**“It happens in a language beyond thought.”**

Interview with an unknown yogini

**RAMA PATHANENI/ ‘RAMAKKA’**

Translated by Usha Akella

**CONTENTS**

**Part 1**

1. Foreword Page 3
2. Interview Page 10
3. Comments Page 39

**PART 1**

**Foreword**

(May- July 30, 2020)

Ramakka is a yogini living with her sister’s family in Hyderabad (Telangana State, South India) in a colony near the Kamineni hospital in L.B Nagar. Her yogic life is an astounding one, beyond logical comprehension, full of innumerable mystical experiences. She recalls her early childhood years of being submerged in God; there was no difference between reality and altered states; spirituality was a ceaseless state of mind suffused with trances and revelations. Over the years, she has maintained a number of journals in Telugu that record her yogic experiences, visions, trances and teachings imparted directly to her from her guru, Master C.V.V.

I nurtured a long-term desire to bring her inspiring life-story to light, in the belief it would help people seeking spiritual answers or solace. I felt her diaries were a treasure house of divine knowledge and was worried about their fate under the duress of time and Hyderabad weather. I’d urged her to write a book in Telugu but due to logistical and circumstantial reasons it hadn’t happened.

The following interview is a humble first step to share her extraordinary life with others. It was facilitated via a number of phone conversations as I live in Austin, Texas. We spoke in Telugu, (I understand Telugu but don’t read or write it); I posed questions, she would reply in Telugu, while I took notes, translating in English as she spoke. Often, I would pause, to catch up with my writing by hand, as we went along or to clarify some detail to strengthen the narrative. I would then type out from my handwritten notes, underlining doubts, and passages that needed clarification or more information. As we progressed, I began to type directly as we spoke, eliminating the handwritten step. I read the script many times, proofing and editing to achieve an account that could be read and understood by Indian and non-Indian readers. The narrative is simple and straightforward to reflect her personality and as close to the flavor of her diction and speech as I could achieve. I have not invented or embellished any of her answers, only striven to translate them as best as I can. The extraneous addition is this foreword I deemed as necessary—a section to introduce her as she is largely unknown to the public.

As we progressed, my pauses began to occur for other reasons. Her vast yogic knowledge, and innumerable mystical experiences were stunning and profound in their output and scope—beyond my own level of consciousness. I had to ask her to repeat herself and elucidate things she was revealing. Sometimes, I had to stop in sheer marvel, to take a breath, in awe of the land India is—thinking how many innumerable gems like her, are unknown, not seeking fame or limelight. If she had announced herself to the world, would she be like so many famous gurus or masters we hear about, has been a question in my mind. Toward the end of the interview this musing was answered by a comment of hers that neither numbers or fame are the goal of yoga or her seeking. When this interview is published, her hope is that it should reach only those who truly need some succor in their practices and would not defile her Master’s teachings with negativity. Due to her may her Master never have to receive a slur, was her emotional sentiment.

I first met Ramakka in 1992 by ‘chance’. I was a chronic asthmatic and after an especially debilitating episode, visited my cousin’s house close to the A.G colony opposite the ESI hospital. My father, a scientist at IICT (formerly known as RRL) drove me there. Visiting my aunt that day was her friend Suvarchala. She observed my condition—I was quiet and immovable in a chair, breathing laboriously. Saddened by my plight, from a sense of compassion, she asked if I would consider meeting her sister, Rama who was a healer. I agreed, in respect to the compassion she was extending. A few days later, I visited the family at their home in the journalist colony in Jubilee hills. I was warmly welcomed by both sisters. On a second visit, Suvarcahala aunty hosted me for almost week—I will never forget her hospitality—this was the India I grew up in, people extended naturally with no expectations of thank yous or something in return like the ‘hallmark card’ culture of the West. This was the ‘way of life’ the signature of India’s culture—a give and take, of mutual sustenance, a natural guiding law. I saw that law operational in my parents’ home while growing up in Hyderabad, and in innumerable homes and lives around me. It is within the cellular fabric of every Indian, even though it is masked in our time of consumerism and splintered community in an era of globalism.

