

Sri Sri Ravi Shankar

My Little Guru
And Other Wonderous Adventure
Stories, And divine Quotes OF
LOVE

by Dvorah and Friends

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THE MASTER

The Master doesn't do anything. There is no difference between you and the Master, because a Master is just like a window. He just reflects you. He doesn't advise you, or bind you: "You should do this. You don't do this. You should listen to me." He is there, just like the window. You can catch peck at the sky. You can peek at the sky through the window. He reflects you in your totality.

He helps you, brings you up. He doesn't do anything, no effort. Just like the candle, the glow in the candle. It doesn't take any effort to bring the light to the room. The candle just burns. The fragrance in the flower. It doesn't make an effort to send its fragrance. It just gets carried away.

The master doesn't do things to impress you. No, no, no. He doesn't do a single thing to make impression on you. Something that you get from just an impression doesn't help.

He invokes. He kindles something that is deep in you. By its very presence that something that celebration, gets kindled. That love in the heart gets kindled. A possibility of a higher love becomes very clear in our life. That's what a Master does.

--Sri Sri

“Sri Sri, excuse me for asking, but have you completed your path?”

“I am home. Fully at rest.”

--Sri Sr

In Praise of the Guru

Though your body be comely and ever remain in
perfect health
Though your name be unsullied, and mountain-high
you hoarded gold,
Yet if the mind be not absorbed in the guru's lotus
feet,
What will it all avail you? What, indeed will it all
avail?

*

Even if fortune bless you with riches and a virtuous
wife,
With children and their children, with friendship and
the joys of home,
Yet if the mind be not absorbed in the Guru's Lotus
feet,
What will it all avail you? What, indeed, will it all
avail?

*

Though the lore of the Vedas take up its dwelling on
your tongue,
Though you be learned in scripture, gifted to writing
prose and verse,
Yet if the mind be not absorbed in the Guru's lotus
feet,
What will it all avail you? What, indeed, will it all
avail?

*

Even if you be honored at home and famed in foreign
lands,
given to pious deeds and ever averse to wickedness.
Though you possess for servants the mightiest of the
kings of earth; even if every nation resound with your
beneficence.

Yet if the mind be not absorbed in the lotus feet of
him, by grace of Whom, alone, everything in this
world is won,
What will it all avail you? What, indeed, will it all
avail?

*

Though you pursue no pleasures, derive no joy from
wealth or wife,
Reject the powers of Yoga, and scorn the fruits of
sacrifice,
Even if you be ready to dwell in the forest as a home,
no more attached to work, untrammelled by an ugly
form,
Yet if the mind be not absorbed in the Guru's lotus
feet,
What will it all avail you? What, indeed, will it all
avail?

*

Of novices and monks, of rulers and of wordly men,
That noble soul who ponders these verses in the
guru's praise,
And to the Guru's teaching applies his mind with
constant zeal –
He will attain to Brahman, the treasure coveted by all.

--Sri Shankara

LOVE IS YOUR VERY NATURE

I'm one of those optimistic/tortured Moms that still believes in the American dream of energy, happiness and the pursuit of truth and enlightenment, in spite of my busy schedule and tiring kids. I may be exhausted, but my spirit is still intact, longing for the experience of a "light body", balanced emotions and universal love.

One day in my usual search for knowledge, I overheard a most unusual, intriguing story. I was sitting in a restaurant, eating my favorite bagel and cream cheese, when I overheard the couple next to me discussing an enlightened teacher I'd always wanted to meet.

I'd read the President of India had awarded him the title Yoga Shiromani (Supreme Teacher of Union with the Self) and that many people had experienced great healings and insights by being in his presence. As I listened to the story, I became more enchanted with the idea of seeing him.

"One day," the lady in the booth began, "Anandamayi Ma (a world-renowned female saint in India, known as the "Blissful Mother" and Guru of Gurus) was doing her daily prayers, when a great rishi

(great seer), walked in holding his shy, young disciple's hand.

"Ahh, Baba," Anandamayi Ma said. "You've brought me the river Ganges." (The holiest river in India. It's said that no disease or impurities exist there, in spite of all the garbage and debris deposited there. People come from all over to fill their bottles and bathe in the healing waters.)

"The little pundit didn't know what she was talking about. The river Ganges was feminine, and he was a young boy. Maybe she was referring to his long flowing hair and beardless face."

"You have brought me the One," Anandamayi Ma continued. "You've brought me the One that will wash away the ignorance of the world."

I didn't expect to be so touched by this story, but I found myself glowing inside, as if a jewel had been placed in the middle of my heart. I quickly introduced myself and asked the young couple when I could see this man. "He'll be speaking tomorrow night," the young lady said. "You're welcome to come."

