

## ŚRĪMADBHAGAVADGĪTĀ INTERPRETATION SUMMARY

### Chapter 9: Rājavidyā-Rājaguhya-Yoga

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YouTube Link: <https://youtu.be/pISbdL7AX10>

## The Most Secret Knowledge: A Journey into Bhagavān's Divine Power and Loving Nature

**Chapter 9** of Śrīmad Bhagavad Gītā is **Rāja-Vidyā-Rāja-Guhya Yoga - The Yoga of Sovereign Knowledge and Sovereign Mystery**

The session commenced with deep prajwalan, the customary lighting of the lamp, prayers to the Supreme, and salutations to all the Gurus.

**Vasudeva Sutam Devam, Kansa Chāṇūra Mardanam,  
Devakī Parama Ānandam, Kṛṣṇam Vande Jagadgurum.**

**Yogeśam Saccidānandam, Vāsudeva Rājapriyam,  
Dharma Saṁsthāpakam Vīram, Kṛṣṇo Vande Jagadgurum.**

**Śrī Guru Caraṇa Kamalabhyo Namaḥ.**

By the immense and boundless grace of Bhagavān, a rare and auspicious fortune has awakened in the lives of these seekers. In this human birth, precious and fleeting, they have been inspired to pursue the ultimate goal: to make this life truly meaningful, to attain inner fulfillment here, and lasting welfare beyond. A divine momentum has stirred them to not only begin learning the Bhagavad Gītā but also to regularly chant its verses, memorize them, and now, to delve into their deeper meanings through vivechan—the reflective contemplation of its sacred teachings.

Perhaps it is the result of some merit earned in this very life. Or perhaps it is the fruit of good deeds from past births. It may even be the unseen blessings of noble ancestors, or the quiet grace of some saint or mahāpuruṣ in a forgotten life—whatever the cause, this awakening to study the Gita is not ordinary. It is a true **bhāgyodaya**—a rising of divine fortune.

It must be remembered with deep reverence: the Gita was not chosen by them; rather, they were

chosen by the Gita. This faith—rooted in the heart—that "*I have been chosen by the Gītā*," must grow stronger day by day. The deeper this conviction, the stronger the foundation of their **sādhana**. True progress in spiritual practice begins when the truths heard in discourses are earnestly applied to life.

Last week, too, this was humbly expressed: that a genuine step forward in sādhana happens only when the teachings are consciously lived. Therefore, even if many things from today's vivechan feel uplifting or inspiring, each person must select at least one point—a personal takeaway—that becomes their vow, their action step from today or tomorrow. They are encouraged to type and send in their takeaway after the vivechan concludes, and to follow it sincerely for a week. In the following session, they can reflect and share how that practice went. This is the true spirit of "**Gita padhen, padhayen, jeevan mein layen**"—study the Gita, teach the Gita, and live the Gita.

To bring this to life is the most vital aspect of study. And how can it be brought to life? Only through sincere, honest efforts to embody its wisdom in one's actions and everyday conduct.

Today's focus turns to the **navam adhyāya**—the ninth chapter. The teachings of this chapter are subtle and profound. Even the title given by Bhagavān Vedavyāsa carries great depth: **Rāja Vidyā Rāja Guhya Yoga**—the Yoga of Royal Knowledge and the Most Confidential Secret. The chapter explores the heights of **jñāna yoga** and is somewhat intricate in its structure and content.

In the seventh chapter, Bhagavān had initiated the teachings of **jñāna-vijñāna yoga**. Prior to that, from chapters 3 to 6, the Gita had unfolded the path of **karma yoga**, and chapter 6 was dedicated to **dhyāna yoga**. From chapters 7 to 15, the themes oscillate between **jñāna yoga** and **bhakti yoga**. Chapter 7 marks the beginning of **jñāna-vijñāna yoga**. However, at its conclusion, Bhagavān introduced several specific terms—**adhibhūta**, **adhidaiva**, **adhiyajña**, and **adhyātma**.

Curious and eager to know, Arjuna begins the eighth chapter with seven direct questions seeking clarity on these terms. In response, Bhagavān dedicates the entire eighth chapter to address these queries. Once those answers are given, ideally, Arjuna should have said, "O Bhagavān, now that You've answered my questions, please return to the earlier topic You had begun." But Arjuna does not say this. Had there been real **ruci**—inner interest or passion—for that subject, there would have been a spontaneous **utkaṇṭhā**—an intense longing to understand it fully.

The absence of such eagerness indicated that the depth and importance of the topic had not fully registered with Arjuna. Recognizing this, Bhagavān Himself decides to resume that essential teaching—without any prompt from Arjuna. Thus, in the first two verses of Chapter 9, Bhagavān initiates the topic on His own, emphasizing its significance. In the third verse, He clearly outlines the fate of those who lack **śraddhā**—those who are faithless in this path: they fall into ruin; they do not attain Me.

***"aśraddadhānāḥ puruṣā dharmasyāśya parantapa  
aprāpya māṁ nivartante mṛtyu-saṁsāra-vartmani"* (9.3)**

With this grave warning, the chapter begins.

## 9.1

**śrībhagavānuvāca**  
**idaṃ(n) tu te guhyatamaṃ(m), pravakṣyāmyanasūyave,**  
**jñānaṃ(ṽ) vijñānasahitaṃ(ṽ), yajjñātvā mokṣyase'subhāt. 9.1**

Śrī Bhagavān said :

To you, who are devoid of the carping spirit, I shall now unfold the most secret knowledge of Nirguṇa Brahma along with the knowledge of manifest Divinity, knowing which you shall be free from the evil of worldly existence.

Bhagavān speaks:

“I shall now impart to you, who are free of malice, this most confidential knowledge along with its realisation; having known this, you shall be freed from all that is inauspicious.”

This chapter is a continuation of the divine conversation that began in Chapter 7. The words “**idaṃ**” and “**bhūyah**” indicate precisely that — a resumption of the profound discussion, not a sudden diversion. The ancient sages and Ācāryas have always offered their words with śāstric authority, never frivolously.

Bhagavān declares:

**jñānaṃ vijñānasahitaṃ** — “I shall share with you not just knowledge (**jñāna**), but knowledge accompanied by realisation (**vijñāna**).”

These two words — **jñāna** and **vijñāna** — have long been subjects of deep philosophical debate. Over the past 5300 years, countless Mahāpuruṣas and Ācāryas have analysed and interpreted these terms from their unique spiritual vantage points. But among all, the interpretation offered by Ādi Śaṅkarācārya is of particular relevance for sincere seekers.

According to **Ādi Śaṅkarācārya**:

**Jñāna** refers to **parokṣa-jñāna** — indirect knowledge; that which is heard, read, or acquired from external sources — a guru’s teaching, a scripture, a discourse, or even a television program. It is what one comes to “know” because someone else has said it. It is second-hand, a truth that is intellectually grasped but not internally lived.

**Vijñāna**, in contrast, is **aparokṣa-jñāna** — direct realisation. It is the knowledge that becomes one’s own through lived experience. It is no longer merely something one has heard or read; it becomes something one has tasted.

To illustrate this difference, a delightful story is often told:

Everyone knows that curd is made from milk — this is jñāna. But making curd from milk is an art, a science — it requires practical know-how, which only comes through experience. Just knowing that curd is made from milk does not equip one to actually make it.

Once, a quarrel erupted between a husband and wife. The wife said, “*Let me go set the curd,*” implying it’s a task that requires care. The husband, filled with pride, retorted, “*Is that even work? I’ll do it!*” The wife, smiling inwardly, knew what was about to unfold.

He marched into the kitchen and found several types of milk stored in different vessels — goat’s milk, cow’s milk, buffalo’s milk, some from the morning, some from the previous day, and even packeted milk. Confused, he called out, “*Which milk should I use?*” She replied, “*You’re the expert now — figure*

*it out!"*

After fumbling about, she finally guided him, *"Use the one on the third shelf in the fridge — the medium-sized vessel."*

Next, he wondered about the starter culture — the **jāmuna**. She said, *"It's in a small bowl nearby."* He asked, *"Should I just pour it in?"* She laughed, *"That's not how it works! First, you must heat the milk."*

Now puzzled, he asked, *"Why should milk be heated to set curd?"* To which she patiently explained that only when the milk is heated to the right temperature, cooled just enough to feel warm to the touch — **kuṅkuna** — is it ready for jāmuna to be added.

He checked with his finger — it burned. She said, *"Not yet."* When it finally felt warm, she said, *"Now you may add the culture."* He asked, *"How long will it take?"* She replied, *"Depends on the weather. In summer, it may take an hour. In colder seasons, four to five hours."*

That day, the husband gained **vijñāna** — not just the **knowledge** that curd is made from milk, but the \*experience\* of how it's actually done.

Similarly, many people say, *"I am not this body, I am the ātman."* This is widely heard, read, and intellectually understood. But has it truly entered our experience? Only hearing, reading, or discussing it is not enough. That is merely the beginning of the journey — not its culmination. Fulfilment happens only when that truth becomes one's own lived reality.

Hence Bhagavān emphasises:

**jñānaṁ vijñānasahitaṁ** — not just information, but transformed understanding; not borrowed insight, but realised wisdom.

And what Bhagavān is offering is not mere theory or bookish content. He is not presenting something read from scriptures. He says, **"yajjñātvā mokṣyase aśubhāt"** — "By knowing this, one shall be liberated from all that is inauspicious." This is **tested, lived, realised** knowledge.

In this verse, Bhagavān addresses Arjuna with a special quality:

**anasūyave** — one who is free from envy or fault-finding. One who does not see flaws in others, who does not indulge in criticism.

Bhagavān dearly appreciates this quality in Arjuna. In fact, throughout the Gītā, two specific traits in Arjuna evoke Bhagavān's repeated admiration — and **anasūyutā** is one of them.