Ramakka asked me to sit opposite her cross-legged on the floor. She murmured a prayer and seconds later was lost in a trance. We sat like that for about forty-five minutes, I tried not to fidget, gazing at her face, wondering what was happening behind those closed eyelids. When she opened her eyes, she was quiet for a few seconds, and then began to describe not just my primary physical symptoms but also a secondary one that was not apparent to anyone. She relayed what was revealed to her about my health and the antidote. One remarkable comment from that initial meeting was a message. She said I was not on ‘this path’, but belonged to another, and would walk it someday; in the present moment I was under the care of the Sufi Parsi saint Meher Baba. I had never heard of the saint, and I was not familiar with Sufism. Her uncanny insight unfolded eight years later when I was initiated on the Sufi path by Pir Vilayat Khan in August 2000—an unusual step for a Brahmin Niyogi woman—as a Hindu, I had the latitude to explore another spiritual path—and meld it with my Hindu sensibility with no sense of conflict. Ramakka had foreseen it eight years prior. I executed the antidote she suggested with her guidance—and thus began my first interaction with a living mystic—a blessed friendship was set in motion that day and has continued for almost three decades.

My first impression of her was a simple woman in a simple sari, about five feet tall, and rounded, her toothy smile was genuine. Perhaps, one would not notice her on the street as she was like a million other simple Telugu women, her face unadorned but for the *kajal(kohl)* and *botu,* (bindi, red dot worn between the eyes) wearing a simple oiled braid. Her culture and bearing reminded me of my paternal grandmother’s and so many other South Indian women—inculcated with a timeless way of life and world view. But her eyes were not ordinary, black and glittering they were a pair of lit jewels sparkling like nothing I’d seen. Her yogic status was impossible to discern from the outside, she did not project a piety or spiritual stature, there was no trace of egoism or posturing; she wasn’t simmering in self-importance; she neither exerted to win your esteem nor was she superior or condescending. She simply was herself, unaffected by people, loving them, seeing them as participants in a divine play, worthy, simply because of it. As years passed, I also understood she was extremely naïve in worldly matters, and wise in spiritual matters—an apparent contradiction but not uncommon in this type of personality.

As I got to know her, I began to learn some basic facts. Her guru was Master C.V.V, an intriguing yogic Master who had lived in Kumbakonam. He scripted coded prayers in English for his disciples to chant, repeat or to be initiated with. He, like, Sri Aurobindo was more interested in the future and quality of the human race and had a similar ideology to the supramental. When Ramakka sits down to meditate on a problem or question, within seconds she is in the presence of Master C.V.V on the astral plane. She receives his feedback, emerges from her trance and humbly relays the message, never as her own—but from Master C.V.V. The process is mind boggling. In her trances she is able to witness any time in history. Once to a question about the Mahabharata from my brother, she simply sat down, entered a trance, was shown the particular scene, remerged and conveyed what she saw. The veils that exist between dimensions of consciousnesses, realms and time, do not exist for her, as they do for you and me. So many times, she has completed a sentence for me when I struggle to convey a mood, query or problem. In my direst times of need, her perception is profound, going past the superficial occurrence.

She returns from her trance-states with knowledge she could not know ordinarily. She is given insights into past lives, the individual’s karma, sometimes their future and events yet to come. Often the antidotes to ailments seem almost ludicrous; she would be embarrassed to relate them if she has been any less surrendered to her Master. She always conveys exactly what is revealed to her saying the Masters know of things beyond our knowing. She sees herself only as a channel and her obedience is unswerving to her Master’s will. From spiritual anecdotes, to karmic antidotes, yogic knowledge, simple homilies, compassionate advice, guidance and help—I’ve been fortunate to learn of many things over the years—to benefit from her soothing counsel in times of need—her feedback is precise not vague or flimsy posturing spiritual abilities. When she speaks, her counsel is accompanied by spontaneous examples and metaphors derived from life. It often reminds me of how Ramakrishna Paramahamsa taught. Her mind is not honed in scholarship but in knowledge of the underlying systems that govern life—revealed to her directly—so she is able to fish effortlessly from life around her, and enlighten from it.