All day I prepared. I made arrangements for the kids, cleaned the house, put everything in order, then composed a special note. The note requested my quantum mechanical light body and knowledge of universal love. I put on my best dress, my mother's pearls and headed for a dip in the Ganges.

When I walked in, the hall was packed. Everyone was sitting on the floor cross-legged, except for a few chairs in back. The teacher wasn't there yet, so I looked around for a spot. I couldn't find any openings, so I moved along the side toward the front of the room, hoping for anything reasonable. Before I had a chance to sit down, everyone suddenly stood up.

I felt something fly by me and realized it was Him. He reached his silk covered chair in front and sat down. As everyone followed suit, I remained standing with nowhere to sit. I felt awkwardly obvious.

As I looked up, the Teacher was motioning me to sit right in front of him! I climbed past everyone and landed at his feet. I couldn't believe my good fortune. I was at the feet of the Ganges. I handed him my note and a beautiful white rose I'd chosen for him. He acknowledged the gifts and began to speak as I sat silently waited, naturally closing my eyes.

"Divine Love is a natural grace, just like surrender," he began. "You can't force it. It overtakes you. Can you love with your effort? Is it possible? No. A million times you have heard people telling you to love everything, love the flower, love the sun, love the moon. How is it possible? Can you love with your effort or does it just happen? Love is a spontaneous inner happening. You have no control over love...love controls you. When there is love, you are pulled.

Even if you don't want to go, you are pulled. Love governs your life. You can't govern love."

As he finished his sentence, someone in back of me asked a question. "Sri Sri", she called him endearingly. "When I saw you, I thought I'd fall on my knees and completely surrender, but I don't feel that way now. What should I do? What does it mean?"

"Surrender is natural grace, like Divine love," he repeated. "You can't force it. It overtakes you."

At that moment a powerful thought filled my mind, as my heart began to melt. "I'm at the feet of someone Divine, someone who knows about love." Then, quite unexpectedly, tears began to flow down my cheeks and soon I was sobbing uncontrollably. My head began to naturally bow down and I couldn't keep my body upright. I felt myself effortlessly melting in love and total surrender. "Thy will, my Lord, thy will."

Then something very silly began to happen. I felt a gentle yet vigorous tickle on my face. People started to laugh, and I didn't know why. Were they laughing at me? Again I felt a vigorous tickle. I opened my eyes for an instant, still sobbing, when I realized Sri Sri was tickling my face with the white rose I'd given him.

I lifted my head, trying to hold myself up with my hands together in a prayerful salutation. As I opened my eyes again, I saw His face lovingly smiling

at me and I began to laugh. I had never seen such loving eyes. They were glowing love straight into me. I couldn't contain my laughter. My whole body bubbled with joy.

As I began to settle down, I heard an actual voice deep in my heart say, "You don't have to search for love. It's already in you. It is you! It's your very nature."

I don't remember how long I remained there, but when I opened my eyes, everyone was leaving. I saw that Sri Sri was still in his chair in front of me, legs folded, feet covered. I scooted up close to him to thank him for everything and tell him I loved him, but instead I spontaneously blurted out my observation, "Sri Sri where are your feet?"

He chuckled and playfully said, "They're hiding." Then he handed me a white rose (the same one I had so carefully picked for him) and softly said, "They're hidden. They're hidden deep in your heart."

The Heart of My Guru

This world is the heart of my Guru
I walk through its garden each morning
And as I touch the softness
Of the new rose
He feels my touch
And as I hear the musk of the birds
He sings with me
He sings harmony with their tune
In my ears
As I feel the gentle breeze of freshness
He has caressed my face
And as I touch my feet
Upon this patient earth
It is his patience I am perceiving
With such gratefulness
His patience is beyond that
Of any mother
It is the very patience of our planet
And in that stillness of the
Hour before dawn
He comes to visit me
Within his heart garden-
He always knows where I am
And keeps me safe in love.

--Nancy

THERE IS A STORY...

“There is a story of a king who’s invited the best artists to paint frescoes in his palace. Two painters were working in the same hall on opposite walls, with a curtain between them, so that neither of them could see what the other was doing. One of them created a marvelous picture which evoked the admiration of every onlooker. The other artist had not painted anything at all. He spent all his time polishing the wall. He polished it so perfectly that when the curtain was removed, the picture of the other painter was reflected in a way that made it appear even more beautiful than the original. It is the disciple’s duty to polish away the I-ness.”

“But then the major portion of the work has to be accomplished by the disciple?” someone inquired.

“No”, said Mataji, “because it is the Guru who paints the picture.”

--Sri Sri Anandamayi Ma (Mataji)

IT HAPPENS...

“It happens that people fall in love with their Guru. If he has attained to the state that a Guru should have reached, he will be able to canalize the disciple’s love, turning it towards the Divine.”

--Sri Sri Anandamayi Ma

LET IT BE!