In the 18th chapter, Bhagavān states that those who are constantly finding faults should not be taught the Gītā. A humorous anecdote underlines this point:

A disciple once told his Guru, *"I am blessed to have found a Guru like you."*

The Guru replied, *"That may be so — but among thousands of disciples, I am yet to find a single sad-śiṣya — a true disciple."*

Sadgurus are many, but sad-śiṣyas are rare. While many search for the right guru, the deeper truth is that the world lacks true disciples. Bhagavān spoke the Gītā to Arjuna not merely because he was a warrior in crisis, but because he was a sad-śiṣya — a worthy recipient.

Bhagavān further uses the word **guhyatamam** — the most confidential knowledge. Three degrees of secrecy are expressed here:

- **guhya** — secret
- **guhyatara** — more secret
- **guhyatama** — most secret

This is **parama guhyam** — the supreme secret. However, secrecy here does not mean that it is forbidden or withheld. Rather, it implies that this knowledge is only shared with those who are truly qualified — the **adhikārī**. As in the case of classified documents, it is not that no one may open them, but only those with the required clearance may access them.

Arjuna had that qualification. He was worthy of receiving this supreme knowledge — **guhyatamam jñānam vijñānasahitam** — knowledge complete with direct experience.

In a quiet village, a deeply detached and noble saint would visit every year to narrate **kathās**. He was a true **vairāgī**—completely disinterested in material gain, untouched by worldly affairs. His kathās were rich in **bhāva** and wisdom, drawing the entire village into their spiritual embrace. People would listen with utmost reverence, their hearts opening to the sacred words being spoken.

Among the villagers lived a wealthy merchant, known as Seth ji. He was indeed the richest man in the area, owning a motor car at a time when even a bicycle was a rare possession for others. His life had been devoted entirely to accumulating wealth. Bhajan, satsang, and kathā had never held any appeal for him. Though kathā took place every year in the village, Seth ji had never once attended. He knew of it, of course—on occasion, someone would come seeking a donation, and he would begrudgingly hand over fifty or a hundred rupees, but his heart was never in it.

One year, as the kathā was underway, a peculiar turn of events occurred. Seth ji's car happened to pass by the venue just as the discourse was taking place. Strangely, the car's tyre burst right outside the kathā paṇḍāl. Since it would take some time to replace the tyre, Seth ji stepped out and looked around. He noticed rows of empty chairs nearby. With nothing else to do, he thought, Why not sit for a while? And so, he settled onto a chair.

The saint's voice flowed through the microphone, gently entering Seth ji's ears. It was the first time in his life that he had ever listened to a spiritual kathā. Perhaps the fruits of past births were bearing result, for something within stirred. A deep sense of joy arose—unexpected, yet undeniable. Is kathā really this interesting, this powerful? he wondered. The saint's presence was magnetic; his words, filled with clarity and conviction, seemed to pierce through the veil of Seth ji's indifference.

Time passed unnoticed. A man came and informed him that the tyre had been changed. But Seth ji replied, Let it be. I'll leave after the kathā. He listened to the entire session, fully absorbed. When it concluded, he quietly found out the timing for the next day's discourse and decided firmly, Tomorrow, I will come again—on time.

True to his word, the next day he arrived early. The previous day he had sat at the very back, unnoticed by the crowd. But this time, people recognised him. Seth ji has come! they whispered. Villagers approached and greeted him with folded hands. Seth ji accepted their salutations with pride. He thought to himself, Today, the saint will surely be pleased. These villagers come every year—but today, the wealthiest man in the village has come to listen to the kathā. Surely, the saint will acknowledge me.

But the vairāgī saint remained untouched by such notions. Even as people bowed to Seth ji, the saint

didn't so much as lift his gaze. The villagers, ever respectful, ushered Seth ji to the front row. He sat there, his eyes searching for the saint's attention. He leaned a little forward now and then, hoping for a moment of recognition—a glance, a smile. But none came.

The kathā began. Once again, the words captured his heart. As he observed those around him, he noticed something new: devotees were bringing offerings—bananas, apples, and other fruits—and placing them respectfully near the seat of the Bhāgavat. So, this is what people do during kathā, he thought. They bring prasād.

A new thought entered his mind: Yesterday, I came empty-handed, and the saint did not look at me. But tomorrow, if I bring something big, surely he will notice. His heart brimmed with expectation. The next day, Seth ji returned—this time with eight large crates of apples. He had noticed that others brought just a dozen bananas or a small bag of fruit. But he? He was the village's wealthiest man. Eight crates! Now the saint will know that someone important has come, he thought.

Men carried the crates in and placed them respectfully near the saint. But the saint did not react. Not a word, not a glance. He continued the kathā as if nothing had happened. Within Seth ji, a storm brewed. How can he not notice? I brought eight crates! Doesn't he realise how significant that is? But the saint was truly detached. The prasād was offered, distributed—it made no difference to him. He harboured neither attachment nor aversion.

As the kathā concluded that day, the customary ārti took place. A man approached the saint and reminded him, Maharaj ji, last year I had asked for dīkṣā. You said you would give it this year. Will you? The saint, pleased with the devotee's steadfastness, replied gently, Yes. Come tomorrow morning at 7:00. Observe a fast, follow the prescribed niyam, and I will give you dīkṣā.

Seth ji, who had been listening from a distance, was intrigued. So, the saint gives dīkṣā too? And he speaks to the person who asks for it! Let me also ask. He approached and stood behind the devotee. When the saint looked up momentarily, Seth ji stepped forward and said, Maharaj ji, I too would like to take dīkṣā.

For the first time, the saint looked directly at Seth ji. In that fleeting glance, he saw everything—the pride on Seth ji's face, the gold chain adorning his neck, the diamond rings on his fingers, and the unmistakable lines of ego carved across his forehead. The saint recognised the truth in that moment.

With a calm voice, the saint said, Dīkṣā? We shall see. And he walked away.

It hit Seth ji like a thunderbolt. Until now, there had only been eagerness. But now—his pride was wounded. How could he walk away like that? Without even acknowledging me properly? I am the most important man in this village. He should have felt honoured to initiate me! But the saint had simply said, We shall see, and turned away.

Never before had Seth ji been treated with such disregard. Never had anyone shown him this kind of quiet rejection. It stung deeply. But despite the hurt, despite the wound to his ego, he could not shake off the attraction to the kathā. The words, the bhāv, the inexplicable joy that arose in his heart—none of it would let him stay away.

And so, on the fourth day... he returned.

The saint offered no special greeting, no particular glance, just as he never did—towards anyone. And thus, he did not do so for the wealthy merchant either. Yet, the merchant kept returning each day,



listening intently to the discourse.

Another man arrived after the katha concluded. Folding his hands, he humbly reminded the saint, *"Maharaj, I've been requesting for a long time. Just the other day you said you would visit my home for bhiksha. Today, please do come."* The saint nodded and agreed, *"Yes, you have been asking sincerely. I had indeed said so. I shall visit your home today for bhiksha."*

The merchant saw this exchange and was surprised. So the saint does visit others' homes for meals? That meant his refusal wasn't a general principle but something personal. Still, he said nothing.

The next day—the fifth—the merchant approached the saint with folded hands. *"Maharaj, please accept bhiksha at my home."* But the saint once again declined. *"I do not go to everyone's home,"* he said.

The merchant, a little shaken, said, *"But Maharaj, I heard you went to someone's home yesterday."*

The saint simply replied, *"Yes, I did."*

The merchant, unable to suppress his emotion, protested, *"Then why this discrimination? In your discourse, you speak of impartiality. Why then this difference in behaviour towards me? Has someone said something about me? Have I done something wrong? You denied me dikṣā when I asked, and now you refuse bhiksha as well. I attend your katha daily. I listen with full faith. I follow the path as you describe. Then why this denial?"*

The saint looked at him, calm and unmoved. *"So be it,"* he said, *"Since you insist so much, I shall come to your home. But I shall not eat there. I will bring a kamandal (a mendicant's vessel). Whatever you wish to give, you may put in that. I will not eat there. I will return and partake of it at the ashram."*

Though puzzled, the merchant agreed. At least the saint had accepted something. That, in itself, was a beginning.

Now began the planning. Since the bhiksha had to be given in a kamandal, the merchant consulted his wife and their cook: what would be the best offering? After much deliberation, they decided on *māve kī kheer*—a rich, thick pudding made with milk solids. It would sit well in the kamandal, remain fresh, and serve as a complete meal.

The merchant dispatched servants to buy only the finest ingredients—premium māva, the largest cashews and almonds, the choicest raisins and lotus seeds, and the most fragrant saffron. That night, the kheer was prepared slowly over a gentle flame until it was thick and aromatic. Alongside, the merchant instructed his wife to keep a full meal ready—just in case the saint changed his mind. *"Sometimes, saints do things suddenly,"* he said. *"If he agrees to eat, we must be prepared."* She nodded and made all arrangements.

The next day, after the discourse ended, the merchant approached with folded hands. *"Maharaj, shall we go?"*

The saint rose and said, *"Let's go. But remember, I shall not eat at your home. Only whatever you offer in the kamandal shall I take."*

He went inside and returned with his kamandal.

The merchant had readied everything—his car washed and perfumed, awaiting the saint's presence. They travelled to the merchant's grand home. At the entrance, an āratī was performed and a soft carpet was laid down. The saint was respectfully welcomed and seated inside. For the first time, genuine reverence had stirred in the merchant's heart.

With folded hands, the merchant prayed again, *"Maharaj, if you are comfortable, the meal is ready..."*

But the saint remained firm. *"I told you—I will take only what fits in this kamandal."*

The merchant obeyed. The māve kī kheer was brought forth, and he bent down to ladle it carefully into the kamandal. But as soon as the kheer touched the vessel, a foul stench arose. He paused, confused. He took another spoonful, but the stench intensified.

