bad actions. Therefore one has to beware of the mind potentiality, and develop high thoughts, feelings and desires. So the lust / sex feelings/thoughts, enmity, jealousy and such low tendencies are reduced in strength. From the intellectual / knowledge mind, the being enters spiritual mind. As the spiritual mind grows, benevolence, righteousness, truth, love, compassion, selflessness, justice and brotherhood feelings begin to show.. such being are born only for the benefit of others. Gradually progressing to the Aatma element which is the seventh, there speech and intellect lose their faculties. Atmaa is the true form and the one who gets to know it has nothing remaining to know.

The major part of human society is stuck relishing in mis-knowledge. To raise them, high developed souls who have accomplished the seventh element in the likes of Hanumaan, Raam, Krishna are born by their own desire to eradicate un-righteousness. Just as a medical doctor / surgeon performs cutting out of the bad parts of the patient's body to

make him better, similarly these incarnations destroying demonic tendencies of the society dedicate their moral good conduct for the uplifting of all people. The reason for Hanumaan accepting servitude to Raam was just that. Those wishing for happiness must strive constantly to progress from the fifth element onwards. The faintness of heart must not be let to come in its way.

Hanumaan reaching Lankaa made full search to find Sita maata in Ashok forest under the Ashok tree, drabbed in sorrow. Kneeling to her, giving the finger ring made her aware of all going on and consoled her. If he so desired, he could have lifted Sitaaji from Lankaa and brought her to Raam. But how would that benefit anyone? The one who was intent on destruction demonity, would he silently slip away? He destroyed the gardens and set ablaze Lankaa. Only then did he prepare to return to Raam.

Humaity arises in animal:

Lankaa ia ablaze. Hanumaan's body covered with sweat. Crosses the ocean. How much energy is contained in the one who has accepted to serve others. Enroute, a female crocodile is waiting with mouth gaping open to devour the next meal. Hanumaan's drop of sweat drops in her mouth.. From that drop of sweat was Makar-dhwaj, a glorious and valourous son. A human is borne of an animal. If there is such energy in his sweat, what of his semen? The modern who waste their semen like water, would they not need to weigh this event and drop a few tears on their animal condition? Would they not be able to understand the purpose of life?

Destruction of the evil and regaining Sita:

Crossing the ocean, Hanumaan came to Raam. He relayed all the facts about Lankaa. Angad was sent to negotiate peace with Ravan. But the one whose intellect has vanished, that Ravan declared a war. Battle took place between Raam and Raavan. What battle! What description befits it? The monkey army and the demons spared no weapons to destroy each other. The weapons of the monkey army were the stones from the mountains and trees. The demons were being destroyed. And many monkeys also lost lives. What else can happen in a battle? Only destruction. Suddenly there was despair in the monkey army. Indrajit flung the shakti in the chest of Laxman. Laxman lost consciousness and fell to the ground. According to the convention, the battle was stopped. Lankaa's herbal doctor Sushen was lifted together with his abode to be brought by Hanumaan. The doctor asked for medicines to be brought from Aushadhi-prastha mountain. Such task can only be allocated to Hanumaan! Because there was presence of service and energy. Hanumaan left to bring the medicine. On the way Kaal-nemi played trick. He pretended to be a guru astrologer and tricked Hanuman. If time gets wasted in getting the medicine would be of no use. So he started to foretell Hanumaan of the battle's future. He drew Hanumaan's interest. He showed interest in getting Guru mantra. But such deceit cannot last in front of truth. Hanumaan got thirsty. He went to the lake to drink water.

A female crocodile caught him. He killed her. On her departure to the dine abode, he said to Hanumaan the guru was not a rushi but Kaalnemi. Hanumaan returned the guru-dikshaa by blows and kicks to Kaalnemi to his destruction. And he departed at wind speed to get the medicine. He lifted the whole maountain, and returned where Laxman was lying unconscious. Applying the medicine to Laxman, he woke up. And the battle restarted. Raavan met his death by the arrows of Raam. And got back Mother Sita. Pride is blind. It cannot be seen and when it overcomes someone, brings that person's destruction. Therefore to ensure pride does clash with one, make way for it – get out from

the way it comes. Else conclude destruction. Raavan's destruction was due to his pride of his strength.

Appreciation of service and its return:

The crown to the throne of Raam was conducted great pomp and show. Dresses, presents given and everywhere there was happiness. Appreciating Hanumaan's service, Jaankiji gave him her necklace of pearls. Having accepted the gift, but being a monkey he conducted himself somewhat like an ape. He tested each pearl trying to break them with his teeth. Sitaaji and the courtiers were surprised. All thought that despite serving the Lord, why was Hanumaan not spared his monkey behaviour? Just as the Kaalminth stone despite staying in water hundred years still does not desolve, does the human heart not convert after company of virtuous beings?

Raam observing the countenance of the courtiers realised that they were not pleased by the action of Hanumaan. He considered Hanumaan intellectually incompetent, the matter needed to be settled. Raam commanded Hanumaan to reconcile the minds of the people. Following Ram's command, Maaruti said I do not see Ram in the pearls. What is the use of things which do not have Raam? To my mind Raam is everything. You will then question is Raam in my body? Why have you kept your body? To answer that, look whether Raam resides in my chest. Saying thus he tore open his chest with his bare hands to reveal Raam to all. And he further said, "By body consciousness I am Raam's servant. As a being I am part of Raam. As *aatmaa*, I am myself Raam. In my vision, there is nothing but Raam.

Everyone praised Maaruti, the tri-personification of karma-yog (actions), bhakti-yog (devotion) and Gnaan-yog (intellect) and considered themselves very fortunate..

The article has expanded like the long night of autumn, but even so the pen declares more thoughts to propel. So to conclude, we will demonstrate the essence of Bajarang's life for the modern society.

Maaruti never took aid from anyone, but instead he served. In modern society, it is the reverse. Instead of serving, it is considered more appropriate to be served, and also claim they are serving. To take service from someone, consider it a sin. Become proficient and self sufficient. Body strength is an attire, but if will power is absent and tendency of violence prevails, then it becomes a vice. So promote will power. The one who does not become a servant, he can never become a master. Maaruti becoming servant has become the master of millions of hearts. In the zeal of serving – start from serving in the home – without passing that examination, do not enter the wider field of worldly service. Because the first lesson of serving begins with the parents. Service should not be imparted in exchange of wealth, respect or greed. Because such service will not bring peace.

Wherever we are in the present, that is where service should begin. And that service reaches God. Because all beings are the Lord's form. Invalid, poor, helpless – get their grace. Do not seek to gain from improper means. Do not extort belongings of others. Steal not the anvil to donate a needle. Do not cultivate attitude of proclaiming to be a great servant. In reality to serve is a misunderstanding. Whatever we do, we do so for the peace of our ourselves. We do it for our good., because all beings are own form – they are our *aatmaa*. To keep this sermon to remain permanent, keep in mind the great servant Maaruti and his life, to get the best out of human life – my humble request. Iti – Shivam

Maaruti's determined faithful servant devotee Baldev-daas

By: Sri Kaalidaas Raam-Krishnadaas kirtan-aachaarya

The great soul Nar-simha-daasji was an accomplished person. He had victory over the control of nature. From his very stage of spiritual practice, he had all signs of becoming a supreme accomplished person. Initially he was a devotee of primeval energy Bhagvati Sitaa-devi. The one which is the driver of all the energies of the cosmos. The earthly energies quickly become compliant to such devotees of primeval energy..

Following fruition of his penance to Bhagvati Sitaa, he devoted himself to Sri Mahaavir. He realised from the voice of his heart:

Ashta siddhi nav nidhi ke daata

Asvar deenaha Jaanaki Maataa

Once the Mahaa-aatmaa during his travels went to Nagpur to beg bhikshaa at a brahmin's house. In his front courtyard, he saw a young boy immersed in playing. From his countenance, he concluded he was destined to be a great person. His mother came with offering of food, whence the Mahaa-aatmaaji said:

“Mother, I beg this son for the purpose of the welfare of the universe, will you give him?”

A task that could not be accomplished by Mahh-raaja Dashrath, that task of giving away a son – how could it be done by a mere mother. She said no.

The Mahaa-aatmaaji pleaded and explained vehemently, but the mother's heart did not comply. And how could it comply? A Mother of a single darling son, how can she part him to the hands of another.

Narsimha-daasji awaiting the opportunity went roaming around Naagpur. In time, Naagpur was struck an epidemic disease which started to take lives of countless. Those were times of lawlessness, and the authorities offered no help. In that part of the world, the Maraathaas had began to invade. Their faction of Bhosale was attempting to take control of the country. The original rulers havingbeen defeated in battle spent their times in jails and subsequently hid away in caves.

Fate had it – the woman's son named Baldev-prasaad was also afflicted with the epidemic and died. The Mother went with relatives to the cremation grounds. The directions were filled with the bitter cries of the Mother.

Mahaa-aatmaa Narsimha-daasji who was awaiting for the time reached the cremation grounds.

Observing the presence of a saint, all paid due respects. “I will bring back to life this child on one condition – will you give him to me?”, the Mahaa-aatmaa said pointing his finger at the mortal body of the child.

All those who had come for the cremation of the child's body, which was to be consumed by fire in an hour's time, to see that child living again even as a Saadhu would be pleasing – thought his Mother. All the others present also advised same to the Mother.

After the death of her son, the Mother's love for the child had also diluted. So consenting she said: “Very well O divine. My son as a Saadhu and going with you gains his life, the I consent. But it is impossible to happen. It is impossible for the dead to come back.”

“Mother, there is nothing impossible for the devotee of Mahaavir. Mother ! Please give with affection the child's dead body in my hands. Sri Maruti darling of Anjani will perform his task !”

The woman ofered the dead body of the child in Mahaa-aatmaa Sri Narsimha-daasji's hands. Taking a bath, Mahaa-aatmaaji repeating the name of Mahaavir sprinkled water on

it. To the surprise of all, Baldev-prasaad woke up as if from sleep. The Mother and relations were overjoyed!

Mahaatmaaji performed the five rituals on an auspicious day and making him a devotee named him Baldevdaas.

The divine teacher (Gurudev) taught the disciple penance mantra of Maaruti complete with the bij. In time, Baldevji became a great accomplished man.

Towards the end of the lifespan of Gurudev, he called him to confer: “Baldev, you are accomplished, even I do not have more accomplishments than what you already possess. You have these accomplishments accumulated by the grace of Bhagwaan Maaruti, but even so I have something to say to you, so listen:

“The accomplishments in the accomplished only befit when the accomplished renounces all attractions of the material world and its contents to learn to concentrate his heart in his Ishta’s (chosen deity) subtle form. The accomplished whose mind does not progress from the gross to the subtle becomes arrogant and eventually topples from the peak of accomplished to the levels below ordinary humans. The one who only serves the Ishta for accomplishments is an ordinary being, he cannot progress further. He cannot obtain eternal peace. Because for the accomplished amorous of accomplishments, achieving renunciation becomes an impossibility.”

Hearing the words of the Gurudev and beholding them in his heart, Baldevdaas became an accomplished devotee After the demise of his Gurudev, he roamed here and there. Once he was traversing by Kaala-talaav near Raampur, he had desire to visit Champaa-aranya. In the vicinity of the lake hearing shrill cry of a human, he immediately ran in that direction, and what did he see?

A lion and a lioness were together attacking a human. The man was a hunter and had all the facilities of a gun ammunitions, but he did not time enough to kill the lion. The king of the forest and his empress got very near. The hunter was proficient but was not capable of averting this accidental attack. He did not have even time to use his sword, because the attackers had covered both the north and south directions.

Mahaatmaaji coming there realised the gravity of the situation.

“Narhari, Gangaa, children ! What is all this – there is no sin like killing of human. Get away, get far away, come to me, no one will hurt you children.” Upon hearing these words and by the grace of Ishta, both the lion and lioness became humble. And the Mahaatmaaji went near them, whereupon both the violent animals began to lick his feet. As if they had met their teacher to welcome him.

The man was the chief of the army of the Bhosle. Observing the accomplishment of the Mahaatmaaji, he resorted to be his desciple. Mahaatmaaji conveyed Vaishnavee dikshaa (disciplehood) to the three souls together. Made them Guru brothers.

The violent animals became Vaishnava and roamed with the Mahaatmaaji, and they were named Nar-hari (man-Lord) and Gangaa.

By the grace of Mahaatmaaji Badevdaasji, the Bhosle were victory after victory, eventually to establish their capital in Naagpur. Taking the reins of the whole kingdom, being a part of the fivefold Maraathaa empire, he became renowned as the valorous Raaghobaa Bhonsle.

At the great request of the Bhonsle monarchy, where the Mahaatmaaji had saved him near the Kaala Talaav, a beautiful Math was constructed. To this day, it is renowned as Mahaatmaaji Doodhaa-dhaariji and the Math is known as Doodhaa-dhari Math in all the

wider area. Under the auspices of the penance of the Mahaatmaaji to Maaruti are some 12 to 14 villages and many disciples. The victorious flag of Maaruti flies.

Once some Gaud people came to loot the wealth of the Math and attacked. The terrified disciples relayed all to Mahaatma Baldev-daasji.

The Gauds were numbered some two to three thousand with weapons. Apart from the disciples we also present the villagers as it was gathering time.. Mahaatmaaji requested all to be silent and went to the temple of Maarutiji, and humbly began to pray:

“O Lord! Your place, your reputation. You are the looter, and you are the wealth to loot, there is nothing of your servant. All these accomplishments and wealth are but your grace. So that the universe may not slander penance of Maarutiji, that is the only wish of your devotee.”

With sounds from within the temple, thousands in number of monkeys rushed against the looters. The unduly proud unruly Gaud looters were frightened and ran for their lives. Within a moment the monkeys had vanished. The present all kneeled at the feet of the Mahaatmaaji.

At the present day in the Math is Sri Vishnudaasji mahant, who is presiding for the running of the Math. Iti. Jay Maaruti !

Hanumaanji's snap of fingers

Devotee cannot tolerate moment's separation from Bhagwaan. This caricature from Hanumanji's life will bring smile as also knowledge to the readers.

Tulsidaasji attributing the title of “Atulit-bal-dhaama” in his prayers to devotional Hanumaanji is worth noting. It is true that son of wind had immeasurable strength. The heroism he displayed during the Raam – Raavan battle, who can fully describe it? Just as was his devotion, so also was his indescribable strength.. Therefore he was strong beyond measure is no way beyond fact. But Goswaami mahaaraaj praying by calling him “Atulit bal dhaama” does not seem as if he had conjured it by being impressed by renowned Raam-katha's Hanumaanji's heroism. We believe that after listening to the little known story of the heroism of Hanumaan, Tulsidaas addressing him as “Atulit bal dhaama” bowed his head in reverence to his Guru. You may question that if Goswaami had known of the heroic feats, then why did he not include it in “Raam-charit-maanas”. We are also surprised by it. But how dare we question “Why?”. Instead why don't we reminiscing on Pavankumaar's sanctifying name enjoy the heroism tales.

Well then, here it is:

In Ayodhya's sky-scraping palace, in one of the rooms was seated Bhagwaan Raamchandraj. In front by his feet was seated with his legs bent as of awaiting his command was Hanumaanji. Bhagwaan's face was smeared with a mild smile. The devotee's heart has blossomed with devotion. Just like a parent pleasantly watches the beloved child, so Bhagwaan was staring at the devotee's face. And like understanding the affection of the parent the devotee's mind has become full of joy. The environment has become sanctified. Every atom is filled with it.

Suddenly there is jingling sound of anklets. And pulling aside the silk curtain on the side of the room, the great queen Sitaa entered.

Seeing Sita maataa, Hanumaanji stood up.

With smiling face, the great queen asked: “Why Maaruti! Are you well?”

“Yes mother. I am enjoying very much serving Bhagwaan”, saying thus Hanumaanji bowed.

The daughter of Janak pacing slowly reached Bhagwaan and seated by him. She greatly enjoyed talking to Pavankumaar. She said: “O Maaruti, if continually keep serving the Lord, he will become too dependent He will not be capable of doing anything himself.” Hearing tis, Hanumaanji raised his head and said: “Mother, what need is there for the Lord to do anything himself. Why should he take any effort to do anything? I am here to do it.”

Observing the guileless behaviour the great queen smiled. And then said: “You are right. But is the use of presence 24 hours per day by Bhagwaan? You should leave him alone for a time. He will not have any difficulty with that.”

But being Maaruti, he said: “No Mother, say no such thing. I am used to being with Bhagwaan all the time. Suppose I have gone elsewhere and the Great Lord suddenly has a need for me, what then?”

Sitaaji said: “But suppose someone had to discuss matter of major importance with the Lord, what then?”

Hanumaanji said: “What then? Whoever wants to do so can gladly do it. I am not saying no to it.”

“You would not say no, but if it was a secret personal issue, what then?” , asked Sitaaji with emphasis on “secret personal”.

Hanumaanji was puzzled with the “secret personal”. He thought “What is this secret personal? What issue would there be to be kept secret from me? And how would Bhagwaan hear such secret without my presence?”

When the devotee has attained oneness with Bhagwaan, then he believes his heart is same as the heart of the Lord. His eyes are those of the Lord. His hands, feet, ears are the hands, feet ears of the Lord. And when that is the case, then how can Bhagwaan put into action anything without the devotee? And how would Bhagwaan keep anything secret from the devotee?

But Mother Sita wanted to have fun with Maaruti. She wanted to remove him from the Lord for a little while. And then she wanted to observe. And so keeping a serious face without paying attention to Hanumaanji’s confusion, she said: “Does it make sense Anjani’s prince? If someone comes to talk to your Bhagwaan, then you should cultivate habit of removing yourself from him for that time. Look, I have came here for some urgent work. And I need to talk to the great Lord. And if there is a third party present then I cannot talk freely. So for that time please sit outside, such that no one can enter.” Maaruti did not like the behaviour of the great Queen. He looked at the Lord’s face. But the Lord moved towards Sitaaji and said: “There is no problem Pavan kumar. Just stroll outside for a while. Meantime I will quickly run through the issues with the great Queen, and will then call you in.”

Now there was no choice but to go outside. With confused mind, Hanumaanji began to walk towards the door. But reaching the door step, he stood and asked: “But Lord...” Smiling, Raamchandraji said: “What is it, pray tell me?”

“Nothig else, just that when you feel a yawn I have my duty to snap my fingers. But while I am standing out, if you have to yawn, then how would I know to snap my fingers?”

“My word, he is unusual,” said Sitaaji in her mind.

Thereupon Bhagwaan said, “ Maaruti, do not worry about that. Until you snap your fingers, I will not yawn. Just when you snap your fingers only then will I yawn. You can now go without any worry.”

Hanumaanji kneeling his head went outside the room.

The room where Bhagwaan Raam was sitting was surrounded on three sides by garden. In that garden, Hanumaan roamed around. But he did not feel at ease. Every moment felt like an eon rto him. When would the conversation of Bhagwaan and Mother end? Every few moments he would stare at the doorway to the room, but the discussion of Raam and Sitaai was not ending.

Reminiscences of the twelve years of residence in the forest together with the scenes of the battle of Raam – Raavan began to spring up in their dialogue. Amongst them, they forgot about Hanumaan.

Here son of Anjani was was getting impatient. Every moment was painful to him. But what could he do? Without Bhagwaan’s calling how could he go in?

At last he took refuge in the name chanting of Raam’s name. Sitting in one corner of the garden, he took the lotus position. He chanted the dhun “Raajaa Raam Raam Raam, Sitaai Raam Raam Raam”. The dhun in a few moments created a miracle. Instead of the pain in his heart, it was replaced by bliss. And unconsciously in the rythem of the dhun chant Maruti snapped his fingers.

But now the fun started. Just as Hanumaan started to snap his fingers, Raam started to yawn repeatedly and suddenly the conversation was disrupted. Sitaaji was alerted.

“O what is this? Why this?” she said, but the Lord could not shut his mouth from the yawns to respond. He now rapidly began to yawn in succession. Because engaged deeply in Raam dhun, Hanumaanji began to snap both hand fingers.

Observing this state of the Lord, the great queen was frightened. He she immediately sent message to Kaushalyaa. “Raam’s health has deteriorated” Hearing these words, Kaushalyaa came hastily. And taking great strides, Laxmanji also came. In a moment the news spread in the whole palace. And Bharat, Shatrughna, Sumitraa, Kaikai, servants and maids all gathered. Maharshi Vashishtha was also called. Foolowing them, eminent medical personnel also assembled.

Someone said “O the Lord is suffering from wind trap, so treat him for that.”

Someone else said “O, the heat has gone to his head otherwise this would not happen.”

Another said “O this yawning is result of sickness of the stomach, so treat him for that.”

The medical main tested the hand pulse and declared it was fine.

The astrologers counting their fingers declared the Lord’s horoscope was fine. Just as they were finishing the sentence, the Lord went into an overdrive with his yawns and he was very distressed and he fell back on the pillows of the seat.

Mother Kaushalyaa immediately sat next to the Lord and passing her hands on his head said “ My beloved, my beloved”. And Laxmanji began to press the Lord’s feet with his hands. Bharatji began to fan him. Sitaaji was confused and upset. Vashishtha rushi was stilled.

The atmosphere was very grave. Bhagwaan Raam was aware of the true reason for all this happening, but how could he say anything without the yawns stopping?

At last he thought if he does not clarify the matter would get worse. So from his sleeping posture he indicated by hand gestures to Shatrughna to bring a pen and paper.

Shatrughna immediately brought the writing instruments and presented them to Bhagwaan. Bhagwaan quickly wrote: "Call Hanumaan."

With one big leap, Laxmanji ran out of the room and far in the corner of the garden reaching Maaruti, who was deep engaged in chanting of Raam's name with eyes closed, said: "O Hanumaanji! Why you are just sitting here. Bhagwaan's health has suddenly deteriorated. Com, come, Raamchandraji is calling you."

Hearing the words "Bhagwaan's health has deteriorated", Hanumaanji's meditation was disturbed. He at once stood up. And taking big leaps, he ran towards Raamchandraji's room.

As Hanumaanji had stopped snapping his fingers, so did Bhagwaan's yawning stopped and he stood up.

By that time calling "Bhagwaan ! Bhagwaan !" Hanumaanji arrived and clasping the Lord's feet he at down.

Raamchandraji began to laugh.

Nobody could understand this, but Laxmanji described Hanumaanji snapping his fingers calling name of Raam and when Bhagwaan explained all the facts, everyone laughed out their hearts.

At last Sitaaji said, "I was aware that when Hanumaanji snaps his fingers, then the yawning would start, but in the calamity which ensued I forgot, otherwise I would have called Hanumaanji immediately."

"That is the result of separating the devotee from the Lord. Otherwise what is in consciousness, how can it be forgotten?" said Kaushalyaaji smilingly understanding the situation. Then turning to Hanumaanji, she said: "Maaruti! From now on you never go away from my Raam, my dear son! You only went away for a while and look what has happened!"

"But mother! I did refused to go away. But the Lord himself asked me to", he said as if complaining about the Lord to the Mother, clasping both his hands to Mother Kaushalya. And all listening burst out laughing.

+ + + + +

The knowledgeable readers will realise from the above feat story that the title attributed to Hanumaanji of "atulit-bal-dhaamam" is absolutely appropriate. The devotee who by snapping the fingers put the tender of all the worlds Bhagwaan Raamchandraji into difficulty, who can describe the greatness of his devotion?

Hail Tulsidaas Mahaaraaj who has described in his very sweet words the glory of the beloved devotee of the Lord:

Atul-bal-dhaamam hem-shailaabh-deham

Danuj-van-krushaanum gnaaninm-agra-banyam|

Sakal-gunaani-dhaanam vaanaraa-naam-adhiisham

Raghu-pati-priya-bhaktam vaat-jatam namaami

Baalar-yuktam tejasam tri-bhuvanam prakshaalya-tam sundaram |
Sugriv-aadi samasta vaanar-ganeyaha sam-sevya paadaam-bujam ||
Raavan Maarich aadri raakshash-ganaan sam-traa-sam-yutam prabhum |
Srim-daam padaam-bujam prati-dinam dhyaa-yaami vaataatma-jam ||

Auspicious Maaruti

By: Srimati Sumitaabehen Shivraam Maraathe

Mahaa-vir Maaruti is the giver of ultimate fruit, who is capable of bestowing release from the bonds of the worldly existence – how can he not release his devotees from worldly sufferings? The author sister presents it through this story of the south territory.

Foremost I feel very overwhelmed to praise Mangalmandir’s editor Sri Shaashtriji, from whom new names of the great persons are published reminding us of the great glory of Bhaarat. It is human psyche to feel quest for new things. The subject of valorous Maaruti is just that and very useful.

Just as the saying goes “You don’t have to draw peacock’s eggs”, from Divine Anjani’s womb was borne valorous Bajrang-bali, meaning such heroic prodigy can only come forth from such luminous mother. “The land whose women folk are of good character, controlled over their senses and dutiful to their husbands, that land lends itself to be the divine abode.” These words from our editor in numerous places are verily true. Bhaarat’s women folk were just that. In modern times there may be fewer, but they are there – and they will be in the future.

Mother Kaushalyaa, Devaki-Yashoda, Ansuyaa, Anjani, (from modern history) Gun-sundari, Jijaabaai, such characteristic women bore such heroic sons who left their marks. The leader of our kathaa (story) Maaruti was the fruit of years of penance of Anjani devi to Rudra.

In modern times – current eon is of such calamity and dreadful, such that it has become difficult for humans to exist / live, painful – repair one while another thirteen fail – as the saying goes. So all are making efforts carefully to release from the bondage. When they observe hopelessness from all quarters, the dwellers of Bhaarat take refuge in devotion, and the determined faithful gain success. More than man folk, women take keen interest in observing worship and penance. Because the weight of conducting home craft lies on them – serving the husband, mothering children, welcoming visitors – all depend heavily on the female folks. To ensure that the proceeding of the home are smooth, they take refuge of fastings, worship. No month passes by without some worship for the females. In Bhaarat, the representative five divine male and female forms of the five elements are worshipped. As mentioned previously, worship cannot be performed without full determination and faith. Among the women folks there is the practice of reciting and listening to stories relating to the specific worship. In this manner, in Mahaa-raashtra, there is such a story relating to a poverty stricken who by the grace of Maaruti became wealthy – the “Kahaani” which is famous all the homes in Mahaa-raashtra, which I will narrate for the benefit of the Gurjar brothers and sisters here.

In old times, in city of Vishaal lived a poor Brahmin by the name of Someshwar, with his wife. His son for the sake of gaining wealth went to lands afar. The daughter in law lived with the in-laws. Begging in the city and delivering the proceeds to his home, the Brahmin

with his wife spent the rest of the day at Raam mandir. Applying themselves to the service of visiting mendicants, the couple occupied themselves.. To eat in the afternoon and sleep in the evening were the only times they were present in their home. The elderly couple were dedicated to devotion.

Daughter in law Mani-gauri was of good character and pleasant outlook. She kept the house clean. The proceeds from the begging, she would clean out the stones from the beans. She tended the cow and served her, mended torn clothes, cooked twice meals, in spare time read the Raam katha, served the in-laws just like they were her parents was her daily routine. There is no other painful situation for a woman unlike separation from her husband. In the Raamaayan, after the abduction of Sita, Maaruti searched for her on behalf of Raam. By bringing the news of her location, Raam was able to fetch Sitaaji back. She thus concluded it was best for her to pray to Maaruti. Destroyer of suffering Maaruti would certainly fetch her husband in well condition from foreign land, was her firm belief. Permission was granted by the in-laws, so for the pleasing of Maaruti, oil, sindoor, aakdaa flowers with 108 written names of Raam were offered to him every Saturday. The whole day was fasted and in the evening the offering was made – a routine that was adopted.

The routine was started at the beginning of Chaitra month. The king gets sanctified by charity and the populace gets graced by bath – accordingly what else could poor Mani-gauri do? But just as colours get identified on white cloth, she was characteristic and so her devotion was glorified. “The human does toil, so how can I remain still”, so how could Maaruti the incarnation of guileless Rudra not grant his grace?

Sraavan month is considered the most auspicious of the year. All the various worship of Mahaadev, Vishnu bhagwaan, Jagad-Ambaa and the devas are performed in this month. The Saturday of Sraavan is considered as wealth bringing. Mani-gauri would get up before dawn to have darshan of Maaruti at the temple. It so happened on the first Saturday of Sraavan, a small boy of eight years clad just in loincloth with an upvitam around his body approached her after she had darshan and asked her to anoint him with oil and bathe him. Mani-gauri said sadly , “ But dear how can I get any oil as I have none?”

“Have look you might have just have some”, said the child mendicant. There was just a little left from the prior worship in the metal plate. She used that to smear his body and bathed him with warm water. She was then supposed to feed him, but where can the poor woman get any food from? Mani-gauri made up mix (churi) of adad-math and dhebra and gave him two of them to eat. The child ate them with great pleasure, and taking drink of water he departed with a great smile. She fed the in-laws when they arrived and she ate the left overs.

