

TRANSFUSION OF SPIRIT



THIRUVAVADUTHURAI ADHEENAM

Adheenam Publication No. 113.

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Sivamayam

Hallowed be the Feet of Namasivaya Murthi !

“ TRANSFUSION OF SPIRIT ”

ISSUED UNDER THE GRACIOUS COMMAND OF
HIS HOLINESS

**SRI-LA-SRI SUBRAMANIA DESIGA PARAMACHARIA
SWAMIGAL**

THIRUVAVADUTHURAI ADHEENAM

October 1957

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TRANSEUSION OF SPIRIT

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THIRUVAVADUTHURAI

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SRI NAMASIVAYA MURTHIGAL
(FOUNDER OF THE THIRUVAVADUTHURAI MUTT)

Invocation to Sri Namasivaya Murthi.



“PLACE the letters five the God
In the centre of thy heart;
These the flowers eight you take:—
Hurting not a living thing,
Grace, the subdued senses five,
Forbearing evils done to one,
Enduring pains of extreme kind,
Speaking truth, the love to all,
Knowledge of these laws and world;
Sprinkle these at His Lotus Feet,
Having mind united there.”
Thus you said and purified
Those who came to serve thy cause,
And we worship at thy feet
Oh! Namasivaya of Thuraisai fame.

—Sivagnana Munivar.

THIRUVAVDUTHURAI ADHEENAM

St. Namasivaya Murthi is the founder of the Thiruvavaduthurai Adheenam. By this institution he has contributed in an extra-ordinary measure towards the welfare and development of mental, moral and religious sides of the people. All the good deeds commenced by him are being continued even today in spite of several changes in society and administration. It is said when he planned the oven he desired that the fire placed on that day should continue for ever without relighting. The same fire continues even today—a period of five hundred years. The great traditions of the institution are being maintained with honour till this very day. Under the benign and holy rule of the present Incumbent daily poojah and annual Gurupoojah are being performed; special conferences convened for the propagation of Saiva Siddhantha philosophy well-edited commentaries on the fourteen shastras, critiques on Ganapathy and other Deities, published and distributed free.



HIS GRACIOUS HOLINESS

SRI-LA-SRI SUBRAMANIA DESIGA PARAMACHARIA SWAMIGAL

WHO REIGNS IN BENEVOLENCE AS THE
MAHASANNITHANAM OF THIRUVAVADUTHURAI ADHEENAM

PREFACE

Yes! nothing medical or physical, but something Spiritual.

To be a Hero in the battle of life, we need new Spirit which a Guru alone can transfuse.

This booklet, issued in connection with the 3rd Annual Saiva Siddhantha Conference held in Trivandrum under the auspices of Thiruvavaduthurai Adheenam, invites you for a small 'chat', which, we hope, will be interesting.

"By His Grace, be of good cheer with a new Spirit" is the glad tidings, we announce, from His Holiness the Maha Sannidhanam, the 21st Incumbent of the Holy Order of the Thiruvavaduthurai Adheenam.

Obeisance to His Holy Feet, for all the choicest blessings, to work and to be of service.

Grateful thanks are due to all those, whose interest in bringing out this booklet is praise worthy.

May His Grace and the blessings from His Holiness be on one and all, is our heartfelt prayer.

By Gracious Command,

Thiruvavaduthurai, }
6—10—57. }

Veera Sivam,
Adheena Vidwan.

“Transfusion of Spirit”

We have heard about the Transfusion of blood, and blood banks. The sickly persons, the weaklings, need blood support.

After a few days of severe illness, the patients are extremely blood-less, de-spirited and at times they sink, swoon and drop down.

The Doctors attend on them and give powerful stimulants, injections and proper treatment. Further it is said the patients need fresh blood. The blood is transfused. This is purely biological and physical.

We see men, with good body-build, are afraid of anything and every thing. Whereas lean wiry persons exhibit marvellous courage under very trying situations and circumstances, Gandhiji and Vinobaji. So it is explicitly clear that the physique has nothing to do with the Spirit. When I say this, I do not belittle the significance of the physique. It has its place in the human scheme. A healthy body is essential for the proper working of the human machine.

What is more essential is the Spirit. After a prolonged period of dire disease, we see persons with smiling faces. The terrible suffering could not damp their spirit and undo the man. He is not downed. He has withstood the ruthless onslaughts of the horrible and deadly disease. The Doctors are wonder-struck by the hopeful condition of their patient, who plays hide and seek with the Lord of Death. How was it possible?

In certain cases no medicine is given, only some diet at regular intervals and good rest. What is the secret behind?

The death of the beloved ones benumbs some, unnerves some, despirits many. In short the loss affects one and all.

The loss of properties, ships in tempests, and plantations in storms, has shaken many to the roots. They have felt at such times that the Day of Judgment was at their very door.

In our daily routine we meet with many things which are not pleasing to our minds, to our tastes. Still we have to put up with such things and carry on.