In all the years I’ve known her, her humility has been a dominant trait, she is truly a devotee of God and has never thought herself worth a paisa or penny in the Lord’s eyes. Not once have I heard her speak ill of anyone, mock, belittle or hear a contradictory comment or meaner sentiment slip; an abiding compassion is her hallmark. She is alert to herself self-correcting where she feels correction is needed. “We are one in the eyes of God,” I have heard her say again and again deeply respecting all people as intrinsically spiritual. Not once has she complained or exhibited fear about her own misfortunes and hardship. She actually does not perceive hardship or tests; everything is the will of God or Master C.V.V, and is acceptable; God loves all absolutely without erring, is her firm conviction.

She brushes off her yogic experiences, her trances, her inner journeying, wisdom and vast knowledge about mystical realms. It is the grace of God, not her qualification is her opinion. She has had experiences with almost every form of Godhead without borders that one assumes. She has had innumerable visions of Krishna, Jesus, the mother, Buddha, myriad saints and other spiritual luminaries over the past five decades. Every sentence of hers is punctuated with a reference to Master C.V.V and she terminates all conversations with ‘Master’s blessings. Master’s grace’. Not highly educated in formal terms, hers is the most cultured mind I have met. Her naiveté in worldly matters is pronounced, but her sensibility is matured in soul wisdom.

I observe that we live in very beguiling and disappointing times of false teachers that crash and burn in various scandals. Many pose as gurus, and manage to conduct flourishing careers on the spiritual path. No one can be sure of who or what is genuine because so many personalities are so convincing. Spiritual knowledge is rampant and no longer a secret doctrine passed on from a guru to a few selected truly ready disciples. We are all the disciples of youtube accessing a myriad of Masters—who knows, perhaps, this is the need of the time to battle the negativity and darkness in our times. I am not qualified to judge anyone but feel a true realized soul can be ascertained by how she/he makes you feel after an interaction or in their presence. Great knowledge of the scriptures, oratory, scholarship, powers, are not necessarily the proof of an enlightened soul. Compassion is. Those that give us hope for our lives, whose touch is uplifting, whose compassion is palpable, who is intuitive, whose humility is deep-souled—this is the proof of a teacher who has conquered his own lower self and attained some spiritual eminence. I doubt there are more than a handful of such souls at any given time. Every phone call or personal interaction with Ramakka (as most of us call her; *akka* is an honorific for elder sister) has uplifted me and given me hope for my own being and life. There is a universal compassion in her that is genuine, that is a result from her spiritual knowledge and insights.

Ramakka’s only interest in doing this interview was to convey the glory of her master. I have had too many interactions with her and hearsay from acquaintances who have sought her help, to not believe she is genuine and sincere. Her unfaltering devotion to God is what one reads about in the annals of India’s saints. She is a saint of remarkable character, a living testimonial to India’s yogic systems.

**INTERVIEW**

**Ramakka, could you share details about your childhood, youth and early spiritual experiences.**

June 10, 2020

I was born in Amalapuram in East Godavari district. I have two brothers and eight sisters. I am the 6th in line. When my mother was pregnant with me, they did *Rama Pattabhishekham* (ritual coronation of Lord Rama), hence I was named Ramalakshmi. I was named by my aunt. My father’s name was Pattaneni Visvesvara Rao and my mother’s name Satyavani. Mostly, my father managed his ancestral agricultural lands. My father’s father was a *karanikam* (a Telugu term for an official in the government service.) in Krapa Chintalapudi. My mother’s father joined in the freedom struggle; his name was Cherukulada Venkatanarasimham *pantulu.*(honorific term of respect) He was an LIC agent and ran a school. I grew up in Amalapuram till the age of six or seven. Both my father and my grandfather received the citation ‘tamara patra grahitha.’ in recognition of their work with the freedom struggle movement.

We moved to grandfather, Venkatanarasimham pantulu’s house in Tanuku. I lived in Tanuku till I was about twelve years of age. We then moved to Mummadivaram, my father managed lands in Krapa Chintalapudi, as I mentioned. I accompanied my sister Bharatidevi for an eligibility test in school in Tanuku. I was educated at home till that point. My high school education was in Mummadivaram (8th-10th). I joined SKBR college for my B. Com for one year. I discontinued my studies to help my sister Susheela Devi as she needed help with her young son at home. She worked as a telephone operator in PNT. I was 16 or 17 years old. I have been in Hyderabad mostly since then. Around 18 years of age I returned to Tanuku to help my mother take care of my grandmother. I tried to complete my B. Com privately, I even studied for three years but could not complete it. I spent a year in Bangalore with another sister Suvarchala devi. My father passed away peacefully in Tanuku. He knew astrology and had noted down his death. I forget if he passed away in 1976 or 1977. I lived with Suvarchala akka in Hyderabad when she settled down there. Our family was of the *Aruvelu niygi* community (Telugu Brahmin sect). Now I live with sister Kalyani and her family.