The child would come similarly for the next 3 Saturdays. Taking bath similarly, he would eat and depart. On the fourth Saturday, he scattered rice in all the house and outside in the cowshed upon departing with a great smile. Mani-gauri was surprised by the sprinkling of the rice. Thinking about it, she went as per routine to Hanumaanji’s temple. She offered oil, sindoor and flower garland as usual. She then stood there in meditation looking at Hanumaanji’s statue, and observed and felt there was a smile on his face. She thought maybe she had seen the child with great smile in the morning, it may have influenced her vision. So considering, she bowed to Hanumaanji and returned home.

Upon returning she observed in place of the old hut, there was a beautiful mansion, instead of one cow there were three / four young ones with cows, buffaloes, storage containers filled with dry foods, jaggery, ghee, vessels filled with sugar candy, clothes of all sorts, a full display of wealth. Mani-gauri was awe struck. “Is this my house? Is it not someone else’s house?” Just as she thought such, a maid came forward from the house and said, “Welcome my lady.”

“Who are you?”

“Why? I am your house maid.”

Mani-gauri entered the house in deep thought. Whereupon the in-laws arrived, and they were also surprised. This sudden appearance of wealth, change – wherefrom? Whose grace is this?

Someshwar said, “The Lord wishes and happens in the moment. By his grace a drop becomes the ocean.”

While this was going on their son Durgaa-dutt arrived. Mother Laxmi does not like bad soiled things. His clothes when he had left had been torn repaired, instead of which he was now wearing new ones. He had cash money on him. Arriving after a year and in such affluent state, the parents were overjoyed. Mani-gauri’s joy saw no bounds.

By the evening lights, Someshwar performed arati puja, and all pleasantly sat down to have their meal. That meal had exclusive flavour. Durgaa-dutt asked, “Father, how did you acquire all this wealth? I did not even recognise our house!”

“How can we the elderly obtain any of this? We believe this is all due to the effect of your fortunate dear wife’s devotion and penance” said the in-laws praising their daughter-in-law. After all finished the meal, the mother asked: “Dear, pray tell us of your travels.” Durgaa-dutt said: “After leaving, I was roaming everywhere with no luck, never to find peace or rest. Everywhere there was pain suffering. There was no income of any sort. I was very dejected. Last Saturday, on the shore of the Bhdraa river there is a small temple of Hanumaanji. I bathed there and sat down. Whereupon a nine / ten year old boy appeared. He said in a curt voice: “Mahaaraaj, no-one can stay the night in this temple. So, go home.” I said: “I have come to earn some money, so how can I go home empty handed?”

“Your parents have no need of your wealth. So go home straight away.”

I decided I will stay here tonight – whatever happens. I made bedding on the steps of the temple. Being hungry all day, there was no sleep to be had. It was around mid-night. The lamps suddenly lighted in the temple, arati and ringing of bells started. The boy appeared again. “Why? Have you not gone? Well. Take this.” Saying thus he handed me fistful of something. And “Go straight home, your arrival is awaited at home.” Saying thus he disappeared. Dawn was about to arrive. So completing the morning chores and after bathing, I noticed the fistful handed to me was gold nuggets. I was overjoyed. Then resting en route, I arrived here today. After that boy, I was welcome by everyone all the way.

Someshwar sai: “Dear, that boy was no other than Anjani’s son Maaruti. You stayed with great courage at Hanumaanji’s temple, taking part in the nightly arati worship, so gaining grace of the compassionate and destroyer of suffering.”

“Yes, that is it. After being very frustrated, I had started to recite Hanumaan Chaalisaa daily. But how did things change here? How come the poverty turned into your wealth? Nothing happens without a cause?” asked Durgaa-dutt.

“You ask that to out Mani,” said his mother. “Dear daughter, this certainly seems like effect of your devotion worship to Hanumaanji. She used to fast on Saturdays, worship with sindoor, aakdaa flower garlands and Shri Raam’s 108 name chants. Whether in or out of the house she never frowned. She has served us devotionally. She is certainly our house Laxmi – wealth,” said the old parents emotionally.

“I do not believe I have done any more than the normal expected of me. It is the merit of you respected elders. You have so many saintly people arriving at the Raamji temple and obtained their good wishes,” the daughter-in-law said respectfully.

By insistence of the others, Mani-gauri shyly related in short the coming of the boy on Saturday mornings, her bathing him and anointing him with oil, feeding him with breakfast, him scattering rice everywhere in the house on the fourth Saturday.

Dear reader, just as by the grace of the great powerful Maaruti, Mani-gauri, Dutt and Someshwar’s poverty was eradicated, so should we all pray earnestly to gain faith devotion strength from immortal Maaruti, such that he the one of the volition of the mind and speed of the wind, eradicator of sufferings roaming in the ether listens and showers his compassion on Bhaarat.

This wealth creating Saturday worship vrat is performed by the women folk in the homes of Mahaa-raashtra. The young boys are invited as symbolic of Maaruti to be bathed and fed. From 11 Saturdays of this worship, Bhagwaan Maaruti bestows the wishes. Om.

Great warrior Maaruti
Maaruti Edition – Part 2
(Complete life history)
Editor: Pundit Mangalji Uddhavji Shaastrri

Background of Rudra incarnation

[1]

In the Lord’s every playact – lilaa contains welfare for the world. His playact fills the devotees heart with new enthusiasm.

On Kailaash’s glorious summit the world’s father Lord Shiv and world’s mother Paarvatiji were seated. Bhagwaan the guileless had just come out of his meditation and was seated pleasantly. The Mahaadevi bringing the jewel studded gold kalash filled with water from the Gangaa gave to Bhagwaan Shankar and asked him a question:

“Lord! I have a doubt from many days, if you will permit, then I will ask.”

“Pray do tell Mahaadevi”, said Bhagwaan Shankar sipping the water.

“Tell me Bhagwaan!, said Paarvatiji clasping her hands, “In your meditation which deity do you concentrate on? You are yourself the great Lord of Lords, all the devs contemplate on you while reciting praises to you and devote themselves, who is your supreme Divinity?”

“Mahaadevi!” said Bhagwaan Shankr with a smile, “Mantra, supreme deity, herbal medicine, one’s respect all gain their fruition by their secrecy. You will realise the answer to your question by itself in some time; for the present do not ask the question.”

“No Lord! Do not avert answering such a wonderful discussion with an excuse. For a long time I had my heart’s desire to ask this question. You need to answer my question today.”

Mahaadevji tried a lot to reason with Mahaadevi, but the Great Mother would not succumb to it. At last Bhagwaan Shankarsaid: “Listen it is quiet, the environment in Kailaash is also quiet and beautiful. So I will relate secret of the most secret fact. The world’s and my supreme Lord is “Raam”. In the one in whom the great yogis’ minds wonder, that undivided ultimate dwelling residing Bhagwaan Raam’s fame is without bound. In whose single name are found the qualities of innumerable name meditations. It is that without a beginning, imperceptible which the Shaastras proclaim as “Raam”, and: **Raam raameti raameti rame Raame manorame |**

Sahastra naam tat-tulyam Raam-naam varaanane ||

Mahaadevi staring at Mahaadevji was intently listening the glory Raam name, when pausing a little Bhagwaan Shankar said:

“Yes, Devi! I just forgot to tell you. That beginningless Lord is just about to take form as incarnation on the earth.”

“Great! In that case I have listened to Raam name’s glory just at the right time. When that birthless ultimate soul himself incarnates to sanctify the world, the I will also gratify to my heart’s content by the vision of that Lord. You supreme Lord will also be my supreme Lord.”

“...but Devi! The celestial beings and the seven world’s devine beings are also incarnating to help the Lord. To accomplish his tasks Bhramaaji is taking the form of Jaambvaan, Indra, Surya, Agni, Vaayu and Kuber and other deities will also incarnate in different forms and help to accomplish the Lord’s tasks. I am also thinking of....”

“What are you saying Lord?” interrupted Paarvatiji. “Leaving this Kailash abode and abandoning me, you will incarnating on the earth surface?”

“No Mahaadevi! No,” said Mahaadevji smiling. “Do not worry. By this body I will reside by you in Kailaash, but by my part I hope to incarnate via the womb of Mahaa Sati Anjanaadevi and my own luminosity. The purpose of my supreme deity Sri Raam is destruction Raavan, and in that task I will be his leading worshipper and foremost devotee and help him in the sacred action.”

“But my guilless Lord!” said Paarvatiji, “That Lord of Lankaa is your foremost devotee, by your own boon he has achieved supernatural energy and strength, by the power of your penance he has conquered the three worlds, would you be party to his destruction?”

“Yes Devi”, said Mahaadevji, “that is also a matter of secrecy. Raavan had deeply worshipped ten out of my eleven forms, but condemned my eleventh form of Kapi form. And you are aware I reside by all the forms, and contempt of any one form is disrespect to me. And because of that by the part of my eleventh form I will incarnate in the form of Kapi – monkey to help in destruction of Raavan. By looking and differentiating in my forms Raavan himself has created the cause of his destruction, and that is why I have to appear as Anjani’s darling in the form of Hanumaan.”

“That sati Anjani, how come she is so fortunate that you who is birthless by taking birth by her womb would wish to make her name famed in the universe?” Paarvatitji asked.

“Listen”, said Bhagwaan SadaaShiv, “In the lord of the devas King Indra’s court, once Maharshi Angiraa arrived. Worshipping appropriately the Rushi and to please him King Indra arranged for a dance performance. In the court of the devas the dance commenced. Amongst the apsaraas of the heaven the famous Punjis-sthalaa apsaraa was performing a dance; all the deities were immersed the momentum of the dance.

But the the great tapasvi Angiraa was seated in deep meditation of the Lord with his eyes shut, what use did he have of watching the dance of the heaven? The dance completed whereupon King Indra asked “How did you find the dance, O Maharshi?”

“Dance? What dance?” said Maharshi Angiraa. “I was immersed in name repetition of the Lord. I cannot recall the beginning or the end of the dance.”

Apsaraa Punjik-sthalaa all ambitions were smashed, she was hoping that the Maharshi would praise her performance. She felt this had been just an occasion of extreme physical effort of all her body limbs to please a non-caring guest, a useless effort felt Punjik-sthalaa.

And when the artist’s art is not appreciated, then the artist’s hopelessness also becomes unbearable. The apsaraa felt it as disrespect to her art. The meditation of the Maharshi to her felt like hypocrisy, so in anger she said: “Lord of devas Indra! By making me dance to the forest residing mendicant you have brought disrespect to my art of dance. Instead if I had danced in the forest to the trees, hills and branches, then they would have shown me their appreciation by their wealth of flowers and fruit.”

The ego-ridden words of the apsaraa fell on the ears of Rushi Angiraa. The peaceful penance full personification was filled with rage, and said: “O egotistic! You have egotistic pride in your art of dance. So I curse you – you may incarnate in the form of monkey on the earth. And in the jungle you will get praises for your dance from hills trees and branches; us Rushis may remain callous than the hills and trees.” Saying thus Rushi Angiraa stood up to departed.

Only then Punjik-sthalaa came to her senses and realised that she had disrespected the Maharshi. Falling to his feet she cried and prayed to him: “Muni-raaj, forgive my disrespect. But you have sentenced me punishment even greater than my guilt. I know I will incarnate on the earth as a monkey – that will be the repentance for my sin. But you need to forgive me for my fault, you need to be benevolent.

The compassionate Angiraa became tender and said: “Punjik-sthalaa, you will incarnate as Anjanaa-devi in the monkey dynasty, but you will be able to change your form to human at will. You will be wedded to the monkey king Kesari. And the very form of Shankar Mahaavir Hanumaanji will take birth by your womb. By giving birth to such virtuous son you will feel accomplished, you will obtain liberation.”

Saying thus the Maharshi departed.

“So Bhagwaan! When will that incarnation of yours happen?” asked Paarvatiji.

“When the time arrives, it will happen.” Saying thus Bhagwaan Shankar remained silent.

Brilliance of Rudra

[2]

The Lord forgets his playact – maayaa

“Devi, just as you have listened to the narration of the Lord’s Mohini form from the spouses of devas, I also similarly listened to the enchanting Mohini form from the Rushis. But the devas and demons may have got infatuated by the enchanting form of Mohini, nevertheless it is not possible for munis – mendicants to be so enchanted.

“My great Lord!” began Paarvatiji wittingly with the words. “If women get enchanted by the Mohini form of Vishnu, then what to say of men – even if they are sense controlled – it is no surprise they get enchanted.”

On the brilliant peak of Mount Kailash – under huge canopy of a tree on seat of tiger skin this dialogue between Shankar and Paarvati was going on. Just a while ago from the churning of the ocean, the clash which had ensued from the coming forth of amrut – elixir of life – to settle their differences the Lord had taken the form of Mohini (Enchanting female form). On that subject the Lord of yoga Shankar was inclining in favour of non-enchantment.

Sadaa-shiva said: “It is no surprise that the unprecedented can happen – it is weakness. When a sense controlled one gets enchanted, then rather than the strength of the enchantment, it is the weakness of the sense control which is the cause of it. You are describing the enchant of the Mohini form to the Lord who burnt to ashes of Kaamdev, lest you forget.”

“Forgive me Lord,” said Mahaadevi, “to destroy someone is one thing, to get victory over someone is another. Suppose if that Mohini form of Bhagwaan Vishnu comes before you now, then even you will be moved, that is what I believe.”

“Daughter of Mountain”, said Bhagwaan Shankar while adjusting with his hand the tilting crescent of moon on his head: “When you are obstinate, then you become firm like your father. But when you loose the argument, then you again become soft. Whether the devas, demons and the three worlds get enchanted by the Mohini form, it is impossible for me to be enchanted by it.”

“Lord, do not be angry. Your great anger will not be the devourer of the enchantment but rather the protector. Even Vishnu gets enchanted by the Mohini form, you are only another entity.”

“Really?” the Lord’s anger dissipated. With a soft smile he said: “Mahaadevi, even after looking at the Mohini form, I will not be enchanted by it – I will prove it to you. To the destroyer of Kaamdev, what will that poor enchantment do to Shankar?”

Saying thus he was alighting the jewel studded steps. The reflection from the crescent of the moon in hair lock of his head was shining electrified in the waters of the lake.

“O Lord of lords, please do wait”, said Paarvatiji from a distance. “If you will permit I would also like to join you to view the enchanting form of Mohini.”

“Very well”, said Lord Shankar without any intention to return. “I cannot stop your wish to observe from a distance.”

And just like the crack of lightning flashes through dark clouds, the Mahaa-maayaa cosmic Mother Paarvati hastily accompanied Shankar and reached the world of Vaikunth.

“Welcome O Dev of the Devas!” said the welcoming Bhagwaan with a smile at the entrance of Vaikunth. And holding Bhagwaan Shankar’s hand led him into the divine abode.

Past the appropriate welcoming ritual, Bhagwaan Vishnu seated on the rest chair asked:

“Pray Bhagwaan, tell me reason for your coming this suddenly.”

“Just to see you”, said Shankar in short.

“You could have done so in your meditation with ease. I also when I desire to contact you, then I satisfy by meditating on you.”

“But I desire to have the vision of your Mohini form – the form which enchanted thirty three crore Devas! I have not seen that form at all, so how can I meditate to see that form?”

“O guileless Lord!” said Bhagwaan Vishnu. “It is just as well that you have not seen that form. After visualising that form, you will forget Mahaadevi Paarvati, the fabulous Kailaash and everything and only worship Mohini... full stop. Mahaadevji! It was only to stop the war between Devas and the Demons that I took the enchanting form: we have met today after a long while, that is good. Pray tell me is all well?”

“No Lord!” said Shankar: “Till I get to see the Mohini form, till then I will remain anxious. In that form even if the three worlds are enchanted, the achiever of victory over Kaam – the Mahaadev cannot be enchanted. Give me vision of that form.”

“SadaaShiv!” Bhagwaan Vishnu said laughingly: “You may have conquered Kaam, but that ash turned Kaam dev is still victorious intact in the cosmos. In that form of mine there was immense attraction, after seeing it even you”

“- then show me that form of yours.”

“Bhagwaan, you have just arrived. Stay for a few days as my guest in Vaikunth. When we get some time, then I will certainly show you that form of mine.”

“Very well,” saying thus Mahaadevji became silent. Days passed pleasantly in Vaikunth immersed in chatting and small comforts. Mahaadevji was so engrossed in the hospitality of Bhagwaan, he almost forgot why he had come to Vaikunth.

On the evening of the third day, Bhagwaan Shankar said to Vishnu: “Bhagwaan, if you permit I will go for fresh air in gardens.”

“As you wish, also request Mahaadevi Paarvatiji to partake.”

Taking permission, seated on the Nandiji Shiv Paarvatiji went to roam in the gardens of Vaikunth. Mild cool fragrant air was flowing, the gardens were filled with fragrant and colourful flowers and amazing birds. The sun of the dusk rushing to meet the periphery of earth. Spring had like descended with all its splendour in the gardens.

“Lord, may we have rest here,2 said Paarvatiji as they arrived in a vast court in the middle of the gardens.

“As you wish,” said Mahaadevji alighting from Nandiji. Shankar and Paarvatiji were observing the beauty of the gardens in all the directions.

Mahaadevi got engrossed listening to the sounds of Swans, Kaarandav, Chaatak, Chakor and Peacocks, whereupon in the eastern direction, just like the sixteen fold beautiful brilliance of the moon like light was seen by Shankar.

--And within the light was seen a woman clad in light clothes dancing with a ball! That for was bewitching, her tap of the feet was rhythmic; there was charm in her smile, in her expression there was imbedded streak of victory over the three worlds.

Whereas Paarvatiji was at the nearby lovely lake feeding the swans with pearls, at the same time Bhagwaan Shankar without a flick of the eyes observing the whimsical skilful beat of her anklets.

She was approaching with a light walk, as if dancing with the invisible beat of the light breeze. From her light clothes, her beauty was overflowing. As she was drawing near, so was was Shankar’s attention drawing more eager to see her.

The Lord’s enchanting Maayaa is extraordinary. Today Mahaadevji got trapped in the enchanting wheel. At times hiding in the leafy veils of the trees, at times tossing the ball in the air that young maiden was drawing in front. Drawing nearer she tossed the ball flowers to Bhagwaan Shankar. Feeling the light ball on his body, Lord Shankar lost consciousness. He did not realise where he was. He got up from his posture of lotus position and did not even recollect Paarvatiji was with him. And he ran after the maiden!

Bhagwaan Shankar in the wheel of Maayaa

Seeing the wildly gay Shankar following her, Mohini gave a mild smile – the one in whose smile the fourteen bhrahmaands become enchanted. In her play act her smile, the Lord of Maayaa Mahaadevji became entangled.

Mohini immediately turned around, her in front and behind the anxious minded running Mahaadevi – Paarvatiji observed.

At time Mohini closes up, then she loses him, hiding behind veils of growth she proceeds forth. And to catch her Mahaadevji was running after her!

And then Mohini intentionally got caught by Mahaadevji. And by divine providence, the breeze scattered Mohini's clothes in disarray. And just at that time Mohini who was caught in Mahaadevji's hands gave her mind enchanting smile: in her beauty Mahaadevji was blinded. And then she escaped from his grip began running away again.

By Mohini's mild smile and tender delicate touch, Mahaadevji lost his composure.

Becoming anxious he made attempts to run after her. But running thus he lost his semen. His excitement was pacified. And he just remained steady there, unmoving. His sexual excitement ridden, his head kneeled in shame.

Moment later looking up, he saw Bhagwaan Vishnu standing with a mild smile on his face. Bhagwaan Shankar only bowed to him in his mind.

“Bhagwaan, none of your actions are without a purpose,” said Bhagwaan Vishnu. “Your dropped semen has been carried by the Wind deity by my command and deposited through the ear in Sati Anjanaa's womb. For the assistance in the incarnation of Raam, your desire to incarnate has been fulfilled. When we are both the same and one, then who gets enchanted in whose play act maayaa?”

“Bhagwaan,” said Shankar: “Salutations to you and your cosmos enchanting form!”

In conclusion, Bhagwaan's Maayaa enchants many a folk. Even so, in this act of Bhagwaan Shankar it is enchantment by choice – the devotees agree. And to understand the power of Maayaa, they say:

Bhagwaan forgets about Bhagwaan's Maayaa!

[3]

Mahaaraaja Dashrath had three wives. Despite that he had no children. And despite all good charities, penance, worships, pilgrimages, not having fulfilled his wish for children, he once questioned the Guru of his kingdom Vashishtha:

“Gurudev, half my life has passed away, not having seen the face of my son my mind is becoming impatient. Pray tell me of any action by which I can have the birth of a son in my household.”

By the command of great sage Vashishtha, a fabulous canopy was erected in the vast compound of the palace of Ayodhya. Under the leadership of Shrungmuni - proficient in Rugved, the great yagya for blessing of child was enacted. Many rushis' and mendicants' chanting of mantras reverberated in the yagya canopy. Kaushalyaa, Sumitra and Kaikai together with King Dasratha performed the final ritual to the yagya.

The remnants of the rice pudding from the yagya was divided into three parts. One part each was distributed in the hands of the three queens as the final blessing from the yagya, while the rushis were sanctifying.

Suddenly a samadi bird appeared from the sky above and snatched away the rice pudding part from Sumitra's hand, and quickly fled away in the sky. All this happened in spur of the moment.

What can be done now? Such big yagya and after obtaining the final blessing, to be snatched away. Sumitraaji began to cry. Because through those blessing each of the queens was to be blessed with child.

Great king Dashrath glanced at great rishi Vashishtha. Consoling Sumitree, Vashishtha said: "Devi, do not cry. Whatever happens is by divine providence. The samadi who snatched your blessing was no ordinary bird. It is Ishwar's playact. The blessing from your hand has reached mountain Sumeru residing Anjanaa. By the effect of that blessing, she will carry a child and so Anjani son Hanumaan will be born.

Saying thus, guru took some of the blessing from Kaushalyaa hand and some from Kaikai's hand and gave to Sumitree. All the three queens partook the blessing and by the effect of the blessing Kaushalyaa bore maryadaa-purushottam (supreme of restraint-modesty) Sri Raam, Kaikai bore Bharat and Sumitree gave birth to sons Lakshaman and Shatrughna.

By the curse of great sage Angiraa, Punjaksthalini had already taken birth as Anjanaa. At the appropriate age she was wedded to monkey king Kesari. But Anjanaa-devi had no children yet.

Once kapi king Kesari and Anjanaa were roaming in human form on the summit of Mount Sumeru. Soft breeze was blowing, where upon a slight wind blew off Anjanaa's sari's end was displaced. She felt someone was secretly touching her. So Anjanaa replacing her sari said in terse voice: "Who are you breaking my penance of worship in the presence of my husband? Say quick or else I will curse you to reduce you to ashes." As if replying to her, the wind deity said in Anjanaa's ear: "Sati, I have not broken your penance, but by the wish of Bhagwaan Shankar, I have deposited his divine luminosity in your body. By this you will bear a valiant and intellectual son like myself."

Thereafter Anjanaa and Kesari went back to their abode. Sati Anjanaa carried a child from that day. The married couple were overjoyed. The full moon day of the bright half of the Chaitra month on Tuesday arrived. Mother Anjanaa's lap was blessed complete by young-sun like fascinating child of red complexion.

All the deities were very pleased. The rishis and the mendicants showered their blessings. Hills, mountains, rivers, veils and flora trees showered their nectar.

Anjanaa's beloved was born. What is the difference between the devotee and Bhagwaan?

Where the very Go-swaami says:

"Raam te adhik Raam-kar daasaa" Greater than Raam is Raam's humble servant.

Exploits from youth

[4]

Leaving the child at home, Anjanaa had gone to pick flowers and fruit. Kesari had already gone out. The child was alone in the home and was hungry. But he could not find anything suitable to eat. Eventually his sight rested on the rising sun. The child only knew at that age that ripe fruit was red in colour.

The child thought how wonderful was the fruit in the sky? It will help to play as well eat it. So he stretched out his hands to reach the sun. By the grace of the wind deity, he had achieved the capability to fly. Also he was the eleventh incarnation of Rudra, so where was the delay in going the sky way?

The child took to the sky. Deities, demons, yakshas (servants of Kuber – the wealth deity), rishis and mendicants were all taken by surprise. The wind deity was also put into doubt that his little boy was proceeding towards the sun, and that he get burned by the heat of the sun's rays. The wind deity blew from the Vindhyaachal mountain taking with him the coolness and followed him. The sun deity also saw the child coming. He was quite aware of the brilliance of this child. And he had the vision that really the Rudra deity was coming. As the child proceeded nearer, the sun deity cooled its rays. And as if welcoming the father of the creation, he spread his cool rays about.

The child reached the chariot of the sun. And thinking of the sun ray as a toy, he began to play with it.

Just about that moment it was time for the eclipse. So the planet Raahu had come to devour the sun. He observed that a limitless strong boy was seated in the sun's chariot. Initially he tried to snatch away the sun from his hand. But the child thinking of Raahu as another food to eat grabbed him in his hand. Raahu got frightened. And he somehow wriggled himself from the grab of the boy and ran to Indradev.

Reaching Indradev, Raahu said: "King of the deities! You gave me permission to devour the sun on sacred days. Why have you permitted someone else with that right?"

Indra could not comprehend Raahu's complaint. So taking his Vajra weapon he went with Raahu to where the sun was. Seeing Indra, the child put the sun rays in his mouth. All the three worlds were engulfed in darkness. Indra could not think of any resolve. So he struck his vajra at the child. The child fainted for a moment. He fell on the earth. By the strike of Indra's vajra, his chin bone got bent, thereby he was called Hanumaan.

Vaayuev (the wind deity) got cross by Indra's strike of vajra weapon. He got very angry at Indra. He stopped all his movements. The whole world became breathless. The deities went to Lord Bhrahmaa, and Lord Bhahmaa taking all the deities with him came to the abode of Anjanaadevi.

Bhrahmaaji smothered his hand on the child's head. And the child woke up from his fainting. Bhrahmaaji said to the deities: "This is no ordinary child. He is the Rudra incarnation to fulfil the deities tasks. So each deity should award him a boon and give him their energy."

So all the deities individually gave boon to the child and parted him with their energies. The wind deity was very pleased. The sun deity got liberated. And he parted a hundredth part of his luminosity to Hanumaanji and departed for his abode. He also promised to educate the child he grew up. Yamraaj (deity of death) freed him from noose of death. The wind deity for ever freed from the effects of his weapon – Varunaastra. And also blessed him with unfailing act of swimming. Kuber (deity of wealth) awarded him with his weapons. Bhrahmji blessed him everlasting life and his bhrahmaastr weapon. All the deities prayed to Hanumaanji as the Rudra and went back to their abodes.

Vaayudev giving custody of the child to Anjanaadevi said: "Your son will be immortal, taking on any form he wishes, great hero and intellectual. He will be Bhagwaan Raamchandraji's unparalleled devotee and friend. His fame will spread in all the three

worlds. And as long this Bhrahmaand (cosmic egg) exists, he will remain immortal and as deity he will grant benefits to the world.”

How much pleased would the mother and father be by the qualities of their son?

The child Hanumaan began to grow incrementally. At times he would spill out the water from the kamandal (vessel) of the meditating rushis ashram. At other times he would tear their drying clothes.

When their facilities are disrupted, even the mendicants get angry. At one time, the angry rushis cursed him: “Hanumaan, you wear false pride of your strength. So you will lose memory of your strength. When other will praise your strengths, only then the energies in you will awaken.”

Even curses are boons at times. Hanumaan was still to be educated. He was to be the foremost devotee of Raam and to serve him. What use was the strength to him? All his energies were his supreme deity of worship. This curse became a boon to Hanumaanji. In his childhood, mother Anjanaa recited to him tales from the Puraans and of the valorous heroes with intellectual tales. The child’s first teacher is the mother. If she wishes, she can make the child a great person. The impressions created by the mother in childhood grow with the child.

Stories related Anjanaadevi were attentively listened to by child Hanumaanji. Narrating stories of the beloved Raam, the mother used to ask the fond child: “Son, will you be a faithful servant to that SitaaRaam?”

Hearing the name of SitaaRaam, Hanumaanji would become ecstatic.

How could the mother know that the child was from previous births faithful devotee of Bhagwaan Raam?

With advent of time, the forest king Kesari arranged for the yagna-upvit ceremony for Hanumaanji. Then taking permission of his parents, Hanumaanji left for studies from the very Suryadev (Sun deity). Suryanaaraayan taught him the four Vedas, six shaashtras, eighteen puraans and studied bow fighting art amongst fourteen others. Having accomplished the studies shortly, he prepared to take leave of Suryanaaraayan, who gave him his blessings and permission.

Hanumaanji asked: “Gurudev, what can I give you in return as Guru dakshinaa?”

“Dear child,” said Suryadev pleasantly, “Your facture tasks will be Guru dakshinaa fo me and the whole world, so there is no need for other dakshinaa.”

“No Gurudev!” said Hanumaan pleadingly, “You must ask for something.”

Suryadev said: “If you insist and have a wish, then you protect my child by your hands. That is the boon I ask for.”

“Who is your son?”

“Sugriv in Pampaapur is a child by my part. You be his minister and protect him.”