Alarmed, he placed the bowl aside and peered into the kamandal. What he saw shocked him—inside the vessel was cow dung.

Horried, he looked at the saint. *"Maharaj! What have you brought? How can this be?"*

The saint's expression did not change. Calmly, he replied, "This is exactly what I have been trying to explain to you these past few days. Just as māve kī kheer cannot remain pure when poured into a vessel full of cow dung, similarly, divine knowledge cannot reside in a mind tainted with ego. Your mind is filled with the dung of pride—pride of your wealth, your status, your power. As long as that filth remains, knowledge will not enter. You will not become eligible for dikṣā."

The words pierced through the merchant's heart. His delusion shattered. Eyes filled with tears, he fell at the saint's feet. *"Forgive me, Maharaj. Please have mercy on me."*

The saint looked at him once again and said gently, *"Now bring the plate. Now I shall eat at your home. Your ego has melted. Now you are eligible."*

This entire episode reveals a deep truth—knowledge is not given merely to those who ask. It is bestowed upon those who are eligible, who are ready to receive it with a pure and humble heart. The merchant made every effort, and his intentions were sincere. But was he truly ready? Was he an \*adhikārī\*—a deserving recipient of spiritual wisdom?

Without eligibility, even devotion and effort fall short.

In the same spirit, Bhagavān says in the Gītā:

***"Guhyaṁ jñānaṁ guhyatamaṁ pravakṣyāmy anasūyave"***

—I shall now reveal unto you this most confidential knowledge, because you are free from envy.

Bhagavān imparts knowledge only when the seeker becomes an adhikārī, as Arjuna had become. The spiritual secrets were not shared casually; they were disclosed only when the time was right, when faith was ripe, and when the seeker was purified by surrender.

Even in the Paurāṇic context, Parvatī too had to earn her eligibility. In her previous birth as Satī, she once listened to Rāma Kathā without reverence, which caused great spiritual harm. Reborn as Parvatī, she performed intense penance to reunite with Bhagavān Śiva, and deeply repented:

—The essence of divine virtues is not hidden from the true sādhus. They share it only with those who



are eager and deserving. When one becomes such an **adhikārī**, even the most secret wisdom is revealed, and through it, one crosses over the ocean of worldly existence.

Devi Parvati said to Bhagavān Mahadev:

**गूढं तत्त्वं न साधु दुरावहिं। आरत अधिकारी जहं पावहिं॥**

Wherever the saints find a distressed person, they do not hide even the deep facts from him.

Devi Parvatī's faith and qualification were thus accepted by Bhagavān Śiva, and to her he narrated the entire Rāma Kathā—the same which **Goswāmī Tulsīdās** later compiled as the **Rāmcharitmanas**.

Thus, in the Gītā too, when Bhagavān prepares to share the most auspicious knowledge, He reminds Arjuna:

**"Idaṁ tu te guhya-tamaṁ pravakṣyāmy anasūyave,  
Jñānaṁ vijñāna-sahitaṁ yaj jñātvā mokṣyase 'śubhāt"** (9.1)

—I shall now reveal this supreme secret to you, who are non-envious. It is knowledge along with realization. By knowing it, you shall be freed from all inauspiciousness.

Bhagavān speaks not merely to speak, but with purpose—**satyaṁ priyaṁ hitam ca yat**—truth that is pleasant and beneficial. Because Arjuna is deeply troubled and confused, and because he is now a worthy recipient, Bhagavān offers him the wisdom that shall free him from sorrow and the cycle of birth and death.

Both from Arjuna's perspective, troubled by grief, and from Bhagavān's, intent on his welfare, this knowledge is profoundly transformative and auspicious.

## 9.2

**rājavidyā rājaguhyam(m), pavitramidamuttamam,  
pratyakṣāvagamaṁ(n) dharmyam(m), susukham(ṇ) kartumavyayam. 9.2**

This knowledge (of both the Nirguṇa and Saguṇa aspects of Divinity) is a sovereign secret, supremely holy, most excellent, directly enjoyable, attended with virtue, very easy to practice and imperishable.

This sacred shloka from the Gītā glows with the majesty of divine knowledge. Bhagavān extols the glory of this jñāna before Arjuna, using a series of powerful adjectives to express its unparalleled essence. From Arjuna's perspective, it is described as **vidyā**, a noble knowledge, and **guhya**, something profoundly secretive. From Bhagavān's standpoint, however, it is **rājavidyā**—the sovereign of all wisdoms, and **rājaguhya**—the king among secrets.

But what does **rājavidyā** truly signify? Is it the knowledge of ruling kingdoms? Is it meant for monarchs alone? Certainly not. It is the **vidyā-rāja**, the king of all knowledge—brahma-**jñāna**, the ultimate wisdom. The moment this supreme knowledge is attained, nothing else remains unknown. Such is its stature.

It is also described as **rājaguhya**—a secret, yes, but not one shrouded in guilt or shame like the so-called secrets in worldly lives. This divine secret—**pavitram idam uttamam**—is utterly pure and supremely exalted. It is untouched by worldly impurity and shines with its own pristine brilliance.

Bhagavān further says: **pratyakṣāvagamaṁ**—its fruits are directly perceivable. One may ask, does this mean instant results? Not necessarily instant, but certainly evident. The growth may be subtle, yet it is real and visible to the seeker.

To explain this, a gentle illustration is offered.

When a young girl reaches adolescence, her mother begins teaching her how to roll chapātis. The mother demonstrates: *"See how I roll it evenly, gently tilting and turning the rolling pin."* The daughter mimics her, but the result is far from round. The chapāti comes out oddly shaped. The mother, patient and loving, corrects her: *"Not like this—roll forward gently, tilt slightly, roll back, then again forward."* The daughter tries again and again, kneading the dough, reshaping it, and rolling with renewed focus. Though perfection eludes her at first, the process is ongoing. After weeks or months of effort, one day her chapāti is finally round. The mother exclaims with pride, *"Today it's perfect!"* But truly, that perfection began the day she started trying. The final round chapāti was not a miracle of a single day, but a culmination of consistent effort. Growth began from the very first attempt.

Such is the nature of this **jñāna**. The fruit may seem distant, but the transformation begins the moment one starts. **susukham kartum**—it is simple and joyful to practice. And above all, it is **avyayam**—imperishable. This knowledge, once imbibed, never goes to waste. It transcends birth and death.

Hence, there is a heartfelt prayer: **memorise the Bhagavad Gītā**. Not for today alone, but for all births to come. Once embedded in one's inner memory, it remains with the soul across lifetimes. There exists a wondrous example—**Samarth**, a young child from Jaipur. Only three years old, unable to read, yet capable of reciting shlokas from memory with remarkable clarity. How? Because in his previous birth, he had already internalised the Gītā. In this life, all it took was revisiting the verses in his mother's lap for the entire memory to resurface. Can a three-year-old truly memorise shlokas? Not by ordinary standards. But this is **pūrva-janma-smṛti**—the resurgence of impressions from past births.

Still, even though the knowledge is **avyaya**, imperishable, it must be constantly **manthana**—churned, revisited, reflected upon. If neglected, the inner glow may dim. Knowledge must not become dormant. It must be alive, ever active, ever contemplated.

There's an episode from the **Rāmāyaṇa**, from the time when Bhagavān Rāma had returned victorious from Laṅkā. Everyone was settled—Sītā jī, Lakṣmaṇa jī, Bharata jī, and Śatrughna jī were present. Hanumān jī too sat with them.

Suddenly, Bhagavān posed a seemingly strange question:

*"We are all family—this is my wife, these are my brothers. But Hanumān, what relation do you and I share? Why are you sitting here?"*

Sītā jī was taken aback. Would Hanumān jī be hurt? After all, he was so close to Bhagavān. Bharata jī too became anxious.

But Hanumān jī, ever calm, responded:

*"I can describe three relationships we share."*

All were curious. Bharata jī leaned in, intrigued.

Hanumān jī said:

- "From the **vyavahāra dṛṣṭi**—the worldly perspective—you are my **svāmī**, I am your **dāsa**."
- "From the **adhyātma dṛṣṭi**—the spiritual standpoint—you are **brahma**, and I am **jīva**. You are the divine, and I, your devotee."

Bharata jī clapped in appreciation.

"Sevak and svāmī, jīva and brahma—what could be higher?"

Then came the third.

Hanumān jī smiled and said:

- "From the **tattva dṛṣṭi**—the ultimate truth—you and I are one.

**eko brahma dvitīya nāsti** – There is only one Brahman, none else.

**ahaṁ brahmāsmi**, tat tvam asi – That Brahman am I. That thou art.

There is no separation."

Such is the glory of **tattva-jñāna**—oneness with the Supreme. But remember, even this **avyaya-jñāna** must be nurtured, refined, and reflected upon regularly. Else, it may appear to fade, and the seeker may forget its transformative power.

In the **Uttarakāṇḍa** of the **Rāmcharitmānas**, there is a beautiful episode that reveals the subtle play of Bhagavān's Māyā—even upon those who dwell in His very presence.

During the battle of Laṅkā, when Bhagavān Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa were bound by the **Nāgapāśa**, Garuḍa was summoned to release them. Yet, a thought stirred in Garuḍa's heart—a doubt, quiet but unsettling: "*How is this possible? If He is truly Parabrahma, the Supreme Being, the embodiment of Sat-Cit-Ānanda, the One who manifests as Bhagavān Viṣṇu Himself, then how can He be bound? And why would a mere bird like me be needed to rescue Him?*"

Such was the power of Māyā that even Garuḍa, the eternal companion and mount of Bhagavān, was drawn into its web. And if Māyā can delude those who eternally reside with Bhagavān, what of ordinary beings like us? It is indeed astonishing—Māyā has deceived even the likes of Nārada and Garuḍa. Bhagavān, it is said, even takes delight in the wondrous play of His own Māyā.