May I each day
Live my life
More for You
You are the only reality

Light my heart
Like a burning torch
Burn away my Ignorance
'Til there is nothing left but You

Let be!
Oh, let it be!
Nothing left but Thee!
Let it be!
Oh let it Be!
Nothing left but Thee!

--Yogadhi
From "The Revelations of

Ho"

EPILOGUE FROM THE REVELATIONS OF HO **BY YOGADHI**

...How can there be so much truth embedded in your every gesture? Looking into the cup that Pundiji had given me, I saw that it was not empty. There were two shining drops poised on the white surface. As if shaken by some hidden force, the drops fell and merged. Smiling, enjoying this gift I received, I raised the cup to my lips and drank. Then Punditji looked at me with a penetrating stare. The force of his awareness shocked my mind. There were no words, but something had been communicated. I felt I should understand and remember something. What could it be?

Suddenly the meaning became clear. Here, in a few moments, the story of my life was told again. Such a simple act, reminded me again, of the beauty and play of life. I was born full, but my life became dry, empty and without Divine love. All that time the True Teacher, the One Divinity, was with me. Many years passed then we came together again. Two drops of consciousness, separated but then One.

All that time, my needs were known and met with great care, yet I did not realize it. Without the divine dryness arose in my life bringing desperation. Crisis after crisis came and pushed me, until I left my old life and began the spiritual path of self-realization. After some time I was ready, and without knowing it, something great was passed to me. I was given a vision and a great gift of love, but I did not know what it was. In that revelation, there were two tiny drops on an ocean of emptiness, filled with the light and love of life. I awoke at that moment

yet again returned to the sleep of ordinary consciousness and continued my life.

Many years passed, only a moment in the eternity of time. Now I held the cup of the gift I was given, passed to me by Punditji. It was empty, yet full of love. I looked and saw the same two drops as before, but now before my eyes they became One. I saw and remembered the One. The truth was now becoming clear, my cup was filled with love. I drank from that cup and was fulfilled.

ONE GLANCE

To My Guru Dev:

One glance from you, and my head whirled.
One word from you, and my lips sang with the Angels
surrounding you. One smile, and my heart floated
loose from this body and swirled in a mad dance,
spinning with divinity. I never knew it would be like
this.

--A devotee

HE REMEMBERED ME

I was so enthusiastic about the last time I saw Sri Sri that I couldn't wait to see him again. I heard he was coming in April to give a week-long course. I made sure I was going to be there. It didn't matter what I experienced, I just wanted to be near him. As I was leaving for the course, I noticed my old purple hat. I'd had it for ages, and it looked ridiculous on me. Yet I picked it up on instinct and stuffed it in my suitcase. Now I was ready to go.

During the entire course, I made sure I sat in the front row, looking my feminine best. My hair was down and my dresses were long and silky. Nothing unusual happened and I was just happy to be there feeling peaceful.

On the day we were leaving, a group of people surrounded Sri Sri. He was answering as many questions as he could, but there were still many more. Seeing it was going to take such a long time, I decided to go up and change into a nice traveling dress.

When I got upstairs I noticed my big, floppy, purple hat on the chair. A mischievous idea popped into my head. "I know," I thought. "I'll put on my black motorcycle jacket, black pants and my purple hat and play a joke on Sri Sri. I'll bet he'll never recognize me."

I pulled my hair up, put some unusual bright make-up on, and topped it off with big, black sunglasses. I looked completely different. I went downstairs and headed straight for the hall. Sri Sri was still talking to people. I moved in strategically close and prepared myself. "I'll jump in front of him," I thought. "I'll pull my hat off and jokingly say, "It's me Sri Sri! Do you remember me?"

The thought hardly left my mind when I found myself doing just that. I dramatically pulled off my hat, bowed and cheerfully said, "Sri Sri! It's me! Do you recognize me?"

He glanced at me blankly. He seemed preoccupied with someone else. My timing was completely off. I felt silly. It wasn't very funny anyway. Another one of my stupid ideas.

I stood there holding my purple hat, feeling like an idiot, when I felt a deep emotion well up in my throat. I began to cry. The humiliation. My deepest fear began to surface. As I closed my eyes, I heard my frightened self say, "All my life, I've been afraid God would forget me. The trumpets would blow, the chariot would come, and somehow I would miss the boat. I'd fail again, only this time irreparably."

I don't remember how long I stood there, but when I opened my eyes, I noticed that Sri Sri was just leaving with someone. As he moved away from me, he unexpectedly turned his head and looked straight in

my direction, projecting softly. "I would recognize you in any form!" he confirmed. "You are my very Self." Then he quickly turned and left.

I closed my eyes again, feeling completely loved and taken care of. A deep wound had been healed, and I felt whole again. I pulled on my magical purple hat, put on my big, black sunglasses and skipped away joyously, like a child. "God remembered me. And He always would."