“So be it,” saying thus Hanumaanji arrived at his parents’ abode.

After finishing his studies, Pavankumaar’s mischievousness had reduced. He became cautious, considerate and became like a great yogi with silent countenance. Wherever there was recitation of Raam katha, there he used to go. Listening to the recitation of the greatness of Raam, he mind became attuned to Raam. He would even forget to eat and drink. Sometimes the mother would plead him to eat. At other times he would sit in solitude for days chanting Sri Raam. Whereupon his mother would go searching for him to bring him home.

Mother used to say: “Son, when dusk settles in then wherever you are please come home.”

“Mother”, Hanumaanji would reply like a child, “What can I do? The sun sets so quickly as soon as I leave home. Now when I go to see Suryadev, I will request O Gurudev, why so much rush to set? Why not set in four or six months time?”

Listening to the child thus mother used say smilingly: “Yes, yes, from now on Suryadev will obey you.”

From childhood, Hanumaanji’s mind was engaged in the thoughts of Raam and crying in yearning for him. At other times he would dance. Sometimes he burst out laughing.

“Raam, Raam” chant would come out of his mouth constantly. The effect of name of Raam is miraculous. By the effect of the chant of Raam, Hanumaanji himself became like Raam. He began to observe Raam in forest, trees, branches, mountains, and everywhere! In Ayodhyaapuri presently, Bhagwaan Raam had taken birth. Bhagwaan Shankar sometimes stayed few days at times to watch his child play acts. At times he would take the form of an astrologer, at other times he would become a beggar to get great pleasure from watching Bhagwaan Raam’s child feats.

Once when Raam, Laxman, Bharat and Shatrughna, the four brothers went outside the palace to play, they saw a supernatural conjurer. He had with his a small monkey who was chanting the name of Raam and danced in an unusual style. This monkey after seeing Raam immediately began to roll at his feet, as if he had known those feet from eons before. He looked up at the enlightened face of Sri Raamchandraji and chanted “Raam – Raam”. The children from around gathered.

Bhagwaan asked the conjurer: “Conjurer, I like this monkey very much. Take as many gold nuggets but give me this monkey.”

-But this conjurer was no ordinary conjurer and the monkey was also no ordinary monkey. Here, the dancer and the one who conducting the dance were both the same one form which the Vedas describe as “Satyam Shivam Sundaram” in prayers. That Bhagwaan Shankar in the form of the conjurer and the incarnation of Rudra – Maaruti in the form a monkey had come to Sri Raamchandraji.

“My Lord!” replied the conjurer with hands clasped, “What can I do with gold nuggets? Your grace is everything for me. I offer this monkey in your service.”

When all the people around were engrossed watching the monkey dancing, the conjurer disappeared without trace. Nobody could tell if the conjurer had gone back into the monkey or finishing his task had gone back to Kailaash.

That was it, for whom he had awaited long to have vision of, the one for whom Hanumaanji had aspired every breath with Raam Raam, he had found that extraordinary pleasure at the feet of Bhagwaan Raam. In that form he stayed in Ayodhya for long time with Bhagwaan Raam.

When great mendicant Vishwaamitra came to Ayodhya to take Sri Raam – Laxman to the abode of penance, then Sri Raam taking Hanumaanji alone to a side said:

“Hanumaan! You are my very close partner child friend. There is no play act of mine that you are not aware of. From today I have to go to the abode of penance to initiate the environment of destruction of Raavan. You go to meet Shabaridevi and then direct to reside in Rushyamukh mountain. You make friends with Sugriva. I will gently softly clear my path to meet up with you. Residing with Sugriva, you collect an army of monkeys. Presently I have to part from your company.”

How can Bhagwaan like the separation from his devotee? But when Bhagwaan proclaims his command to perform Bhagwaan's own task, then there is no choice but to separate. Hanumaanji touched his head and heart at the feet of Bhagwaan Raam and chanting "Raam Raam" departed towards Ruhshyamukh mountain.

At the feet of Sri Raam

[5]

Taking on board the command of Sri Raam, Hanumaanji arrived at his parents and related Sri Raam's command to them. From early childhood, the valorous Hanumaanji had heard from his mother praise of Sugriv in Raamaayan epic story telling. He therefore already had certain attraction to Sugriv. He now obtained permission of his parents. Taking their permission and taking leave of his friends, he left for Pampaapur. Sugriv heard of his arrival and welcomed Hanumaan. The forest king Vaali also welcomed Hanumaanji and asked of the welfare of his parents. Vaali had a desire that Hanumaanji become one of his inner circle of friends, but Sugriv would not let him depart. Sugriv made him his close friend and chief minister. He therefore became the foremost amongst the battalions of the monkeys.

The enmity between Sugriv and Vaali had been escalating for some time. So taking advice from Hanumaanji, Sugriv decided to live on the Rushyamukh mountain.. While departing from Pampaapur, Vaali took away all possessions of Sugriv. Despite so, with the aid of friend Hanumaanji, he still managed to live with grandeur of royalty.

With the presence of a true friend, calamity does not feel like calamity. Even after all his possessions taken by Vaali, Sugriv kept his friendship unbroken with Hanumaanji. Then why should Hanumaanji lack in his friendship with him?

Even so, Sugriv was not without fear on Rushyamukh mountain. Because he did not know when Vaali would send his spies to murder him. This caused him fear constantly. Anyone who passed by the mountain, Sugriv would have doubt as to whether they were spies sent by Vaali.

At this time, mother Jaanki was abducted. The agitated Sri Raam and Laxman were coming south to Rushyamukh mountain in search of Sitaaji. From the peak of the mountain, Sugriv noticed the two armed brothers coming. After some thought Sugriv said to Hanumaanji: Brother! One white and another dark complexioned men are arriving in our borders. Can you please go and discover the reason for their coming. While conversing to them if you discover they are spies sent by Vaali, then let me know by secret sign from there so I can prepare to move from our location here. I am convinced they are certainly spies sent by Vaali."

In human body the heart is one element such that whatever thoughts are in it, they will present themselves before him. In Sugriv's heart, there was enmity towards Vaali, so he could only doubt of spies. It is no surprise! But Hanumaanji felt a certain affection towards the visitors, although he did not recognise them from a distance. Nevertheless, Hanumaanji experienced great pleasure in his body. He thought even if Sugriv has commanded me to get recognition of the two valorous men, I will immediately fall at their feet and become contented. I will kill two birds with one stone! The vision of the two great men fulfilling command of Sugriv – for me they can only both be for my welfare.

“As you wish”, saying so the great warrior Hanumaanji jumped from the high peak of the mountain. Coming down to the valley below, he changed his form. He already had the accomplishment of changing his form, so he took the form of a Brahmin and walked forward.

Despite Sugriv’s assumption that they were both spies of Vaali, he had no such doubt, but obeying the master’s command, he felt appropriate to comply by remaining a decoy. In the form of a Brahmin he approached the two princes. The two with dark and light complexion, their beautiful faces, delightful forms and charisma – seeing thus Hanumaanji became ecstatic. Reaching them he bowed to the feet of Raam and Laxman. A Brahmin bowing to the feet of a kshtriya was against the principles of the shaashtras. So Bhagwaan Raam bending down lifted up the Brahmin form Hanumaanji, and clasping both his hands Sri Raam questioned: “Fellow vopra, we are kshatriya sons. Due to the circumstances we have had to take on the robes of mendicants. Still by your birth we are obliged to worship to you. Pray tell us, who are you? Pray tell us what can we do for you?”

“Bhagwan,” said Hanumaanji, “I will give my introduction later. If it is not too much trouble, then with such delicate child bodies why have you come to these lands afar? In these dense forests, thorns, sharp stones and difficult paths, your bodies have withered. In these forests abide terrible demons. Such wonderful kshatriya children like you, why do you take on so much pain?”

“Pray tell me who are you? I am very impressed by your wonderful forms. You feel like the great divine Brahmaa, Vishnu or Mahaadev. Or the very Indra, Varun, Agni or Nar-Naaraayan who have come to sanctify this earth. I am very eager to know.”

With a mild smile, Bhagwaan Raam said: “Dear brother Vipra, we are not Indra, Varun or Kuber. We are just ordinary princes. My name is Raam. And this is my younger brother Laxman. We are both sons of the Lord of Ayodhyaa the great king Dashrath and come to the forest with daughter of Janak Sita. Due to adverse fate, some wicked demon has abducted Sitaadevi. We brothers are roaming in search of her everywhere. You seem like a Brahmin roaming in the forest. If you have any news on the whereabouts of Sitaadevi, then pray tell us. Or if it is possible then help us to search for her.”

Listening to such courteous sayings, great warrior Hanumaanji was elated with joy, How can the pen of no feeling write?. From his eyes began to flow tears of joy. What he had heard in the Raamaayan from mother Anjanaadevi, he felt that story was taking real form here. The feet of Sri Raam that Bhagwaan Shankar had given vision of, that very Raam in child form was standing in front of him – that very thought made him lose his senses. By the first saying of Sri Raam, he was convinced that he was his chosen deity, but knowing all the subsequent details he could not stop himself. “Glory to Bhagwaan Raam!” saying thus he reeled at the feet of Sri Raam. With the flow of his tears, he as if washed the feet of Sri Raam. He took the dust of the feet of Sri Raam to his head.

He now did not fancy at all the pretence any more. Once the feet of the Lord’s feet are reached, how can pretence ever last? Hanumaanji abandoning the form Brahmin, took to his real form. Lifting his child friend unparalleled devotee Hanumaanji by both his hands he took him in his embrace heart to heart.

Where the thousand faced Shesh fails to fully describe the meeting of devotee and the Lord, then how can this lifeless pen approach the subject? The devotee rarely gets direct vision of the Lord. The joy of the hearts of both had gone into long swings here.

The oneness of both the hearts, the meeting of Shiva and jiva, then what differentiation? Pretence, fraud, and the feeling of you – me is miles away! That is the concept of non-duality. That is “Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram” real form. Clasp both his hands in front of Bhagwaan, Hanumaanji prayed: “My Lord! I am an animal. An ordinary being. If I forget you, then what is the surprise? But how can you forget me? By your very command I came from Ayodhya to Rushyamukh mountain. For many days I have awaited your arrival. Presently, Sugriva is very perturbed. I have consoled him by giving him your acquaintance. He also has full faith in you. Now come to the mountain and accept the friendship of Sugriva. Help him first in his task. With thousands of monkeys, he will assist you in search for Sitaaji.”

Saying thus, Hanumaanji seated both the brothers on his shoulders. Sugriva seated on the peak of the mountain saw all this from a distance. His doubts began to vanish. He was convinced those that Hanumaanji was bringing seated on his shoulders, they must be his well wishing friends.

Friend of friend

[6]

The lord is friend to everyone. Nevertheless he even more friend to his devotees friend, because the devotee's recommendation is not in the slightest weak. Refuge to the ones who have no support, affectionate to the weak and downtrodden – Sri Raam and Laxman – taking them Hanumaanji arrived on the Rushyamukh mountain. Sugriva touched the Lord's feet and bowed to him. Sri Raamchandraji also hugged Sugriva and consoled him. By the witness of fire (Agni), the friendship of Sri Raam and Sugriva was established. Decision was arrived at for all the issues. Both friends assured to help each other. Sugriva had fear of Vaali, that now vanished. Hanumaanji became the cause of the friendship of both.

Bhagwaan Raamchandraji took oath: “I will slay Vaali with just one arrow”. And to assure Sugriva, he cut through seven trees with just one arrow.

And Sugriva took the oath: “I will be your help in all your tasks.”

Next day, Bhagwaan Sri Raam sent Sugriva to battle with Vaali. And Bhagwaan watched the battle from a distance. By the calling forth of Sugriva, Vaali came to battle. Both performed wrestling. But there was no way Sugriva the weak one could stand against the greatly strong Vaali. Vaali struck just one huge blow on Sugriva's shoulder – Sugriva's body sweated profusely. The compassionate Raam's heart felt for the suffering of Sugriva. Standing from the distance, Sri Raam called Sugriva, and by his compassionate relieved all his pains and sufferings.

Thereafter Bhagwaan Sri Raam adorned Sugriva with a flower garland around his neck, and sent him back again for battle.

Although Sugriva had no wish to adventure against the strength of Vaali, but by the promise of fearlessness of Bhagwaan, he again called out Vaali for battle. The garland given to him by the grace of the Lord had somewhat infused his body with divine strength.

The battle ensued between Vaali and Sugriva. But there was some divine energy in Sugriva – observed clearly by Vaali. The battle lasted a long time. But this time it was not possible for the defeat of Sugriva.

At this very time, Bhagwaan Raam shot an arrow to back part of Vaali. The pierced through his heart and out the other side.. Vaali fell to the ground like a felled tree.. Then Sri Raam appeared from behind the trees before Vaali. Seeing the bow and arrows holding Sri Raamchandraji, Vaali said: “You are all competent, but you defeated me by striking the arrow through my back, is that not injustice?If you had faught battle facing me, then I would have demonstrated my strength to you.”

Sri Raamchandraji said: “Lord of the monkeys, you were extremely sinful. Snatching away your younger brother’s wife, you added to your sins. To slay even from the back causes no injustice. Even so if you wish to live, then I am prepared to make you immortal. Tell me what do you wish?”

Vaali said: “Lord ! I have recognised your true form. Coming to battle my wife Taaraa gave me your acquaintance. Pray do not put into attachment of worldly things. After thousands of years penance, even the yogis cannot get glimpse of your vision. Penance from lives before cannot accord your vision at life’s end. That vision I have at the end of this life, which is my fortune. Now I wish just for your compassionate hand on my head, and I have your vision to my last breath, that is my last wish.”

And he got his crying son Angad to kneel to the feet of Raam. In few moments Vaali’s sould departed for the highest abode.

The wailing Taraa came to the dead body of her husband. Bhagwaan consoled her preaching her true knowledge and made her carry out Vaali’s final rites.

On one hand there was sadness at the death of Vaali, on the other hand there was the celebration of the crowning of Sugriv to the throne. Bhagwaan Raam could not go into the city according to the rules for his stay in the forest. Laxmanji went to Pampaapur for the crowning ceremony of Sugriv and establishing Angad as the crown prince.

Bhagwaan’s play act is rather complex. In a moment he made Sugriv the king of Pampaapur and Vaali’s ashes were not even left to be seen! Where be the difficulties of those who take refuge in the Lord?

It was the commencement of the four holy months. Giving recess of four months to Sugriv, Sri Raam and Laxman resided on Rushyamukh mountain. Sugriv also had need for that time. Establishing the regulations of the new kingdom and promising to come back shortly to Sri Raamchandraji’s feet, Sugriv took care of the conduct of the kingdom.

Four months passed away. The sky was clear, the waters of the rivers were purified. The cool moonlight shining on the Rushyamukh mountain hills beautified them like a silver sheet. And sitting on a slab under the full moon’s light Sri Raam and Laxman were viewing the beuty of the forest.

Bhagwaan Raamchandraji said: “Brother Laxman, Look, now the autumn season has commenced. We have passed away the time here just sitting. We have still left to search for Sitaadevi. Seems like obtaining kingdom, wife and wealth, Sugriv has forgotton the vow he made..”

Remembering mother Sitaa, Laxmanji became emotional. With sad hear, he said: “Brother, This is just the right time for the search of Sitaaji. Maybe Sugriv knows that having obtained his kingdom, wealth and wife, what will these two forest dwellers can do to me?”

“Brother,” the thought of Sitaaji was also perturbing Bhagwaan Raam, and collecting his voice he said: “Wealth and power are like that. If there folks like Bharat and Laxman in

all homes, then the world would be like heaven. Sugriv, an ordinary person would be prone to forgetting us having gained such high status. But he needs to remember that the Raam's arrow which resulted in the death of Vaaali, that same Raam's arrow can also.....”

The great serpent incarnation Laxmanji immediately realised Raam's words were demonstrating his anger towards Sugriv. The detachment of Sitaaji, it was expected, would result in his such anger towards Sugriv. So he interrupted: “Brother, why do you take such pain. By the arrow of this younger brother, Sugriv will turn to ashes. Pampaapur will vanquish to the nether worlds and.... “

Bhagwaan saw that his words had clearly had profound effect on Laxman's heart. But the words of Raam had been uttered naturally due to separation. Holding Laxmanji's hand, Bhagwaan said: “Brother! Laxman ! Do not be so angry. Where humans, persons of power and the deities after obtaining greatness become like animals, then what of poor forest king Sugriv? The ego of kingdom and wealth is like that. We have made friendship with Sugriv by the witness of Agni and the protectors of the directions (dik-paal). Maybe by sheer nature he may have forgotten, so must be able to forgive.”

“You go to Pampaapur tomorrow in the morning. But do not be angry at all. Remind Sugriv of his pledge. Even so if he does not come to me, then get him here even by force.”

Laxmanji became silent. The night passed. The next morning, Laxmanji departed towards Pampaapur.

Mahaavir Hanumaanji had stayed by the command of Sri Raamchandraji with Sugriv for the four months. Nevertheless he was always reminiscing on the command of Sri Raamchandraji. But engrossed in the duties of the kingdom, Sugriv had certainly forgotten. One day taking him to a side, Mahaavir reminded Sugriv: “Great Lord, the rainy season has passed. Autumn has set in. You have pledged to find Sitaaji. So I am reminding you of your duty to fulfil that pledge.”

By the words of Mahaavir Maaruti, Sugriv suddenly became conscious and said: “Oh! I have erred badly! I was blinded by the attachment of kingdom and wealth. I forgot the Bhagwaan who bestowed on me such grace. How callous I am. Engrossed in the tasks of the kingdom, I even forgot my great Lord!”

“Lord of Pampaa!” said Hanumaanji : “the man lost from the morning who returns by the evening is not considered lost. Start right now the process of searching for the daughter of Janak. Through all the monkeys, find the whereabouts of Sitaaji.”

For all a while Sugriv became pensive, and then he immediately commanded Hanumaanji: “Great warrior! To cover the whole globe will require monkeys in great numbers. You announce my command to all the leaders of the monkeys in the world that they send their troupes to Pampaapuri. And then prepare as you see fit to send the monkeys out in search of Sitaaji, because time is scarce and the task is huge, so you will have to persevere to do so.”

When commanded by his Lord thus, then what is left to do? Hanumaanji by his tremendous velocity, delivered Sugriv's message from Kanyaakumari to Kaashmir. And why send Sugriv's message through third party? Message delivered by the speed of wind, troupes of monkeys began to arrive from lands afar.

Here, Laxmanji arrived in Pampaapur. The gatekeepers welcomed him with salute. But Laxmanji's countenance was different today. Just looking at him from a distance, Sugriv began to tremble. He sent Taaraa and Angand to welcome him.

But Laxmanji's anger was just for show, it transpired. Taaraa and Angad received him. So Sugriv gained confidence. He came and bowed to the feet of Laxmanji, and performed the welcome ceremony.

Meantime, the son of wind arrived with toupes of monkeys. The leaders of monkeys from lands afar bowed to Laxmanji. Laxmanji observed despite engrossed in the running of the kingdom's affairs, Sugriv had not forgotten his task promised to Sri Raam.

But whose effect was this? Mahaavir Maruti of course! If the friend of friend and unfailing devotee of Bhagwaan had not warned Sugriv previously, then? The history of Pampaapur might have been somewhat different!

In the search of Sitaaji

[7]

Sri Raamchandraji was seated on the slab of Rushyamukh mountain. On his right was his bow and on his left he had kept the arrows. He saw toupes of monkeys coming from a distance. Laxmanji initially came and bowed at the feet of the Lord. Sugriv arriving, immediately bowed to the feet of Bhagwaan. The Lord hugged him. Sugriv begging forgiveness, said: "For my delay I pray request forgiveness, Bhagwaan!"

Having forsaken all at his feet, would the Lord consider any of his demeanours? The Lord is the form forgiveness personified. With pleasant countenance he said: "What fault, King of the monkeys? Did you manage to settle all the issues of the kingdom?"

"By your grace all has been settled, Bhagwaan," said Sugriv respectfully.

Thereafter Hanumaanji, Jaambvaan, Nal, Nil, and others bowed to Bhagwaan. Sugriv was introducing them, the Lord pleasantly welcomed all. Monkeys, bears and the armies of all presented themselves saluted with clasped hands.

"Bhagwaan, we are now all present at your feet, whatever you now command we will fulfil."

"Brothers," said Bhagwaan Raam: "You are all equivalent to my brother Laxmanji. We now have to initiate the search for Sitaaji. The demons are very magical. Who knows where they have hidden Sitaaji?"

Sugriv according to the command of the Lord divided the monkeys into four battalions, with each battalion under command of a chief. One battalion in the east, one in west, another in the north he commanded to go out in search of Sitaaji. Sugriv had surmised Sitaaji had been taken to the south, so the fourth battalion he commanded to be despatched with Hanumaanji, Prince Anagad, the bear king Jaambvaan and others.

To all the four groups Sugriv commanded: "In each direction, you search all houses, temples, forests, gardens, monasteries, rivers, mountains, caves and all water reservoirs. Those who do not complete the search and return in one mone month, they will be punished. In this respect there will be no forgiveness for any laziness."

Countless monkeys and bears shouted glory to Bhagwaan Raam. And bowing to Bhagwaan departed in their directions.

Three battalions having departed, great warrior Hanumaanji bowed at the feet of the Lord. Giving his ring in the hand of Hanumaanji, Bhagwaan Raam said: "As a token of my remembrance, give this ring to Jaankiji. And explain to her all about the

circumstances. And also tell her my mind is always with her, so she will understand my situation.”

“Mahaavir, Console Sitaa and calm her. She will be very distressed separated from me, and to protect her life. We will come as quickly as possible to fetch her.”

Hearing the message of the Lord, Mahaavirji was overcome with emotions. With great care he kept the ring. He realised that despite Bhagwaan had despatched the monkey troops in all four directions, it was just a play act of the world as he really wished to give the glory of discovering Sitaaji to him.

Hanumaanji bowed at the feet of Bhagwaan and taking his battalion departed in the southerly direction. What delay in the task of Bhagwaan? The monkey troupes searched the four corners of the earth, but would they not only find Bhagwati Jaankiji if she was there? At last all the troupes gathered in the south and mixed with Mahaavir’s troupes. The battalion of the south was pressing forward.

All the battalions were getting tired. Sitaaji was to be seen no where. Hanumaan, Angad and Jaambvaan were looking all worn out. They were all distressed by hunger and thirst. There was no sign of fruits or water..

They were searching a dreadful mountain for Sitaaji, when in the valley of the mountain was observed greenery. Hanumaanji assumed there was some garden, forest or water reservoir. Taking the monkeys, he arrived down.

After coming down he found many birds coming out of a cave with water dripping from their wings. All were distressed by thirst so their first task was to have drink of water. So they decided to enter the cave holding each other’s hands.

The cave was lovely, entering which were seen number of streams. All the monkeys after so many days drank water after so many days. Walking forward they observed sweet fruit trees. In the middle of the garden they found a female mendicant. Taking permission of the mendicant the monkeys ate the fruits.

The monkeys were re-energised having eaten the fruits and drunk water. And they went to the mendicant and bowed to her. The surprised mendicant asked: “O! How come you have all come here?”

Hanumaanji explained all the facts: “All these monkeys are ambassadors of Sri Raamchandrajai.” Having learned this, the mendicant was very pleased and she said: “Bhagwaan’s followers! Bhagwaan Raam is residing on Rushyamukh mountain – having heard that I am very eager to to get vision of him. You all close your eyes, so you will be able to come out of this cave. Coming out of the cave you will realise the way to search for Jaankiji.”

According to the words of the mendicant, all the monkeys shut their eyes. And when they opened them, they found themselves on the shore of the ocean. Ahead was the interminable water bearer jewel carrier taking swings. On the coast were ranges of mountains on both the sides of them. All looked on surprised, as where they were sitting, opposite was Lankaapuri.

Monkeys seated on the coast were all saddened, how will they get to know the location of Jaankiji, they worried. All were silent. Just then Angadji said: “Brother Hanumaan! We are done both ways. We cannot find location of Sitaaji, and without knowing where she is we cannot go back as Sugriv will not let be alive. And here there is hundred yojan long ocean confronting us.”

“Now you decide what we need to do. I am not willing to go back to Pampaapuri. Just here on the coast conducting the ritual fasting to death is better than facing death at the hands of Sugriv.”

Many monkeys agreed with Angad’s comments. All the monkeys sitting there commenced thinking of fasting.

But in all tasks of the beings there is the Lord’s help. In the range of mountains on one side resided a wingless elderly eagle by the name of Sampaati. He was eagle king Jataayu’s brother. In their youth both brothers had attempted to fly to SuryaNaaraayan (Sun). Smapaati’s wings got burned by the firey rays of the sun, and he dropped down from the sky.

Just at that time there was a rushi meditating. He consoled Sampaati, and the rushi said: “Brother! In very short time Bhagwaan Raam’s followers will arrive here. You help those followers to locate Sitaaji. At that time your new wings will grow.”

Hearing these words, Smapaati’s enthusiasm was rejuvenated. Although wingless and and without consciousness, he came and sat in the cave. Those beings who came into the cave by accident, he would devour them and awaited the arrival of Bhagwaan Raam’s followers’ arrival.

Seeing so many monkeys seated silently at the coast, Sampaati came out of the cave. He thought: “Great ! Today I have found meal of so many monkeys. Devouring them, I will satisfy my hunger of long time.”

Eagle King Sampaati

Sampaati’s form was like that of a vast mountain. Listening words of such fearful eagle, the monkeys were all frightened. And some started to run in fear.

Great warrior Hanumaanji referring to the monkeys said: “Brothers, there is no cause for fear. Seeing this elderly eagle, I get reminded of Jataayu. Oh, how lucky was Jataayu.

Carrying out the task of Raghunaathji, he has become immortal!”

Hearing the name of his brother, Sampaati’s anger simmered down. He said: “Brothers! Do not be frightened. I wish learn the news of my brother Jataayu.”

Angadji came forward, and coming to Sampaati he said: “When Raavan was abducting Sitaaji, at that time Jataayu battled with Raavan. With great valour he confronted him. But in the end Raavan cut off both his wings. Thereafter in search of Sitaaji, Sri Raam and Laxmanji arrived there, where upon Jataayu left his mortal body at their feet.”

Hearing of the demise of his brother, Sampaati was very pained. Two monkeys lifted him and seated on the shore of the ocean. In honour of his brother, Sampaati bathed himself and offered water from the ocean by his hands as tribute. Ridding himself of the sadness, Sampaati said: “Followers of Bhagwaan Raam! I am from the eagle dynasty. On the other side of the ocean, about one hundred yojans away is a mountain called Trikut. On that mountain there is golden city of Lankaa. Raavan is the king there. It is surrounded and protected by strong demons. Without Raavan’s permission, even air cannot enter the city. In this Lankaa city, Sitaaji is seated all saddened. At times she cries. At other times she sits speechless. Meditating on Sri Raam, she sits there motionless.”

“The one who tranverses the hundred yojans to enter Lankaa, he will see Sitaaji. Who and how to get there, you now have to decide.”

Hanumaanji, Angadji and Jaambvaan all looked at each other. Whereupon Sampaati suddenly developed his wings. And taking leave he departed.

All leaders of the monkeys gathered together. Until there was hopelessness. Now there was a solution. But the question was – who will go to Lanka? And how to enter that city?

All began to describe their feats. Some said: “I can cross 10 yojans in one leap.” Others said: “20 yojans will present no problem.”

While others described their ability to cross 50 - 60 yojans!

All the main leaders stopped at this limit. None had the energy or skill to go beyond. Answers from Angadji and Mahaavir Hanumaanji were still awaited. Jaambvaan looked at the prince: “Prince! How about you going to Lanka on your own?”

“Yes, by your command I can get to Lanka, but doubtful to say if I can return back.”

“but Jaambvaanji!” he said after pause, “you are a great warrior from Satya-yug. Why don’t you take the courage?”

“That time has passed,” said Jaambvaan with a sigh. “There was a time when Bhagwaan changed his form from a midget Vaaman form to the huge form covering the universe. At that time I was in my youth. At the time Bhagwaan assumed the form of the universe, I circumambulated him sixteen times. Now my energy has reduced due to passing of time. I have gone weak now, but even so I can cross 16 yojans with one leap.”

Jaambvanji was elderly and thinking person. Angadji looking at Hanumaanji was just about to speak when Jaambvanji interrupted and said: “Pavan-kumar! Why are you sitting quiet? At the time of your birth, I have not forgotten you sped to swallow Bhaaskar (sun)! And your incarnation has occurred to carry out Raghunaathji’s tasks. Your name is Mahaavir (great warrior) so do what is expected of as for your name.”

Hearing the name of Bhagwaan Raam and his praises, Hanumaanji’s body was filled with joy. And his body began to inflate. As if it was a mountain of gold! With that form Mahaavirji let out a roar “Say glory to Siyavar Raamchandraji!”

By Mahaavir’s roar the sky was filled with its reverberations. His reflected from all the four corners. Seeing this golden earthly form of Hanumaanji, all the monkeys said in unison: “Glory to Siyavar Raamchandraji!”