Garuḍa found himself torn in confusion and delusion. He pondered, "*To whom shall I take this doubt?*" The first thought that arose was to approach Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa directly. But a hesitation followed: "*Would it be appropriate to confess such a doubt to the very One I am doubting? What if He becomes displeased with me?*" Thus, he refrained from approaching the "boss" directly.

Instead, Garuḍa went to Bhagavān Śiva and narrated his dilemma. Bhagavān Śiva smiled gently, for even one who resides with Bhagavān day and night had become ensnared by Māyā. Although Śiva could have answered the question, he chose restraint. "*This is a departmental matter,*" he thought, "*and inter-departmental interference is unwise. This is Viṣṇu Bhagavān's devotee; I should not overstep.*"

So, Bhagavān Śiva redirected Garuḍa elsewhere. He said, "*I do not have time now, but there is someone you must meet—Kākabhusundi. He is a bird like you, and as they say:*

**"Khag jāne khagahi kī bāṣā."**

*A bird understands the language of another bird.*

Hearing this, Garuḍa was unsettled. “A crow?” he wondered, “I am Garuḍa, the king of all birds! The crow belongs to the most inferior of bird species—almost chāṇḍāla among birds. How can such a lowly creature resolve my doubt?”

But Bhagavān Śiva firmly instructed: “You must go. And remember—not for a moment. You must stay there for a long period. Only then will your doubt be resolved.”

“तबहिं होइ सब संसय भंगा। जब बहु काल करिअ सतसंगा॥२॥”

*Only when one engages in deep and prolonged satsanga does the cloud of doubt dissipate.*

He was cautioned not to return hastily after asking a few quick questions. Instead, he was to immerse himself in satsanga for a long duration and allow clarity to blossom through that association.

Obediently, Garuḍa journeyed to Kākabhusundi. There, he asked numerous profound questions, and Kākabhusundi patiently answered each one. All his doubts began to dissolve. For, indeed:

“जौ सब के रह ज्ञान एकरस। ईस्वर जीवहि भेद कहहु कस॥”

Even the one who is the very reservoir of divine knowledge can find that his understanding becomes veiled by ignorance. Thus, continuous practice and association with the wise become essential.

Bhagavān had said to Arjuna in the \*Gītā\*:

**“Abhyāsa tu vairāgyeṇa.”**

– Gītā 6.35

Only through constant **abhyāsa** (practice) and **vairāgya** (detachment) can the mind be steadied and the veil of ignorance lifted.

Even great Mahātmās never abandon their practice. One revered saint, who had attained the highest state of Bhagavat-realisation and lived till the age of 103, never left his mālā. Though his heart was immersed in ceaseless remembrance of Bhagavān, he still performed japa with the mālā—both as personal discipline and to inspire others.

Thus, over time, as Garuḍa soaked in the divine wisdom of Kākabhusundi, all his doubts melted away. With folded hands and reverence, Garuḍa asked:

*“Who are you, truly? You cannot be an ordinary crow. If Bhagavān Śiva Himself directed me to you and appointed you as my guru, then you must be a being of immense stature. Please tell me—what is your true identity? Why are you in this form? How did you end up in a crow’s body?”*

Smiling, Kākabhusundi replied, “To answer that, you’ll have to listen to a very long story.”

Garuḍa humbly responded, “I am entirely at your service. Take all the time you need, but please tell me everything.”

Kākabhusundi began, “This is not a short tale. It stretches across 27 kalpas.”

Garuḍa was stunned. “You have memory of 27 kalpas?” he asked.

“Yes,” replied Bhusundi.

*"Then, are you a crow for the past 27 kalpas?"*

At this point, one must understand what a kalpa is. People often think that Satya Yuga, Tretā Yuga, Dvāpara Yuga, and Kali Yuga together form a kalpa. But in reality, this cycle of four yugas is called a **Chaturyuga**.

A single kalpa comprises **1000 Chaturyugas**.

Each Chaturyuga is approximately **4,320,000 years**. Multiply that by a thousand, and you arrive at one kalpa. The number becomes so astronomically vast that ordinary calculators may not even be able to display it.

And Kākabhusundi had lived in this form for **twenty-seven** such kalpas!

Such is the mystery and marvel of creation—and the profound wisdom that lies hidden in forms we often overlook.

The sage declared, "I have been in this **kāk-yonī** (body of a crow) for twenty-seven **kalpas**." Hearing this, Garuḍa said humbly, "Please narrate your story to me."

*The sage began, "O revered one, twenty-seven **kalpas** ago, I was born in the sacred city of Ayodhyā, the beloved land of Bhagavān Rāma. From early childhood, I was immersed in the japa of 'Rāma Rāma.' However, by fate's design, a devastating famine struck Ayodhyā. People began fleeing, and I too departed. My parents had already passed away. I was utterly alone.*

*Wandering from place to place, I eventually reached Ujjain—the resplendent city of Mahākāl, Bhagavān Śiva's own abode. In Ayodhyā, we had been engrossed in chanting 'Rāma Rāma,' but in Ujjain, it was all 'Śiva Śiva.' There, a noble guru accepted me in his āśrama with immense affection and made me his disciple. His **iṣṭa** was Bhagavān Śiva. I was still young then. I had heard a little about Bhagavān Rāma, but my guru was so exalted and his daily **kathās** on Śiva were so enthralling that deep devotion for Bhagavān Śiva began to awaken within me.*

*I, too, began worshipping Bhagavān Śiva ardently. My guru was wholly dedicated to the worship of Śiva. He was a supreme sādḥaka, a true knower of the ultimate reality, and a devoted upāsaka of Śambhu. Yet, he never criticized Bhagavān Viṣṇu—not even in jest.*

*"बिप्र एक वैदिक सिव पूजा। करइ सदा तेहि काजु न दूजा॥  
परम साधु परमारथ बिंदक। संभु उपासक नहिं हरि निंदक॥॥"*

*He was a Vedic Brāhmaṇa, singularly devoted to Śiva. He worshipped none else. He was a paragon of renunciation and never spoke ill of Bhagavān Hari.*

*Despite all this, I served him with deceit in my heart. The Brāhmaṇa was compassionate and righteous. Judging by appearances, he taught me with great love, treated me as a son, and initiated me with a mantra dedicated to Śiva. He offered me countless noble teachings.*

*I would sit in Śiva's temple and chant that mantra, but my inner nature was impure. As I continued the **japa**, my pride and arrogance only increased. My intellect became so twisted that while singing the glories of Śiva, I began to harbour hostility towards Bhagavān Viṣṇu. I began to consider Him inferior.*

*Once or twice, when I expressed such thoughts before my guru, he was deeply distressed. He tried to*

reason with me, saying, “It is wonderful that you are devoted to Śiva. But remember, Rāma is Śiva’s *iṣṭa*. Why do you speak this way?”

But his words only enraged me.

“गुर नित मोहि प्रबोध दुखित देखि आचरन मम।  
मोहि उपजइ अति क्रोध दंभिहि नीति कि भावई॥”

Guruji was saddened to see my conduct. He would always explain things to me very well, but (I would not understand anything); I would think: What is Guruji even saying? Who can match Bhagavān Mahādeva? What worth is this Rāma-nāma in comparison?

Once, out of concern for my welfare, Guruji called me close and gently imparted sacred wisdom. He explained, “The true fruit of Śiva’s worship is this—one develops unflinching devotion to the feet of Bhagavān Rāma.”

“सिव सेवा कर फल सुत सोई। अबिरल भगति राम पद होई”

He continued, “Even Brahmā and Śiva are devoted at the feet of Rāma. Then what to say of mere mortals? One who harbours enmity towards Him can never attain joy.”

My mind could not accept these words. When Guruji described Śiva as a servant of Hari, my heart ignited in fury:

“हर कहूँ हरि सेवक गुर कहेऊ। सुनि खगनाथ हृदय मम दहेऊ॥”

How could Śiva be a servant of Rāma? Guruji has surely lost his senses—this was the thought that burned within me. I, a man of low birth, became venomous upon receiving knowledge—just like a snake that turns even deadlier after drinking milk.

“अधम जाति मैं बिद्या पाएँ। भयउँ जथा अहि दूध पिआएँ॥”

Blinded by ego and crookedness, I began opposing my guru day and night. Yet, Guruji was supremely compassionate. Despite my transgressions, he never displayed anger. He kept advising me with patience and love.

But alas! A wicked soul always seeks to destroy the very source from which it receives greatness. Such was my nature.

“जेहि ते नीच बड़ाई पावा। सो प्रथमहिं हति ताहि नसावा॥

धूम अनल संभव सुनु भाई। तेहि बुझाव घन पदवी पाई॥”

Just as smoke, born of fire, turns into a cloud and extinguishes that very fire—it is the quality of the vile.

One day, I was seated in the temple, absorbed in my **japa** of Śiva's mantra. Just then, Guruji entered. In my arrogance, I did not rise. I did not even greet him. Pretending not to notice him, I continued my japa.

“एक बार हर मंदिर जपत रहेउँ सिव नाम।

गुर आयउ अभिमान तें उठि नहिं कीन्ह प्रनाम॥”

But Guruji was so kind-hearted. Even upon witnessing this, he said nothing. Yet, such a grave insult to one's guru is an unforgivable transgression. Bhagavān Śiva Himself could not tolerate it.

Suddenly, a thunderous **ākāśavāṇī** (celestial voice) echoed through the skies:

“मंदिर माझ भई नभबानी। रे हतभाग्य अग्य अभिमानी॥

जद्यपि तव गुर के नहिं क्रोधा। अति कृपाल चित सम्यक बोधा॥”



“O arrogant and ignorant one! Though your guru bears no anger, being supremely compassionate and wise, still, I must curse you. If I do not punish you, the path of the Vedas shall be corrupted.”