THE GURU COMES IN FRIENDLY, HUMAN FORM

...Even Arjuna did not want god to be in a very powerful form, in the infinite form. He said, "Oh, no! No! Enough, enough! You show me your simple form, your human form!"

In the eleventh chapter of the Bhagavad Gita, when Krishna showed his infinite form to Arjuna, he showed his true form. Krishna said, "Inside me you see the sun, moon, stars, fire, earth, and all the elements. The ocean, everything you see inside of me. Close your eyes, I'll show you with your inner eye,"

And Arjuna got so shaken, he was so afraid, he said, "Oh no! You look good to me as a friend, somebody whom I can talk to nicely, this is enough for me. Don't show me that! Be a simple form, a human form. I love you in the human form. You come to me in the Human form!"

So this body (Sri Sri is referring to his own body), has come to the world to make sure that the presence of divinity is felt by everybody."

--Sri Sri
June 22, 1991
Bangalore, India

"GIRLS JUST WANA HAVE FU-UN"

One morning, I was feeling a little needy. I wanted some clear, untainted advice. My friends were wonderful, but in this case they were useless. Their suggestions were usually based on their own needs and desires. I couldn't really trust their good intentions. Who could I call that would completely empathize with my situation and still be able to give me accurate advice?

I let the thought go, when the phone rang. "Hi, there!" The voice jingled. "Guess who's in Washington?" It was my good meditation buddy Denise. "Who?" I asked half-depressed. "Who do you think?" she shrieked.

"Oh, my God!" I cried. "Don't tell me. He's here, isn't he? That high guy, our good buddy Sri Sri is in Washington, isn't he?" She cackled with glee, "Yes. He's here, and I have his phone number."

I couldn't believe it. Sri Sri was only a couple of states away from me. What perfect timing! I wondered if I could call him? After all, I'm one of his favorite buddies. Of course he'd speak to me. So what if hundreds of people are calling him, I bet I can get through. (True Chutzpah, or is it True Grit?) I'd hardly finished my thoughts, when she was giving me the phone number. "Go ahead. Call him," she

challenged. "You're pretty gutsy!" Then she abruptly hung up.

Well, that was a good sign. Wonder if I should? I could use a little boost. I'd been feeling stagnant, sitting all alone in the same place for awhile. Well, what could it hurt? I picked up the phone and began to dial, feeling my throat immediately tighten. "What if he answered," I cringed. "What will I do then?"

The phone began to ring - once, twice, three times. I got ready to hang up, when a funny cheerful voice answered, "Jai Guru Dev". (A salutation meaning victory to the highest. Many people with him use it as a greeting.) "I want to talk to Sri Sri," I squeaked, trying to control my voice.

"Jai Guru Dev," the voice repeated. "No, I want to speak to Sri Sri," I insisted. "Jai Guru Dev," the voice said again. "This is Sri Sri."

That was it. I wasn't going to make it. I was sure to faint dead away. I heard an automatic brave voice take over and apologize. "I'm sorry Sri Sri, I didn't realize it was you. I called because I don't know what to do with my self. Maybe I should come see you on the next course?" "Come," he invited. "Come to me."

With that affirmation, I felt unstoppable. I could ask him anything. What did I really want? I sensed he was going to hang up, if I didn't speak soon. "Sri Sri," I chirped, "I know God's my one and only,

but couldn't you send me a consort? Girls just wanna have fun," I sang.

I heard him chuckle over the phone, visualizing a raised eyebrow in amusement. "Ahh," he said. "You want to have fun?" "Yes, yes." I confirmed. "Well, Dvorah," he teased slowly, "You Are Fun!" And with that, he said, "Jai Guru Dev," and hung up.

I was in a mild stupor all day. When bedtime came, I was still in blissful shock. My God, I'd called him, and he answered. What a good buddy! What a miracle!

When I finally fell asleep, I had a most unusual experience. I was conscious all night, yet I was dreaming. I felt huge, tender, sensuous waves moving all through my body and circulating all around me. It was as if pure love was playing me, like an instrument. I felt orgasmic, as if my whole body was tingling in little bursts of bliss - disappearing, then reappearing again. It was unbelievable, yet totally natural. I remember opening my eyes in the middle of the night, fully conscious, questioning if this was real. And it was. I still felt this incredible love overtaking me. I'd close my eyes letting the visions continue.

I saw myself sitting in a large room crossed-legged, as someone played the flute. Ancient beings in robes, carrying large wooden canes, would come and go. I sat in blissful observation, enjoying the scene, as

intermittent orgasmic bursts of light would appear and disappear in me. This ecstasy went on all night.

When I awoke, my body was still tingling. What an experience! My consort (which felt like myself) had been sent to immerse me in cosmic orgasms. Incredible! What a trip!