Hanumaanji was standing on the shore of the ocean. Due to the curse from the past, the divinity had not shone in him till now. Hearing tales of his feats, he became luminous with divinity, and incomparably strong. All the monkeys prayed to this luminous form of Mahaavir Maarutiji:

Atulit bal-dhaamam svarna-sheilaam-deham |

Danuj-van-krushaanum gnaani-naam-agra-ganyam ||

Sakal-gunaani-dhaanam vaanaraanaam-adhisham |

Raghupat var-dutam vaat-jaatam namaami ||

“Incredible store of energy, brilliant like mountain of gold, like volcanic fire burning the demon-form forest, the supreme amongst the intellectuals, mine of complete qualities, foremost amongst the monkeys and the best messenger of Sri Raghunaath, we bow to Pavan-kumar.”

Hanumaanji said: “Jaambvanji! Mahaavirji respectfully questioned: “You are commanding me to cross the ocean to go to Lanka. To carry out that task of Sri Raam, I have no concern of this body. In service to him, if this body perishes, then I am glad. But what do I have to do when I get there? Pray do tell me. If you permit I can reduce this ocean so that it becomes a flat bed. If you permit I can drown the whole of Lanka together with the Trikutaachal mountain in the ocean. If you wish, I can take Raavan together with his

entourage of demons in fist and squash them to powder. And if you require, I can just carry Mahaa-Maayaa Jaankiji on my shoulder and deliver her to Rusyamukh mountain. Else if you wish, I can squash the great evil Raavan in my fingers like a mosquito. Pray tell me, what do I need to do when I get to Lankaa?”

Strong warrior Maaritis such frightening form had never been observed by any of the monkeys before. The monkeys sat dumb looking at this form of Mahaavir, no body had the courage to say anything!

Traversing the ocean

[8]

Raam’s devotee Hanumaanji taking the name of Raam at every breath was travelling by sky route. At that time the deities observing the play act of Hanumaanji began to think: “To cross one hundred yojans of ocean is no small feat”, Indra said.

“And even if the crossing is successful, the strong demons will not let him go free”, Kuber expressed doubt.

And from amongst all the deities, Vaayudev said: “O deities, there is no doubt in the strength and intellect of my son. You may test him out.”

“That is good. We do not doubt the strength of Vaayu’s son. But from this city filled with demons after meeting Sitaaji, will he be able to return safely? We must ensure that.” All the deities agreed.

The deities sent mother of the serpents Sursaa to test Hanumaanji and instructed her: “If you find Vaayu’s son weak in strength or intellect, then send him back lest we accidentally sacrifice Sri Raam’s ardent messenger.”

Hanumaanji was travelling at wind speed when he saw right in the middle of his path Sursaa standing like a mountain. Coming close to her Hanumaan heard the words: “Well, well, found some very good food. I have been hungry for many days. I will satisfy my hunger today.”

Hearing the voice Vaayu’s son recognise Sursaa and he said respectfully: “Mother of the serpents. I am travelling to Lankaa to accomplish Raghunaath’s task. Returning from there and after delivering her message I will return to satisfy your hunger with my body. Please let me go for now.”

“Do you consider me to be a small girl?” said Sursaa laughing out loud. “Why should I wait so long? And would you avail yourself for death so willingly – what proof is there? I am extremely hungry, I will not be dissuaded by your confusing talk.”

Hanumaanji persuaded praying to her, but Sursaa was there to test him out. She want to see demonstration of the strength and intellect of Hanumaanji, so why would she acquiesce to his pleadings?

Although Hanumaanji was capable of punishing her, because Sursaa was mother of the deities – the deities for whom he had incarnated – how can he punish the mother of the deities? So he decided to find some trick. After thinking he said: “As you will not accept my pleadings, then what is left? Here is my body for you to devour.”

Hanumaanji’s body was huge. So Sursaa made her body big the size of one yojan; whereupon Hanumaanji increased his body to two yojans!

Sursaa became four yojans whereupon Hanumaanji also became four yojans. Following on Sursaa increased her size to one hundred yojans!

Hanumaanji was just waiting for this. He then reduced to a very minute size and entered Sursaa's mouth and came out of her nostril. And bowing to her he said: "Mother! Now it is all accomplished. I have travelled into your womb and returned, so I am now your child! And also a noble person does not chew anything which has already been chewed." Sursaa was extremely impressed by the strength and intellect of Mahaavir and showering her grace said: "Dear child! I am convinced you will accomplish Raamchandraji's task and return safely. The deities had sent me just to confirm this. I have observed that you are ocean of valour, intellect and cleverness."

The son of Anjani bowed at the feet of Sursaa and Sursaa departed from there by sky route. Hanumaanji proceeded forward towards Lankaa.

About half the distance had been covered. The ocean observed Hanumaanji proceeding to carry out Bhagwaan's task. To ensure he did not get stressed, he thought some service should be offered. So the ocean said to the Meinaak mountain residing in the middle of the ocean: "Meinaak! You have resided in me for a long time. Hanumaanji who is traversing today by sky route, offer him a rest place by coming up."

Why would Meinaak lose this opportunity to aid Sri Raam's messenger? He raised one of his peaks and Meinaak taking the form of a human himself came forward praying to Mahaavir: "Darling of Anjaney! You must be tired. Take some rest on my head. And take some of these fruit and water. Please take this small service from me in carrying out your sacred task."

Respecting Meinaak's prayer, Mahaavirji rested on the peak with one hand, though he had no need to take any rest. But to satisfy the mountain, he partook of fruit and water, and he said: "Meinaak, I am grateful for your service. But how can I take rest without completing the Lord's task?"

Meinaak was satisfied. Hanumaanji proceeded forward from there.

In the middle of the ocean resided a demoness by the name of Simhikaa. Raahu's mother, she was very apt in magical wizardry. Catching the shadow of the birds flying in the sky, she would devour them. This Simhikaa caught the shadow of huge body son of Wind. But how would the insignificant wizardry of Simhikaa work against the wizardry Lord Raam's messenger? Perhaps Bhagwaan himself might by play act get caught in the wizardry, but how can this wizardry touch devotee of Bhagwaan? From the sky route Hanumaanji observed some external force was preventing his flight. So took look up, down and on the sides, but could not find the cause. Eventually he stretched his sight in the ocean waters, and he observed a huge bodied demoness. Mahaavir was very angered. He jumped on her with his huge body. The demoness was reduced to pulp. The ocean water turned blood red.

Destroying the demoness, son of Wind proceeded forward. Thereafter he met no further obstacles. In little time he arrived at Lankaa. On the border of Lankaa was a mountain called Suwel. Climbing its peak, Hanumaanji glanced at the whole of Lankaa. There Lankaa was filled with demons mad with pride, demon-witches, huge bodied demons size of mountains. Impenetrable bodied demons were standing at all the forts armed with weapons of destruction.

In the darkness of night, Hanumaanji deciding to enter Lankaa in secret form seated himself on the peak of Suwel mountain and rid of his exhaustion from crossing the ocean.

Gift from a devotee to another devotee

In the tall gold buildings studded with jewels, impenetrable rooms and decorated with water vessels, Lanka city was resided by only demons. With foggy forms, they were walking everywhere on the royal route, some laughing with beautiful demonesses, while some considered life of enjoying intoxicating drinks. Some with form of buffaloes, others with form of donkeys. Some were engaged in slaughtering goats, buffaloes, cows, camels etc. And some demons were devouring whole animals. Some were engaged in cooking meat dishes. And some were involved in wrestling while others were playing in the water with beautiful demonesses. Some were enjoying walking in the gardens and arboreta. Others were fallen drunk from tub fulls of liquor, shouting incomprehensible gibber. It was as if the whole of Lanka was engulfed with demoniac – taamasic activity!

And the wealth of Lanka was also exceptional. In the whole of the cosmos whatever beautiful women or girls there were, they were also selected and gathered there by the demons there – girls of the celestials, girls of the deities, girls of the musicians of the deities and so forth. All those women Raavan fancied, they were taken by Raavan into his abode. The remaining who were kept captive by the demons exemplified the beauty of Lanka.

How can the beauty of Lanka be described? All the seasons were coming to fruition simultaneously. The whole of Lanka was washed each day with the rains from the clouds. The rubbish was blown away by the wind each day. The rubbish of Lanka was incinerated by fire each day. All the wealth and splendour of the creation resided in Lanka.

Mahaavir Hanumaanji was intensely observing the city of Lanka. His sight was not just engaged in observing the splendour of Lanka, but he was measuring all the essence of Lanka with his eyes and intellect! So that he could get insight of how to search for Sitaaji and guidance for the conduct of the forthcoming war.

Surrounding Lanka was a range of mountains like a fort and strong soldiers equipped with weapons were constantly keeping guard. How come such a splendid and wealthy city was in the hands of those very sinful demons? Hanumaanji had a doubt come to his heart for a moment.

But wise people's doubts are also settled by their hearts. The demonic wealth gained by taamasic quality is seen to increase at tremendous rate. The crop grown with manure of excreta grows very quickly. But such taamasic wealth has very short life. When it perishes, then it gets eradicated by the root and producing great consternation to its bearer.

What even if one obtains such demonic wealth? And even what if one does not obtain it? And in that which does not have "Raam" in it, such heavenly splendour is like body without the soul. Wealth obtained immorally and unlawfully and without righteous intellect – would it not also not be used for such purposes?

Thinking so, it came to be evening time. The cloak of darkness began to veil over all the directions of the Lanka city. Mahaavir Hanumaanji alighted from the peak of Suvel and he entered the city through one of the entrances to the city assuming a very minute form. But as soon as he tried to enter, the overseeing deity of the Lanka city herself presented in the form of a demoness. Stopping Hanumaanji, she said: "Oh! And who are you? Why are you entering without acknowledging me? Do you not know I am the presiding deity of Lanka, and thieving people like you are my food?"

Hanumaanji thought that this wicked demoness will not be persuaded, and that there was no point in arguing with her. In case if some other demon came during the conversation, then it would only make matters worse. And that time will be lost in search of Jaankiji.

Blow to Lankini

Having thought such, Pavankumaar punched a blow to the head of the demoness. The heavy solid blow blew out the eyes of the demoness and she began to vomit blood. Before Hanumaanji was to hit her the second blow, she fell at the feet of Hanumaanji. And crying out she said: “Mahaavir, I have recognised you. When Bhrahmaa gave boon to Raavan, he had told him that Sri Raam’s messenger will come searching for Bhagvati Sitaaji. And if by his single blow Lankaa’s deity is agitated and confounded, then realise that Lankaa city and the Lord Lankaa are guests for only few days.”

“Lord of Kapi!” she continued after a breath, “I am not a demoness but worshipped by Raavan I am the overlord of Lankaapuri. It is my great privilege that I have gained your vision. You make entrance to the city contemplating on the name of Raam. Success is already facing you.”

Saying thus the deity relinquished the task of guarding of Lankaa. Granting her freedom from fear, Hanumaanji made entrance to the city.

Mahaavirji just realised that he could have asked Smapaati the whereabouts of Janakandini in Lankaa. And Sampaati also did not bother to explain the location. Now I will have to search this whole vast Lankaapuri for Sitaaji. Where could Sitaaji be? Has the Lord of Lankaa – Raavan put her into a prison?

Thinking thus he searched all the prisons in the city. The prisons were all filled with deities and divine souls – but showed no trace of Sitaaji.

Thereafter he roamed in secret form in the abodes of the ministers. To carry out the task of his master, the celibate Mahaavirji had to pass through the abodes of the married. At some locations, animals were being slaughtered, at others intoxicating drinks were being boiled, some were preparing meat dishes and at others the demons were engaged in acts of their desires.

Hanumaanji saw all these abodes, and he also entered many public places in secret form. Maybe he will get some news of Sitaaji from the chatting of people. But there was not a single mention of Sitaaji in any of the discussions. In all locations he roamed with unadulterated mind. The one in whose heart the name of Sri Raam and Sri Raam’s task consistently reside, where is the scope for adulteration of the mind?

Roaming around, he entered the vast great palace of Kumbhkaran. This huge bodied demon was in long deep sleep, so he came out again.

Half the night had passed. All the people had succumbed into the lap of mother sleep. But the one who was engaged in carrying out the task of Bhagwaan, how can sleep enter his eyes?

And just a little distance ahead he observed made from markat diamond the palace of Raavan. Skillfully he made entrance into it. Raavan’s beauty room, inner room, meeting room, weapon store, committee room and inner court – he looked at all those. He checked out the sleeping of all the queens, looked at all the dance halls. In all the places he observed those arrogant women lying fainted from intoxication of extremely potent liquor. After pleasing Raavan with their form, colour and attraction those women were

lying there part naked. Hanumaanji inspected all those carefully. He returned again to the beer mall of Raavan. That which would set aside the even the heaven, in such Raavan's palace Hanumaanji observed everywhere an empire of warriors and beautiful damsels. The lights were shining like diamonds. Attractive nude women's pictures adored all the rooms. The environment was filled with fragrant scents all over. An in that beautiful great palace Raavan himself was sleeping on a covered bed. His huge body was covered with soft silk cloth. And on his left a very beautiful lady was seen sleeping.

For a moment Hanumaanji stopped there. Coming to Lankaa he had seen many beautiful women, but the one sleeping on Raavan's bed was no comparison to any others he had witnessed.

"Would that not be the darling of Janak – Sitaaji?" Mahaavir for moment had a doubt. No. An answer came from his heart. Sitaaji was worshipful of her husband. Her eyes would never turn to any other except for the vision of Bhagwaan Raam. And also Sampaati had said that distressed due to the separation from Bhagwaan Raam, Sitaaji was constantly in sorrow. Whereas this woman was pleasantly in sleep.

"This woman must be the favourite of Raavan". Hanumaanji immediately concluded thus.

And thereafter he observed every corner of Raavan's abode. But he could not find Sitaaji. Now where to go? Having explored the whole of Lankaa he was not successful in search of Bhagvati Sitaaji. Is Sitaaji not in Lankaa? The elderly Sampaati would not lie.

"- But it is all right. My search is still incomplete – Hanumaanji suddenly thought.

Roaming around in Lankaa city I have observed all the visions of sin and looked all the sinners. Despite being celibate, I saw thousands of naked women. I saw copulations in many rooms. My eyes have become impure. I have to repent.

Only high thinking people can think like this. Recollection of sins and their repentance only comes to the pure hearted of merit. Sinners think of sin as merit. They throw themselves wilfully into the dump sin. What need do they see for repentance?

With just the remembrance of sin, Hanumaanji's heart became light. By the constant repetition of name of Raam, sin could not touch him. So from his sanctified heart came the voice:

"Hanumaan! You have come to perform the task of Bhagwaan. Where the body is not yours, where your heart is not yours, where all yours has been offered at the feet of Sri Raghunaath, then where is sin?"

Having roamed all of Lankaa city, to see the forests, lakes, temples and gardens he thought of coming out of Lankaa. It was nearly the last quarter of the night. A new light had as if sprung in the heart of devotee to Raam. And piercing the deep darkness of the night, the rays of Arun-dev were making first attempt. On the edge of Lankaa-nagari, he was proceeding in the easterly direction.

Just then seeing a beautiful abode, Hanumaanji stood there. On the doorway of this house were big letters "Sri R a a m".

Mahaa-vir Maaruti bowed to the name form of Sri Raam with great affection. Beyond the doorway inside was a beautiful garden of Tulsi plants, and he also saw articles for worship prepared with flowers. Hanumaanji entered inside. The dwelling's floor were covered with cow dung. The walls were adored with pictures of the many incarnations of Bhagwaan. And in the middle of the dwelling was a magnificent temple. And by the

temple was a yagna kund with just freshly offered sacrificial Hut-dravya (herbs and eatables for the fire sacrifice) the fragrance of which graced the environment.

Maaruti fell into thought: “Filled with demons, in this sinful Lankaa only monsters of the dark forces opposed to Go-Brahmin, deities and yagna-sacrifice reside. How can there be any Vaishnavs here? Is this not demonic illusion prepared by Raavan to entice Sitaaji? And just then in this pensive mood of Hanumaan came a nectar like voice in his ears:

“Sri Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam
Sri Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam”

Waking in the last quarter of the night, Vibhishan was taking bath. The chanting remembrance of the name of Sri Raam was also coming from his bathroom.

Standing in middle of the courtyard, Hanumaanji looked around. He was convinced despite him not finding Sitaaji in his search, there was a devotee of Raam was living here. And finishing his bath he will come here.

Thinking thus Hanumaanji was overjoyed. And he also engaged himself in singing the glory name of Bhagwaan!

“Sri Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam
Sri Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam Jai Raam”

Suddenly he became conscious of the footsteps of Vibhishan, the devotee got vision of the coming devotee from afar. And Mahaavir Maaruti took the form of a Brahmin. In the form of Brahmin stepping forward, Hanumaanji said: “Jai Sri SiyaaRaam!”

The devotee supreme Vibhishan observed standing in front of him a Brahmin deity adored with tilak on his forehead and rosary in his hand. Immediately running forward, he fell to the feet of the Brahmin. After saluting thus, he stood up clasping his hands and said:

“Vipr-var! How come you are here? In this city where only all demons reside who devour cows, Brahmins. Here no true Brahmin has access to enter. It is my great fortune that at the beginning dawn I have vision of great person like you. Lord, pray tell me where you come from? And who are you? Are you Sanat-kumar, Shukdev, Naarad, Angiraa, or are you a muni-ishvar from amongst the messengers of the Lord? Or are you the real Raghunaath come here to grace his servant in the form os a Brahmin?”

Where Lord’s devotee meets his other devotee, then where is there any difference between them? Hanumaanji immediately changed to his true Form from that of Brahmin form.

Both were silent. Both were filled with ecstasy. Both’s eyes were filled tears of love. Both’s condition was eager and longing.

Both devotees despite not knowing each other hugged themselves.

And the meeting of a Lord’s devotee with another devotee, how can the lifeless pen describe?

Contact with Sitaaji

[10]

The oneness of the heart makes one forget everything. This lovely meeting of Vibhishan made Mahaavir forget all his difficulties. Giving in short details of his identity Hanumaanji related the purpose for his coming to Lankaa.

“Brother!” with emotional voice Vibhishan said: “While I have been born in the demonic dynasty, I am also brother to Raavan. How can anyone be more unfortunate? I am sinful

by birth, and also Raghunaath's enemy's brother. Will I ever attain the dust of Sri Raam's feet? Will I get to the feet of Sri Raam?"

"Great devotee!" Hanumaanji said in an emotional voice. "The compassionate on the down fallen is sanctifier of the sinful, he is compassionate supreme. He does not differentiate good or bad quality, or caste or creed. I am also born in the unstable and quality less monkey race. If someone remembers me in the morning, they may not get day's food. In this inauspicious race I have no sense of discrimination of restraint or rules and regulations. But I have obtained my place at the feet of that very compassionate sanctifier of sinners. That devotee affectionate refuge of the refugeless Sri Raghunaathji hugs me. How can I attempt to describe his kindness? If anyone simply and with faith says "I am yours", then whatever he may be, even then he becomes his. To release the sinners he has incarnated. He is support of the fallen. All that is left is to go to seek his refuge. With great love the Lord of the wretched will demonstrate his compassion. The is not least of doubt in this."

With great silence Vibhishan listened to Mahaavir's speech. With his tears his heart got covered. This was the climax of love.

In a moment Hanumaanji remembered, and he said: "Vibhishanji! Coming here I totally forgot my Lord's task. Look, the darkness of the night is coming to end. To look for Sitaaji in the day time will become difficult. If you know, then pray tell me quickly where Raavan has kept Sitaaji."

"Brother", said Vibhishanji. "Just opposite here is visible Ashok garden – right in the middle is our dynasty supreme deity Shankar's temple. Beside it is a beautiful lake. On it's eastern coast under the canopy of a vast Shisham tree in the watch of very strong armed warriors is seated bhagwati Sitaaji. Raavan has engaged fearsome demonesses to persuade but bhagwati Sitaaji only meditating on Bhagwaan Raam in sorrowful mood is offering tears of her eyes to the Lord. My wife sometimes taking time goes to console Sitaaji, but the chaste wife in the midst of fire of separation – how can she get any consolation?"

"You do not worry anyhow, Bhagwaan Raam will settle everything," saying thus Hanumaanji proceeded from there. In a very minute form he made entrance into Ashok garden.

It was a light while to sun rise. Apart from the sweet songs of the birds on the trees, none else had woken up. Mother sleep showers her grace on the demon dynasty. So the demons and demonesses were still asleep. Going to the Shiva temple Hanumaanji had sight of Lord Shiva and from the bank of the lake by the very Ashok tree, he sighted the sorrow afflicted Sitaaji from a distance.

By the sight of Bhagvati Sitaaji, he was over joyed. He saluted her within his mind. And in the leafage of the Shish tree, he hid there sitting. Hanumaanji was thinking when the demonesses move away from around Sitaaji, he would talk to Sitaaji alone.

Just then he heard the sound of a demon coming. Hanumaanji watching from the gap in the leafage saw the demon king Raavan going towards Sitaaji. At dawn not able to sleep, he had arrived early with excuse of roaming in the garden. Holding lit torches, his servants were walking in front of him.

Coming to Sitaaji, according to his daily routine he began to persuade in various, at times threatening and at other times with sweet talk he was trying to make Sitaaji agreeable to his wishes.

But would such attractions deflect the heart of Sitaaji? Would any threat give her fear? Could any other man's sweet talk ever cheat the chaste woman?

The great devi Sitaaji did not even glance at Raavan nor in the least got frightened from his threats. With words that would adore an Aryan lady, she replied: "O wicked! I know your power very well. In the absence of the Arya son, you abducted me. Are you not ashamed? O sinful! By your very sin fire, your Lankaa together with your family will invite your destruction."

Raavan could not endure these fire showering words of Sitaaji. Raising his sword, he redied to to slaughter Sitaaji's head. But suddenly from behind a delicate beautiful held Raavan's hand.

Hanumaanji noticed it was the same lady Mandodari who was sleeping before in Raavan's bedroom. Thinking per chance Raavan having got up early at dawn may have gone to Ashok garden, she had followed him.

Shaking with anger, Raavan's hand dropped. And seeing Mandodari, he retraced his steps back.

But going back, he told the demonesses watching over Sitaaji that if Sitaaji desired to live then she would have to obey the command of Raavan. Remember that Raavan's anger would shake even the time!

The demonesses taking very fearful forms tried to persuade Sitaaji. But as among the bad people there is someone good, from amongst the nasty demonesses there was a demoness by the name Trijataa who was good natured and kind. She called all the demonesses to her and said: "Dear sisters! Let us go to roam in the gardens. Today the Lord of Lankaa arrived early, so we do not to fear him!"

That same Trijataa after midnight had related to Sitaaji about her dream. Trijataa had seen in her dream a valorous monkey man come to Lankaa and set it alight. And she had seen him slaughtering the heads of the demons and destroying Akshaya-kumaar.

Sitaaji was also thinking about what Trijataa had narrated to her. Were the demonesses near her or away, she did not even notice. Sitting on the Shisham tree, Hanumaanji was observing all. Sitaaji in half faint mood was calling out sighs "Son of Aarya, Raam!" and other words. Mother's each word was shaking Hanumaanji's heart. Suddenly, Hanumaanji dropped from his hand the finger ring into Sitaaji's lap.

Seeing the jewel studded ring in her lap, Sitaaji took it in her hand and carefully inspected it. It was impossible for the chaste wife to not recognise her husband's ring! Recognising fully the ring, she hugged it to her heart. Looking repeatedly at the ring, she still remained unsatisfied.

A mixture of surprise and love could be seen in Sitaaji's heart. She began to ponder: "O! This is my beloved's ring. His name is inscribed in this ring. But how did it get here? Could God have sent this as a present by his grace? Who would have brought it here?" Looking up at the tree and the surrounding area, she could not see anyone. Again she hugged the ring to her heart and began to think:

Sitting on the tree, Maaruti suddenly began to sing praise to Lord Sri Raam. Hanumaanji reckined that if he went straight to the Mother, she would not have any faith in him.

Listening to the praise to Lord Sri Raam, Bhagvati Sitaaji was very pleased. She was overjoyed coming to realise that her heart's delight had sent someone to her. But who is it?

And Hanumaanji quickly alighted and began to bodily prostrate to the feet of the Mother.

How can any paen describe the daughter of Janak's great emotional delight? Even so, she did not engage in direct conversation to an unknown man. But taking the ring in her hand and questioning it, she said:

MUDRE SANTI SA-LAKSHMANA-HA KUSHLIN-HA SRI RAAM PAADAA-HA
SUKHAM
SANTI SWAAMINI MAA VIDHEHI VIDHURAM CHETO-ANAYAA CHINTAYAA
ENAAM VYAAHAR MEITHILAADHIP-SUTE NAAMAANTARE-NAA-DHUNAA
RAAM-STAWAD-VIRHEN KANKAN-PADAM HYASYEI CHIRAM DATTAVAN

“O ring! Tell me quickly. Is Sri Raamchandraji together with Laxman well?”

“Yes, daughter if Meithil,” as if the ring replied. “Due to separation from you, the emaciated Sri Raam instead of wearing me in his hand was wearing me as a jewel round his hand. I have now come to you.”

Sitaaji looked into jewel in the ring. The place where Sri Raam's name was inscribed, there she saw the form of Raam visible. And in the jewel her reflection was as if standing smiling at Sri Raam. For a moment, in the pair of Sita Raam's vision, Bhagvati Sita became engrossed!

In a moment she became aware and began to think: “O! Instead of wearing the ring in his finger, my Lord was wearing on his hand? Why, has he become so emaciated in separation from me? And now as a remembrance in his hand, even this ring has not remained. He will now become even fickle!”

“But would that have happened?” Sitaaji had a doubt.

“Why not?” Sitaaji's pure heart replied. “Why does separation from my beloved makes even the moon rays feel burn like fired coals? Why does the touch of lotus flowers become unbearable like sparks from fire? How come the beauty of the moon instead of giving pleasure to the eyes seems raw as flash of lightening? The cool mild scented air, why does it feel like forest fire? And why do the tender things of the world seem harsh? When the separation from the dear gives me this experience, then the message from this ring must be true.”

“But O ring!” Sitaaji said after a pause. “Now go quickly to the beloved of us both Sri Raam and at his feet announce my message. You have already heard my heart's cries. It is not possible to endure that affliction anymore. That is all you have to relate to our Lord of life.”

“Yes my Mother!” in between the voice of Mahaavir Maaruti was heard by pensive Sitaaji. “Just as the ring understands the grief of your heart, this child's heart comprehends it multi fold. And more so understands Raam who resides in my heart. How can that anguish be hidden from him?”

Bhagvati Sitaaji now looked directly at Hanumaanji. And denoting the monkey form Mahaavir, she said: “O strong one! I have recognised you by the praises you said of the Lord, sitting in the tree. You are truly fortunate. To this day, my Lord had no friendship with a monkey, but now there is no doubt left in my mind. Tell me O king of the monkeys. Together with brother Laxman, is the Arya son well?”

Speaking Arya son, her heart filled with emotions. The tears flowing from her eyes were sanctifying the ring in her hand. Despite wanting to talk she was unable to express any words.

“Dear Mother!” said Mahaavir Hanumaanji consoling. “Please you do not become so grief stricken. The pair of Bhagwaan Raam and Laxman are just well. Nevertheless, your recollection always pains his heart. Pray do have patience. I will narrate Bhagwaan Raam’s message to you.”

Become composed and relaxed, Sitaaji prepared to hear life’s Lord’s message eagerly. She wiped the tears from her eyes with the end of her sari.

“Maataaji” said Hanumaanji. “Now I will reiterate in Bhagwaan Raam’s words his given message.”

“Darling of Janak. The tree under which I sit, instead of its shade giving relaxation gives me pain of the body. The moon rays and the breeze of the Malyaachal pain me like the flames of fire. Deer of the forest, khanjan, Shuk, Saarikaa, Kokilaa, listening to their sweet singing bring me your memories. From that understand my mind is always with you.”

“Maataaji!” said Hanumaanji after a pause. “Saying these sentences, the Lord’s eyes overflowed with tears. He could not say anymore. Now you also have patience. If he had come to know of your location then he would have got here long time ago. Now he will very shortly with army of monkeys. He will mete out destruction of Raavan together with the demons. And taking you back he will proceed to Ayodhya.”

“Army of monkeys?” Sitaaji’s sad face turned to a smile with these words. She said:

“Son, Is the all of the army like yourself? Do you know these demons are very strong. What of monkeys? Even of humans, musicians to the deities (kinners), serpent beings and other beings – these demons eat their raw flesh. By the valour of these demons the deities shake. Against these demons, what will an army of monkeys do? Are all the monkeys similar to you?”

Until now, Hanumaanji was in the small form of a monkey talking to Bhagvati Sitaaji. Hearing the words of Sitaaji he laughed. And with the laugh he assumed his massive form. His feet on the earth and his head in the sky, seeming like a frightening huge mountain.