The earliest memory of my spiritual life goes back to when I was very young, I barely knew how to speak so I must have been two-year-old or younger. The image in my mind is of the row of mattresses we laid out on the terrace each evening to sleep, from bigger sizes to the small ones. Mine was the smallest due to my size. I used to sleep looking at the trees, stars and sky. I used to feel Nature woke me up every day and conversed with me. Every day, the same experience occurred, of being woken by her, it was not a language as we know it, but she conveyed to me the thought somehow, “Idi kaadu, idi kaadu nuvvu cheyalsindi”, *It is not this, it is not this, that you should be doing.* Somehow, I could understand this telepathically though it was not an actual voice in an actual language. It used to tell me what I had to do though I couldn’t comprehend it in my young mind. I used to wake up and cry at times and my father would lovingly carry me on his shoulders consoling me. This went on for years. No one knew of it, as I could not convey it. My *adhyatmika* (spiritual) life started very young in a silent way. As I learned how to speak, I began to be able to put into words for myself things that were happening to me.

My parents were not orthodox but we lived in a disciplined and regulated way common to all Brahmin families. Hygiene, cleanliness, pujas and discipline were important. Parents lit the lamp every day, we made *naivedyam* (food offering to the deity), and offered it to the Gods in the puja space. The older siblings took care of the younger. We were taught things like reading the clock, first aid, slokas and had to teach the younger ones in turn. My father liked films but my mother didn’t like them. In those days some felt they could be a bad influence and it was better to keep children way from them. My father’s parents died before I was born. In Tanuku, there were lots of trees in my grandfather’s house’s garden. I remember the bougainvillea.

My mother loved singing and sang many compositions of Tyagraja and others like Muthuswami Dikshitar, and Shyama Shastri in Carnatic music We grew up listening to *stotrams, dandakalu, ashtakalu,* Bhagavatam *slokams,* Bala Ramayanam—all these songs praising God and his many *leelas* (the wondrous deeds and playtime of God). We knew all this by heart. We had to recite them every morning in front of the sun, and only then were we allowed our simple morning food of *sadanam* (leftover rice from dinner), and *taravani*—rice soaked in *ganji* with salt, lemon and jeera/cumin in an earthen pot. These are my memories of Amalapuram. We were taught to do simple house chores when young and had to help in the home. We were taught not to waste anything as Gandhi’s ideologies teach. Everything was to be used, not wasted.

*Amma* (mother) used to keep singing all through the twenty-four hours of the day. I was fortunate to be born to such parents. While she sang, I would see God, my face would be buried in her lap and tears would run down my cheeks with a feeling of *Bhakti* (devotion), though I did not know that word. Something that I didn’t have the name for would overcome me and I felt God’s presence when she sang. It was not a form. I used to feel I was with God and he was all around me. Everything was God. The *bhavam* (emotion) in the ragas used to touch me. God’s *tattvam* (nature/state/truth/isness)was in everything, I could sense it. This was the main thing I remember about my childhood—my mother’s music and how I used to feel when she sang God’s songs.

We used to travel by boat on the Godavari. When the moonlight fell on the water, it was extraordinary to my young mind even then. It was not just the beauty of the moonlight but it was divine, the light on the water, shimmering on the coconut tree leaves, how they used to shine!

To me, when I say God, it is not his form, whether it be Krishna, or Rama—it was always his look, his gaze that I remember from my experiences, and could recognize. I recognized God from the look in the eyes.

A prayer time was allotted every morning at school. After the *jandavandanam* (flag salute) we would say prayers. A *shakti* (energy) would fall upon me at prayer-time sometimes, and I would fall down. I was seven or eight years old. School was innocent and fun with friends, life went on. My older sister was a librarian in Tanuku.