I energetically got dressed, humming my favorite Cindy Lauper tune. As I picked up the car keys, ready to walk out the door, my eyes noticed a picture of Sri Sri. He was smiling mischievously, staring straight at me.

"Pretty clever, aren't you," I twinkled back at him. "Thought you could fool me, didn't you?" I chided. "That was a great experience. However, NOW send me the real thing. Someone I can really pinch. You know," I sang in my most titillating voice, "girls just wanna have fu-un!"

THE DIVINE IS PRESENT ALL OVER

...The Jews are still expecting the prophet to come. The Buddhists are still expecting the Buddha to come back again. Jesus was there, nobody recognized him.

The Buddhists are still waiting. The Christians are again waiting, because Jesus said, "I will come back again." So everyone keeps waiting.

Don't wait. Close your eyes. Look into yourself. Right now, in the present moment, the Divine is present all over.

--Sri Sri
Krishna's Birthday
August 1992,

Crewe, England

CALL ME ADORABLE

In my unquenchable thirst for Knowledge, I decided to follow Sri Sri around for awhile. I wanted to become whatever he was. I went wherever he went, laughed whenever he laughed, sat wherever he sat, and just plain hung around him. Maybe, I just might get IT! (Whatever "it" was.)

I followed him to a retreat in Canada. It was beautiful, and about 200 people showed up. Some of the regulars had spent a lot of time with him. I decided to be one of the in-crowd and began to follow him around.

Wherever he ended up, I made it my business to be there. If he stuck his head out, even for an instant, I was there; smiling, making chit-chat and waving. When the evening meetings were held, I made sure I sat in the front row, so he would see me with all the others that longed to be just like him.

One day, as I was waiting for him to come out of his cottage, I felt an acute attack of boredom. Here I was, waiting to see one of the greatest sages I'd ever met, and I was just plain bored. "What am I doing?" I thought. "Haven't I learned anything yet? My knowledge isn't inside of Him. It's inside of me. If I want to gain love, it's going to have to come from inside of me, not from following around the 'form' of

love." I felt a voice say, "The kingdom of heaven is within you. Look there."

I quickly ran back to my cabin and sat down to meditate. When I finished, I naturally went into silence. I'd talked quite a bit on this course. Now, it was time to listen.

When I went to the evening meeting, I moved my backrest to the back of the hall. "Let someone else enjoy sitting near him," I thought. I didn't need the proximity anymore. After all, it was all inside of me.

During the evening, people began to sing bhajans (devotional songs) and dance. I sat in silence, enjoying them quietly. As I looked around the room everyone seemed so unbearably beautiful, I could hardly breathe. A tender wave of compassion and love washed over me.

"Dear Lord," I prayed, "I can't stand the beauty and I can't stand the pain. What am I going to do? It's all so unendurable." With that thought, tears of compassion, relieving my predicament, began to flow.

When I calmed down, I saw Sri Sri sitting in meditation. He looked so royal and elegant, I could barely endure his radiance. What good was he anyway? Just an image of the Divine. All my staring wasn't going to rub off and bring me closer to God. I'd have to do it myself - and go inside.

After the meeting (it was more like a celebration), I felt empty. I didn't know what to do. Usually I went back to his cottage, to see if he'd come out. Tonight it seemed foolish, so I went back to my cabin. After awhile, I realized I wasn't tired and couldn't fall asleep, so I decided to go for a walk in the direction of his cottage.

As I walked by, I saw a group of people sitting on a bench just outside his door. There was room for one more, so I sat down in silence. Someone noticed how quiet I was and asked incredulously, "Are you in silence?" I felt a little foolish since most of the time I can't stop talking.

"Yes," I nodded as they playfully continued to chide me. "Dvorah's in silence." They laughed. "This must be a special night."

I closed my eyes and continued my silence. I felt very peaceful, not caring what happened. Suddenly the door opened. There was Sri Sri holding a box of sweets. "Prasad?" (a sweet offering), he asked. "Oh, yes," everyone gleefully answered, "Yes."

I opened my eyes just as he began putting sweets in everyone's waiting hands. As he walked by, he would occasionally call people by name.

"Oh, my God," I innocently thought. "He's actually going to give me a sweet. How wonderful!"

I held my hands open, cupped near my forehead, and sat patiently. When he approached

where I was sitting, he stopped. I heard someone on the sidelines jokingly say, "Dvorah's in silence. She's not talking today."

His eyes opened in a feigned expression of surprise. "Really?" he asked curiously. "How amazing!"

I began to feel very light as he continued to stand there. I felt completely rested, waiting for my precious Prasad. Then, I heard the most endearing voice. It sounded like a bell praising my name, "D-vor-ah," it lovingly sang. "A-dor-a-ble D-vor-ah." I swooned in loving ecstasy, still conscious of his presence.