“Yes Mother” said Hanumaanji laughing. “All the monkeys are like me. But you do not worry. On those on whom the grace of of Sri Raghunaathji showers, that speck accomplishes task to that of mountain Meru. By the grace of the Lord a serpent devours even an eagle. What will the monkeys achieve by his grace? Not me but the time will demonstrate that.”

Only now Sitaaji looked at the huge luminous form of Mahaavir Maaruti. It was not the small form of a monkey any more. But it was a great impenetrable huge mountain like vastly strong Hanumaanji present in front of Sitaaji.

Destruction of the Ashok garden

[11]

The great illusion creatrix Sitaaji observed the vastly huge form of Hanumaan. She was very pleased. She was convinced that really Hanumaanji was the strength of the strong and the time dissolver of the demons. There is no error in my Lord’s choice!

Mother’s heart was filled with emotions. Just like by the child’s talk a mother’s heart is filled with affection, so did her heart melt. Giving boon she said: “Son! I am now convinced that for strength, intellect and skilfulness you are no monkey but a human par-

excellence. I grant you a boon that you become immortal with this monkey form. All the accomplishment reside in your form. And that for always the grace of Srim Raam showers on you incessantly.

Just like a child rolls at the feet of its mother, so did Hanumaanji at the feet of Sitaaji roll. Taking the dust of her feet he repeatedly annointed his head.

Dawn had just passed. Lord Bhaaskar's (Sun) rays were lighting Ashok garden's flowers. Hanumaanji cast his eyes in all the four directions. He felt he was now very hungry. So he prayed: "Mother! I am hungry. If you permit, then I will partake of the fruits of this garden."

"Son!" said Sitaaji, "This Ashok Garden is the favourite garden of Raavan. On its each tree there is security of demons. If you want to eat fruits then eat with caution. These demons are very sruel."

"Please don't worry", prayed Hanumaanji. "Just give me your permission, then it is between me and the demons."

"Very well dear. Gladly eat the fruits and satisfy your hunger," permitted the Mother. The security guard demons were still in sleep. Some were turning over sides, while others still under intoxication muttering / prattling in sleep.

After bowing to the Mother, Mahaavir began to roam in the Ashok garden.

But he did not like it. Taking the whole trees he began to shake them on the ground. All the ripe fruit then dropped off. Leaving the unripe fruit, he then went to do the same to the next tree repeating the same. In a while the demons began to wake up and looking at the commotion began wake up the others.

By that time Hanumaanji had demolished the garden. Jumping from one tree he was going on to the next one. By Hanumaanji's single jump, between five and ten trees began to fall. It seemed like destruction had struck the whole of the garden!

Here the demons were rubbing their eyes from sleep and rearranging their clothes from the night's sleep. Picking their weapons they ran towards Hanumaanji. Mahaavir was only waiting for them. Seeing the crowd of the demons coming he threw a few trees at them. Some died crushed under them. Others lost arms, legs or got their heads crushed. Some of the garden's demons screaming went direct to Raavan. Hearing the screams of the guards, Raavan's sleep vanished. Raavan had also been seeing bad dreams in his sleep. Composing himself, he called for the guards. Crying out, the guards complained: "O Lord! We have a calamity!"

"Will someone say what?" said Raavan screaming. "What calamity?"

One demon shaking said: "The whole of your Ashok garden has been destroyed."

"Destroyed?" said Raavan angrily. "Who has destroyed it?"

"One monkey" said one of the guards.

"A monkey?" Raavan said in a distorted voice. He had just seen a great strong monkey in his dream. Looking with wide eyes he had been frightening Raavan.

"..What were you all dead then?" Raavan said. "Monkey...! Monkey is like our pickle food! One monkey has destroyed whole of Ashok garden! How can this be?"

"Yes my Lord! Only the few of us managed to escape. All the other guards are really dead. That strong monkey killed them all!"

Waking first thing in the morning, Raavan received this inauspicious message. His sleep had not yet been over. Seeing the frightening dream in the night his voice was somewhat subdued. To give his command he had been shouting aloud, but his heart was shaking! Raavan immediately called some of his military commanders and commanded them: "Go, quickly capture the monkey and bring him alive."

Raavan's commanders had also just awoken from sleep, their bodies had not fully recovered from sleep. Nevertheless they prepared their armies somehow. And they all arrived in Ashok garden. To kill the monkey who had broken the morning's enjoyment, all the demons were gnashing their teeth.

The demon army arrived in Ashok garden. But apart from the few trees around Sitaaji there was nothing left of the garden! All the trees had been uprooted, some had been thrown far away. The demon army was just observing this destruction, where upon trees rained down on them.

Rain of trees, one after another started to kill the demons. The few soldiers that remained called on Raavan.

Further armies went second and third times and met the same fate. By Mahaavir's single throw of tree, demon armies were getting destroyed..

At last Raavan sent his son Akshaykumar with his army. But immediately by blow of a tree Akshaykumar died. And the remaining demons returned with their lives to Lanka. But now how can Hanumaanji miss welcoming the guests who had arrived? Trees rained in the wake of the fleeing soldiers. And they got squashed. Only one demon made it stumbling to give the sad news of the demise of Akshaykumar.

Hearing the sad loss of his adorable son, he fainted. And getting back consciousness, his anger peaked. The one who had defeated Indra, he called his son Meghnaad. And he commanded him with his army to go to Ashok garden: "Not killing the reckless monkey, bring him forth alive and bound."

Taking his divine weapons and surrounded by his army, Meghnaad proceeded towards Ashok garden. By the death of his brother, he was overcome with anger. By his walk the earth was trembling.

Arriving in Ashok garden Meghnaad observed the trees had been uprooted and thrown about. By the blood of the demons, the smashed branches and trunks had been covered. The earth also had turned red. Demon heads and limbs were all scattered around..

Mahaavir was just waiting for them to arrive. Looking from afar at Meghnaad, he concluded a great warrior was coming with them. So uprooting a big tree, he threw it at Meghnaad.

But Meghnaad was no ordinary warrior. He shot an arrow at the coming tree and smashed it to pieces. And more trees began to arrive and Meghnaad according to his strength shot arrows at them to break them up. But at last he got tired and could not protect his army. Many demons got squashed to death and many began to lose their limbs. And many filled with fear began to run towards Lanka.

Only Meghnaad now remained. He continued to rain arrows at the coming trees.

Hanumaanji thought this strong warrior will not be deterred by just trees. So jumped at him and began wrestling with him. The wrestling lasted a long time, but neither was giving way. At last Hanumaanji delivered a blow at Meghnaad's chest. By this impact of Hanumaanji, Meghnaad fainted. Delivering the blow, Hanumaanji climbed and sat on a tree.

Meghnaad came awake from fainting. And in his anger, he mounted arrow of Bhrahmbaan. Whereas Hanumaanji by the grace of the rishis was free from the effects of the binding of Bhrahm, even so due to protocol of great personage, he deliberately got his hands bound.

Tied by the arrow impact, Meghnaad with number of demons brought Hanumaanji to Raavan.

Hanumaanji thus destroyed Ashik garden. But to preserve the protocol of Bhraamstra (weapon of Bhrahm), he came to be bound. But it can be said this was his wish to see Raavan's court before commencement of any battle.

[12]

Raavan had already received through his spies the news of Meghnaad's victory. So today, Raavan had arrived early in the king's court. Shortly the proud Meghnaad brought the bound Hanumaanji in the court. Immediately upon arriving into the court, all the bindings on Hanumaanji came loose. Standing a short distance from Raavan, Meghnaad indicated by the movement of his eyes to Hanumaanji to bow to Raavan.

But why should Hanumaanji bow to the evil Raavan? He stood fearless in front of Raavan and observed the courtiers.

Like a great emperor of the cosmos, Raavan was sitting on the raised lion-throne. The deities and tenders of the worlds stood with clasped hands to receive commands from Raavan. The sun with dim luminosity lightened the court. The wind deity with a fan was fanning cool air. The very strong, rude with pride demons were seated on their respective thrones. Raavan had amassed all the assets of the worlds in his court. It was as if nature had granted him her grace.

By this disrespect of Hanumaanji, what would have Raavan thought? But nevertheless, seeing Hanumaanji, Raavan just laughed.

Just then he remembered the previous night's dream and the monkey which he had seen in it. And the destroyer of his loved son Akshaykumaar was also this very monkey.

Remembering thus, he angrily said: "What! Who are you? And on whose strength are you creating all this commotion?"

"Raavan!" said Hanumaanji with a very deep voice. "In whose every pore and every moment all the worlds commence and also dissolve, by whose every energy Bhramaa, Vishnu and Maheshvar carry out their allocated tasks, who by his own luminosity has incarnated on this earth to destroy the many demons like you, don't you recognise that Bhagwaan Raam?"

Hearing the name of Sri Raam, Raavan trembled. Just then Hanumaanji's voice rang in his ears, "That Sri Raam who in Janakpursmashed your pride by breaking the bow, who delivered for time to devour by each of his arrows Khar, Dushan, Tri-shiraa and Vaali, that Raam whose effect you neglected and abducted his loved wife, like a thief, that Sri Raaghav-indra's messenger I am."

With a superficial smile Raavan said: "Whose messengers are monkeys like you, before praising such humans you should remember to whom you are talking to."

"I am fully aware I am speaking to Raavan", Hanumaanji said. "I am speaking to that Raavan who went battle with Sahastra-Arjun, and also I am speaking to that Raavan who in battle with Vaali was captivated in his armpit. Who would not remember such Raavan?"

“You monkey, how can you know me?”, saying Raavan laughed again.
 “Raavan,2 said Hanumaanji. “I was hungry, and I ate a few fruits from your garden. What big offence have I committed? And to break the branches of the trees is my normal behaviour. To save myself from the demons you sent, I hit on them the trees. That I had to do for my protection. Your son made the error. For such minor offence he bound me. But I forgive him. And with respect and with love I say to him that by shoise fear time trembles, that by enemosity with the fourteen cosmos’s leader Sri Raamchandraji you are only welcoming your destruction. Even now if you want to save yourself, then take Jaankini together with me to the refuge of Sri Raam. That graceful Bhagwaan will forgive you. He never despises those who submit themselves to him.
 O Raavan, you are noble and intellectual. You also have great strength. Your wealth is also immense. But all that is transient. Your enemosity with Raghunaathji will change that cool moonlight into dark night. And those who you believe are your dear ones will become your enemies. And in a moment all will be destroyed.
 Brother I take a vow to tell the truth that if you do not understand this, then in a few days you together with your armies, your family and all will be destroyed. Those who oppose Raam, no entity in the three worlds can protect them. That is why:
 Mohmool bahu shool prad tyaag-hu tav abhimaan
 Bhajahu Raam Raghu-naayak, Krupaa sindhu Bhagwaan

Discarding all your pride ego, take refuge in the ocean of compassion Raam. He will grant your welfare. Obtaining his grace you will be the over-ruler of Lankaa and become indestructible and immortal.”

But the deseased, would they like bitter medicine? Had Raavan been able understood these beneficial words of Hanumaan, then Lakaa could never have destroyed. But an eviol person finds bitter words of benefit. By these words, fire raged in Raavan’s heart. He let out loudly: “Oh! Why does not some one kill this monkey?”

Hearing Raavan’s command the demons with sharp weapons ran forward to kill Hanumaanji. But just then Vibhishanji arrived in the court. Arriving he had Raavan’s command. Raising his hands he stopped the demons. Saluting Raavan, Vibhishanji said: “Great Lord! You know protocol very well. In politics, it is not righteous to kill a messenger. Therefore he should get any other punishment except death.

Vibhishanji was Raavan’s brother, secretary and Raavan’s personal manager. The courtiers also supported Vibhishanji’s view.

Raavan was an intellectual. He accepted all this. And he began to think how to impair the monkey’s any of the limbs. And he commanded: “Very well. Tie rolls of cloth on this monkey’s tails and pour oil on it and set it to alight – so that his tail is burnt. He can then quickly return to his master and give the news.”

The demons carried out Raavan’s command. Cloth immersed in oil and ghee were wrapped around Hanumaanji’s tail. Hanumaanji also carried out a wonder. His tail began to elongate. To cover this tailnot enough cloth and oil, ghee were available in Lankaa.

At last Hanumaanji’s tail was set alight. And with the aim to disgrace him, Hanumaanji was paraded in the streets of Lankaa.

Walking in the streets, Hanumaanji with leap climbed onto the roof of Raavan’s palace. The soldiers who had been escorting Hanunmaanji were now engaged in putting out the fire to the palace! In an instance Hanumaanji’s body became huge in size. And he began

to jump from top of one house to another. By fire's terrifying flames, Lankaa began to burn. Lankaa's splendour, wealth, foods clothes and all other contents in a moment were burnt to ashes. Gold metal began to melt and flow. And scientific yantras from times of Vedas were destroyed. There was commotion in the city. Women, old folk, children and animals were crying frightened.

It is said that in one of the prisons of Raavan, Shanidev had been captivated. Roaming in Lankaa, Hanumaanji's one foot happened to touch the doorway of the prison. Shanidev was thus freed. And sowering his blessings on Hanumaanji and gancing a cruel look at Raavan he left from there.

Within the destructive fire of Lankaa, Hanumaanji was jumping from top of one house to another. He had no fear from the fire. Because at the time of devouring of the sun, Agni had granted him a boon.

Sitting in Ashok garden, Sitaaji observed this great calamity created by Hanumaanji. She got frightened about Hanumaanji jumping about in wicked fire instigated by Raavan. She took some water in her hand and made a commitment that if she had observed total devotion at the feet of Sri Raam, then the fire be cool as chandan (sandalwood) to Hanumaanji's body.

After all it was mother's heart! Getting Mother's blessing, Hanumaanji jumping about in the fire felt coolness to his body. Hanumaanji immediately considered this was Sri Raam Chandraji's grace. And he began to jump about even faster on the tops of Lankaa's houses!

The demons of Lankaa saw innumerable forms of Hanumaanji jumping from house to house of Lankaa. To escape from this dreadful fire, they were fleeing all over and everywhere they saw Hanumaan. On the other hand as Raavan's servants tried to quell the fire, it began to burn even more fiercely.

Observing this great calamity created by this small form monkey, Raavan was quite surprised. But how to save from this inferno? He began to explore of solution. At last from among the protectors of the people in front of him, he commanded Yama-raaj: "Yam-raaj! Devour this shameless monkey."

Together with the protectors of the people, Yam-raaj came to Hanumaanji. Hanumaanji picked up Yam-raaj and sat him beside him. Seeing this the frightened protectors of the people fled everywhere.

Commotion grew in Bhrahm world. Bhrahmaaji got to know that Hanumaanji devoured even the all devouring time. Without Yam-raaj, death will cease from the worlds. And there would be disruption in the organisation discipline.

And so seated on the swan, Bhrahmaaji together with entourage of other deities arrived in Lankaa. And invisibly began to prayed to Mahaa-vir Hanumaanji:

"Ullanghaya sindhou-ha salilam salilam

Yaha shok vahnim Janak-aatam-jaayaa-haa

Aadaay ten-eiv da-daaha Lankaam

Namaami tam praanjalir Anjayaneyam."

"That Mahaavir Maaruti who jumped across the ocean waters in a flick of moment and destroyed Sitaaji's fire of sorrow and as that inferno symbol of that fire of sorrow turned Lankaa to ashes – that darling of Anjani I bow with both my hands clasped.

After Bharahmaaji had prayed, all the other deities also said their prayers and requested to free the great time devourer from Yam-raaj. Due to the prayers of the deities, Hanumaanji let go Yam-raaj.

Raavan came to know Yam-raaj was no threat to this monkey. He then commanded the deluge time rains to shower down with great force. But the rains action turned to adding oil to fire. As the rains came down heavier, so did the fire flames blazed even more fiercely.

Raavan's women and Mandodari became all frightened. Picking their expensive garments they began to roam everywhere away from the inferno. The day had arrived when Raavan's women were slandering him! Raavan also listened to the slander of the women. But there was no solution that Raavan could apply.

In the whole of Lankaa, the frightening fire danced. Where the fire had not touched, there were only two locations. One was the Ashok garden and the other was the temple of Vibhishan.

But in deep sleep, Kumbhakaran had no knowledge of all the going ons in Lankaa. He had gone to sleep for a long time. When Hanumaanji arrived and set alight his house, Kumbhakaran's wife prayed clasping both hands:

“Mahaa-virji, my husband is in deep sleep. He cannot wake up now. Therefore may Raamchandraji forbid you from setting fire to this house.”

But by this time half the house had already burned out. Hanumaanji blew out the fire respecting his Lord Raamchandraji. So Kumbhakaran's half house remained intact.

The fire destruction of Lankaa was complete. Apart from the abode of Vibhishan, the destructive glaze of Shanidev (Saturn) had permeated. From that day all the prosperity of Lankaa left.

Wealth obtained by evil means destructs in this manner. Raavan had felt great hurt by this inferno, but now he had no way out.

Hanumaanji leapt into the ocean and extinguished the flame on the tail. He bathed in the ocean waters. Releasing himself of the stress he went to Mother Sitaa. He bodily prostrated at the Mother's feet and prayed: “Mother! Give me permission to return. I can then go speedily to the Lord's feet and relate him of all the facts. If Bhagwaan had permitted I would have taken you back on my shoulder. But not doing that would be against the command of Swami. But just as Bhagwaan had given the finger ring, similarly pray give me some remembrance – it will be your grace on me.”

The eyes of the Mother of the cosmos filled with tears, and said: “Son, Describe this state of mine to the Lord. And pray tell him if he does not arrive in one month, Sitaaji will not be seen alive.”

“..And also tell brother Laxman,” she said after pausing, “The harsh which I had uttered after hearing the illusive dear, I have received punishment for that. Pray he now releases himself of this happening.”

“And on my behalf, bow repeatedly at the feet of the Lord.” With tear filled eyes Sitaaji gave the Chdaamani jewel from her forehead to Hanumaanji.

Maaruti touched the Chdaamani to his forehead and very carefully saved it. Bowing to the Mother he said: “Please keep patience Mother. Hearing the message of yours, Prabhu will arrive here very quickly.”

Saying thus, the darling of Anjani fell to the feet of the Mother and taking dust from her feet to his head, he departed from there.

From there, Mahaavirji went to meet Vibhishanji. According appropriate hospitality to Hanumaanji, Vibhishan said: “Mahaavirji! You can see I am living my days like corn between the two wheels of the mill. Describe this state of mine to Bhagwaan Raam. And relay my prostrations at his feet.”

“You are fearless!” said Hanumaanji with a laugh. “You have reached the refuge of the kingpin of the mill. You know that the corn supported at the kingpin, even the wheels of the mill cannot grind.”

“Just as the wish of Lord Raam!” Vibhishan said.

Giving confidence to Vibhishan and taking leave of him, Hanumaanji proceeded from there. Completing the fire destruction of Lankaa, Maaruti accomplished the task of his Rudra incarnation.

[13]

Jaambvaan and the monkeys after the departure of Hanumaanji had just remained sitting at the coast of the great of ocean with great eagerness awaiting his arrival. In between, Jaambvaan was relating stories of child feats of Hanumaan. Thereupon, from afar Hanumaanji’s joyous squeels were heard.

All the monkeys became eager, some climbed trees, some climbed the hills to look out for Hanumaanji. Just then with shout of “Jay Raghunaath” he descended from his sky path. All the monkeys surrounded Hanumaanji. All were wishing to hear what has ensued in Lankaa. Sitting on a big boulder, Hanumaanji related all. Hearing the wellbeing of Sitaaji, all were pleased. The elderly Jaambvaan hugged Hanumaanji to his heart. The other monkeys were engrossed jumping in joy. Some were kissing Hanumaanji’s tail. Some were pressing his feet. Whereas some were bringing him ripe sweet fresh fruit. For all, the day’s meeting with Hanumaanji became a festive occasion.

Talking to each other, jumping about and with joyous squeels, all departed towards Kishkindhaa. Enroute, Jaambvaan kept asking about Lankaa. Mahaavirji sweetly related the happenings. Getting near Kishkindhaa, there was Sugriv’s garden. All the monkeys expressed desire to eat fruit from it. Angadji was with them. And in the joyous mood Angadji gave permission to eat fruit at their desire.

Entering the garden, all the monkeys ate fruit to their hearts’ desire. According their animal nature they were throwing unripe fruit on the ground. This came to the knowledge of the garden keepers. They did not know of the permission of prince. The keepers stopped some of the monkeys. Overcome in their mood some monkeys gave the keepers beatings.

The poor keepers, frightened by all ran to Sugriv to complain. And adding to the facts they said: “Lord, Prince Angad has sent the troops of monkeys into the garden and by his instruction the monkeys have flattened it all. The Prince for some deliberate reason has destroyed the garden.”

Sugriv drew inference the search for Sitaaji had been successfully concluded. If they had not succeeded, then what would be the use of such destruction? Thinking thus, Sugrivji replied: “What is the problem? The Prince has full rights on the garden. Let him do as sees fit. You can go.”

The poor keepers left just as they had come without achieving anything.

Just then came shouts from the sky of “Glory to Siyaavr Raamchandra! Glory to Mahaavir Hanumaan!” Sugriv came to front the crowd. Hanumaanji bowed to Sugriv.

Jaambvaanji praising Hanumaanji related the facts. Sugriv with great joy hugged Hanumaanji praising him. And all together then came to Sri Raghunaathji. On the Rushyamukh mountain, outside their hut on a stone slab were seated Sri Raamchandraji and Laxmanji. The monkey king Sugriv arrived and bowed to both the brothers. Then in order, all came and bowed to the Lord. Jaambvaanji bowing to Bhagwaan made a request: “O Lord! The son of Wid deity accomplishing your task has saved our lives.. The valour and intellect that he has demonstrated, I cannot fully describe. Really he is fit to be the crown of all the monkeys.”

Hearing one’s praises, the righteous become respectful whereas the wicked become egotistic and rude. Hearing Jaambvaan’s words, Hanumaaji bowed to the feet of Sri Raam. Bhagwaan Raam lifting him up hugged him. And seating nex to him, he said: “Brother Hanumaan! Where id Vaidehi? Is she well? How is she passing her days? How did you get to know here whereabouts? How did you manage to reach inside the strong Raavan’s kingdom? What is the state of Lankaa? Did the demons get taste of your feats? Apart from these tell me all the details that you have observed in Lankaa.” Claspng his hands together, Hanumaanji related in detail all and in the end respectfully said: “My Lord! To go into Lankaa, destroy the Ashok garden, to present oneself in the court of strong Raavan, put to fire Lankaa and such tasks how can they be accomplished by a mere soul like me? It is by the grace of your feet that those tasks were accomplished. In reality, you have performed those tasks to glorify your devotee, because:

Niha sva seynya-eva Sitaayaa Raaj na kop analen te
Dagdha purvaa tu yaa Lankaa nimittam bhavay kapi-hi
Shakhaa mrugasya shaakhaayaa-haa shaakhaam gantum paraakramaha
Yat punar ladhitom bhodhi-hi prabhaavo ayam prabho tava

(these are verses from Sri Hanumaanji’s compiled Raamcharit (Hanumaannatak))

Meaning:

O Lord! Who am I to burn Lankaa? Either by the sighs of Bhagvati Sitaa or else by the fire of your anger, Lankaa had had already burned – and me – an ordinary monkey only became instrumental in this!”

“And my Lord! I am only an ordinary monkey. At the most I could only jump from one tree to another, how could I have crossed the vast ocean? It is by your effect!”

By such courtesy expressed by Hanumaanji, all monkeys began to praise him. Bhagwaan Raam became emotional and hugged Hanumaanji again. Hugging him to his chest Sri Raamchandraji said: “Brother Hanumaan! You have really by accomplishing this taske made me indebted to you. Even if wanted to, I cannot repay you for it. But Mahaavirji! Amongst my friends and devotees I take pleasure to remain indebted to them. From today, you are my indifferentiated friend. By carrying out this task you have made yours for ever.”

Hearing the praise from Bhagwaan’s mouth, tears ran down Pavankumaar’s eyes. Only the few words came from his mouth: “Great Lord! Great is your affection for the devotees! Geeat is your compassion!”

Remaining silent for a while Hanumaanji said: “Ocean of compassion! Bhagwati Sitaa at evry breath remembers you. Night and day stream of ters flow from her eyes. There is

nothing else but the repetition of your name on her tongue. Her meditation is at your feet always. Her body is just a skeleton now. In your remembrance she had abandoned food and water. Disregarding all the threats, distress and fear from demon king Raavan, she has kept her mind in thought of you. She has hung on to life only awaiting vision of you.” Hearing this description of Sitaaji’s condition, Bhagwaan Raam’s eyes filled with tears. Giving Chudaamani Hanumaanji said: “Giving this Chudaamani for you, Bhagwati Sitaaji has said: ‘You dispensed justice to Indra’s son Jayant for a small error in Panchvati. So Lord, now worse than that Jayant, do you consider the wicked Raavan less at fault? If I have erred in any way than forgive me. And if you cannot make here it in one month, than you will not be seeing this servant of yours alive.’ Bhagwaan!” Hanumaanji said praying: “I am not capable of describing the condition of my mother. Please get ready quickly. According to her instructions, I bow at your feet.” Saying thus, Hanumaanji aging bowed .

Thereafter, relating Sitaaji’s words , he bowed to Laxmanji, and begged forgiveness on behalf of Sitaaji. Sri Raam and Laxmanji were overcome with emotion hearing the news. Hanumaanji had prayed to depart for Lanka. The Lord heard the devotee’s prayer. Looking at Sugriv, Bhagwaan said: “Sugrivji! We should now prepare to depart for Lanka.”

“Lord,” Sugriv said with clasped: “What preparations do we need? Your command is the biggest preparation. We are all your servants. Both you brothers become our leaders. We just wait for that.”

Jaambvaan gave consent to Sugriv’s prayer. Sri Raam looking at Laxman said: “Subh-asya shighram – auspicious task should be fulfilled quickly.”

Both brothers prepared their bows and arrows and adorned themselves with tree bark clothes. The monkeys shouting glory to the two princes of Avadh filled the sky.

Sugriv commuted appraise appropriately to his ministers and servants. And Hanumaanji seated Sri Raam on his right and Laxmanji on his left shoulders. An immense ocean of monkeys and bears began to wave. All were eager to see the ten headed Raavan and Lanka with their own eyes. The monkeys jumping joyfully here and there were all arriving. Sitaaji’s left of body began to throb. All auspicious dreams began to appear. And her gloomy mind began to observe pleasure.

Then Raavan’s condition became adverse. After the burning of Lanka, he had lost sleep. Upon closing of his eyes he could only see a great frightening monkey. Sometimes he would awake screaming. Other times half asleep he trembled observing terrible dream. Raavan had numerous ill omens. He felt like many terrible calamities were ongoing in his mind.

In contrast, Vibhishanji was more than ever passing his days in the meditation on Raam. After the vision of Hanumaanji, he had lost interest in the politics of Raavan. He had dedicated and surrendered all at the feet of Sri Raam.

[14]

Bridge construction and journey to Lanka

In Raavan’s court a secret meeting was taking place. Numerous demons had placed their opinions in favour of Raavan. Lastly it was the turn of devotee king Vibhishan. Eventually standing up he said: “ Great Lord! You are the Lord of Lanka. There is no lack of wealth with you. Beautiful women are present in your household. So for what reason have you been thinking to pick a battle with Sri Raam?”

All your ministers are saying in your favour to please you. There is no sign of any benefit in those. You are reasoning intellectual. When just one monkey burnt down whole of Lankaa, where was the bravery of your ministers? Together with yourself why were all rubbing their eyes? When whose one monkey terrorised Lankaa, then think with your reasoning power of the valour of the supreme of those innumerable monkeys.

It is my pleading to you to take Bhagwati Sitaa and go to the refuge of Sri Raam who has arrived at the other coast from Lankaa. And beg forgiveness of your misdeeds. To create enmosity with the very supreme Lord, there is no benefit.”

But the one on whose head fate is banging the drums of doom, whose condition is adverse, the one on whose head time destruction has rolled over, that one would not hear of such beneficial advice. Raavan’s intellect had been perverted. Standing up in the court he kicked Vibhishan in the chest.. And roaring aloud he said: “ O wicked! Staying in my house, eating my food to grow up you are not my brother but my very enemy. By praising those mendicant brothers you have inflamed my heart. If those two children have your welfare at heart, then today – right now you go to them. You preach your advice to them. There is no need for you this side of the border of Lankaa.”

Not taking any offence from the brother’s kick, Vibhishan bowed to Raavan, and going out he said: “Big brother. You are like my father. You now do not have the capacity to listen to good advice. So by your command I am now leaving to go to the refuge of Sri Raghunaathji. All those present in the court that I am going of my own decision, but that he has been pushed out physically.”

And the court onlooking, he became invisible in the sky. A great craving for the vision of Bhagwaan Raam, with chanting of his name and with heart full of great auspicious feelings, in no time he arrive to the coast opposite.

The monkey guards placed at the coast line came to Sri Raam and gave him the news: “Lord! Raavan’a younger brother Vibhishan wishes to meet you.”

“Raavan’s young brother? Vibhishan?” asked Bhagwaan Raam.