We live and we have to live. We see straws afloat. Should our lives also be similar to the

straws, carried away by the current or should we go up stream ?

Are we the Captains of our lives or are they conditioned by any external force ?

By experience we do know we are unable to lead our lives as we wish. The life is neither a "Mid Summer night's dream" nor "As you like it."

As we lead our lives when we meet unsavoury situations and circumstances and feel dejected, we need something to sustain us, something to tone us up and tune us to the new situation.

What is that something ? It is the Spirit. It is the Spark in the midst of darkness.

India was torn by internecine warfare. She lost her spirit of Independence. She was dominated by foreign elements and subjugated. She lost her freedom. The daughters and sons of this great country, had eyes, saw not; had ears, heard not; had tongues, spoke not. They were merely drifting.

The Himalayas was there, the Ganges was there, the rich culture, the glorious tradition, was there.

Everything was there but the *elan vital* - the spirit of Independence and the fire of Freedom. The spark was needed. Great minds were greatly agitated.

They joined hands. The Congress was born. It sounded the bugle and gave the clarion call.

Surendranath Bannerjee, Arobindo Ghosh, Lala Lajpat Rai, the Marattakesari Bala Gangadara Tilak, Patels and Boses and Nehrus in the north; V. O. C., Va. Ve. Su., Subramania Siva in the south responded to the call.

By the fire of enthusiasm in them burning white-hot, by their mighty words and mightier sacrifices, they roused the Spirit of the nation.

Bharathiar by his mightiest pen lit the torch of freedom and *transfused new Spirit*.

The feeling was to wrench freedom from the Britisher who was on our shoulders like the old man of the sea on Sindhbad.

Gandhiji came on the scene. He was fresh from South Africa where he tried his novel weapons of Truth and Non-violence and they proved effective.

Gokale asked him to lead the Congress. But he refused the crown. He went round the country.

That Nightingale of India-Mrs; Sarojini Naidu in her 'My Master' has given details about Gandhiji's encounters. He saw aged women in dirty rags and asked them, "While Ganges is overflowing, why are you like this in dirty rags?"

"Bapuji! True, Ganges is full of water. But if we wash this cloth, with what are we to cover our nakedness and shame? This is the only 'treasure' we have. Mostly we do our work under cover of darkness. When our daughters go out in these rags, we remain shut, with our birthday suits."

Gandhiji was shocked at the appalling condition, the abject poverty that held the masses in its clutches.

A foreign Government, whose business was exploitation, was ruling.

Above all the whole country was denationalised and *utterly despirited*.

Educated men were there, but the fire of nationalism in their hearts was almost extinguished.

The Spirit was needed to rouse the people from their slumber and state of stupor.

Gandhiji, the chosen man of God, and an Angel among men, felt in him the will-to-be-free irresistible, saw the fire of freedom burning white and glowing. He transfused that SPIRIT—THAT FIRE, That LIGHT.

Tens of thousands caught that spirit and followed like rats behind the Piper.

The whole country was aglow with enthusiasm. At long last, the nation was up and doing.

Youths kissed the gallows, loved the chains, courted imprisonment. and rushed to the jails, smiling.

To wear khadder became a symbol of sacrifice.

The result. The foreigner has gone away. Our men are at the helm of affairs.

Gandhiji the spiritual Doctor of Doctors has wrought this miracle by transfusing the Spirit.

This transfusion is different from the blood-transfusion.

If blood is transfused, we see the decrease in the blood-bank. Here there is no lessening.

More are transfused, greater is the quantity and stouter do they grow in quality.

Why do wise men advise us to seek the Company of the Great ?

For no other reason but to have the Spirit. The moment we see a good company, we feel elated. Why? The pervading good Spirit is transfused, unawares.

A book, a dynamic Personality or the Guru, can transfuse new spirit to us. By eyeing the earnest seeker, the touch with the right hand or the holy feet on his head, a word uttered into his ear, by embracing him, by mental communion with him, the spirit—the spiritual Light got down from his predecessors, traditional repositories of light, and lovely nurtured by daily constant prayers—is transfused by that dynamic Personality the Guru.

We get the electric current from the power house, through transformers. The power house is the Lord, the current His Grace and the transformers are the spiritual Gurus.

The Evil Eye.

With all our brag and boast of advances in scientific knowledge, we still talk of the Evil Eye.

We see with our own eyes, stomach aches caused by the evil eye, children go without food because of it, trees falling at the evil look, and so on and so forth.

How does this happen? We have little patience to inquire into. But we do not hesitate to follow our granny's dictation to bring the cotton seed, the margosa leaves, the chillies, the common salt, with sand brought from the junction of three streets without talking, and take it round the heads of the affected persons and throw the lot into the fire. What happens? The women folk say, "Damn the evil eye. The chillies do not suffocate, because of the effect of the evil eye."

The *affected* persons are freed and feel better.

If an evil eye can cause this consternation and inconvenience, ill-health and discomfort, is it too much to gauge the mighty force of the eyes of an elevated soul?