A piece of sweet halvah touched my palms, as I slowly slid from the bench, down on my knees. I instinctively lowered my head, touching his feet. The Divine had called my name.

Isn't it amazing that when you stop searching, you have a chance to be found. The moral of this story is very simple. If you're looking for God - Stop! Be still. Sit down on a bench, fully at rest, with open palms. Then listen. God will find you and, in adoration, praise your name.

LONGING

...Longing and love are two sides of the same coin. If there is no longing, there is no love, and if there is no love, there is no longing.

...What a Sat-Guru, a master, does, is kindle the longing; and when the longing is kindled, Love is experienced automatically. The intensity of longing, the height of that longing turns, it flips over, and becomes, the Love...

---Sri Sri

London 1990

YOU ARE SERVICE

I've always struggled with the concept of service. Whatever I did was never enough and left me feeling a little guilty. "If only I didn't take all that time to read that book, watch that show or take a shower," I thought. "Then I'd have more time for Jan or Stan or the laundry man. Why can't I give more and indulge less?"

Maybe I can get up earlier, or better yet, maybe I won't go to sleep at all! Then for sure I'd have more time to feed the hungry, collect cancer donations and serve the elderly. I could even go to the animal rights rally; and if I practice, maybe they'd let me sing in the mission choir.

As you can see, with every moment that ticked by, I wanted to serve. There was only one problem. I always ended up going to sleep, watching a video, or taking a shower instead. I just couldn't seem to give every bit of myself to serving others, because I still couldn't help serving myself.

One day I contemplated, "How can I do the most with the least amount of time? What can I do that would make me feel truly effective in the world?"

A week later my answer arrived. My friend called to tell me about an impromptu meditation course that was going to be given at a retreat in

Canada. This was going to be a very special course, because they were going to train meditation teachers.

"A teacher of meditation," I pondered. "What a great ultimate way to serve! What could be better than to give people the experience of their true Self." I immediately put in my application and got ready to become - a great teacher of truth!

As we all began to learn the knowledge, I felt deeply inferior. "Oh God, I'll never get this. Besides, it's too much responsibility. How could I be given such an awesome task? I'll never make it." Nevertheless, I continued.

As the course progressed, we had study partners. One sunny day, as my partner and I were practicing our knowledge, I began to cry. "I can't do it. I just can't do it. I am too confused to become a teacher. Why did I even try?"

My friend looked at me compassionately and began reassuring me in a soothing voice, "I always knew that I was born to find my Teacher. It's been my greatest desire, to be here at the same time as my Master and greet him again. I'm fortunate to have had my greatest wish come true. It's given my life meaning. What's given your life meaning?"

I closed my eyes in tearful resignation. "What has given my life meaning?" I questioned. "My kids haven't been enough. What's been my greatest desire in life, my purpose? What was I born for?"

The answer came immediately, as soon as I finished my question. It glided across my inner vision.

"Your greatest desire has always been to serve. It doesn't matter what you do. Your very existence is service. Every time you move about in the environment, with your loving heart, you serve. You can give aid wherever you want, but your true service is your bliss - your loving heart in action."

I didn't become a meditation teacher on that course. I became Service instead.

THE SAMURAI

The great Samurai arrived at the Buddhist temple, prepared to slay the last stubborn monk that refused to flee. As he walked in, he saw the thin elderly monk quietly chanting.

“Stop chanting old man!” The Samurai ordered. “Do you know who I am?”

“The Buddhist monk continued his quiet chanting without looking up.”

The Samurai, angered at being ignored, drew his sword, and ordered the monk again. “Stand up old man. Don’t you know who I am ? I am the one who can take this sword, and pierce it through your heart without a thought of remorse.”

The Buddhist monk slowly stopped his chanting, and looked directly into the Samurai’s eyes. Without the slightest hint of fear or annoyance, he quietly said,

“Don’t you know who I am” I Am the One, who would let you pierce my heart, in full forgiveness.”

The Samurai unexpectedly fell silent, as he remembered the One. Tears streamed down his face as he dropped his sword, and bowed in awe and gratitude at the feet of the Master.

THE STUDENT, DISCIPLE, AND DEVOTEE

...A student goes to a teacher and learns something, he gets some information, and then he walks out of the school. This is a student, one who collects information.

Then come a disciple. A disciple follows the example of the Master. But a disciple is with the Master for the sake of learning, of wisdom, for the sake of improving his life, for the sake of attaining enlightenment . He has a purpose – a cause, so his is not just collecting information, but he is trying to bring a transformation in his life. He wants to make sense out of his life. That is a disciple.

And then there is a devotee. A devotee is not there even for wisdom. He is simply rejoicing in love. He has fallen in deep love...with the Master, with the infinity, with God. He doesn't care whether he gets enlightened or not. He doesn't care whether he learns a lot of knowledge or wisdom or not. But that very moment, and every moment, immersed in Divine Love...that is enough for him or her. A devotee is very rare to find. Students are all over. Disciples are few. But devotees are rare.