“Yes Bhagwaan! Vibhishanji in person has arrived here.”

Looking at Sugriv seated nearby, Bhagwaan Raam asked: “Sugrivji! What is your advice in this matter? Is there any objection in calling Vibhishan here?”

“Bagwan!” Sugriv said with clasped hands. “According to my understanding, the brother of the enemy should not be considered trustworthy. What may be in the heart of the magical demons? Without knowing this it is against protocol. If he has to be called, then he should be brought bound.”

Mahaavir Hanumaanji was seated nearby. He heard this discussion. This was now the real test of servitude. Hearing Sugriv’s words he was aggrieved. Sugriv and Sri Raam were both at the level of his master. To say anything now was against the duty of the servant. What Hanumaanji knew of Vibhishan, that Sugriv had not known.

With grave face he was intent upon hearing Bhagwaan’s command.

But the Lord is omniscient. That knower the hearts of all, how could he not know the wish of his supreme devotee Hanumaan?

And the one who has with great faith devotion had vision of Hanumaan even once, for him what bondage could there be to come to seek the refuge of the Lord?

Thinking for a while, Bhagwaan Raam said: “Your advice is according to protocol. But my vow is that the one who has abandoned all fears to come to my refuge, I consider him to be mine. Be he a friend or foe. There cannot be any doubt of fear or selfishness.

Vibhishan today is not the brother of the enemy, but a surrendered refugee devotee of mine. Just as he has come, so call him with respect to me.”

These words of Bhagwaan were sweet like nectar to Mahaavirji. Getting the command to bring Vibhishan with respect, he was very pleased. And he proceeded to bring Vibhishan. Angad, Jaambvaan and Suriv went forward to welcome Vibhishan. Mahaavirji just holding Vibhishanji’s hand was bringing him. Walking along, Vibhishan laughingly said: “Mahaavirji! Today you have held this servant’s hand, and hold it to the end. A supreme devotee of the Lord when holds one’s hand, he does not let go without taking to the other shore.”

Knowing the intent of Vibhishan, Mahaavirji laughed. In no time they reached Raam. Vibhishanji clasping both hands stood in front of Sri Raam – Laxman. Single sightedly he was observing the set form of the Lord. His eyes shed tears of joy. And bodily prostrating, Vibhishanji said: “ Lord! Raavan’s brother, a nocturnal sinner has come to seek your refuge. O ocean of compassion, grant me protection.”

Bhagwaan Raam immediately stood up. Lifting Vibhishan with both his hands and hugging him, he said: “Lord of Lankaa! Welcome! I was awaiting your arrival.” Sugriv, Jaambvaan and Angad and other ministers began to ponder on the Lord’s words “Lord of Lankaa” Jar with water of the ocean was nearby. Giving his blessings he showered the water on Vibhishan.

The thousand years penance which obtained the splendour of Lankaa for Raavan from Shankar – that Lankaa with all its wealth was conveyed without effort to Vibhishanji by the grace of Hanumaanji.

After consulting Sugriv, Vibhishan, Jaambvaan, Hanumaan, Angad and other ministers, the Lord prayed to the ocean to make way. But for three days, the ocean did not listen. So the Lord raised his bow.

Frightened by the wrath of Sri Raam, the trembling ocean appeared praying to Bhagwaan and suggested way to cross. Nal and Neel – two great monkeys began to build a bridge! Both these monkeys when they were young used to throw the Shaaligraams of the rushis in the river. So the rushis had cursed them that stones flung by them will float in water. The curse of the rushis had now become a boon to them. The monkeys brought big boulders to Nal – Neel. The bridge began to take shape. Hanumaanji began to bring mountains to the shore. Of the seven kos of Dronaachal mountain, one of the peaks was named Govardhan. When all the deities had incarnated on the earth to aid the Lord’s tasks, then this mountain had also descended from Golok to aid the Lord. Therefore this mountain was form of divine bhagvat and all its stones were forms of Shaaligraam. Hanumaanji lifted the peak of the Dronaachal mountain. But he could not lift the small peak of Govardhan. Mahaavirji was surprised. Thinking a while he realised the importance of Govardhan. So he respectfully saluted and said: “King of mountains! You have come from Golok to fulfil the tasks of the Lord! I have come to take you to the lotus feet of the Lord. The Lord will verily put his foot on you to get across the ocean. Will you come with me?”

The attraction of the vision of the Lord and touch of his feet provided incentive for Govardhan mountain to become light. Hanumaanji lifted with ease and proceeded towards to ocean.

The bridge was now built. And Bhagwaan commanded all the monkeys not to bring any other mountain. But where I command, there place the mountain and quickly cross the ocean to the other side.

Mahaavirji walking from Dronaachal mountain arrive by Gokul Mathuraa. There he received the message from the Lord. He was confused, because when lifting Govardhan, he had promised he would provide the Lord's vision. And arriving here the situation had changed according to the lord's command. What to do now?

Hanumaanji placed Govardhan there and consoling him proceeded to receive permission from the Lord. And bowing at the feet of Sri Raam he prayed: "Bhagwan! I was bringing Govardhan mountain with great expectation but in midst I received your command to leave all mountains immediately and come to you. Now what shall I do to the promise I had made to the mountain?"

"Mahaavirji!" replied the Lord smiling. "Govardhan is Bhagwaan Krishna's supreme devotee. And the one whose Hanumaanji holds, then he definitely delivers them to their favourite deity. So your promise will be fulfilled."

Hanumaanji was intently listening to this beautiful words of Bhagwaan. He was expecting the Lord to give command to bring the mountain, but then Bhagwaan said: "But he will have to wait till Dwaapar Yug for the Krishna incarnation. In that incarnation I will hold the flute and the not only will I give my vision but for years give touch of my feet. And for continous seven days I will hold the Govardhan mountain on my hand. Till then let him sit in Vrajdhaam. Give him that message."

Hanumaanji hearing the command of Bhagwaan became emotional. So much attention for a small servant of his? Great is the Lord!

Hanumaanji again to recite Bhagwaan's message came to Govardhan. And he retold the Lord's command: "In true devotees there is no impatience. Not today but after one Yug, he will get the vision of Bhagwaan Sri Krishna. In that enthusiasm, he was thrilled. And with pleased mind, he made the Vraj district his abode.

Across the hundered yojan wide ocean, the bridge got built. Sri Raamchandraji was epitome of modesty. According to the limitations of the Shaashtras, he arranged for worship and consecration of Shankar. And immediately calling intellectuals and mendicants, astrological date was set for the installation of Shiva. The rushis said: "For only four ghadis (time span) there is a window. Within that time if installation of Shiva is completed, then your victory is guaranteed."

Bhagwaan Raamchandraji asked Hanumaanji: "Mahaavirji! From the shores of Narmadaa River, bring a beautiful Shiv ling. And come back quickly."

Theson of Wind had just been waiting for the command of Bhagwaan. Saying "Jay Raghuvir", he took his flight path. And coming to the shore of the Narmada river began to seek for Shiv Ling.

But all the stones there were Shiv Lings! He was confused – from all which Shiv Ling to take and which to abandon? He fell into deep thought. He took one Shiv in hand and then saw there was another more beautiful. So he kept exchanging!

At last he chose one Shiv Ling of Sphatic mani, and lifting it he flew towards the ocean. Three hours has thus surpassed. The seers and the mendicants prayed to Bhagwaan: "Bhagwan! There is only one hour left for the astrological time. Hanumaanji is not seen anywhere. Therefore you create and consecrate a Shiv Ling from the sand of the ocean to

make do within the astrological time. After the time is over there is no benefit to consecrate.

Bhagwaan Raam made a Shiv Ling from sand . The proficient in Veda carried out the rituals to consecrate it. Worshipping Bhagwaan Sadaa Shiv thus, Sri Raam gave the name Raameshvar.

The worship was still ongoing when Hanumaanji arrived with Shiv Ling. Learning that Bhagwaan Raam had consecrated Shiv Ling, he was pained. He simply remained silent and witnessed the worship.

But for the all pervading Bhagwaan, how can he ignore the thoughts of his devotee? After the worship, he said to Hanumaanji: “Do not feel bad. According to the opinion of the seers and mendicants, I had to consecrate a sand Shiv Ling. But your Shiv Ling will also be placed here. And it shall be worshipped ritually with your own hands. And consecrated by you, this Shiv Ling will be famed by the name ‘Hanumadishvar’.”

According to the command, Hanumaanji ritually performed the worship and consecration. Bhagwaan granting a boon said: “The one who performs pilgrimage of bridge and worship of Raameshvar first worships Hanumadishvar, only he will obtain the benefit of the fruits of the pilgrimage and the worship. Without the worship of Hanumadishvar if one performs worship of Raameshvar, the he will not obtain benefit of the pilgrimage.” To this day in the location of bridge Raameshvar, there is temple of Hanumadishvar Shiva temple. And Hanumadishvar is always first worshipped prior to worship of Raameshvar – this is still the protocol.

The affectionate oh the devotees Bhagwaan thus promoted the fame of Shiv Ling consecrated by his devotee. And crossing via the bridge to the shore across, together with the army made camp on the Suvel mountain.

[15]

Warrior of strength Bajrang

Raavan got to know through his spies that Bhagwaan Sri Raam had arrived on Suvel mountain together with his army. He immediately called meeting of his ministers and made decision for battle with Sri Ram. The army began to formed. The weapons began to be distributed and command was given for the formation of the battalions.

On the other side, Sri Raamchandrajai sent Prince Angad to the court of Raavan for conciliation. But the one whose time has arrived, how would he listen to words of wisdom? At last with no option but initiate war, Angad returned from Raavan.

On all the four sides of the doors of Lankaa a terrifying battle began between the armies of monkeys and demons. The demons were fighting with weapons. From over the impenetrable fort walls showered cannon balls, sharp missiles and rain of arrows came. Whereupon the monkeys were titing out the demons with volleys of stones and boulders, mountains, trees... Many demons were engaged in hand to had fight with the monkeys. Some were shearing the demons with their sharp nails, some were biting them with their teeth whereas some were lifting their with thjeir legs and smashing them. Many monkeys climbed over the walls and jumping down on the demons inside the fort began battle. Some were burying heads of the demons in the sand and kicking them with their feet and others lifting them with their feet whizzed them around and threw them in the ocean. In this face to face battle, the demons getting tired. Many demons were meeting their end at the hands of the monkeys.

The wicked demons took to playing dirty tricks. Becoming invisible in the sky. Showering sand, blood and others from above they were trying to out do the army of the monkeys with their illusion magic. But when the Lord of all magic is present in the battle, how can the insignificant illusive magic work?

Yes, momentarily the monkeys felt despair. But immediately Sri Raghunaathji's invincible arrows destroyed the magic of the demons. And the demons' magic fell negated. Therefore the deomons were forced to abandon their magic and resort to face to face fight. The deomons were no match to the monkeys in hand to hand fight. Because the monkeys were very agile. Whereas the demons were lazy and heavy bodied. So huge demons had to come to battle with ordinary looking monkeys.

The golden bodied Mahaavirji's battle style was quite extraordinary. Wherever the demon army was outdone, there Mahaavirji was present gnashing his teeth. Just by the sound of the gnashing of his teeth, the demons were losing their breath. Hanumaanji's attack was lightening. Wherever he fell, from there the demons either fled towards Lankaa or were done forever.

And from what direction and when Hanumaanji would come? Nobody could tell! So battling with the ordinary mankeys, the demons had to lookout in all the directions. The demons had incessant fear of Hanumaanji coming. Here he come ! Here he comes! And when the son of wind deity did come, he would strike them at wind speed. Like a thunderbolt falling on the demons, his mere falling would squash numerous demons. Many would have their skel;etos smashed to pulp and heads of many would be sheered like coconuts by strike of his hand..

By his one fist, the darling of Vaayu used to pick up several demons and squeezed them like taking water of cloth. At times he would fling the demons like ball in the sky, and other times holding them by their feet splash them on the ground.

From wherever Mahavirji retired there streams of demons blood flowed. Bones would pile up and dead bodies mounted elsewhere.

And his long tail would captivate hundreds of demon in one go. And before the demons could attempt to wriggle out of the hold, they would be struck in whole lots on the ground. Some would have their eyes blown out while others would get their bodies smeared all over with their blood and bow out of this world.

Mahaavirji's single shout would instill fear into the hearts of the demons. Even the biggest of the demons feared to step in the direction of Mahaavirji.

On the first day of the battle, Avani, Atikaay,and A-kampan – the great chiefs of Raavan became sacrifices by Mahaavirji's hand blows.

It was not just on the battle field that the demons were frightened of Maaruti. In the evenong after the battle of the day, Mahaavirji would go strolling in the streets of Lankaa. By the roar of Mahaavirji, the women and the children of the demons would hide totally quiet in their houses. Sometimes even while the day battle was in progress he would do strolling in Lankaa. If a demon hiding from the battle was observed, then he would drag him by his feet in the streets of Lankaa. Why should any ill demon depart by mere death. Why should they not die facing Bhagwaan Raam in the battle field? At least the demons should get the benefit of the coming of the Lord to Lankaa.

After every arrival of son of Wind in Lankaa, some calamity would ensue. The barrels of intoxicants would be smashed up by the blow of his feet. While the beds of others would take flight in air. The roofs of some would collapse and the golden domes of others

would get tossed about. Doors of some but break down and pillars of others roll down. The gold pillars of some got utilised as maces and many demons met their bloody ends with those gold pillars.

When demons were not to be found or they had gone into hiding, then Hanumaanji would play a game. He used to rush into the armoury of Raavan. By the mere sound of his steps, the guards would disappear swiftly out of fear. And the son of Anjani would play game with gun powder. Like a small child playing with fire crackers at Diwali, he would patiently light up the gun powder. The colourful display would engage him in jumping about. To take pleasure in this game, prince Angad would also join him.

Nevertheless they would never strike women or children. But when the time of arrival in Lankaa would transpire, then Lankaa would become totally empty. To ensure their wares in the shop to remain safe, shopkeepers would shut up early. Compared to the number of demons dying in the battlefield, more would be found by Hanumaanji in the beer halls of Lankaa. And they were swiftly delivered as guests to the Lord of death. And filling the empty barrels with their blood, Mahaavirji would retire.

By now, even the great army chiefs would tremble by a simple “Hum” sound of Mahaavir. Raavan would keep all his palace doors constantly shut. The whole of Lankaa was under the influence of Hanumaanji’s curfew. When he tired after slaughtering many demons, he would come jumping back to the Lord. At times he would roll at the feet of the Lord and then stand with clasped as if he had never been to the battlefield.

How could the affectionate Lord of the devotees remain unknowing of the feats of Mahaavirji? The Lord would sometimes by gestures of his hands question: “How many demons have you delivered today?”.

Only by his gesture of his hands Maaruti would respond counting on his fingers. The days when he delivered more than ten thousand demons, he would demonstrate more than once and begin to dance.

Raavan’s chiefs began to fall one after another. At last the victorious over Indra, great strong Raavan’s son Meghnaad had to come to the battlefield.

Facing the son of Wind, meghnaad had to flee due to fear. Once lifting a mountain, Mahaavirji threw it on Meghnaad’s chariot. Seeing the mountain coming, Meghnaad jumped off the chariot and began to run. The chariot together with the horses were sqashed to pulp. And its driver also was killed.

Mahaavirji called on the fleeing Meghnaad to face him. But Meghnaad realised that if he went now to face him. Then with one blow Mahaavirji would end his life.

However, Meghnaad had at one point in the battle bound Raghunaathji, Laxmanji and the whole mankey army by his serpent tying magic. But how could the small time magic remain in presence of the great Lord of Maayaa?. Garudji came and devoured all the serpents. And Sri Raam, Laxman together with the whole monkey army were freed.. This was just demonstrating the strength of his magic. He never fought the battle face to face. He feared that if he was ever to Mahaavirji, he would not get to even breath. So he resorted to fighting invisibly.

In the battle with Kumbhkaran, Mahaavirji terrorised the demon army. When looking like mountain of ash with black huge impenetrable body Kumbhkaran came to battle with Mahaavirji, he was given a huge hand blow in his chest by Mahaavirji.

With that blow, he was devastated. His eyes became dizzy. Sparks of fire came to his eyes. His head became dizzy. By just one blow of Hanumaanji, he saw stars in daylight. And he lasted for just one day in the battlefield.

Come the evening, all monkeys began to praise Mahaavir. And when the monkeys shouted “Glory to Balvir Bajarang”, Mahaavirji would roar “Say glory to Siyaavar Raamchandra”

[16]

The clashing sounds of the weapons, the roars of the monkeys, and by the screams of the demons the whole of Lankaa’s battlefield was filled. As if the end of the existence had turned all topsy turvy was the scene portrayed. Following the death of Kumbhakaran, Meghnaad returned to battle again. The warrior Laxmanji saluting at the feet of Sri Raam said: “Brother, permit me to go and fight Meghnaad in the battlefield.”

“Dear brother! Meghnaad may seem small in body but do not consider him to be small. In strength, magic and weaponry he is very proficient. None is equal to him in the whole of Lankaa. Be very careful how you fight with him.”

Battle ensued between Meghnaad and Laxmanji. For the whole day there were exchanges of arrows from both. The demon tried to confound Sri Laxmanji, but his magic was defeated in front of Laxmanji. The saving of Meghnaad’s life became very difficult against the sharp arrows of Laxmanji. By the arrows of Laxmanji, many demons had fallen fainted on the battlefield. Only Meghnaad had resisted and remained fighting.

But when Meghnaad realised it was getting difficult to save his life, then he lifted the invincible Brahm-shakti which he had obtained previously from torturous penance to Brahmaa. And consecrating it with water sanctified with mantras, he hurled it at Laxmanji. Passing through Laxmanji’s heart it returned back again to the hands of Meghnaad.

Commotion spread everywhere. Laxmanji fainted and fell to the ground.

Meghnaad was considering taking Laxmanji to Lankaa. But little did he know this was no ordinary human. He was incarnation of Shesh-naaraayan who had the whole cosmos held on his head. He had fainted to preserve the divine protocol, but his effect was no less. Meghnaad tried all his might to lift Laxmanji, but he could not move the body.

On the other hand, Mahaavirji was carrying out battle with demons when he received news of fainting of Laxmanji. He immediately leaped and arrived by Laxmanji and observing the calamity became very angry.

Lifting a big mountain, he threw it at Meghnaad. But Meghnaad knew already the strategy of Mahaavir, so stepped aside from his chariot. By the impact of the mountain, the chariot with its horses and driver were all smashed.

Meghnaad stood laughing. Mahaavirji could not bear this laughter of the wicked. So running quickly, he landed his fist on the heart of Meghnaad. And Meghnaad fell fainted on ground. Another charioteer taking him, delivered him to Lankaa.

The dusk had just arrived, the battle stopped and the great warriors from both sides went to get rest. The monkey army went to the Lord. But Laxmanji did not arrive. Bhagwaan Raam just asked the monkeys, but they had all been involved in the battle on the other side, and they had neither received any news of Laxmanji.

Bhagwaan Raam became very concerned. Just that moment Hanumaanji arrive with Laxmanji on his shouler. The affectionate of the devotees seeing this state of his brother became even more confounded. Ters streamed down his eyes. Taking the head of Laxmanji in his lap, he began to say: “My brother! Brother Laxman! Why are you not saying anything? You have never ever been displeased with me. What has happened to you today? My brother, say something. For my sake you endured residing in the forest. You kept awake at nights. Bringing fruit, edible roots and water you fed us. Even that act of duty I have now taken it from you. What has suddenly happened to you? O brave one! Laxman! You got saddened by seeing me sad. Seeing me happy your face would light up. You took over my pains. Seeing you like this today, do you know what is going through my mind? Brother ! Why do you not get up and console me?

O brother! You never even by chance left me alone in the forest. What have you donje today? Leaving me alone in this fearful territory of the enemy, wher have you gone? What will happen to me? How will I live without you?

When I have been pained in separation from Sitaaji, you reasoned with me and rid me of my suffering. And today in this terrible battle field seeing me seeing me so pined, do you not have any compassion for me?

O my adorable brother! Mother Sumitra giving your hand in mine let us depart to the forest. How will I ever face that benevolent mother? Losing he affectionate son for the sake of the wife, how will this Raam showhis face in Ayodhyaa?

O brother! I will not go to Ayodhyaa without you. The one with whom I left the border Ayodhyaa, how will I enter agsin that border without you? Be whatever comes, I will not go to Ayodhyaa.

Laxman! O my lovely brother Laxman! In separation from you, I will twist and turn to reach my death. Be that this may bring the death of our brother Bharat and virtuous Sita in separation from me. Let Sugriv and Angad and others go back to their abodes.

But brother! Laxman! What will happen to poor Vibhishan? On your say I held his hand. Will Vibhishan become helpless again? The one who has taken refuge in Raaghav, what will happen to Vibhishan?

Wake up brother Laxman, wake up! You are my right hand. Without you my strength has vained. Just wake up and pook. The deities are crying seeing this state of you. Oh! There are celebrations in the court of Raavan. Just for once wake up and tell me what I need to do? Where do I need to go?”

Bhagwaan Raam’s sorrow was just increasing. In his sorrowful state, he cast his eyes around and saw Sugriv, Hanumaan, Vibhishan and Jaambvaan, Angad and others all crying. Through his human playact, the Lord’s sorrow could not be endured by any of them.

Wiping the tears from his eyes, Raghunaathji said: “O Sugrivji! Mahaavirji! Do not cry.Today let this merciless Raam weep alone. Grace me with your compassion and bring me some dry wood. And let me cremate myself with my loving brother Laxman. You all go back to your normal abodes and stay there peacefully. You all have graced me me and endured many difficulties. Through even thousand re-births I will not be able to repay you for this.

The psyche of the Angad, Sugriv and all the monkeys cannot be described fully by this lifeless pen. All were dazed. The dazed Hanumaanji shedding from his eyes was standing in a corner. Bhagwaan Raam’s gaze settled on him. And with half croaked voice he said:

“Pavankumaar! I have great faith in you. Today my brother has departed. Raam will sacrifice his body with him. And hearing that news Devi Sitaa will also abandon her mortal being. The lights of the dynasty of Raghu will thus extinguish. Ayodhya will become desolate. The citizens will not be able to bear this sorrow.”

“And brother Hanumaan!”, said Sri Raghunaathji after a pause, “Sugriv and Angad will go to their kingdoms, but you will have to carry out the vow of Raaghav. I leave Vibhishan in your hands. By whatever means you must rid of Raavan and make Vibhishan the sovereign of Lankaa. Make my crowning of him a reality. And if you have some love for me, then fulfil my vow. Mahaavir, you are capable. I have great trust that you will carry out my task.”

Until now, Mahaavir had been shedding tears. But observing this very sorry state of Bhagwaan, he found it unbearable. He did not have the energy to watch this strange state of the Lord. When he came to know that his Lord was asking him to take revenge of the wicked acts of Raavan, then his heart began to dance. On one hand he was the incarnation of the time dissolving Lord Sadaa-shiv, and on the other hand keen to carry out the Lord’s command. So he got what he wanted.

So clasping his hands, he knelt his head at the feet of Sri Raamchandraji. His eye brows became raised. His eyes became red. His arms trembled. And he let out a terrible loud roar. The whole cosmos reverberated.

Keeping silent for a while, Mahaavirji said: “Bhagwaan! Why should all this inauspicious be let to happen? Why should you make such grave frightening commitments? You just sit relaxed and command this servant of yours. What has gone wrong?”

“Prince Laxmanji is lying faint. To give him new new how long will it take? Lord! Watching tears in your eyes, my heart is torn apart. You command me. It will not take me long to bring the nectar from the heavens. The store of nectar – the moon - I will grab in my hand and squeeze into mouth of Laxman-lalji. If you will permit, smashing the base of the earth I will bring the vessel full of nectar from the abode of the serpents and with that I will bathe Prince Laxmanji. And if the Lord death Yamraaj, if he makes any mischief, then I will chew him raw. If you will, then I will kill death itself so nobody dies. And if there is fear of death of the prince at dawning of the Sun, then I will captivate Sun in the nether world. So it will stop the dawning of the Sun.”

“And O Lord! If you will permit, I will rid the whole world of demons. Else I can turn the whole creation into deluge. My heart cries out today – Devastation, devastation! Devastation!”

With those words of Devastation, Marutiji stamped his feet on the ground. By his stamping the earth trembled. By the raising of his hands, the heavens became restless. Fire began to spray out his eyes. This day Mahhavirji was not just a mahaa –vir (great warrior). He was the form of the very Rudra. That day his memory of his form had vanished. His true form of dissolution became apparent. That day he was truly prepared to create dissolution. It was just a matter of the command of his Lord he was waiting for. And Bhagwaan Raam also that day as if for the first time became aware of his wrath. Awaking from their faintness, the monkeys were awed by the luminous utterings of Mahaavir and began to tremble. By this final roar of Maarutiji nature was stunned. The ocean began tumultuous. The cosmos began to shake.

But how can there be any place for sorrow, enchantment and the attendant pollutants in the all capable absolute true-consciousness-bliss Bhagwaan Raam? This was just mere play act drama. The Lord knew Mahaavirji will truly bring dissolution.

The Lord looking at him made an eye gesture. Mahaavirji understood Sri Raghunaathji was indication end the emotional excitement. He immediately withdrew his anger. In a moment his Rudra form became serene. He fell humbly to the lotus feet of the Lord and said: "Then pray tell me Lord, how can I serve you?"

This is the true form of serving. The true servant is not independent. In true service, with duty there is also place for request. And that is why it is said:

Sevaa dharam-ha param gahano yoginaamapya-gabhya-ha

The meaning of serving is weep, and for even the yogis it is very difficult.

The Lord now cast his eyes on Vibhishan. The sorrowful Vibhishanji clasping his hands said: "Bhagwan! If you permit, I wish to say something."

"Pray say what you need to Vibhishanji!"

"In Lankaa, there resides a proficient medicine-man by the name of Sushen. He is very skilful in the treatment of wounds. He is very benevolent. He will not be tainted by the discrimination of friend or foe. If he can be brought here, then it is possible to treat Laxman-lalji. But there is none else then Mahaavirji who can do this. And if Raavan gets to know this then he will try his hardest to prevent him coming here. So it is best to do this very carefully."

The Lord immediately looked at Maarutiji. Vibhishanji told him the name and location of the medicine-man. Bowing down, he proceeded towards Lankaa.

Hanumaanji had discovered all the streets of Lankaa. He went straight to Sushen.

Reaching at the location indicated by Vibhishanji, he pondered: "Sushenji is the doctor to the enemy fold. He might make excuses he left certain things at home. And that may delay treatment of Laxmanji. So why not take the house of Sushen?"

And so he lifted the whole house with its foundations in the earth. And he placed it just a small distance in front of Sri Raghunaathji!

As the house began to fly in the sky, the doctor woke up. And when he realised the house flying in the sky, he became frightened. But he was living alone in the house. He had no wife or children. So he sat silent in house.

When the whole house came in front of Sri Raghunaathji and settled down, then Sushenji came out by himself from the house. Vibhishan came to meet him. Saluting the Lord, he began to check the pulse of Laxmanji without uttering any sound.

The doctor should not distinguish between friend or foe. The distinction of wealthy or poor also does not exist in the mind of a true doctor. The scope of the doctor is to dispense treatment of all who come to seek his aid. Any deficiency in this treatment is like smearing his capability of a professional. And it is also a great sin. By that great sin his treatment also fails.

But all this is of the period of Dharma. In the present period driven by monetary gain, whether patients live or die has become secondary, the doctor demands his fees. Maybe this applies to the present age, but today's doctors must take note that the doctors of the period Dharma did not have such practise even amongst the those considered great sinners amongst the demons.

The great doctor analysed Laxmanji's pulse, heartbeat rate, nails, mouth and the impact on his heart very carefully. As he went along analysing, he became more grave. At last

looking at Vibhishan he said: “The impact of the weapon has been very grave. The prince – if he can be saved before sunrise, only then he will survive. Because the wound from the weapon is very deep and poisonous.”

“And I do not have the right medicines for him either.”

“But on the Himaalay near Drongiri mountain, there is a herb called Sanjivani. If that herb can be brought before Sunrise, then without fail in a moment that wound can be healed without leaving any trace.”

Pausing for a moment, the doctor looked at Mahaavirji. Because from the time of the burning of Lankaa, he was acquainted with his strength. He said: “Kapiraaj! My estimation is that only you are capable of fulfilling this task. If you can go there, the herb is spread all over the mountain. Its leaves are luminous like candles. And near the plants, “Vishalya-Karini” and “Vran-ropini” divine herbs also grow. If you can get all the three herbs and come back quickly, then we can carry out our task.”

Would Mahaavirji ever refuse any task of the Lord? Only two parts of the night had passed so far. Hanumaanji bowed at the feet of the Lord. And took dust from the lotus feet of the Lord. And bowing to every one he said: “I am going now. I will come before sunrise. You all stay here carefully. Demons are magicians. At night they can spread their magic more extensively. Take care you are allured by their magic.”

Saying thus Vaayu putra proceeded by the sky route.