The **ākāśavāṇī** continued with thunderous clarity:

“बैठि रहेसि अजगर इव पापी। सर्प होहि खल मल मति ब्यापी॥

महा बिटप कोटर महुँ जाई। रहु अधमाधम अधगति पाई॥”

“You sat like a python before your guru—go! Become a snake! Fall into the most degraded yonī!

Reside for a thousand years within the hollow of a mighty tree!”

हाहाकार कीन्ह गुर दारुन सुनि सिव साप॥

कंपित मोहि बिलोकि अति उर उपजा परिताप॥

करि दंडवत सप्रेम द्विज सिव सन्मुख कर जोरि।

बिनय करत गदगद स्वर समुझि घोर गति मोरि॥

On hearing the dreadful curse of Lord Shiva , Guruji cried inconsolably. On seeing me shivering, he felt great anguish in his heart.

As the curse resounded, Guruji began trembling in sorrow. I too stood there, struck by terror. But seeing me shudder, his tender heart filled with anguish. Out of pure love, he prostrated himself and, with folded hands, began praying before Bhagavān Śiva for my upliftment. Moved by the frightful destiny that had befallen me, Guruji’s voice choked with emotion as he began a heartfelt stuti.


It was then that the sacred **Rudrāṣṭakam**—which is so often recited in devotion to Bhagavān Śiva—was sung by Guruji. That very stuti finds its place within the **Rāmcharitmānas**.

|| श्रीरूद्राष्टकम् ||

नमामीशमीशान निर्वाणरूपं(म)  
विभुं(म) व्यापकं(म) ब्रह्म वेदस्वरूपम्।  
निजं(न) निर्गुणं(न) निर्विकल्पं(न) निरीहं(ज)  
चिदाकाशमाकाशवासं(म) भजेऽहम् ॥१॥

निराकारमोङ्कारमूलं(न) तुरीयं(ङ्)  
गिरा ग्यान गोतीतमीशं(ङ्) गिरीशम् ।  
करालं(म) महाकाल कालं(ङ्) कृपालं(ङ्)  
गुणागार संसारपारं(न) नतोऽहम् ॥२॥

तुषाराद्रि संकाश गौरं(ङ्) गभीरं(म)  
मनोभूत कोटि प्रभा श्री शरीरम् ।  
स्फुरन्मौलि कल्लोलिनी चारु गङ्गा  
लसद्भालबालेन्दु कण्ठे भुजङ्गा ॥३॥



## ॥ श्रीरूद्राष्टकम् ॥

चल॑त्कुण्डलं(म) भू॑ सुनेत्रं(म) विशालं(म)  
प्रसन्नाननं(न) नीलकण्ठं(न) दयालम् ।  
मृगाधीशचर्माम्बरं(म) मुण्डमालं(म)  
प्रियं(म) शङ्करं(म) सर्वनाथं(म) भजामि ॥४॥

प्रचण्डं(म) प्रकृष्टं(म) प्रगल्भं(म) परेशं(म)  
अखण्डम् अजं(म) भानुकोटिप्रकाशम् ।  
त्रयः(श) शूल निर्मूलनं(म) शूलपाणिं(म)  
भजेऽहं(म) भवानीपतिं(म) भावगम्यम् ॥५॥

कलातीत कल्याण कल्पान्तकारी  
सदा सज्जनानन्ददाता पुरारी ।  
चिदानन्द सन्दोह मोहापहारी  
प्रसीद प्रसीद प्रभो मन्मथारी ॥६॥



## ॥ श्रीरूद्राष्टकम् ॥

न यावद् उमानाथ पादारविन्दं(म)  
भजन्तीह लोके परे वा नराणाम् ।  
न तावत्सुखं(म) शान्तिं सन्तापनाशं(म)  
प्रसीद प्रभो सर्वभूताधिवासम् ॥७॥

न जानामि योगं(ञ) जपं(न) नैव पूजां(न)  
नतोऽहं(म) सदा सर्वदा शम्भु तुभ्यम् ।  
जरा जन्म दुःखौघ तातप्यमानं(म)  
प्रभो पाहि आपन्नमामीश शम्भो ॥८॥

रूद्राष्टकमिदं(म) प्रोक्तं(म) विप्रेण हरतोषये ।  
ये पठन्ति नरा भक्त्या तेषां(म) शम्भुः(फ) प्रसीदति ॥९॥

इति श्रीगोस्वामितुलसीदासकृतं(म) श्रीरूद्राष्टकं(म) सम्पूर्णम् ।



With the most sacred intent for the disciple's ultimate well-being, the revered Guru had once recited an exceptional **stuti**—an Aṣṭaka in praise of Bhagavān Rudra. The verses flowed from the Guru's heart, soaked in bhāva and surrender. Deeply moved by this earnest invocation, the all-knowing Bhagavān Śiva heard his prayer. Witnessing the Guru's unshakable love for his disciple, an ethereal **ākāśavāṇī** echoed through the temple:

जौ प्रसन्न प्रभो मो पर नाथ दीन पर नेहु ।

निज पद भगति देइ प्रभु पुनि दूसर बर देहु ॥

*Oh Master of Compassion! If You are pleased with me, if Your grace truly rests on this humble being, then bestow upon him the devotion to Your divine feet. Let that be my first boon—then, grant me another.*

Moved by this pure plea, Bhagavān Śiva responded again through **ākāśavāṇī**:

"तव माया बस जीव जड़ संतत फिरइ भुलान ।

तेहि पर क्रोध न करिअ प्रभु कृपासिंधु भगवान ॥"

*This deluded being, entrapped in the spell of māyā, continues to wander in ignorance. But You, O Ocean of Compassion, never grow angry at such a soul.*

शंकर दीनदयाल अब एहि पर होहु कृपाल ।

साप अनुग्रह होहि जेहि नाथ थोरेहि काल ॥

Bhagavān Śiva, the very embodiment of **kṛpā**, was implored once more: "O Natha, please grant that my disciple is swiftly released from the consequences of the curse. Though the curse cannot be revoked, let the suffering be short-lived. Let this pain become the very cause of his supreme upliftment. Do that, O Dātā of mercy, which ensures his highest good."

Again, an **ākāśavāṇī** resounded:

"एवमस्तु" — "So be it."

And then came a declaration from Bhagavatī Bhavānī Herself:

"जदपि कीन्ह एहिं दारुन पापा । मैं पुनि दीन्हि कोप करि सापा ॥

तदपि तुम्हारि साधुता देखी । करिहउँ एहि पर कृपा बिसेषी ॥"

*"So be it. Though he has committed a grave sin and I, in anger, have cursed him, yet seeing your noble conduct, O Brāhmaṇa, I choose to bestow grace upon him."*

It was proclaimed that the disciple would indeed take birth in the form of an **ajagara**—a python—for a thousand lifetimes. However, he would not experience the sorrows of birth and death like others. In every life, **jñāna** would remain intact, unwavering.

And why is this sacred tale being shared now?

Not merely for the sake of narrating a story. There lies a deeper truth meant for **manana**—contemplation.

Bhagavān further revealed: "You were born in the sacred city of Ayodhyā during the reign of Bhagavān Rāma. There, you directed your heart toward My service. By the power of Puri and through My grace, devotion to Rāma awakened within you once more. Your journey shall now be unimpeded. Wherever you wish to go, you shall go. And when devotion to Rāma blossoms within you, your **manas** will come under your **viveka**. Nothing in this world shall remain unattainable to you."

Hearing these divine words from **ākāśavāṇī**, the Guru rejoiced. Placing his disciple's welfare at the lotus feet of Bhagavān Śiva, he returned home with great satisfaction.

Obeying the pull of **kāla**, the disciple found himself at **Vindhyācala**, where he assumed the form of a serpent. Without effort, one by one, he abandoned each **ajagara** form—just as effortlessly as one sheds an old garment and dons a new one. Thus, for a thousand lifetimes, he was born and reborn as a serpent, each time relinquishing the body with peace.

At the end of these thousand births, he was granted a **brāhmaṇa** form once more. From early childhood, Rāma-bhakti naturally surged within him. Though his father, a noble brāhmaṇa, tried to teach him, he had no inclination towards study. The pull of worldly desires had vanished entirely. His only longing was for the feet of Bhagavān Rāma.

His father persisted, hoping to instill in him the teachings of Vedānta. But how could the heart, steeped in Rāma's love, find pleasure in abstract speculation? He simply could not study.

Time passed. Both parents, bound by **kāla**, left their mortal bodies. Now alone in the world, he wandered through forests, visiting hermitages of great sages, begging them:

*"Please... tell me the kathā of Bhagavān Rāma."*

He spent his days immersed in the **śravaṇa** of Bhagavān's glories. Because of the blessings of Śiva, no place was beyond reach. All desires had dissolved. Only one yearning remained:

*"If only I could have darśana of Rāma once... my life would be fulfilled."*

To this longing, everyone answered the same:

*"Īśvara is **sarvabhūtamaya**—pervading all beings."*

They recommended the **nirguṇa** path. But this soul was unmoved by such ideas. His heart yearned for **saguṇa bhakti**—to love Bhagavān Rāma as a person, to serve Him, behold Him, and remember His divine pastimes.

The discourse of **nirguṇa upāsanā** and the dry abstractions of **jñāna mārga** could not satisfy his longing. Inwardly, he resisted every such teaching.

Eventually, destiny led him to the peak of Sumeru Parvata, where he met the illustrious sage—**Lomaśa Ṛṣi**—whose name is counted among the noblest in sacred history. Bowing low at his feet, he humbly expressed:

*"O Munivar, You are omniscient. Please grant me devotion to the saguṇa Brahman."*

The sage lovingly shared tales of Bhagavān Rāma, and then, seeing his eligibility, began to initiate him into the knowledge of **brahma-jñāna**. He explained the formless, attributeless truth from many angles.