Another early memory was of a paper whirlflower, you know those things that are on a stick and whirl when the wind hits it. I promised not to tear it. I held on to it tight and entered our house which was a very old building (this was in Mummadivaram), I went upstairs and stuck it in the *penkutu* (tiled) roof. It never fell in three years, I kept it safe keeping my word to my mother. It seems like a silly thing, but I was happy to keep my word to my mother.

My older sister Subalakshmi had suffered from an electric shock, and my mother had to travel from Mummadivaram to help her. I was home with my other siblings. *“Devudu”* (God) was my name for all the Gods whatever his form. When my father took us to the movies, I would go to the puja and say, “*Devudu, Devudu,* I am going to a movie but I won’t forget you. Forgive me. I’ll come back and meet you.” I would return, wash my feet and go tell him I was back.

There was never a waking moment when I was not aware of God. Maybe 75-80 % of the time, I was aware of him. I saw him in nature as I mentioned and when I slept, he was in my dreams too.

Another important thing about how we were raised was not to fear animals or snakes. Our house in Mummadivaram had a courtyard, a well, coconut trees and a cow shed. We used to store the coconuts in an attic-space on a rafter above. Snakes were plenty, sometimes in the rafter or by the well. We had no fear, we never killed them, we would gently nudge the coconuts out from the ledge without disturbing a snake if there was one. We were never taught to fear snakes. Even in Tanuku, the snakes were in the open. Our parents would just say, “don’t disturb them, don’t go near them.”

During one year, there was an earthquake in Mummadivaram. My father was out in a small coffee-tiffin place. I was at home with *amma,* we were sitting on the bed, the current (electricity) went out, *amma* asked my sister to bring the lantern (the kerosene lamp). We did not feel a thing even though the table shook where my father was. In the morning, all around us homes had collapsed except our home which was very old. I remember some things like this and it always felt like God was taking care of us.

My father taught us Siva’s heart is Keshava (Vishnu) and Keshava’s heart is Siva. Both are one. God is one. During *Karthika masam* (a month in the Hindu calendar, that typically overlaps October and November), we were allowed to visit the Siva *alayam* (temple)and enter the sanctum sanctorum in Mumadivaram. My father used to wash the *lingam* (a symbolic representation of Siva), and we used to help him to clean the temple with the water from the well. We used to make *mugus* (rangolis), cook, serve and eat *anam prasadam* (rice offering served first to the deity).

In Mummadivaram, people used to walk on heated coals during some Muslim festivals. I ran across it thrice and my feet didn’t burn. Maybe I was eight or nine. I also participated in a *Jwala Toranam*, another religious ritual by fire in a town in East Godavari.

All these things I mention developed *Bhakti* (devotion for God), and were for the purpose of developing Bhakti—this was a way of life for most people—that is the wonderful thing, I was not doing anything special. I was more on the devotional path till I came to Master C.V.V’s path and developed as a yogi. I used to love Krishna somehow since I was very little.

When I was twelve or thirteen, I had a dream—these dreams were like trances, many times they happened during the day when I was awake, and I would lose awareness of my own self. Lord Siva came home, in that dream-trance, he sat by my side, put a rose and copper coin in my hand and said, ‘I will marry you.” He asked me to bring my diaries to him from the next room. I was puzzled but obeyed. We had an almirah in the house, so I went to the almirah in the next room, opened it and saw snakes around the diaries. Siva said, “tell them I am here.” They slithered away, and I brought the diaries to him. Later on, I wrote so many diaries of my yogic life with Master C.V.V. Lord Siva showed it to me this way years before.

***Continued on June 19, 2020***

Almost, every minute was immersed in a love for God. When I was very young, I did not have the terms or knowledge to know what I was experiencing. I did not know it was *dhyana* (trance/meditation). It happened effortlessly all the time. I would slip into it naturally.

This was before my yogic life with Master CVV. In my dreams, God—*Swami and ammavaru* (god and the goddess)—used to appear as ordinary people in my dream and trances. I used to recognize God from the look, from his or her gaze. When I recognized them, I would hold their feet and cry, “I want to stay with you.”