Raavan’s spies were relaying all the news from the camp to Raavan. These spies had permission to enter during even the night. Waking Raavan, the spies made him aware of Sushen’s departure and Hanumaanji’s journey towards Drongiri.

Raavan became very worried on hearing this news. He had wished that Laxmanji would not awake. But when he learned of the involvement of very proficient great doctor Sushen and the bringing of herbs for Drongiri, he was disheartened. Now there was only one way out of this. If Hanumaanji fails to return before sunrise, only then the work be accomplished.

Raavan stood up immediately. And he went to the great wizard demon Kaalnemi’s house. Waking up Kaalnemi, Raavan commanded him: “Do not let Hanumaan to proceed towards Drongiri. Entangle him within your magic and stop him in between.”

Hearing the name of Mahaavir, Kaalnemi shivered. And he said: “O Lord of Lankaa! What are you saying? Me a mere demon, how do you think will Hanumaanji ever be fooled by my magic? It is not an easy task to stop him. The one who in no time created inferno of Lankaa and reduced it to ashes. The one who in front of your very eyes destroyed the very strong son Akshay. Do you still believe that unstoppable Mahaavir can be stopped?”

But that day Raavan was in no mood to listen to the words of Kaalnemi. The selfish would not endure the truth - and how can he like anything like that from Kaalnemi? Another may die, so may that be. The selfish to serve his self interest would sacrifice many others!

Hearing Kaalnemi’s words, Raavan immediately drew out his sword in a rage and said: “Kaalnemi! I have not come to listen to your advice. All this time you have enjoyed all the luxuries in my kingdom, and now you consider life more important? Immediately get up and fulfil my command. Else my sword will deliver you if not there then to the abode of the dead, do you hear?”

Kaalnemi pondered that death is near anyway, whether here or there. That is all that matters. Then why get killed at the hands of this wicked one when I can meet death at the hands of the messenger of Raghunaath?"

Thinking thus, Kaalnemi said: "I have understood O Lord of Lankaa. I wear your command on my head."

"Remember clearly, make sure that monkey does not go any further," saying thus Raavan went back to his bedroom. And Kaalnemi reached the path of Hanumaanji.

Going ahead of Hanumaanji, he created by his magic a beautiful water area, on the shore of which he created a garden and Rushi Ashram. And Kaalnemi himself became the mendicant.

Hanumaanji was proceeding ahead by the sky route. En route, he felt thirsty and sought to drink some water. From a distance he saw the water reservoir and the garden, and seeing the Rushi Ashram, he landed there.

Kaalnemi in the form of the mendicant from a distance called Hanumaanji: "O Brother! Where are you going in such haste. Take a seat and rest and have some water to drink."

Seeing the mendicant, Hanumaanji saluted him and the mendicant blessing him said:

"Dear Hanumaan! I know your task and yourself very well. You are travelling to fetch the herbs for Laxmanlalji."

The words of the mendicant had profound effect on Hanumaanji. He thought this was certainly some great accomplished soul. So bowing he said: "Yes Mahaaraaj, your words are true."

"--- then I am very pleased with you. You will not have to put much effort into it. I will reveal a mantra to you. By the effect of this mantra, you will be able to reach Drongiri in a moment."

Hanumaanji was keen to get this task of the Lord done as quickly, so very pleased he said: "Mahaaraaj! Then reveal that mantra very quickly to me."

"Dear!" said the mendicant. "There is no need to rush. In a moment you will be on Drongiri and the next moment you will reach Lankaa. But to know that mantra, you will need to purify by bathing in the lake opposite."

"As you permit," saying thus Hanumaanji went to bathe in the lake. Just as he put his foot in the water, a female crocodile grabbed his right leg in her mouth. But he just lifted his leg and placed it on top of the female crocodile.

To his surprise, she became the form of an angel (apsara). She was rid of her curse by a Rushi from the past. Standing in the sky she prayed to Hanumaanji and said:

"Mahaavirji! By the curse of the Rushi I was seated in the lake in the form of crocodile.

Today by the touch of your foot, I am released from that form. But you have been trapped in the this magician's act. Really, he is no mendicant, but rather sent by Raavan, he is the demon Kaalnemi. To prevent you from proceeding further, he has created this magic."

Saying thus, the apsara became invisible.

Coming after finishing his bath, Hanumaanji was very angered at this pretending mendicant. Going to the mendicant he began to say: "Guruji! It is my wish that I give you you dakshinaa first. Then I will take the mantra from you."

The mendicant said: "No child! We who are enounced to the world do not require any dakshinaa. You just collect yourself. Then I will deliver you to Drongiri."

"No Mahaaraaj!," Hanumaanji said, "I do not like to have mantra on credit. Your dakshinaa first and then the mantra."

Saying thus Hanumaanji landed his fist on him. With single blow, Kaalnemi's head split open. And from the form of the mendicant he became the normal demon form to die there. Dying there he uttered only one word "Raam".

Delivering Kaalnemi thus, Mahaavirji quickly proceeded forward and reached Drongiri. Reaching there, he thought that the doctor had told him about the herb names, but does he require their flowers, fruit, leaves, roots or bark? He has not said anything about that. Perhaps the whole climbing plant, but then he has not revealed if one, two or how many. So why not take the whole mountain? However much the doctor requires, he can then help himself.

Thinking thus, he lifted the whole Dronaachal mountain. And with speed he returned by the sky route.

On the other hand, the day when Laxmanji fainted, mother Kaushalyaa's right limbs began to flick. Sleeping in the night, Kaushalyaaji had a dream that Sri Raghunaathji's right hand was being devoured by a huge python.

And similarly, Bharatji, Shatrughnaji, Mother Sumitraaji and other relations had similar dreams. So in the night, Guru Vashishtha was called and altogether related the facts of these dreams. And for the quelling of the effects of such dreams, they there and then requested worship of the deities.

Guru Vaahishtha said: "From all your dreams it becomes evident that there has been some calamity over Laxmanlaalji, but the time of your dreams is the latter part of the night and therefore it is of temporary nature. Nevertheless your thoughts on worship of deities and peace offering are appropriate.

Consoling the elders of Ayodhya, Bharatji brought Guru Vashishtha in Nandigraam. And after bathing they sat down for the worship. Vashishthaji was chanting mantras and Bharatji was performing the worship.

Just then, Bharatji heard some sound in the sky. In reality Mahaavirji was traversing by the sky route carrying Dronaachal. But Bharatji felt it was some demon who had come to disturb the worship. Bow and arrows were just nearby. When worship is ongoing, it is forbidden to slay anything. So loaded an arrow without a point and stretching the string of the bow lightly, he shot it towards Mahaavirji.

The arrow without a point struck Mahaavirji in the heart. Whatever, this arrow was shot by Bharatji. And by the strike of the arrow, Mahaavirji fell fainted. And he fell very close to Bharatji's ashram. Falling down the words "Sri Raam" slipped out of his mouth. Bharatji engrossed in worship heard the words "Sri Raam". And he got very agitated. He felt this was some servant of the Lord.

Leaving aside all the materials of the worship, bow, arrows, he ran. He observed a huge bodied monkey had fainted by the impact of his arrow. Even in the state of fainting, the words "Raam ... Raam" uttered from his mouth.

The more the unknown fainted monkey's recovery was being delayed, the more Bharatji was getting agitated and worried. He felt confounded as if he had struck the arrow to himself. At last Bharatji took Mahaavirji's head in his lap and said: "If in my life I have loved Bhagwaan Raam without any sin, if I have incessant role of service in me, if my mind has never without any error gone to evil ways, then this fainting of this Kapiraaj disappear."

By the sheer character of great souls, magic flows through their speech. Just so, just as these words of Bharatji finished being uttered, Hanumaanji stood up with the "Siyaavar

Raamchandraki jay!” (Glory to Raamchandra, the spouse of Siyaa), as if he had just waked up from sleep. There was no pain in his body.

Mahaavirji saw an unknown person similar to Sri Raamchandraji and he fell to his feet. Bharatji hugged him and made his acquaintance. When Hanumaanji learned that this was Bharatji of whom Bhagwaan Raamchandraji had praised his brotherly love so many times, and that very Bharatji was hugging him, his joy knew no bounds. And Hanumaanji also related his acquaintance.

Getting to know Hanumaanji the supreme friend of Bhagwaan, Bharatji was overcome great emotions. He initially asked of the wellbeing of Bhagwaan Raam, Laxman and Sitaaji. And Hanumaanji, commencing with the abduction of Sitaaji, related the history in short. Hearing of the calamity which had struck the Lord, Bharatji’s eyes filled with tears and he said: “Really Laxmanlaalji is the Bhagwaan as at every step as he served the Lord and eventually sacrificed his life without any a do. Unfortunate me could not even get to serve the Lord, and instead became a hurdle in his way.”

Hanumaanji consoled Bharatji and pacified his mind. And he indicated his wish to reach quickly to Lankaa. Bharatji brought Hanumaanji to the aashram. Hanumaanji bowed to Guru Vashishtha and told him the history in short. Just then Shatrughnaji arrived. From there everyone went to Ayodhyaa. Hanumaanji bowed to the various mothers and acquaintances. Hearing the calamity fallen on Laxmanji, all the mothers were saddened and crying. Still seeing Kaushalyaaji crying, Sumitraaji consoled her saying: “Elder sister! On these occasions if you keep crying, then what would be the impact on us? And who else would have fortunate son like my Laxman? By sacrificing his life for his brother, he has glorified his mother’s milk.”

Hanumaanji consoling the mothers said: “You all do not worry. The Lord is all mighty capable. By the effect of this herb, Laxmanji will certainly be alive again. But attracted by your affection, I must not remain here any longer. Half the night has come to pass. All you elders grant me your grace.”

Kaushalyaaji said: “Very well son! With pleasure you go. But tell my Raam this, that if he is not able to make alive Laxman, then do not come to Ayodhyaa. Because it will me pain my heart. I will not be able to show my face to anyone.....”

Kaushalyaaji in sorrow was about to say something, but interrupting her Sumitraaji said: “Brother Hanumaan, my elder sister Kaushalyaaji is lost in sorrow. On my behalf tell Raam not to worry about Laxmanji. The Lord should not be saddened after his servant. And quickly return to Ayodhyaa with Jaankiji. And also relate to Raam that he has to tend to his brothers Bharat and Shatrughna. And he has to quell the pains of his subjects.” Hanumaanji observing such love of the mothers was awe stricken. He promised Laxmanji will get well again.

Bowing to all, Mahaavirji arrived in Nandigraam. Bharatji was awaiting him. He eagerly said: “Brother Hanumaan” It has gone very late. Look half the night is past. By the morning Bhagwaan’s task will be destroyed. I have just thought about a quick way. You together with the Dron mountain sit on my arrow. I will get you to Lankaa with haste.” Hearing Bharatji’s words Hanumaanji began to think: How can one get to Lankaa on an arrow? Would the arrow take the weights of both me and the mountain? But as soon as the question in his mind, a response came from his heart – Oh! Why am I thinking like this? By the effect of God what is not possible? This Bharatlaalji is the Lord’s foremost

devotee and a diligent servant. Thinking thus he said to Bharatji: “Do not worry. By your grace I will reach Lankaa like an arrow in time.”

Bowing to Sage Vahishtha and Bharatji, hugging Shatrughnaji, Hanumaanji lifted Dronaachal and with chanting the glory to Raghunaathji he proceeded by the sky route. Half the night had passed in Lankaa. Bhagwaan Raam was continually looking skywards expecting Hanumaanji. All the monkeys were also eagerly awaiting Hanumaanji. When you are looking out for someone, every second seems like an eon. As the time passed by Raghunathji was getting impatient. Many doubts began to arise in his mind.

Suddenly there was sound in the sky. He was just about to see skywards when the words “Glory to Raghuvir!” hit his ears.

The monkeys all also chanted the victorious words “Glory to Raghuvir!” Placing the mountain to one side, Hanumaanji prostrated at the feet of the Lord. The Lord lifted him and hugged him to his heart. Sugriv, Jaambvaan, Angad and others all appropriately welcomed Hanumaanji. The monkey group surrounded Hanumaanji.

All were thus extremely in joy. On the other side, Sushenji had commenced his task. Recognising and finding the herb, he began to treat Laxmanji. The effect of the herb was astonishing. In few moments Laxmanji’s wounds were healed. And waking up, he immediately said: “Where is the wicked demon Meghnaad?”

And he began to search for his bow and arrow. The Lord came forward and hugged him. Initially seeing all this Laxmanji was surprised. Then he got to know he had fainted for long time, whereupon he took an oath to slay Meghnaad. And eventually, Laxmanji did slay Meghnaad in the battlefield.

After his task was over, Sushenji bowed to the Lord and took leave. The Lord asked him for any boon. Sushen clasping both hands said: “Lord! My task I have completed. In that I have not obliged anyone. But the real obligation you have to carry out. I am an eternal patient afflicted by this realm. And you are the proficient physician expert in eradicating this disease. So please grant me eternal devotion and faith in you. That herb of chanting name of Raam may always remain with me – I ask for that boon.”

What he wanted, Sri Raam gave to him. And Mahaavirji lifted sushenji together with his house and reaching Lankaa placed it exactly as previous in its location.

Bhagwaan Raam praised Hanumaanji’s work immensely. But he was not interested in hearing his praises. What use has the servant of his praise?

[17]

Victory of the Nether world

Sri Raamchandraji had already slayed Raavan’s strong soldiers. Brother like Kumbhakaran and sons like Indrajit-Meghnaad were also lost by Raavan. Towards the end Raavan’s other son Naraantak was also sacrificed like oblation of milk in the battlefield. Finally there was none left who could protect Raavan, so himself eventually came into the battlefield. But on the first day, Raghunaathji’s arrows hit him to faint. He was quickly put into his chariot and was taken by his charioteer to Lankaa.

When Raavan awoke from his faint, he began to worry greatly. All his desires had now been reversed into failures. Which warrior was now left to claim victory in the battle for him?

Eventually he remembered his friend in the nether world by the name of Ahi-raavan. But the whole of Lankaa was now surrounded by the monkeys. There was no means left to carry message outside Lankaa. So Raavan decided to call him by the power of his mantras.

Raavan by nature was sinful. But he was fully blessed with knowledge of all the scriptures. Taking bath, he sat himself in the temple of Shankar. After performing the appropriate worship, he meditated on Ahi-raavan.

Ruling in the Nether world, Ahi-raavan got message in his dream that his friend Raavan was calling him. Not just that, but that the amazing power of the mantra was pulling him towards Lankaa. Immediately by the sky route, he proceeded towards Lankaa. Reaching Lankaa, by the power of the mantras he presented himself in the temple of Shiva. Seeing his friend, Raavan hugged him. Raavan related all that had happened to Ahi-raavan.

Giving the news of the deaths of the relations, Raavan said: "Now I rely on your support to give me protection. To protect me, think out the means for me."

Ahi-raavan was well-studied and full of wizardry. He said: "Brother! I have not seen those mendicants. I am not even aware of those monkeys. But those who have slayed great beings like Megh-naad, Indra-jit, Naraantak, they are no ordinary beings. So to gain victory over them, your desire is mis-placed."

Hearing Ahi-raavan's words, Raavan was saddened. Tears fell from his eyes. He could utter any words. Whereupon Ahi-raavan said: "Nevertheless there is no reason to fear. If I can gain help from Shankar, then I have a means. Only the first part of the night has passed. I will secretly infiltrate the enemy camp. Abducting the sleeping two mendicants, I will take them by the sky route. Sleeping they will be without any arms. So tonight I will offer them as sacrifice to my ideal female deity."

Raavan was very pleased with this. He hugged Ahi-raavan. And with respect he said: "Brother! Accomplish this task quickly. I will not delay you any longer."

Everyone was tired by the day's battle. Only Mahaavir Hanumaanji lay awake keeping watch. Elongating his tail, he surrounded the whole army with his tail like a fort. And at the door of this fort, Mahaavir stood guard. Apart from this one doorway, there was no other entrance.

Seeing this powerful head of the monkeys, Ahi-raavan was frightened. Nevertheless, he still took aid of wizardry to gain access into the fort.

Ahi-raavan took the form of Vibhishan and going straight to Pavankumar, he saluted him. Mahaavirji asked: "O Vibhishanji! Have not gone to sleep yet? Unlike other days, why are you roaming out today?"

Ahi-raavan in the form Vibhishan answered: "Mahaavirji! After the battle was finished for the day, I immediately went to Lankaa. The Lord had given me immediate task to accomplish. I now need to see the Lord right now."

Mahaavirji did not see it appropriate to question the task of the Lord. He lifted his tail slightly, and Ahi-raavan managed to enter the fort.

Normally Laxmanji since dwelling in the forest never slept. Not only so, he would sit in the viraasan posture and sit beside Bhagwaan Raam. But after the injury caused by Indrajit's weapon, he required more rest. Also, to slay Indrajit he had to use excessive effort. So for the previous days, Bhagwaan Raam ordered him to sleep at night. So both the brothers were next to each other in deep sleep.

The bows and arrows which were in the beds, Ahi-raavan placed them to one side and looked at both the brothers. Beautiful youth, pleasant faces and affectionate forms – Ahiraavan felt like warching them uninterrupted.

But immediately next moment he came to his mind the sad face of Raavan. He put the whoile of the monkey army to deep sleep with his wizardry. And lifting the two brothers Raam Laxman still in deep sleep, he proceeded by the sky route. The sky lit up with brilliance.

Suddenly Sugriv woke up.He had been sleeping next to Bhagwaan’s feet. Not seeing the Lord, he let out a scream. In a moment the whole army woke up. Not seeing the Lord and Laxmanji, everyone was frightened.

All together they went to see Mahaavirji. Learning the news, he was distraught. All felt as if they were to give up life. Hanumaanji began to ponder. I was here guarding all the time. Nobody could enter through my tail fort without my permission. Then how did this happen?

Suddenly he realised what had happened just a while back. And so he asked Vibhishanji: “Vibhishanji! Did you really go to Lankaa ar dusk?”

“No,” replied Vibhishanji with surprise. He responded with a question: “Why did you have to ask?”

“Just a while back you entered this fort, that is why I had to ask.”

“How can this happen?” said the surprised Vibhisahnji. “After a small chat with the Lord I was the first to go to sleep. Are you truthfully telling me there was a person of my image entered the fort?”

“Certainly yes,” replied Hanumaanji. “That is why I had to ask.”

Thinking for just a moment Vibhishanji said: “Very well. We will get to know the whereabouts of the Lord very quickly now. I am absolutely convinced that in the wizardry of the magicians, there is always a limit. Ordinarydemons cannot take the form of the Lord or his devotees. With all the demons in Lankaa, none could take my form. But the professor of all wizardry, only Ahiraavan could ever take my form. And he is Raavan’s fondest friend. By the slaying of his beloved sons Meghnaad and Naraantak, Raavan must have been saddened. And he would have called Ahiraavan to Lankaa. I am convinced that Ahiraavan has abducted the Lord and Laxmanji and would have taken them to his city in the nether world.”

Mahaavir’s heart was filled with joy. He said: “There is no reason now to worry. I will now present myself to Ahiraavan , and before sunrise I will here before you with Bhagwaan Raam and Laxmanji.

Nevertheless you all need to keep vigil in case another demon wizard lodges aggression you can defend yourselves. And also ensure that my departure is not made known to anyone outside our camp.”

Vibhishan described the way to the nether world, it’s palace, entrances, and the temples etc. Giving all necessary advise to all, Hanumaanji took leave from there.

How long would it take Pavan-putra to reach the nether world? His speed was akin to the mind. He speedily reached the nether world. At the doors to the city, a man of same form as Hanumaanji and strong youth stopped Hanumaanji.

Hanumaanji thought who is this youth to stop me? It resulted in fisticuff between the two, and after lapse of an hour, the youth remained undefeated.

The youth then uttered: “Don’t think I am an ordinary monkey’s son. You don’t know that I am Mahaavir Hanumaanji’s son.”

“Whar...”Mahaavirji was taken aback by the youth’s words. He said: “What are you saying? Pray tell me how you can be my son?”

Recognising his father, Makar-dhwaj saluted his feet and clasping his hands he said: “Father, you may not be aware of this. After the burning of Lankaa and were exhausted from the effort, then after extinguishing your tail you took bath in the ocean. A fish devoured the sweat of your body then and became pregnant. That pregnant fish was caught by a fisherman in his net and was brought to the kitchen of Ahiraavan where she was slit open. I was born from her womb. Ahiraavan tended me. Taking birth from your great luminous sweat, I have been guard to the main entrance of Ahiraavan’s city. Pray tell me if I am your son.”

Hanumaanji kissed his son’s head. There was no queation if continuing the fight anymore. Makardhwaj bowed and asked for his coming. Mahaavirji related all to him. Makardhwaj said: “Your words relate true. Just now, that wizard demon has brought Sri Raam and Laxman here. He also told me that after the midnight worship to the female deity, he was going to offer the two princes to her as sacrifice. Right now he would be engaged in meditation to the deity in the temple.”

Mahaavirji said: “Then I wish to quickly go to the Devi’s temple.”

Saying thus as he tried to go past the entrance, makardhwaj stoped and said: “Father. You are worthy of worship. But in my presence and while there is energy in me, I will not let you enter my tending father’s city, because my fending father has put trust in me to guard the main entrance. Just as you are serving your master without a worry of anything, in the same manner I am also dutiful to my master. I will not betray his trust in me. You can fight to defeat me and then enter with pleasure. Otherwise you cannot go.”

And that was in accordance with dharma. If in his father’s house the son does not respect his father’s wishes, then it is contrary to dharma. But the place where the son is faithful and committed to trustworthy task, there the master’s command gets priority over the father’s wish. Hearing this, Mahaavirji was very pleased in his mind and commended him. But right now a delay of even a moment was like an eon. Time was approaching to midnight. So in haste, he laid a blow of one fist on Makardhwaj’s chest. Makardhwaj could not absorb this blow. He fainted there and then on the ground.

As he was leaving, Mahaavirji had an afterthought. If after fighting with Ahiraavan, the son would certainly fight him again from the enemy front, so it would be better to keep him together with him. So tied the fainted Makardhawaj to his tail and proceeded towards the deity’s temple.

He observed in the temple that in the sacrificial bowl (yagnakund), fire had been lighted in fron of Chaamundaadevi. Having tasken bath, Ahiraavan was grossly engaged in meditation. There was little while left for the sacrifice.

Hanumaanji immediately took the form of the Devi. And he stood hidden behind the statue of the Devi. The Devi verily observing the Lord’s adored devotee had already departed.

The worship finished and it was time for offering the food to the Devi. Mahaavirji himself in the form of the Devi began to devour the sanctified food offering. The demon was very pleased in his mind seeing thus. Till this day, the Devi had not directly taken the

food offering. He thought this day was the most auspicious for the awakening of his good fortune.

But the wicked people do not realise that by hurting others, good results cannot be achieved.

After the worship was over, it was time for the sacrifice. Following his command, the armed demons stood Sri Raam and Laxman in front of the Devi. Ahiraavan initially performed sixteen-fold worship of the two brothers. He offered chandan, red paste (kumkum), flowers and many scented materials. Hanumaanji in the form of the Devi was saluting Bhagwaan.

According to procedure, Ahiraavan standing in front of the Devi said to the two brothers: "The time has arrived for your final end. So remember your chosen deity. If you have any wishes, then also tell me so I can fulfil your final wishes."

Hearing these words of Ahiraavan, Laxmanji was enraged. Not only he was the incarnation of the very Shesh serpent but also the netherland is the abode of the Shesh serpent. What was this wicked demon uttering in his realm? If the Lord permits, then I would immediately crush this wicked Ahiraavan between my fingers. But while Laxmanji was repeatedly looking at the Lord for permission, The Lord was meditating all the time at the Devi. Sri Raghunathji was observing Hanumaanji in the Devi.

On the other hand, holding his luminous sword Ahiraavan was ready to slay the two brothers. And with a mild smile the Lord made gesture looking at Mahaavir. Mahaavirji was also awaiting the Lord's permission. Getting the permission Mahaavirji in the form of the Devi made a loud roar. And with that roar sparks of fire rained out from his eyes. By the roar of Mahaavirji, the whole of the nether world reverberated. A shiver went through the hearts of the demons standing there. They said amongst themselves: "Today the Devi is very angry. Even her form today looks grave and frightening. Ahiraavan bringing these two brothers has not done the right thing. By his commitment to sacrifice, the Devi's form has changed."

Whereupon there was another loud roar. And the other demons began to tremble. And with a third roar, Hanumaanji appeared in his normal form. Seating Sri Raam and Laxman on his shoulders, he snatched away the sword from the demon's hand. And he began to slay the demons. In a moment there was a pile of the dead bodies of the demons. Slaying the heads of the demons, Mahaavirji offered them in the sacrificial kund. Thus each and every demon was slayed.

With red eyes Ahiraavan appeared before them. With a loud laughter, he struck the sword on Mahaavir. But by the strike of his sword Mahaavirji smashed Ahiraavan's sword. And the next moment he slayed Ahiraavan's head and offered it in the sacrificial kund. It was as if it was the last offering to end the fire sacrifice.

Mahaavirji's body became red smeared by the blood of the demons. Having destroyed the demons, Mahaavirji began to proceed to Lanka. Makardhwaj tied to his tail was in a terrible state. When Hanumaaji was fighting the demons, he had come out of his fainting. But who could hear him?

Now having the opportunity, Makardhwaj began to pray. But until now Hanumaanji had forgotten all this. Hearing the voice of Makardhwaj, his attention was drawn to his tail. Quickly he untied from his tail. And taking the blood of Ahiraavan splattered on the feet of the Lord, he put a dot on Makardhwaj's head and declared him king of the nether world.

Offering him the throne, Mahaavirji said: “My dear child! From henceforth, this kingdom will change from the kingdom of demons to the kingdom of Dharma. You pay all your attention to Dharma. And do not forget out Lord Bhagwaan Raam.”

Makardhwaj saluted his father and bowed to Sri Ramm laxmanji. And Hanumaanji departed from there to Lankaa.

Hearing the sound of the victory to Bhagwaan Raam, the whole army became aware. All bowed to the feet of Bhagwaan. Bhagwaan praising Hanumaanji to all said: “If Maaruti was not present today, then both us brothers would have become sacrifice to the Devi.”

When the very supreme form of restraint (maryada purushottam) praises him, then nwhat surprise is there when the whole of the cosmos reverberates with calls of victory to him? The whole army in unison shouted “Pavansut Hanumaanki Jai!”

[18]

Examination by fire

Faithful friend like Ahiraavan, sons like Indrajit, Narvaahan and Naraantak, brother like Kumbhakaran and many ministers were lost, Raavan was exhasperated. When none other was left, Raavan had eventually to enter the battlefield himself.

In this frightening battle, the demons who had been left – Mahaavirji delivered them to the abode of the Lord of death with blows of his mace, kicks and hand blows.

Mahaavirji’s solid blows were also tasred by Raavan. Nevertheless Raavan was no ordinary soldier. With strength, acumen oen of battlefield, and with the effect of demonic wizardry he fought out in the battlefield. But against the wizardry of the creator of the whole cosmos, what chance did the demonic magic of Raavan stand? And what comparison was there of Raavan’s strength against that of balvir Bajrang? At last Raavan resigned to death.

After Raavan’s death, Vibhishan for a while was oversome with sorrow. Despite all, Raavan was his brother. Bhagwaan Raamchabdraji consoled him. By many intellectual reasonings, Vibhishanji was pacified. Bhagwaan got performed all the final rituals of the departed souls at the hands of Vibhishanji.

After retiring from all the activities, Bhagwaan gave permission for Laxman, Sugriv, Jaambwaan, Angad and Hanumaanji to go to Lankaa and consecrate crowning ceremony of Vibhishanji to the thorone of Lankaa. From the very throne that Raavan kicked out Vibhshanji, to that very throne crowning of Vibhishhan was conducted. According to the protocol of the demonic dynasty, Raavan’s foremost queen became Vibhishan’s queen. Those taking refuge of the Lord’s feet procure the most rare things in life. People got to realise this experience first hand. Having crowned, Vibhishanji first bowed to Mahaavirji and respectfully said: “Mahaavirjji, by your grace I have become the king of Lankaa. If you had not held my hand, then what would have been my condition? So therefore I first bow to you.”

The Lord’s true devotees never accept claim to any praise. Hanumaanji was such true devotee. Without being affected by the praise he said: “I have not done anything in this. Brother! It is the effect of the Lord’s feet.”

Lankaa was looted; now Lankaa was once again prosperous. Raavan was slayed and Vibhishan was crowned. All this happened, but for the one whom it had happened – that eternally renounced Bhagwati Jaanki’s sorrow had not been pacified. Bhagwaan decided

to recall Sitaaji. Through Vibhishanji, Sitaaji had received victory message of Raavan's death. After the crowning, Vibhishanji had ordered the demon maids to please the mother and to serve her.

Those demonesses who in the reign of Raavan had uttered bitter words to Sitaaji and had threatened her repeatedly, those very demonesses were now prepared ready to serve her under the command of Vibhishanji. Time tells its tales.