It is nothing great to become God or be God. Whether you want to or not, all are already Gods. But where the love, the devotion has flowered totally, where the flower has bloomed - that is the devotee. Attraction is everywhere. Love is somewhere.

However, devotion is again rare. Devotion is very beautiful.

A student comes to a Master, a teacher, a guru, with tears in his eyes. There are so many problems. When he leaves, also, he carries the same tears. But the quality of the tear is different. It's of gratitude. Still the tears flow, but they are of gratitude, of Love. It is so beautiful to cry in Love! If one has cried even once in love, one knows the taste of it...surrender ...devotion. The entire creation rejoices in it! The entire creation is longing for one thing: A transformed tear. From a salty tear to a sweet tear...

The infinity longs for you as much as you long for it...it's waiting to receive you. God is as anxious, as you are, to be near. So when a devotee flowers on this planet, God is so happy.

--Sri Sri

"WE WILL BREATHE IN UNITY TOGETHER"

In 1973, I went to La Antilla, Spain, to study the knowledge of Being and the Art of Living from a well-known enlightened Rishi (great seer) from India. My Mom didn't want me to go because she thought all this "enlightenment stuff" was silly. I told her I loved her, kissed her good-bye and left anyway. I knew she'd eventually support me in my quest. Moms are like that.

When I arrived in La Antilla, there were 2000 people there. It was a beautiful, resort beach town with adobe houses that sat at the foot of the ocean. I was going to be there for 9 months to experience silence and knowledge.

This was the first time I'd actually taken the concept of enlightenment seriously. I'd always thought it was for monks or other dedicated students, who sat in meditation all day eating only rice and vegetables. That certainly wasn't me. I was an undisciplined Mom, who loved lamb chops and Twinkies.

All the people on the course came from different countries. Some were unsatisfied with their lives and wanted to find a better way. Others came out of curiosity. They wanted to know what enlightenment was and to experience an enlightened teacher. I fell into both categories.

The knowledge was refreshing with a perspective I'd never imagined before. *Bliss was your very Nature* - (I'd thought sin was). *Man wasn't born to suffer, but to enjoy* - (I thought man was born to struggle, eventually winning or losing, depending on his karma). *Established in Being, perform right action* - (now, this was the most intriguing concept of all.)

All my life I'd been led to believe that if you think the right appropriate thoughts and act in the right appropriate manner, it would eventually lead you to the Truth, to your Divine Self. This concept, however, proposed that if you become "established" in your True Self, in Divine Being, then you'd naturally begin to think, feel and do the right things, acting in a harmonious and progressive manner to benefit yourself and others.

This sounded like the easiest, most practical path to me. The answer wasn't in pushing and chastising myself in the process of trying to be good, it was to become "goodness" itself and thereby radiate harmony and goodness to others. That was my new goal.

The course was very intense. Everyone experienced some aspect of transformation. I'd had some powerful visions of higher states of consciousness and felt blessed with my newfound knowledge. Still I had a few pressing questions. I

really didn't know who this Teacher was or where these experiences came from. Could I trust them, or were they disguised illusions?

On the last day of the course everyone met in the large meeting hall down by the beach. People were edgy. After all, we'd come out of 9 months of intensive meditation and study, in a quiet protected environment, with nothing but homemade meals. Now, we were going back to the madness of the city, hot dogs, and movies like "Friday the 13th". Could our nervous systems stand it?

I walked in calmly, savoring my last day. But I couldn't concentrate. I had doubts nudging me. "Ask him," they annoyed me. "Go ahead and ask him. Who is he?"

I heard a big hum in my head. My body felt lively, diffused in billions of atoms with no boundaries. I was all over the place, and couldn't locate my brain. "How was I going to ask a question?" I thought. "I can't even find my brain." "Your Holiness," I timidly ventured.

He didn't even hear me, his attention was on the person at the other mike. "Maharishi!" I said louder. I witnessed his head turn, as he gave me his FULL attention. He appeared immense, larger than life. How could so much energy and golden light be coming out of one person? I'd never seen anything

like it before. I stood there, speechless, hardly moving. "Yes?" he asked.

I witnessed my brain clicking in, and beginning to work. I noticed words coming quickly. "Who are you to me?" I asked. "What am I doing here? What are we to each other?"

The room fell deadly silent. No one breathed. No one expected that. All eyes were fixed on Maharishi. How would he answer?

"So you think you made a mistake?" He declared: "We will breathe in Unity together!"

Later I was told that he continued to speak for another hour, but I didn't hear a thing. I was on my knees in the back of the hall. Don't ask me how I got there, I don't know. All I remember are his first two sentences, then his golden white light enfolded me. I lost consciousness.