The look of an elevated soul can transmute our very being.

The Guru - the spiritual Guide.

By our constant prayers to our Father in heaven and by His infinite Grace, we are blessed

with one who will initiate and give us necessary guidance.

We may have His Grace in abundance. But the need for a guide, to have that grace fixed in us permanently, is imperative.

Narendra was a boisterous scientist, full of burning enthusiasm to know Truth and God.

To the Fakirs, he applied and was disillusioned by their gross ignorance.

He addressed Ramakrishna "Have you seen God?" "Yes, I do see Him as I see you and as you see me" was the emphatic reply. Amazed and not undone, roused to white heat, he asked boldly "can you show Him to me?"

Raising his right palm, Ramakrishna put it on the crown of Narendra.

Ah! the Spirit was transfused. Narendra became Vivekananda.

Age, no bar.

In Tiruvonnainallur a boy, 2 years of age, was playing. Gauging the spirited growth of this boy, Paranjothimuni, an aerial Personage from Mount Kailas, came down. He transfused the spirit and passed on the Light of the Saiva Siddhantha philosophy to that Great Little Boy.

The boy became a Saint and devotees flocked to hear his teachings.

When his family Guru Arulnandhi Sivam heard of this, he was wonder-struck. He went to the class.

The boy Saint was giving lessons on the Ego!

Virile and haughty, this Arulnandhi asked the Saint to explain the 'I-ness'!

St. Meikandar turned round and surveyed, from head to foot, with his penetrating eyes and pointed at him.

Sudden was the transfusion and quick was the change. The aged, elderly pandit fell at the feet of the boy Saint—the Haven of spiritual blessedness.

Age is no consideration—a truth to be pondered over.

A wandering Spirit.

Umapathi Sivam was one of the 3000 high class priests of Chidambaram.

He was going to the temple in the palanquin with a lighted torch, as a mark of honour, for performing the poojah.

Maraignana Sambandhar a wanderer, with his disciples, looked up and said "Lo! A daylight-blind man riding on a dead wood."

The palanquin is the dead wood, the lighted torch—the indication of blindness in broad day light—the magic words.

These words pierced and rent the veil. Umapathi Sivam came down and followed that wonderful wanderer.

He was drinking porridge from his palms, the remnants flowing down the forearms.

Umapathi Sivam out-stretched his palms and drank the remnants with all gusto.

Is the world immune to caste—ism? The group of Thillai Brahmins ostracized Umapathi Sivam, who went away with his poojah-murthi to the outskirts of the town.

The Glory of the Transfused.

The festival season came on. The Thillai Brahmins could not raise up the Temple flag.

In the dream, Lord Natarajah appeared and said to the Brahmins, "I am not in the temple. I am in the poojah box of Umapathi-Sivam. The flag will go up only when he is entreated to come."

Umapathi came, and sang the flag - hymn and up went the flag, thus demonstrating the greatness of him.

The spiritual Thirst.

On return from the triumphal tour in America, to Rameswar, Swami Vivekananda met the Rajah of Ramnad on board. He said to Swamiji, "you have to keep your hallowed feet on my head and then get down on the ground" Swamiji bluntly refused. Then the Rajah full of love and affection for the Swamiji, said with all reverence, "Then you cannot get on to the ground." Swamiji did understand his fervour. He went to his room. For want of better expression, I say he 'changed' himself. He came out and did, as entreated.

The Rajah had what he yearned for.

The *Doctor* makes himself clean, before a major operation.

This is a spiritual major operation. That is why we are not allowed to go near or touch any person, about to perform poojah. The seeker must also keep himself clean ready and receptive. For days and months, nay, it may be even years before one is blessed with a guide—a Guru.

The Servant - now a Savant !

It was Rambha a servant woman, who transfused the Spirit to Gandhiji at the age of seven, when he was very timid and fearful, by asking him to repeat the Mantra—Ram, Ram—the Lord's name—to be rid of any fear. Through trials and tribulations, Gandhiji had this on his lips. He was always calm and composed, and never perturbed or agitated, because of this.

The transfusion of Spirit helps one to turn the search-lights inwards and know oneself thoroughly well, the forte and the foibles.

After the transfusion one is a new man. He feels an inner joy.

Unaffected by loss or gain, he goes with his head up. He may mix and mingle with all and sundry. He is spectacular. The Light in him flows out.

His personality is like a radio-station, a centre of reception and distribution of Light.

His personality is just like the beauty of a woman which does not say, 'Look at me', but it makes every body look at *it*.

There is Radiance and Light. Wherever this 'sun' visits, there the darkness—the ignorance is dispelled.

He is a mighty Source of Inspiration. He is a beacon—light to many, lost and forlorn, in the labyrinth of this material world.

In short he is a little 'god' on this terra firma.

People flock to him for Light and guidance.

He transfuses the Spirit. Thus this transfusion goes on, and on will it go for ever!