

# ARUNACHALA AND THE YOGI

**Ma Devaki.**

## **THE HILL OF SACRED FIRE :**

The mighty hill Arunachala possesses a magnetic aura and a charismatic hold and casts a magic spell on all serious seekers of Truth. Hailed as the very embodiment of Lord Shiva and the divine beacon of light, this peerless jewel, the Mountain of Arunachala has been both a natural and chosen abode of great Spiritual giants from time immemorial and most recently Guhai Namasivaya, Sri Seshadri Swamigal, Sri Ramana Maharshi to name a few. On important festival days, people move in lakhs around the hill a distance of 8.5 miles Giri Pradhakshina (circumambulation) with an unswerving conviction and faith in its efficacious benevolence. The Dharshan of the sacred flame lit at the summit of the mountain in the month of Karthigai (December - January) every year on the full moon day is considered as the highest merit. In 1959 the divine dictates of Father finally landed this Godmad beggar who looked dishevelled and wild eyed with clothes hanging in assorted tatters, yet exuding an air of divine, beauty, purity and exuberance, at the foot of this sacred hill, his destined refuge for the rest of his life. With no one to offer food or shelter, cemeteries, temple precincts, the vessel shops, sun shades and the green folds of the mountain with the caves already sanctified by other Mahatmas, became his favourite haunts where he went about the divine labour of curing ailing patients, healing the mentally sick, rescuing lives out of danger and above all and most importantly, suffusing divine light wherever darkness reigned.

Initially he was often seen under the Ashwatta tree near the bus stand but for most part, it was under the punnai tree near the Railway station, he held his cosmic court. Many young westerners during late sixties and early seventies sought him out for their highest benefit. Truman Caylor Waddlington, a young man in early twenties, was one such who came to Bhagawan in great urgency of a meditation problem. His sitting for hours together boy, how in deep concentration at Ramanashram soon proved unbearably strenuous and misguided. He began to get splitting headaches which got worse day by day. Unable to endure it anymore, he sought Bhagawan's help. When Bhagawan set it right with expertise, Caylor's devotion to Yogi Ramsuratkumar became so intense that this hidden saint, who so far shunned crowds and lime light, took the liberty of allowing him to write the first ever biography on him. It was the dire need of the hour and the book gave relief to

endless tortures he suffered as a Hindi speaking and wild-looking North Indian. Often his enigmatic eccentricities made him a vulnerable target for cruel persecution from the political detractors, which he bore with phenomenal endurance. Many were the vicious attempts made on his life. Knowing the paths he walked unsuspectingly on his daily route to the town and back, broken glass pieces would be strewn all over the way. There were instances of even putting hot powder in his eyes while he slept unguardedly. Several times he had been pelted with stones or beaten up brutally to the point of unconsciousness. Two horrid incidents, described by Bhagawan himself fills one with shock and disgust at the barbarities committed on this unprotected Sage.

One day as Bhagawan was walking in the street towards Ashwatla tree (near the bus stand), three or four things, all of a sudden, closed in on him, flung the coconut shell, fan and the paper bundle away and began to thrash him cruelly while twenty others were standing and merely watching “ the show ”. None came forward to help him for fear or other reasons, even though some of them were known to him! The barbarity stopped only when his attendant came running with three other friends. Another time, Bhagawan entered a tea-shop where he used to have a cup of tea with the muslim owner of the shop. The man used to be friendly and they would converse in Hindi, a luxury to Bhagawan as there were hardly any one in those days who could speak his language. That particular day, suddenly, three or four men which included the friend-turned-foe owner, pounced on our unsuspecting Swami and beat him up. They pushed him into the nearby gutter and forced him to say “Hindi down down, long live Tamil.” But Bhagawan refused to yield and said, “ I would say long live Tamil. But not Hindi down, down!” They beat him up right on the mouth with a stick until he became unconscious! Even when this is being written down the whole body of the author shakes at the atrocities man’s evil nature is capable of committing on the innocent. Bhagawan had to suffer repeatedly such barbarous indignities for no fault of his! These apart, these were always, calculated psychological harassment of verbal abuse and insults flung at him systematically. Yet, even covered in bruises and blood stains all over, he would only counsel patience and peace with gracious words, “We shall bear it. Let us do Father’s work.” Ashtavakra Geetha says that the ultimate test of a Jeevan Muktha is that he does not react to any events or news, however the provocation is. He sees only His own Self even in the tormentors.” Some of these happened while Caylor was with him that he noted in his diary,” The plots and endless schemes! No one except Swami could survive! Anyone else would be crazed or deranged in a week’s time!”

About this period, Bhagawan would say” This beggar was wandering here and there but became tired of it. But there was no shelter. Arunachaleswara, in the form of the hill had mercy on this miserable sinner, so this beggar gives a thousand thanks to this holy hill and the holy temple. They saved this beggar. Oh ! Magnanimity of the Lord!” At this crucial juncture, Caylor’s book, “ Yogi Ramsuratkumar, the God Child,” brought him out of obscurity and gave some relief from the agonies of brutality. Bhagawan commented “ This book has come when it is no longer possible for this beggar to live and do Father’s work unnoticed. Nor could he even remain in Tiruvannamalai ! This book has begun to alleviate the situation.” Following Caylor, a steady stream of western youngsters found their way to his varied hide-outs. Not only their misguided spiritual practices were corrected by Bhagawan’s unerring guidance but they were also propelled into greater closeness to the Divine. Eventually, Bhagawan began to spend more time under the Punnai tree near the Railway Station, sometimes for the entire day and would walk back to the vessel shops for the night stay. Sitting under the Punnai tree, totally consecrated to the service of the world, the Divine Beggar began to beg-not for food or comfort. He begged Father for the well-being of all life and he begged people for chanting Father’s varied Names for their own highest benefit. Moulded by Sri Aurobindo, one of his three Spiritual Fathers Yogi Ramsruatkumar believed in the evolution of entire human race and hence in the necessity of his Father’s work. He said, “ This beggar believes in the vision of the spiritual Teacher Sri Aurobindo who had a dream of universal peace and unity on earth of a race of Spiritual Supermen. This work must be done. This beggar will tell you, it won’t fail.”