But this seeker's heart remained firm. He had not learned from his own father—how could he now imbibe it from the sage? He folded his hands and said,

*"I do not seek brahma-jñāna. I wish only to worship the personal form of Bhagavān. Please instruct me in saguṇa bhakti. I do not wish to learn anything else."*

The sage saw signs of **jñāna-yogya prajñā** in him, and so kept trying to lead him toward that path. But the seeker would not accept it. Again and again, the sage tried. But the seeker refused to hear it.

Eventually, his relentless resistance stirred something unexpected. Lomaśa Ṛṣi, gentle and calm like cool sandalwood, was moved to anger. It was not ordinary anger—it was like the fire that arises when sandalwood, despite its cooling nature, is rubbed relentlessly against stone.

The sage, his voice trembling, declared:

*"I offer you the supreme knowledge, yet you defy it. You respond with rebuttals, questioning my truth. You flit like a crow, ever afraid, clinging blindly to your own side. Go! Become a **pakṣī**! Become*



*a chāṇḍāla bird—a crow! Since you hear only one side, become one who lives with just one perspective!"*

And thus, with complete surrender and not a trace of fear or sorrow, the seeker accepted the **śāpa** joyfully. He bowed at the sage's feet and instantly became a crow.

From a brāhmaṇa to a crow, he transformed without hesitation, and soared into the skies—his heart still filled with joy.

But as he flew away, the sage—noble, pure, and gentle, felt a pang in his heart. A voice within whispered:

*"What have I done? That poor soul only asked for devotion to Rāma. And I tried to force upon him abstract jñāna. Was his longing truly a fault? Was Rāma-bhakti an error?"*

The sage repented. For what had he done but deny a devotee the very path of love he yearned for?

When he flew away from there, troubled by the weight of his own actions, Lomasha ṛṣi came searching for him. The sage eventually found him seated in solitude, immersed in remorse. Approaching gently, the sage said, *"I have erred, dear one. I do not know what overcame me. Why did I become angry at you?"*

But the reply was composed and honest: *"No, O muni, it is not your fault. I am obstinate. Even after spending a thousand years in the yoni of an ajagara (python), I held on to my rigidity. The same mistake I committed with my guru, the same with my parents — I have repeated again with you. Even after enduring a prolonged punishment, my intellect did not awaken. I am deserving of this."*

Moved by such humility, the sage declared, *"Then I free you from the yoni of a crow. I restore to you your brāhmaṇa form."*

But he refused. *"I now accept this yoni willingly. Perhaps it is this very state that shall purify my intellect."*

The sage, delighted by this sincerity, gave him the Rāma mantra. He taught him how to meditate upon Bhagavān Rāma. And that experience of remembering Rāma became the most cherished blessing of all.

Lomasha ṛṣi kept him by his side for some time and narrated the **Rāmcharitmanas**. He said, *"I have heard this divine scripture from Śiva himself. And I now recite it to you in detail, for I see in you a true devotee of Rāma."*

Touching his head with his sacred hands, the sage blessed him: *"By my grace, there shall now dwell within your heart an unbroken, intense devotion unto Rāma. You shall ever remain dear to Him. And the āśrama where you reside shall radiate with such purity that for one yojana — four kosas in every direction — avidyā, māyā, and moha shall have no sway."*

*"You will know the divine kathā of Bhagavān Rāma effortlessly, without exertion. A fresh, ever-deepening love for Rāma's feet shall blossom daily within you."*

He began awaiting the advent of Treta Yuga, longing to witness the child form of Bhagavān Rāma. And indeed, when Bhagavān took avatāra during Treta, he was granted darśana of the divine child.

With just one glance, all his defects and inner impurities dissolved.

But destiny has its own play. Even after receiving darśana of Bhagavān Rāma as a child across 27 kalpas — again and again during each Treta — a moment of doubt still arose in his mind. After all those divine encounters, in one kalpa, an unholy thought emerged: **Is Rāma truly Bhagavān?**

As he sat before the divine child form of Rāma, this unspoken doubt churned silently within. But Bhagavān is **antaryāmī** — He knew. Sensing the flicker of hesitation, the divine child stretched His hand toward him. That innocent gesture — a child reaching out — was overwhelming.

He was startled. This same bāl Rāma, whose splendid temple now graces Ayodhyā after 500 years, was reaching for him with His tiny palm. In fear and confusion, he fled. But the hand followed. The outstretched palm kept moving toward him.

He jumped and moved further, but to his astonishment, though Bhagavān remained seated there, the hand continued approaching. Taking flight, he soared from that realm to another, far beyond earthly bounds. But the hand kept coming.

Thanks to Lomasha ṛṣi's blessing, he had attained unhindered motion, and by Śiva's grace, he could reach wondrous realms. Yet wherever he went, whichever loka he entered, the divine hand followed — unchanged, unwavering.

It was the māyā of Bhagavān Rāma, a divine play, not meant to bind or delude, but to reveal — **you too are under the influence of my māyā.**

Eventually, exhausted and humbled, he surrendered at Bhagavān's feet. And as soon as he did, Bhagavān withdrew that māyā. His clarity returned. He understood:

**"जौं सब के रह ज्ञान एकरस। ईस्वर जीवहि भेद कहहु कस॥**

**माया बस्य जीव अभिमानी। ईस बस्य माया गुन खानी॥३॥"**

When knowledge of unity remains firm, where is the distinction between the jīva and Īśvara?

But the abhimāni jīva — the ego-bound individual — is under the spell of māyā, the repository of the three guṇas: sattva, rajas, and tamas. Bhagavān, on the other hand, holds that very māyā in His control. This is the key difference between Bhagavān and the jīva.

The jīva is dependent. Bhagavān is sovereign. The jīvas are many. Bhagavān is One. The distinctions created by māyā are unreal — **asat**. And yet, without devotion unto Bhagavān, no amount of knowledge or effort can truly liberate.

This entire tale had to be shared to illustrate a single point — even that which is **avyaya jñāna**, eternal knowledge, can be veiled by māyā.

Lomasha ṛṣi once granted a boon to Kāka Bhushundi: *"Wherever you dwell, māyā shall not enter for a radius of one yojana."* And yet, even in such protection, māyā once ensnared Bhushundi himself for an entire yuga.

Just imagine — if that could happen to Kāka Bhushundi, then what of ordinary beings? On what basis can one be proud? Why presume that one's intellect will never falter?

*"We have now understood,"* one might think. *"We're devoted to the Gītā. We have a satguru. We*



*chant the holy name. We read the scriptures."*

But ponder this — **Garuḍa, Kāka Bhushundi, Nārada** — even they are not always immune to **Bhagavān's māyā**. Then how can others claim exemption?

Hence, even after attaining knowledge, vigilance is necessary. Without regular practice, that **jñāna** can be overshadowed at any moment.

There was once a young boy, barely eleven, who often visited the Gītā Press. On every gate and door, he saw a sticker that read — **Sāvadhān, Sāvadhān, Sāvadhān** — "Caution."

Being so young, he wondered: why caution? Is there electric current here? Will monkeys or thieves enter? Why must everyone be so cautious? He asked around, but no one answered.

Years later, a brahmachārī at the press explained: *"These words were placed there by Seth Jayadayāl Goenka ji, the revered founder of Gītā Press. He said no matter how deep one's sādhanā, the mantra of vigilance must never be forgotten. For māyā is ever ready to rob the mind, to cause a fall."*

This entire narrative was shared for one purpose: to affirm that even eternal knowledge can be clouded by māyā. And yet, the tale of Kāka Bhushundi remains ever wondrous — a treasure nestled within the **Uttarakāṇḍa** of **Rāmcharitmanas**.

There is a unique composition known as **Bhushundi Rāmāyaṇa**, a divine essence of the entire Rāmāyaṇa condensed into just four śloka. Many revered kathākārs, such as Murāri Bāpu, begin their daily discourses with a recitation of these verses.

नाथ कृतारथ भयउँ मैं तव दरसन खगराज।  
आयसु देहु सो करौ अब प्रभु आयहु केहि काज॥63 क॥  
सदा कृतारथ रूप तुम्ह कह मृदु बचन खगेस।॥  
जेहि कै अस्तुति सादर निज मुख कीन्ह महेस॥63 ख॥

(O Lord! O King of birds ! I am blessed by your darshan. Now I will do whatever you command. O Lord! What work have you come for? 63 (a))

The King of Birds, Garuda Ji, spoke in gentle words: You are always the embodiment of satisfaction, whom Lord Mahadev Ji himself has respectfully praised with his own mouth. 63 (b))

Search for **Bhushundi Rāmāyaṇa** — it is easily available online. Chanting it daily brings the same merit as reciting the entire **Rāmcharitmanas**. It is a brief path — yet immensely profound.

In this episode from the **Uttarakāṇḍa**, lies a precious teaching for those walking the path of **jñāna**. A call to humility, to vigilance, and above all — to never abandon the path of remembrance and devotion unto Bhagavān.

### 9.3

**aśraddadhānāḥ(ph) puruṣā, dharmasyāśya parantapa,  
aprāpya māṃ(n) nivartante, mṛtyusaṃsāravartmani 9.3**

Arjuna, people having no faith in this Dharma, failing to reach Me, continue to revolve in the path of the world of birth and death.

Bhagavān declares that those who lack **śraddhā** — unwavering faith — in this supreme **dharma**, O

Parantapa, fail to attain Him and continue to revolve in the endless cycle of **mṛtyu-saṁsāra** — birth and death.

Here, **aśraddadhānāḥ** refers to individuals devoid of faith. Such beings, even when this **adhyātma-vidyā** — this supreme spiritual wisdom — is placed before them, remain untouched by its grace. Why? Because faith is the bridge. Faith is the doorway. Without it, no amount of knowledge, no path — be it **jñāna** or **bhakti** — can yield fruit.

Bhagavān emphasizes that these **puruṣās**— those lacking **śraddhā** in this exalted **dharma** — do not reach Him (**aprāpya māṁ**). Instead, they are cast back into the ceaseless rotations of **mṛtyu-saṁsāra-vartmani**, the path of worldly existence marked by death and rebirth.