I was about fifteen or sixteen, we had a school holiday that day. I was relaxing in those old wicker chairs in which you can lean back (plantation chairs). It was a summer day with a cool breeze. I slipped into a state of *dhyana*. And said to myself, I was leaving to see *my “asalu devadu”* (real God). A group of women and male *rishis* accompanied me as we rose in the air, higher and higher. We reached the Sun God. He was a young lad of sixteen. He asked me to sit on his chariot. I refused knowing that was not my destination. A rishi took me further on till we reached a place, and said he could come no further, from thereon it was my journey alone. It was some kind of enclosure and there was a room beyond it. And I knew my God was in the inner room. In the first room, a lion was asleep. And there was a black snake. I needed to bypass it. Another animal entered, (I don’t know the name of this animal), and fought with the lion and died. Then, the snake fell upon the lion, and both died simultaneously injuring each other. I went into the inner room. There was a concrete ledge in the middle room with an idol of Krishna on it. It turned into the living Lord Krishna. There was a thought in my mind, *aithe idi enduku?* (Then, why this? Meaning the physical body). My body split into the five elements. Like an orange breaks into segments. Only the consciousness of “I am” remained, and I was about to merge into Lord Krishna. At that very second, I thought I had to continue to be separate to worship him, “you should be you, and me, me.” And then, Lord Krishna said, *“aithe ikada enduku”* (then why remain here?). My wish came true. In a split second I fell into the body and the whole world materialized again. I awakened from my trance back in the chair and upon waking told my elder sister about it. I felt bad that I had not completed the process of becoming one with the Lord.

After a few years, in Tanuku or Amalapuram, I had an inner experience again. I was seated on a ladder. Someone was saying, “I am God, I am God.” I said, “not anyone or everyone can be God or is God. Can you become the smallest of the smallest or the biggest of the biggest?” I said, “can you become like the wind?” I got off the ladder and at the doorstep, my nephew, Vasu who was an infant said he would come with me, as he didn’t want anything, not his mother or father. There was a big light filling the sky, bright and so big. My sister called my name, “Ramu”, that was my pet name but I disregarded it and I jumped into the light. I merged in it. And when I came to there was a great happiness that unlike the last time, I had now merged with him.

All through the years when I watched nature, I used to dissolve in it, as I mentioned. The seer dissolved in the seen. Prakriti, my responses to my mother’s music, trance states, these things kept happening since I was little. I am not a great Guru or a famous yogi or *gyani* (scholar, enlightened in knowledge). I want to tell you these things so Master *garu’s* (garu is a Telugu honorific conveying respect to a senior or elder) work is known to more.

**When and how did you come to Master C.V.V’s path?**

In 1983, I was staying with my sister Suvarchala in Domalguda near the Liberty theater in Hyderabad. Her husband was a journalist in Andhra Prabha. Veturi Prabhakar Sastry garu, was known as a direct medium of Master C.V.V. Our family’s relationship to master C.V.V began with my mother. She was married young, and came down with bronchitis. She was taken to Veturi Prabhakar Sastry garu in Madras and she became better. This story was known to all of us as children. Another incident as a child was my dislocated shoulder got better when my sister pledged, she would give me to Master C.V.V. I got better. It seemed like a sign, when I think back.

My elder sister and her friends, mostly journalists’ wives, decided to receive initiation from Sarvari garu, another disciple of Master C.V.V, and I accompanied them. We reached the place, in Gandhinagar. We entered the hall and were offered something to eat and were told not to do prayers on an empty stomach. There was a bust size photo of Master C.V.V and a few small pamphlets with prayers and words. On one page it said, *if you see a light it is fulfillment, if you see Master C.V.V it is the highest in your dhyana*. And I thought, I wanted the highest. Suddenly, without taking the initiation, my eyes closed, stuck together like glue. My palms raised automatically into the *namaskaram* (namaste, Hindu gesture of greeting) that is done as part of C.V.V’s invocation prayer—which I had not yet received. And a wave arose from the base of my spine to the top of my head, swaying along my spine as it went up. It was an energy, it was moving and everything became light, my body had no gravity. It went up and came down. My eyes were filled with tears. And Master C.V.V was seated from my heart to the top of my head, he occupied that space of those chakras. I did not know the terms *Anahata* or *Sahsrarara* or know anything about the chakras then.