The maids bathed Sitaaji in fragrant waters. Her washed hair were impregnated with fragrant oils. With beautiful attire and garland of flowers, the emaciated body of Sitaaji began to look beautiful. Having left Ayodhya, it was only now that Sitaaji had adorned the new clothes.

Even though Sitaaji had intended go in the old clothes to bow to the feet of Bhagwaan Raam, but due to the wish of Vibhishanji, the maids had with great love persuaded her to wear the beautifying clothes.

The auspicious message of the coming of Sitaaji to the service of Bhagwaan Raam was allocated to Mahaavirji. Because was it not he who had the one at the peril of his life delivered Bhagwaan Raam's message? Getting the command to announce the message Mahaavirji was very pleased. Bowing at the feet of Bhagwaan, he proceeded to Ashok garden. And with great reverence, he bowed prostrately to Mataji. Sitaaji blessed him. Mahaavirji delivered the auspicious message to the Mother to present herself in the service of Bhagwaan. Message of meeting the loved one, and the bringer of such a message can be so pleasant? Only those who have experienced such an event can appreciate it. How pleased was Sitaaji to hear this message? How can this little pen describe it? When the subject is beyond the capability of intellect, then what of the inanimate pen?

Tears began to roll from Mother's eyes. The body was engrossed with love. For a moment she forgot herself. After a while she said: "Pavankumar! What can I give you in return for this message? There is not anything I can give you in return for this message. But my child, I can only say this Sita is ever indebted to you!"

Saying thus Sitaaji's throat was overcome with emotions. She could not say anymore. Hanumaanji bowed with great respect at Mother's feet.

Seating Mother in the palanquin provided by Vibhishanji, Mahaavirji proceeded with mace in hand. The armed demon guards was with them. Seeing from a distance the palanquin coming, the monkeys ran to have sight of Mother. But the guards prevented them from going forward. The monkeys were disappointed and came back.

How can the Lord see his monkeys disappointed? He commanded the servants: "Let Sitaaji come by foot so all the monkeys can observe Sitaaji through their motherly sight." Taking aboard the command, they alighted Sitaaji from the palanquin. All had sight of the Mother of the worlds, bowed to her and became satisfied.

Arriving thus she immediately bowed at the feet of the Lord. She washed his feet with tears from her eyes.

But another unpleasant event was awaiting. The Lord uttered instead of pleasant welcoming words some unfortunate ones. And he ordered for examination by fire. Who can explain the reasons for the Lord's playact? But Sugriv, Vibhishan, Laxman, Hanumaan and others were pained hearing this command. This pain was ever pervading. By the command of the Lord, Laxmanji had to prepare the pyre of wood. The Mother entered the fire. But the fire had not power to burn her body. Experiencing coldness of the

sandalwood, Sitaaji returned absolutely sanctified from the fire. Yes, she was now adorned with beautiful form like that of heated gold. With great joy, the Lord welcomed and seated her on his left.¹

The deities showered flowers on them from the sky. Mendicants, celestial musicians, celestial singers all by their praises of glory to the young monarchy filled the sky. Indra came and by the command of the Lord gave life to the monkey soldiers who had been killed in the battle. Vibhishan requested the Lord to step but once into Lanka, but as per his father's vow Sri Raghunaathji was not able to enter any city or any residential areas. So the Lord said: "Vibhishanji! My stay of residence in the forest has a few days left to expire. And by that time if I cannot get back to Ayodhya in time, then I may not see my lovely brother Bharat alive. So please do not insist on this. And taking on the command of the Lord, Vibhishanji prepared the Pushpak plane. With jewels, pearls and flowers the Pushpak plane was decorated. And he presented at the Lord's feet invaluable jewels, pearls, diamonds and other items.

But what would the Lord do with such presents? So he commanded all the things to be loaded on the Pushpak plane and showered down in flight, so that the monkeys and the bears and so forth can take them and enjoy. So as per the Lord's command they were showered from the sky. Taking whatever they desired the monkeys began to dance. It was the Lord's wish that all the monkeys go to their residences. But they were very eager to see the crowning ceremony of Sri Raghunaathji. So all together with the monkeys and Vibhishanji took their seats in the Pushpak plane. The Pushpak plane was not like the modern planes. It was able to take on board all the passengers. The victorious departure of the Lord took place. Proceeding forward, the monkeys shouted glory to the Lord: "Siyaa Raamchandraki Jay!"

[19] Mother's gift

The knowledge that is obtained by teaching of hundred gurus and a thousand teachers, that knowledge thousand fold is conveyed by the Mother seating the child in her lap. By the words filled with love from the Mother, the child enjoys to obtain knowledge. Humans gain the knowledge of Dharma, impressions and practical application from the Mother.

Bhagwaan Raam, Bhagwati Sitaaji, Laxmanji, Vibhishan, Sugriv, Hanumaanji, Jaambvaan and Angad and the monkey army all aboard the Pushpak plane proceeded by the sky route. Traversing across the ocean, it proceeded over the locations which Sri Raam pointed out to Sitaaji where he had searched for her. Showing her many of the forests, mountains, monasteries, the plane passed over Kishkindhaa, Rushyamukh, Pampaa reservoir and others amongst the.

Sri Raamji looked at Hanumaanji and observed he intended to say something. The Lord asked: "Mahaavir! Do you intend to say something?"

¹ The worldly people doubt the the playact of great souls. In reality, Raavan never abducted the true form of Sitaaji. Readers of Vaalmik Raamaayan will know that Sitaaji's shadow was abducted by Raavan. Her true form she had given up to Fire. Apart from Sri Raam and Sitaaji, no one else knew the reason for entering into fire. Having entered the fire, Sitaaji made her shadow disappear. And the Fire divinity himself returned Sitaaji. - Editor

“Yes. O Great Lord! It has been a long time since I met Mother. I wish to have her vision. If you will permit, I can visit her and join again the plane.”

The Lord said smilingly: “Why will you visit her on your own? Why don’t we all join in and see her?”

AQt speed of air, the plane changed it’s course, and according to the wish of the Lord it arrived at Kanch-nagari.

Mather Anjani was seated in her ashram. The son bowed at the feet of the Mother.

Separated for a long time, the Mother took her son in her lap. Hanumaanji said:

“Mother! Bhjagwaan Raam, Sitaaji and Laxmanji have also come.”

“Where is my Lord?” saying thus Anjanidevi stood up.

Just then Sitaaji and Laxmanji with the Lord arrived. All three bowed at the feet of Mother Anjani. Overcome with great joy, she considered her self very fortunate. Within her mind she also was very grateful to her son. Due to that son she had vision of the Lord. Which such lucky son not get blessings of his mother?

Streams of tears were rolling out from Mother Anjani’s eyes. For a moment of ecstasy, she stood there motionless. When she regained consciousness, she then fell at the feet of the Lord.

“Mother!” said Bhagwaan with a smile. “Just as Hanumaanji is your son, similarly I am also your son. I should be bowing at your feet.”

How can the state of Mother Anjani’s ecstasy be described? Looking at Bhagwaan Raam she said: “People say that however heroic, strong and noble the son may be, he cannot repay the debt of a Mother. But having gained the your vision, Hanumaan has made me the Mother obliged. I will not not be able to repay that debt in my lives.”

Really Anjanidevi was very fortunate. The vision that cannot be gained at the end of penance of many lives, yagnas, charity and good deeds, such vision of the Lord was gained with ease by her giving birth to son in form of Hanumaanji.

Thereupon Sugriv, Vibhishan, Jaambvaan, Angad and all the monkeys arrived and bowed at the feet of the Mother. Hanumaanji was introducing all to her. When Vibhishanji bowed to Mother, then Hanumaanji said: “This is Lord of Lankaa Vibhishanji.”

“Lord of Lankaa?” Mother said with a surprise. “Isn’t Raavan Lord of Lankaa, my son?” Hanumaanji explained the facts from the slaying of Vaali upto the killing of Raavan in the battle to his Mother.

Learning of the abduction of Sitaaji, Mother was extremely angry. Referring to her son, she said: “Hanumaan, you have drunk my milk. The world calls you Mahaavir. But when you learned Raavan had abducted Mother Jaanaki. Not only that, you yourself went in search of Sitaaji in Lankaa and without doing it, you returned without slaying Raavan. Were you frightened of destroying an ordinary demon like Raavan?”

“You have narrated all, and I am pleased. But to slay Raavan, while having the presence of a strong servant like you, the Lord had to come. Hearing that I am dismayed.”

Consoling the Mother, Hanumaanji said: “Mother, be at peace. By your blessing not only Raavan, I would be destroyed by twitching of my fingers the great demons. But I was not able to counter the Lord’s command. You yourself taught me the duty of a servant. How can I disobey my Lord’s wishes?”

Hearing words uttered with deep love in reply pacified Mother’s agitation. She hugged Hanumaan to her heart, and with great emotion said: “Well done my son! Giving birth to son like, I am gratified.”

All were listening to the talk between the Mother and the son. Not all were surprised by this chat, but Laxmanji were silently smiling in his mind at the ding dong between the Mother and the son.

Getting aware of this curiosity, Anjanidevi looking at him said: “Laxmanlaal! It makes you smile at my words? If the son has timidity, unfaithfulness, or laziness in carrying out his tasks then it is not the fault of the child, but that of the Mother. But my Hanumantlaal has drunk my milk. If you wish to see the effect of my milk, then look this side.”

Saying thus, Anjanidevi by her own hand taking her breast sprayed the the milk at the peak of the mountain opposite. And it was like thunderbolt string the mountain. It split into two. And the two peaks remain to even this day proving the effect of Anjanidevi’s milk. Pilgrims to Uttaraakhand – Himaalay to this day seeing the effect of Anjanidevi’s milk cry out: “Glory to Mother Anjani! Glory to the darling of Anjani – Hanumaanji!” Observing the tremendous effect of Anjanidevi’s milk, all were stunned. Laxmanji was sunk into amazement, whereupon the voice of Anjanidevi came: “Son Laxmanlaal! I am now old. The effect is not same any more in my milk. But having imbibed my milk, my son Hanumaan grew up.”

Laxmanji fell to the feet of Anjani.

Hanumaanji requested permission to leave from Mother. Mother laying her hand on son’s head and giving her blessings said: “May you live for eons, my beloved! Leave nothing short in the service of the Lord.” And making suggestion to Lord Sri Raam, she said: “Bhagwan, I am a destitute. How can I serve you? I leave my only son at your feet. Give him refuge at your feet and give me solace.”

Saying thus she got her son Hanumaan to bow at the feet of Bhagwaan. Bhagwaan Raam accepted the invaluable gift from the Mother. And Hanumanji took dust from Sri Raam’s feet and put on his head.

Bowing to Mother, Hanumaanji proceeded to the plane with the Lord. The plane proceeded by the sky route towards Ayodhya.

[20]

Brother’s gift to brother

There was only one day left for the stay in the forest. It was important for Raghunaaji to reach Ayodhya. At their last meetin, Bhagwaan Raam sitting in the plane remembered the last words ofg Bharatji: “Big brother! If I do not see you exactly on the end of your 14 years stay in the forest, then you will not find this Bharat alive.”

“Brother Bharat!” saying thus Raghunaathji sighed.

Hanumaanji was in the proximity of Bhagwaan. He at once recognised the sadness of the Lord. He stood up and said: “Lord, any command forme?”

“Yes, Mahaavirji!” said the Lord. “In Nandigraam my brother Bharat is longing for me. Please go and give him message of my arrival.

“As you wish.” Saying thus Pavankumaar flew at the speed of wind.

Hereupon the state of Bharatji, how can this lifeless pen describe? He was thinking: “Oh! There is no message from the Lord. And tomorrow morning it his time for arrival. What, has the battle with Raavan not ended? Is Mother Sitaaji suffereing in Lankaa’s jail? Or has something happened to Laxmanlaal due to the blow from the thunderbolt?”

“No – No” Bharatji’s thoughts took a turn. He began to say in his mind; “That cannot be. The Lord is all mighty. The likes of thousands of Raavan, he is capable of perishing them in second. And his graceful look is ever present to protect Laxman. So what need is there to worry?”

“Or has the Lord got upset with me? By my inappropriate behaviour has he developed hatred towards me? Maybe he does not even wish to see the face of a sinner like me?”

“Bur how can that be?” Baharatji’s thoughts took another turn. He said in his mind: “The Lord is present in my thought world. He may have outwardly stepped into the forest, but he resides in my mind world with a happy countenance. And he the compassionate is the refuge in my heart. He is the rescuer of the oppressed, sinners and the downtrodden. Why, does he not listen to the painful cries of my heart? I am sure my Raam is listening to all my feelings!”

Between the positive and the negative thoughts in the mind, Bharatji’s eyes were issuing streams of tears. The purified heart of unadulterated loyal devotee Baratji was repeatedly crying out that the Lord will certainly shower his grace.”

“But how unfortunate I am?” Bharataji again began to think: “What special service have I done for the Lord? Oh, let alone service, I have been the cause of his stay in forest. Because of me, the Lord had to endure so many difficulties staying in the forest. I am the sinner, I am the cause of the suffering of the Lord.”

“Even so, if I do not get to see the Lord by the proper time, then what?”

“Then, what is the use of retaining this body?”

Bharatji was very agitated from the separation from the Lord and he was asking questions and answering them in his mind. Just at that time taking the form of a Brahmin, Hanumaanji arrived.

Mahaavirji had taken the form of the Brahmin just to get an understanding of the state of Bharatji. But here Bharatji was absolutely agonised for the vision of the Lord. What delay would there be to know the state of the devotee’s feeling?

Immediately Hanumaanji taking his normal form bowed to Bharatji, and gave the message “Sri Raghunaathji, Sri Laxmanji and Mother Sitaaji had arrived near Ayodhya.”

The saddened Bharatji recognised Hanumaanji. As if he had gained the kingdom of the whole world, in such joy he hugged Mahaavirji. Tears of joy he dried with his shoulder cloth and said: “Pavankumaar! Like someone pouring nectar into the mouth of dying human, you have given me utter joy by your saying. What can I give in return for the auspicious message of my Lord’s coming? I lay my life before you, even then it will not rid me from obligation to you. My brother! By this message Baharatji will remain in debt to you for his life.” Saying thus he again hugged Mahaavirji! And holding Mahaavirji’s hand he entered Ayodhya. Seeing Bharatji coming, the residents of Ayodhya gathered together by the palace. All realised that there must have been a message of the Lord’s arrival. Otherwise Bharatji would not enter Ayodhya.

Hanuimaanji was known to all. The clan’s Guru Vahishtha, three Mothers, and the elders – he bowed to all. He gave the auspicious news to all. The message into all Ayodyhaa at the speed of wind.

Imparting the message thus, Hanumaanji proceeded by sky route to the plane.

The joy of the residents of Ayodhya saw no bounds! It was as if a new life had been instilled in them. They all began to decorate the streets. The roads were sprinkled with

fragrant scents. Flags, buntings, garlands and golden vessels adorned all courtyards. Auspicious music instruments were heard. The lady folk began to sing. All abodes were filled with joy unbounded.

Clan Guru Vashishthaji, the rishis, mendicants and Brahmins leading forward, Bharatlaalji with Shatrughnaji, ministers and heads of the residents went forward to meet the Lord. Behind the residents of Ayodhya, the whole army fully armed went to greet the Lord. From a distance, the Pushpak plane could be seen. The folks began to dance in joy. With sounds of joy the whole sky was filled. And by the peoples' cries of victory, all the directions reverberated.

The plane landed and first of all Sri Raamchandraji alighted and bowed to Guru Vashishtha and there after to rishis mendicants, braahmins and the elders.

The paadukaas were still seated on the head of Bharatji. With those padukaas that had been brought from Chitrakut Bharatji without a flicker of the eye viewed the Lord. When he had completed bowing to the elders, then taking those paadukaas Bharatji offered them at the feet of the Lord and he bowed full body prostrated at the feet of the Lord. Bharatji's eyes performed the function of vessel of offering. With tears of joy he wetted the feet of the Lord.

Bhagwaan Raam's eyes were also overflowing with streams of tears. He lifted Bharatji with his hands and hugged him to his heart. It was as if two separated oceans had met and suddenly met again. This was witness to the love of two brothers. The statue of the love two brothers wanted to be enjoined. The ten directions and the sky together with nature stilled watching the love between the two brothers. From the sky, the deities showered flowers.

What pen not be stilled describing the love meeting of the brothers?

Bharatji and Laxmanji, Sri Raam and Shatrughnaji, Laxmanji and Shatrughnaji all hugged each other thus. This ideal brotherly love was envious even to the deities. From the hearts of all, an eternal ocean of love was flowing. The meeting of brothers, the pure love of them, its witness became personified here.

Yatra yatra Raghunaath kirtanam
Tatra tatra krut mastak anjalim
Vaashva-vaari pari-purna lochanam
Maaruti namat raakshash antakam

[21]

Raam in the heart

There was no limit to the joy in Avadhपुरi. With great pomp and zest, the city's citizens led a procession welcoming Bhagwaan Raam, Laxman and Sitaaji. Bowing to the mothers, Bhagwaan Raam made entrance into the palace.

On the next day at auspicious astrological time, the crowning ceremony of Dri Raam took place. The Brahmins filled the sky with the chants of vedas. Kings from all countries around placed gifts at the feet of Bhagwaan Raam. Baards, minstrels, poets and beggars were given alms. With commitments of clothes, jewellery, wealth, foods, land and cows, the Brahmins were made happy. Whatever anyone wished that day, they received it.

Then came the turn of the monkey army. The Lord started by distributing invaluable gems, clothes, decoratives. How can the great charitable like Mahaavirji come forward at such a time? He just stood at the side peacefully. On the other side the monkeys taking presents from Bhagwaan Raam were dancing about. When suddenly Sri Raam's sight fell on Hanumaanji.

"Oh! Mahaavirji!" said Bhagwaan smiling. "You have been left without any present. Come to this side."

Hanumaanji with some hesitation bowed at the feet of Sri Raam. The Lord cast his eyes towards Sitaaji. Immediately Sitaaji took off the garland of gems she was wearing around her neck and wore it around Hanumaanji's neck. All the monkeys were envious of this graceful gift of the Mother. All were looking with congratulating glance at Hanumaanji. Hanumaanji with great love accepted it.

But the Lord wanted to show another play act. Where can he get such an opportunity to increase his devotee's greatness?

Mahaavirji was inspecting each gem intensely. The gems were excelling each other. The various colours emanating from the gems immensely beautified Mahaavirji's face.

Amongst all the ornaments in the dynasty of Raghu, this ornament was the foremost. How can there be any lack in its excellence?

Removing the gift of the Lord from his neck, Hanumaanji placed it on top of his head. And thereafter he looked at each gem minutely, as if there was something hidden inside. Sight of all the present in the assembly focussed on Mahaavirji's mischievous behaviour. Hanumaanji taking one gem tried to chew smash it with his teeth. Finding it empty he threw it to the side.

Taking the next gem, it met the same fate.

All the assembled were laughing. The monkeys also looking at Mahaavirji's mischief were laughing. There was a pleasant smile on the Lord's face. Except there was a difference in the reason for the smile. The laughter of all was different. Mahaavirji was fully engaged in his act. Such confusing behaviour is only understood by the devotee or the very Lord himself. The worldly people only think of it as strange behaviour because most ordinary persons with their physical eyes only hopelessly try to guess the inner meaning. In such persons' vision the illusive elements prevail to be dominant

The assembled people were wondering the Lord had given this invaluable garland of gems to a monkey who had no regard of its value. He was breaking each gem with his teeth and throwing them away. As if they were ordinary cowshells or stones!

That was true. In view of Hanumaanji they were no more valuable than cowshells or ordinary stones. Breaking up each of the shining gems he was observing that there was no sign of Raam on the outside and whether it was inside of them. People call them gems, but without my heart's gem Sri Raghunaathji, how can it be called a gem? When there is no Raghukul pearl, then what use of that pearl? And is not the wish fulfilling is only Sri Raghunaathji? And where his vision is not present, then what is the value of it?

So breaking each of the gems, he threw a lot of them. Vibhishan then lost his patience. He just called out: "O Hanumaanji! This gift of the Mother in the form of a garland, what state you have made of its gems? Pray leave them alone. You may not know but each of these gems contains the value of an empire. And you are destroying them chewing them with your teeth!"

Without looking at Vibhishanji and still cracking the gems, Mahaavirji said: “Brother! You are rushing. I have just looked cracking the gem - was there anywhere the Raghu gem Sri Raam? By the Lord’s command Mother gave me this gift, so I had that hope that my Raam would be in there. But till now the gems I have opened, there are none with Raam. Now there are only a few left. What value of thousands of empires without the Lord’s presence or the Lord’s name? Sticking to thus, what is meaning of living such life? Where there is no Raam, it’s value is even less than a cowshell.”

Vibhishan was also a devotee of the Lord. His outward look had not yet been transformed. This seemingly careless reply of Hanumaanji made him angry. He said: “Then Mahaavirji! Does the statue of the Lord reside within your body?” Hanumaanji became alert. He threw away the garland and coming forward he said: “Sure, I have full confidence that in every atom of this body Raam is residing.”

“Confidence?” said Vibhishanji laughing. “Let us say as a friend I have confidence in what you say, and also that I agree with you. But Mahaavirji, how can all the assembled here have faith in what you say?”

“What you have iterated is true Vibhishanji!” There was solid strength of conviction in Mahaavirji’s utterance. He said: “I have also not fully tested it myself whether Raam is in my body or not. And if I have a body without Raam, then what use of it?”

Saying thus, Mahaavirji with his impenetrable nails tore open his heart. And with his string hands removed skin from both the sides. All the assembled looked with wide eyes. All observed in Hanumaanji’s heart screen Bhagwaan Raam, Laxman and Sitaaji’s divine statue. And emanating from all the pores of his body, there was an incessant chant of “Raam, Raam...” All assembled watching were astonished!

Vibhishanji observing this strange vision was stunned. Feeling ashamed he stood up and fell at the feet of Hanumaanji. And saying “Forgive me Mahaavir! Forgive me my Maaruti Vir!” he cried aloud incessantly.

Hanumaanji lifted him with his own hands.

The Lord running upto him, held Mahaavir’s hand because he was still tearing open the whole body skin with his nails. The Lord stopped him and rotated his hand all over his body. Hanumaanji’s body became same as before. From the lotus eyes of Raghunaathji, tears dropped out. Holding his beloved devotee’s hand he sat him by his lion throne. That was the very wish of the devorted Maarutiji. What does a devotee want more than the feet of the Lord?

Mahaavirji sat holding the Lord’s feet. By his tears of love from his eyes, he washed the Lord’s feet. In his mind he considered himself most lucky. With emotional voice he said: “Lord! Liberation of the devotees may live in Vasinkunth and the liberation of the poets may live in their imagination, but for me in the full view of all, you have endowed me ultimate liberation here and now.

This was the Lord’s playact. He wanted to display the greatness of Maarutijind by that excuse to include him within the panchaayatana (five forms) – Sri Raam, Laxman, Bharat, Shatrughna and with Sitaaji wherever he resided, there without the sixth Hanumaanji’s presence the Panchaayatana was considered incomplete. That day, Maaruti gained that imperishable position.

The assembled shouted victory to Mahaavir. And Vibhishanji began the chant :

Raam Laxman Jaanki – Jay bolo Hanumaanki
(Raam Laxman Jaanki, victory to Hanumaan)

In the one in whose Raam resides, that person gains position at the Lord's feet.

[22]

Servant to Sitaa-Raam

In the current eon, the word "Servant" has become denigrated. The slaughterer of the neck also calls himself a servant, the what has remained of the true meaning of the word servant? The procedure of service is very gruesome. And that being the reason for the orator to say:

"Sevaa dharma: param gahano yoginaam apya gamya:"

Even the yogis cannot fathom out, such is the complex dhrama of seva. The very embodied form of sevaa dharma was Mahaavirji. After taking residence in Ayodhya, he constantly served Mother Sitaa and Lord incessantly. And by that very service, he had embodied as his own the pair of royalties Sri Sitaa-Raam. Mahaavirji's mind, speech and body had become offered to the royal pair's service.

Once Sri Raam and Sitaaji were seating alone together. During their chatting, an occasion arose. Sitaaji said: "Hanumaan is my supreme devotee."

"No", said Bhagwaan smiling. "Hanumaan is my supreme devotee."

In this argument between Mather and Father of the worlds, where can resolution come from? By the cause of Bhrahm and Maaya, this creation has taken place. Both out of love got into argument. It was at last decided that together at same time each should give a task to Hanumaan to perform. Whoever's task gets completed first, Hanumaan should be considered devoted to that person.

In a while Hanumaanji arrived. Mother requested him: "Maaruti! I am thirsty. Please quickly get me some water to drink."

Bowing to her Hanumaanji proceeded to bring water. But then Bhagwaan stopped and asked him: "Mahaavir! I am feeling very hot. Please fan me quickly."

"No Hanumaanji!" said Mother. "Without water my throat is drying out. So first bring me water."

"O Hanumaanji!" the aLord said. "I cannot bear the heat. First the fan then bring the water."

Hanumaanji was perplexed. What to do? "Sabse sevak dharma kathora". The duty of a servant is more difficult than other duty. If the servant entertains ego, then he cannot serve. To enjoin the servant's ego with that of the Lord is called service. But here it was a test of Mahaavirji's duty of service. There were two examiners. One was the Mother of the creation and the other was the father of creation. Who should he obey first? Mother or that of the father? In a moment Hanumaanji thought it out. He quickly brought vessel with water in one hand and in the other hand a fan and extending his hands handed them over at the same time to the Mother and the Father.

Observing Hanumaanji's supreme intellect, Bhagwaan and Sitaaji burst out laughing! The ideal of serving was Hanumaanji. And only such enlightened service can be considered true service. The current so called service is an insult to service. Let us look at another aspect of Hanumaanji's exemplary service.

After the crowning of the Lord, Angad, Jaambvaan and Sugriva with all the monkeys were departing for Pampaapur. Then Hanumaanji decided to devote his life to the service of the Lord. Vibhishanji also departed to Lanka. Hanumaanji began to devote all his

time in the service of the Lord. Starting from waking up at dawn upto performing service to his feet at bedtime, all duties were performed by Hanumaanji. None else could find time to serve. Bgharatji, Shatrughnaji, Laxmanji and Sitaaji all envied Hanumaanji's seva almost to the point of being annoyed. The ministers were also wishing they could get chance to serve in some small way to the Lord. But if even a small service came to anyone else, then how can Hanumaanji be called a true servant?

Eventually a plot against Hanumaanji was directed under the leadership of Bharatji. The great queen Sitaaji was also participant in this. A list was drawn up of all the service activities from the morning to night of the day. And all the participants assumed a duty each from the list to perform to the Lord. There was no name Hanumaanji to be seen in the list!

The whole assembly gathered by the Lord and got passed the resolution with him. By the Lord's command, Hanumaanji had gone out on an errand for him. The Lord looking at the list gave out a mild smile. As Sitaaji was also included in this gathering, the Lord had granted his permission. The Lord also wanted to enjoy this farce.

Hanumaanji arrived from his duty and saw that all the others had taken over his duties and fully engrossed. From then till going to bed at night he kept watching this. There was no task for him to perform.

They were all carrying out their tasks giving out a mild smile to Hanumaanji. At last he entered the Lord's bedroom and he observed Mother Jaankiji was pressing the Lord's feet.

Getting agitated Mahaavirji told the Mother: "Do not take so much trouble! This child is present to press the Lord's feet."

"Hanumaan!" said Sitaaji. "All the Lord's tasks should be performed systematically. And such arrangement has been made just today. It has been decided that no one should interfere in another's duty. Pressing of the feet has been allocated to me. So you may rest." "But Mother!" Hanumaanji prayed. "Please show me the list of the servers and also the tasks."

So as had be rehearsed previously, Shatrughnaji came and read out the list. The Shatrughnaji asked: "Pray tell Hanumaanji! Do you have any objection?"

"No," said Hanumaanji. "A decision that has been approved by the Lord, then what objection can I have? But I do have one request. The tawsk which has not been covered in this list, that duty should be awarded to me."

Shatrughnaji said in his mind there is no task which can be allocated to you and then he said: "Very well. If there is any duty left out then you may have it. Pray what such duty is missed out?"

Hanumaanji said: "When the Lord gives out a yawn then give me the opportunity to strike my fingers to keep him awake."

Shatrughnaji at the last item of the list added a note to that effect and also obtained permission from the Lord.

Amongst the royalty and high society persons, this is still practiced. And no one had thought of it before, so they had to back off.

As the Lord had given his permission, Hanumaanji was very pleased. Beginning from the morning till night he attentively kept looking at the Lord's face. And as soon as the Lord yawned he immediately called out "Raam, Raam, Raam" three times and began to strike his fingers to keep him awake.

But Mahaavirji now sat by the Lord's bedside. The Mother said: "Mahaavir! The night has now passed. Go and have a rest."

"No Maataaji!" said Hanumaanji. "You have yourself declared that no one should interfere in the task of others. I am performing my task. In the night who can know when the Lord will yawn? To carry out that service I have to stay here all night!"