This shloka makes it clear: without **śraddhā**, nothing can be accomplished. Not in spiritual pursuits, not even in worldly undertakings. But here, Bhagavān is not speaking of ordinary belief. He speaks of deep, inner **śraddhā** — that sacred faith which acts as the greatest **adhesive** in devotion. It binds the seeker to Bhagavān's path, especially in the journey of **bhakti**.

One may walk the path of **jñāna** or **bhakti** — regardless of the path, **śraddhā** remains indispensable. It is the very soul of **sādhana**.

Throughout the **Bhagavad Gītā**, Bhagavān repeatedly glorifies **śraddhā**. He places it at the heart of spiritual progress. Again and again, He reminds the seeker that without **śraddhā**, no true transformation can take place.

In the upcoming verses — especially the fourth, fifth, and sixth shlokas of this chapter — Bhagavān unveils astonishing truths related to **jñāna**. These are not simple revelations. They carry profound spiritual secrets that are not easy to grasp at first glance. In fact, they might appear confusing, even contradictory. One might struggle to understand them at all.

But there is no need to worry. These verses are primarily intended for those walking the **jñāna-mārga**. They are not immediately applicable to those immersed in **bhakti-mārga**. And yet, as seekers of truth, one must read them, listen to them, and reflect upon them.

Understanding may not come right away — and that is completely all right. One must approach such wisdom with humility and patience, knowing that comprehension unfolds gradually.

Before entering these verses, it is essential to remember this: **jñāna** without **śraddhā** is like a lamp without oil. It may produce a spark but cannot sustain the flame. Similarly, **bhakti** without **śraddhā** is like a flower that has lost its fragrance.

Such is the central message of this shloka — that **śraddhā** is not just a virtue; it is the very foundation of spiritual life. And those who turn away from it, wander endlessly in the realm of **mṛtyu** and **saṁsāra**, never truly attaining Bhagavān.

## 9.4

**mayā tatamidaṁ(m) sarvaṁ(ñ), jagadavyaktamūrtinā,  
matsthāni sarvabhūtāni, na cāhaṁ(n) teṣvavasthitaḥ 9.4**

The whole of this universe is permeated by Me as unmanifest Divinity, like ice by water and all beings dwell on the idea within Me. But, really speaking, I am not present in them.

*This entire universe is pervaded by Me in My unmanifest form. All beings exist in Me, yet I do not dwell in them.*

Bhagavān begins by revealing a profound truth—this whole creation is pervaded by His **avyaktamūrti**, the formless, unmanifest aspect. Every being, every atom, is sustained by His **sankalpa** (divine will). Yet, despite being the source and sustainer, He declares, "*I am not in them.*"

It's a paradox at first glance: **Everything is made by Me, made of Me, and sustained by My will, but I am not in it.**

Why such a statement? Because Bhagavān is **nirākāra** (formless), infinite consciousness. Though all beings appear to rest in Him, He remains untouched and uncontained.

## 9.5

**na ca matsthāni bhūtāni, paśya me yogamaiśvaram,  
bhūtabhṛnna ca bhūtastho, mamātmā bhūtabhāvanaḥ. 9.5**

Nay, all those beings abide not in Me; but behold the wonderful power of My divine Yoga; though the Sustainer and Creator of beings, Myself in reality dwell not in those beings.

*And yet, beings do not reside in Me. Behold My divine, sovereign Yoga! Though I support all beings and cause their existence, My Self is not in them.*

Bhagavān now deepens the paradox. Not only is He not in them, but they too are not in Him! How is this possible?

He gently urges, "**paśya me yogam aiśvaram**"—behold the grandeur of My divine Yoga. It is only by this unique, inconceivable **yoga-śakti** that the cosmos exists, yet Bhagavān remains untouched.

He is **bhūtabhṛt**—the one who upholds all beings. He is **bhūtabhāvanaḥ**—the one who brings them into existence. And yet, **mamātmā na ca bhūtasthaḥ**—His true Self is never confined within creation.

It may sound contradictory—"I am not in them, they are not in Me." But this is the mysterious brilliance of His sovereign Yoga—**Yo mām paśyati sarvatra, sarvaṁ ca mayi paśyati**, as He declared earlier.

## 9.6

**yathākāśasthito nityaṁ(ṽ), vāyuḥ(s) sarvatrago mahān,  
tathā sarvāṇi bhūtāni, matsthānityupadhāraya.9.6**

Just as the extensive air, which is moving everywhere, (being born of ether) ever remains in ether, likewise, know that all beings, who have originated from My Saṅkalpa, abide in Me.

*Just as the mighty wind, moving everywhere, rests always in space, in the same way, know that all beings rest in Me.*

To make this subtle truth more accessible, Bhagavān offers an example: **vāyuḥ sarvatragaḥ**, the wind moves freely in all directions, yet it abides in **ākāśa**, space. Space itself remains still and untouched, while the wind, though within it, moves independently.

In the same way, **matsthānī sarvāṇi bhūtāni**—all beings rest in Him, yet He is unaltered, undisturbed.

This analogy gently dissolves the confusion that arises from the earlier paradox. He is the substratum, the base, the unseen canvas on which creation dances.

### Reflections and Illustrations:

To understand this deeper, the wise often offer **drishtāntas** (examples):

- **Taranga-Jala Nyāya** (Wave and Water):

Waves arise from water. No wave exists apart from water. Yet, water itself does not have a wave inside it. Try to catch a wave—your hand holds water. Try to isolate water—you see no wave in it. So, just like that, creation arises from Bhagavān, but He is not confined within it.

- **Shāyī-Syaahi Nyāya** (Ink and Painting):

An artist paints trees, rivers, mountains, people—all from black ink. But none of these were inside the ink bottle. And once painted, you cannot extract ink from the images.

Similarly, Bhagavān's **sankalpa** gives form to the formless. But once creation arises, neither is He inside the creation nor is creation in Him.

- **Doodh-Dahi Nyāya** (Milk and Curd):

Curd is made from milk. But in curd, milk is not visibly present, and in milk, curd isn't either. Once the transformation happens, you can't go back.

- **Chhāyā Nyāya** (Shadow and Person):

Stand under the sun, and your shadow appears. Walk, and it walks with you. It arises because of you, but it's not in you, nor are you in it. Just so, Bhagavān is the cause of all beings, but neither is He in them nor they in Him.

- **Ātmā-Deha Bhāva** (Soul and Body):

The body constantly changes—childhood, youth, old age. Photos differ, appearances shift. But "I am" remains unchanged.

That I, the **ātmā**, is like Bhagavān—unchanging amidst all changing appearances.

The **deha** (body) sleeps. The ātmā observes. The mind fluctuates, the ātmā remains steady.

### Final Realisation:

Bhagavān is chaitanya—consciousness, eternal, unchanging, **avināśī**. Creation is **jaḍa**—material, constantly changing, perishable. If consciousness were truly within matter, then matter too would become eternal. But that cannot be.

**Hence, Bhagavān is the source, sustainer, and witness—yet He remains detached.**

**He pervades all, yet is not entangled in any.**

**Just like a reflection appears in a mirror, yet the face never enters it.**

**So too, this world is His reflected glory, but He is beyond it.**

This is the mystery and majesty of His **yogam aiśvaram**—His divine, sovereign Yoga.

**brahma satyaṁ jagat mithyā**

Brahman alone is true; the world is an appearance.

**sarvabhūtāni kaunteya, prakṛtiṃ(y) yānti māmikām,  
kalpakṣaye punastāni, kalpādaḥ visṛjāmyaham.9.7**

Arjuna, during the Final Dissolution all beings enter My Prakṛti (the prime cause), and at the beginning of creation, I send them forth again.

*O Kaunteya, at the end of a kalpa, all beings merge into My own prakṛti. At the beginning of the next kalpa, I again send them forth.*

Bhagavān here reveals a deeper mystery of cosmic rhythm—the endless cycle of **sr̥ṣṭi** (creation) and **pralaya** (dissolution). At the end of each **kalpa**—an aeon of creation—all beings dissolve back into His **māmikā prakṛti**, His own divine prakṛti. And when a new kalpa begins, He sends them forth once more into manifestation.

To help grasp this, a simple yet profound image comes alive—the child and the clay.

Children often play with various types of clay—magic clay, light clay, and dry clay. Throughout the day, they fashion different forms: a mountain, a river, toys of every kind. By evening, the mother walks in, sees the scattered mess, and gathers all the shapes back into a single lump of clay. The child, a little sad, may protest. But the forms are gone; what remains is the original clay, once again still and undivided.

Yet by morning, the same child returns to that clay ball and begins to shape it anew—again a tree, again a car, again a river. This rhythm repeats.

Bhagavān hints at the same cosmic play. **The universe is shaped, forms arise, diversity emerges—but in pralaya, all is withdrawn, unified, dissolved.**

**Brahmājī**, the deity of creation, expands this world, brings forth myriad forms. But when dissolution arrives, **Bhagavān** gathers it all back, folding the manifold into One.

It may sound delightful—“*Wonderful! Do whatever you wish during this cycle, for eventually all becomes one again!*” But Bhagavān immediately cautions:

**Don’t be confused.**

**Yes, all forms dissolve into the lump again.**

**But your karmic account remains untouched.**

One might imagine: “*If everything dissolves, then the ledger of karma must be wiped too.*” But no. Just like a person taking a loan from a bank and spending it recklessly—the debt doesn’t vanish. The **account remains**. So too, after pralaya, though the physical forms vanish, the subtle account of karma is not erased.