My sister nudged me and I came out of my trance. People were entering the hall. We approached Sarvari garu for our initiation. He gave me *vibhuti* (ash).And he gave me the prayer/initiation. Again, the same experience repeated itself of the energy going up and coming down. I opened my eyes. “You are doing well,” he said and gave us some instructions, “drink buttermilk regularly, maintain a diary, wash hair at least twice a week due to the heat generated by the yoga.” I remember that we bought a book for Rs. 10 and a photo of Master C.V.V before leaving.

The next morning, I woke up around 5.15 am. I got ready to do the prayers I had been initiated with. I leaned against the wall where the *bindis* were kept (steel pots that contain drinking water). And suddenly, the process began again, without me saying the prayers. All kinds of workings started to happen within. I opened my eyes automatically after some time.

At three p.m. I was about to drink coffee my sister had prepared for me But, went into a trance state. I was not conscious of what was happening, things were happening without my volition. I was making mudras, movements, again, the working began. This went on for days.

**What do you mean by workings?**

We are very old souls. We incarnate over *yugas,* (large spans of time in Hindu cosmogony), from time so old. We’ve been trees, animals, all living things. In Master C.V.V’s yoga, we experience these states again within; deep rooted *vasnanas* (left over impressions) remain, the seed remains; we are seeded with innumerable experiences. It gets worked out in *Dhyana* and is expressed in workings within the body.

For example, I started experiencing the inner truths in the Ramayana and puranas in my *Dhyana* states. These stories are evolutionary stories of the soul. I experienced their inner essence. As you experience these inner symbols, sometimes the hands automatically make various mudras or there are workings in the body in Master C.V.V’s yoga. **It happens in a language beyond thought.**

We are *jivatmas.* Imagine, a massive light like the sun, or a big flame. See how a flame emits embers, sparks fly from it. This is how we come from God, we differentiate from it and we have to go back. We call it Devudu/God/Paramatma. *Jivas* are like embers, they come out, and have to go back. Each spark splits into two and begins a journey separately. At some point after many individual experiences and lifetimes they meet again. And then reach out for God.

Creation is programmed in each *jivatma.* And the program keeps running. Everything the *jiva* does is recorded. Fruits are recorded and generated. Free will or choice exists to some extent but whatever turn you take at a Y junction; you have to experience cause and effect. A *jivatma* leaves a footprint that is recorded in all of creation, in all of its layers, in the planets, in the *pancha bhutalu.* It is very difficult to describe these cosmic footprints or imprints and how it happens and where they are stored. Unlike animals, human beings have *buddhi.* And individual *buddhi* generates *karma.* *Karma* is a very complex law; we cannot imagine its intricacies.

The human being is connected to the earth. Both influence each other. If the earth changes, humans change; if humans change, the earth changes. Master C.V.V’s yoga intends to rectify the defects in the whole of creation. God’s programs, how he works is beyond our comprehension.

**6/25/2020**

For 2 ½ days the workings went on accompanied by various yogic experiences, they happened naturally without control. At times my tongue would roll back and stick to my upper palette. My body moved like a snake. I had no thirst or hunger. There was light within. I was shown many things. I was shown the cosmos, upper dimensions, planets and beings from other planets. I was shown the workings of this entity called the human being or *jiva.* Like in a factory, the mechanism of a thing, how it works, how the brain and body are connected… I was shown how emotions are born, triggered, how they manifest and unfold from level to level. Master showed me so many things, how things work.

(Explaining and clarifying what she meant by the *Ramayana* being enacted or experienced within):

The *Puranas, Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* were revealed. Take a story, the essence of it, like the *Ramayana.* All the characters are within you. These are stories about yogic processes. The inner workings correspond to the symbolic personalities in the story. My body used to undergo the processes symbolized in those stories.