When I returned home, I called my Mom, my other self. "How was your trip, Dvorah? Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"I'm fine, Mom," I said softly. You know what I feel? I feel that You and I will breathe in Unity together. It's our birthright, our legacy."

"I know," she lovingly sighed. "I felt the golden white light too."

MY LITTLE guru

One day I was feeling lost and confused. I couldn't understand why. After all these years of meditation, asanas, breathing, jogging, jumping, praying, begging, demanding and just plain whining, I still felt confused and unenlightened.

Could it be something I ate? Maybe I picked up a negative thought somewhere? It seemed I just couldn't win in this game called life. Whatever I did to get higher, wiser and more centered, eventually failed, and I felt confused again! I decided to call a good friend in Fairfield, Iowa, city of the Immortals. (Only the flowers die there.)

Hi Lila, it's me Dvorah, your long lost buddy out here in Los Angeles. How's it going over there? It's probably so mellow that everyone's in bliss. I'm over here feeling miserable and lost. I can't seem to get it together. What am I going to do? I really need some help – big help!”

Lila listened lovingly, then with sure conviction of success, gave me her suggestion. “I know just the person for you to call. I know an Avatar! And I have “Her” phone number. Isn't it amazing that we can have a direct connection to someone like that? Let me give you the number, and you'll finally get some answers!”

I was flabbergasted. An Avatar! At last, someone who would catapult me out of this mundane

relative misery, and into the heavenly light. What a lucky break!

As I rejoiced in my good fortune, I felt an intuitive tug at my heart-strings. “You’ve already got it all, Dvorah,” it said. “Everything you’ve ever needed, your ‘lucky break’, is already seated in your heart.”

I curiously closed my eyes, searching for the source of the impulse. “Of course”, I chuckled. “How could I forget you?” All I need to do is write my most adorable Sri Sri a letter, or maybe venture a call. He’s always been there for me, when I needed him.

I heard Lila’s voice pierce through my thoughts, as my attention quickly returned. “Lila, I just had a powerful realization. I think I’ll just write Sri Sri, a letter. That’s always worked for me.”

“Sri Sri”, Lila shrieked in my ear, “he’s just a guru! You have a chance to be blessed by an Avatar! Wake up Dvorah!”

Her voice jolted a deep wave of loyalty and gratitude. This “little Guru”, had offered me life many times by giving me the strength, love and security to go on. I’d watched him heal life-long shadows and traumas, by the wave of his flower, as he silently graced the environment with his loving Presence. I’ve observed as hundreds of people dropped years of Misery and guilt, by remembering how dearly and unconditionally the Divine loved them.

This “little” Guru carried the forces of forgiveness and salvation in his very glance and embodied the spirit of One who knew the truth. Here was an ‘Avatar” worth following, a pure manifestation of Divine light and love.

“Thanks, Lila”, I said, thanking her for my blessed memory. “Don’t worry about me, I’m in good hands, I just had brain-glitch for a minute.

I hung up the phone feeling great, touched by my good fortune. From that moment on, I pledged to tell the whole world about my dearest friend and very adorable Self, “My Little Guru”, Sri Sri Ravi Shankar – the light of the Avatars!

THANK YOU

The desire to thank you
Never ceases my dearest
Bathing in your tenderness
You wash away my separation
How lightly you dance
How fully you laugh
How delicately you act
You are most precious to me
And I will awaken fully
From this slumber
If only to thank you
And thank you
And thank you

--Michele Krolik

COME TO ME

Beyond the heaven is my abode.

Come to Me, come to Me. Don't stop, come to Me.

If you get stuck in heaven, you will return back from there. Come to Me.

My abode is beyond the heaven, far away from here.

Come to Me, come to Me.

All the charming faces, boys and girls, eyes and noses, hair and dresses, cookies and sweets and chocolates.

Pass them by, singing and dancing. Come to Me, come to Me

My abode is beyond the heaven. Come to Me.

Joyfully move in this direction. A thousand blessings await you on the way. Walk through them. Don't get stuck, pass through them. Come to Me.

Angels are ready to serve you, and crown you with the highest - don't stop before that. Come to Me, come to Me.

--Sri Sri

Pacific Palisades July 1992

My Little Guru

My little Guru and I are the most intimate of friend. Yet His magnificence is so omnipresent, that it would be impossible to take another breath without Him.

Isn't it amazing how my Little guru could be so mysteriously entwined with my very Self?

Perhaps it's all Him, or perhaps it's all Me? But for sure, there is only one of us. No matter how hard I try to keep us apart, it's no use. One of us always dissolves into the other, and becomes One mysteriously unknown breath of light, radiantly shining as Sri Sri Ravi Shankar.

It is with great pleasure, and the fulfillment of my heart's deepest longing, that I herald the luminous presence of, "My Little Guru."

In all Gratitude,