**Rāmcharitmānas**

*“Even the subtlest actions, like the swirl of dust, are not lost. The entire universe bears their imprint.”*

**prakṛtiṃ(m) svāmavaṣṭabhya, viśṛjāmi punaḥ(ph) punaḥ,  
bhūtagrāmamimaṃ(ñ) kṛtsnam, avaśaṃ(m) prakṛtervaśāt. 9.8**

Wielding My nature I procreate again and again, according to their respective Karmas, all this multitude of beings subject to the sway of their own nature.

*Holding My own prakṛti, I send forth again and again this entire multitude of beings, helpless under the sway of prakṛti.*

This cycle of **sr̥ṣṭi** and **pralaya** is not a one-time event—it repeats **punaḥ punaḥ**, again and again.

Bhagavān, through His own **svā prakṛti**, projects the world of forms repeatedly. But there is no arbitrariness here. Every being is reborn based on the **sañcita karma**—the accumulated karma from previous lives. This **bhūtagrāma**—the multitude of beings—is shaped precisely according to that subtle karmic record.

Imagine again the scene:

In the morning, when the child picks up the clay ball once more, he begins sculpting all over again. But how does he choose what to shape? A mountain or a river, a truck or a tree?

Now imagine **Brahmājī**, in this role, recreating the world from the same primordial prakṛti. How is it decided—

Who shall become a donkey?

Who a dog?

Who a tree?

Who a fish?

Who will be fair-skinned?

Who dark?

Who will be born rich?

Who poor?

Who will have perfect limbs?

And who will be born with one eye less?

All this is not randomness. It is the **precise fruit of past karma**.

**Nothing is forgotten. Nothing erased.**

So, when Brahmājī initiates creation again after pralaya, **each being is recreated in perfect accordance with their karma**.

The **subtle body (liṅga śarīra)** and **vāsanās (latent tendencies)** remain intact. The physical forms may vanish in dissolution, but the **karmic impression** does not.

Thus, Bhagavān says—“*Though all merge back into My prakṛti at the end of a kalpa, when I recreate the world, it is never from scratch. It is **karma-driven**.*”

One cannot escape the consequences of actions by merely waiting for pralaya. The **account remains open**, the **ledger active**.

In simple terms:

**The form ends, but the force behind the form remains.**

**The outer dissolves, the inner record persists.**



**na ca māṃ(n) tāni karmāṇi, nibadhnanti dhanañjaya,  
udāsīnavadāsīnam, asaktaṃ(n) teṣu karmasu. 9.9**

Arjuna, those actions, however, do not bind Me, unattached as I am to such actions, and standing apart as it were.

Having explained that all beings merge into **prakṛti** at the end of a **kalpa**, and are projected forth again at the beginning of the next, a natural question arises—if Bhagavān is the one repeatedly creating and dissolving the universe, then does He also accrue the **karma-phala**—the results of these endless actions?

To this, Bhagavān responds decisively: **na ca māṃ tāni karmāṇi nibadhnanti**—these actions do not bind Me. **Why?** Because **udāsīnavad āsīnam**—I remain like a detached onlooker, uninvolved and unaffected. Though the entire cosmic play unfolds through Me, I remain **asaktaḥ**—free from attachment to these actions.

To understand this better, imagine the sun. It shines impartially on all. In its light, some cultivate crops, some engage in noble deeds, and others may commit theft. Yet, the sun takes no credit for the good nor blame for the wrong. It simply shines—untouched, unwavering. It doesn't decide to withhold its rays from the wicked or double its brightness for the virtuous. It is merely present, allowing all actions to unfold without preference or prejudice.

Similarly, Bhagavān performs all cosmic functions but remains untouched, just as the sun remains free from the consequences of what happens under its light. He is **udāsīnavat**—like a witness, ever present but never entangled.

This teaching dispels the illusion that Bhagavān is subject to the laws of karma like the individual soul. The laws apply to embodied beings due to their identification with the body and attachment to action. But for Bhagavān, who acts without **ahaṅkāra** and **mamatā**, there is no bondage.

A beautiful **bhajan** echoes this sentiment of surrender and detachment:

अब सौंप दिया इस जीवन का, सब भार तुम्हारे हाथों में,  
है जीत तुम्हारे हाथों में, और हार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥

मेरा निश्चय बस एक यही, एक बार तुम्हे पा जाऊँ मैं,  
अर्पण कर दूँ दुनिया भर का, सब प्यार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥

जो जग में रहूँ तो ऐसे रहूँ, ज्यों जल में कमल का फूल रहे,  
मेरे गुण दोष समर्पित हों, करतार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥

यदि मानव का मुझे जनम मिले, तो तब चरणों का पुजारी बनूँ,  
इस पूजा की एक एक रग का, हो तार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥

जब जब संसार का कैदी बनूँ निष्काम भाव से कर्म करूँ,  
फिर अंत समय में प्राण तजूँ, निराकार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥

मुझमें तुझमें बस भेद यही, मैं नर हूँ तुम नारायण हो,  
मैं हूँ संसार के हाथों में, संसार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥

अब सौंप दिया इस जीवन का, सब भार तुम्हारे हाथों में,  
है जीत तुम्हारे हाथों में, और हार तुम्हारे हाथों में ॥



**"Ab sauñp diyā is jīvan kā,  
Sab bhār tumhāre hāthon meñ hai,  
Jīt tumhāre hāthon meñ aur hār tumhāre hāthon meñ."**

"I have now surrendered the burden of this life completely into Your hands.  
Victory is Yours, defeat is Yours. I remain only as an instrument."

Such surrender is not an escape, but a deep trust in the divine orchestration of life. The devotee says:

**"Mērā niścay bas ek yahī,  
Ek bār tumheñ pā jāūñ main,  
Arpañ kar dūñ duniyā bhar kā  
Sab pyār tumhāre hāthon meñ."**

"I have only one resolve: to attain You just once,  
Then offer the love of the entire world into Your hands."

This complete self-offering is the path of freedom from bondage. When one acts without selfish desire, dedicating all to Bhagavān, karma no longer binds.

The bhajan continues, portraying the ideal way to live:

**"Jo jag meñ rahūñ to aise rahūñ  
Jo jal meñ kamal kā phūl rahe."**

"If I must live in this world, may I live like the lotus in water—  
Untouched, untainted."

Even when surrounded by **samsāra**, one can remain pure if the inner attachment is absent. That is the essence of **udāsīna bhāva**.

The bhajan culminates in a vision of final surrender:

**"Jab jab saṁsār kā kaidī banūn  
Niṣkāṁ bhāv se karma karūn  
Phir ant samay meṁ prāṇ tajūn  
Nirākār tumhāre hāthon meṁ  
Sākār tumhāre hāthon meṁ."**

"Though I live in the prison of the world, let me act without desire.  
And at the final hour, may I surrender this life—  
The formless in Your hands, the form in Your hands."

Such is the surrender of a soul who no longer wishes to steer the course of life but finds peace in handing the reins to Bhagavān.

The essence is simple yet profound—one must act, but without **asakti**. Even amidst intense activity, one can remain like the sun—radiating, offering, illuminating, yet untouched.

This reflection concludes with a short **nāma-saṅkīrtana**, a heartfelt invocation repeated with love and reverence:

**Hari śaraṇam Hari śaraṇam  
Hari śaraṇam Hari śaraṇam...**

And with folded hands and a quiet heart, the devotees offer their humble obeisance:

**"Yogeśvara Śrī Kṛṣṇa Chandra Bhagavān kī jai!"**

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**Padmini Ji**

**Q:** A question—our **Laddu Gopāl** is made of silver and sometimes turns black. So occasionally, we use toothpaste like Colgate to clean the **vigraha**. Is it okay to use such things for cleaning if we offer **bhoga** and perform daily worship?

**A:** There's no issue in using substances to clean the **vigraha**—as long as they are **śuddha** (pure). Colgate is not **śuddha**—it contains phosphorus and animal bone-derived materials. So avoid that. Use a pure cleaner. You can use Ramdev's Dantkānti instead. For silver, many people use "Silver Dip." It works well, but make sure the brand is good. You can also ask around or check online. Even in our home, Silver Dip is used, and it works fine.

**Nisha Ji**

**Q:** In today's explanation, you mentioned three kinds of relationships between Bhagavān and Hanumān ji. I didn't quite understand the last one. Could you explain again—"You are Me"?

**A:** Sure. Bhagavān says in the Gītā: **mamaivānśho jīva-loke**—"You are My very fragment." So in the ultimate **tattva-dṛṣṭi** (absolute view), you and I are one. The statement "You are Me" refers to this essential unity between the **jīva** and Bhagavān.

**Sangeeta Ji**

**Q:** I have a "saral Paṭhnī Gītā" (simplified version). Should I also refer to the original text?

**A:** The Gītā Press prints the version with chapter-wise sequencing (**charaṇ-anusār**), not the full mūla (original text). For general study, charaṇ-anusār is enough. We teach mūla so that if you encounter a different format, you can still read. But for regular practice, saral paṭhnī is sufficient.

### **Bharat Ji**

**Q:** I'm from Maharashtra, and my Hindi is a bit weak. My question is: since Bhagavad Gītā is directly spoken by Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa, is it okay to chant śloka casually while walking or without bathing? Or should it only be done in a pure state?

**A:** The special thing about the Bhagavad Gītā is that you can chant it at any time—whether you've bathed or not, even during **janma-sūtaka** (birth impurity), **mṛtyu-sūtaka** (death impurity), or even during a woman's monthly cycle. However, while there's no **doṣa** (fault) in chanting anytime, doing it in a pure state, with focus, seated in front of Bhagavān brings much more benefit. So all forms are okay, but doing it with purity and attention is the best.

The session concluded with prayers and chanting Hanuman Chalisa.



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### **Thank you-For reading the summary**

You have enjoyed this vivechan writeup! In spite of intense editing and proofreading, errors of grammar, as also of omission and commission may have crept in. We appreciate your forbearance.

### **Jai Shri Krishna!**

Compiled by: Geeta Pariwar – Creative Writing Department

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