There were a lot of snake like movements in the physical movements. The energy could not be controlled. My body used to automatically do all these things. My brother-in-law became concerned by the third day. So, we went back Sarvari garu’s home which was in Gandhinagar, near Ashok nagar. Now, the family lives in Trimulgiri. He asked me to pray, I did, and the movements started again without any control. His wife put some *vibhuti* on my forehead, perhaps, she thought it would quieten the body down. Sarvari garu asked me to return with my diaries and didn’t say anything else. We returned home by auto. The next morning, I was paralyzed. It was as if someone had locked me neck down. My brother-in-law loved classical music and was listening to Bismillah Khan. And somehow the music of the *shehnai* (wind musical instrument) brought back the prana into my limbs gradually. He was playing various musicians like Panna Lal Ghosh. The music revived me. I was able to get up and sit in a chair. We went back with the diaries and left them there. This paralysis occurred on May 25th and I returned on the 29th for my diaries.

There was no clarification or guidance as to what was happening to me. I even told him I was not afraid, it was so beautiful, I was filled with bliss, a soothing energy for which there are no words. After this experience, I made a strong resolve to not go to anyone. I was bestowed with a direct link to Master C.V.V by his grace. Since then, I practice alone, and have maintained diaries of my experiences. Year after year Master garu has been transmitting knowledge and yoga secrets. I do not get ordinary dreams. I don’t dream in general. The workings were non-stop for a long time. I decided not to marry on the second day after my initiation, and dedicate my life to yoga. It became a twenty-four-hour affair, it went on inside; that energy had an intelligence, pausing when I had housework and resuming when I was at rest.

I began to see Master C.V.V when I sat down to say my prayers. I saw him in all my chakras. I saw him, communicated with him. (Laughing) he spoke to me first in Tamil, English and then Telugu. I think he was teasing me.

Our chakras are not on the physical body but on the *sukshma shariram.* The astral releases itself, and can travel while the body is stationary or sleeping. I once went to Manasoravar while in *Dhyana,* I was bathing in it and could see my body below me in the room as well. It is beyond words. I have left my body this way hundreds of times. I have not counted. It happened naturally and normally, I am aware either of the exit or entry. The astral can travel anywhere in the *Brahmandam.* (cosmos).This *jiva* is also called the *pindandam.*

**Who is Master C.V.V? His philosophy, cosmogony and teaching?**

I think a lot has been written about him in books. I can only tell you what he is to me. The truth is eternal, it is *Sanatana Dharma* (the eternal law). The rishis received the truth. They knew the connections between the *Pindandam* and *Brahmandam. (Part 2 will deal more on her revelations of Master C.V V.’s yoga)*

There are thirteen stages in *Nirgunam* (formless mode of Godhead) that need to be ascended. Creation is like images in a TV set created by waves. The entire past, present, future of creation, of every *jiva* is recorded, every bit of it is recorded—this is difficult to put in words but very clear in my experience. There is a space/level/dimension where the records exist. I’ve been there many times. All knowledge that you can imagine that was, is and is to be, is there as a record—pranic healing, raja yoga, kriya yoga, so many thousands of systems of spirituality and yogas—are all embedded in Master C.V.V Yoga. It contains all streams and paths.

Everything in this huge cosmos, not just the earth, but in the *Brahmanda* is going on and on. Gigantic things happen, planets revolve, there are suns and suns, everything is in motion, it goes on for *yugas* (large tracts of time in Hindu cosmogony) with *jivas* (soul/individual entity) coming and going—and evolving. At some point there is a *pralayam*, an entire dissolution; then it begins again. Everything has a span, a mosquito, maybe a few hours, a dog, ten years, man, a hundred; it is just a matter of time-gap. But everything is within creation coming and going. We cannot imagine the scale of this.

Master C.V.V’s yoga brings divinity into creation, brings it down into the earth and into the system of man. It is not just about man ascending to God.

Since I was very young, I used to ponder that so many spiritual luminaries came and went but the earth just goes on with all its imperfections. At the core of my being this question haunted me. Maybe that’s why I came to Master C.V.V’s path. Because his yoga is trying to rectify all of creation, make adjustments for the evolution of creation itself.

The saints as we call them so are *jivan muktis*, they are beyond the law of karma and return in the physical body to help earth. Babaji, the great yogi we hear of, is one rare entity who is not subject to the law of time.

Everything is karma. Take this talk now. It is a karma, with implications. Our breathing, our blinking, all this is karma leaving an imprint. There are implications we cannot foresee to every karma. For example, this talk, will it come out as a book, as an interview, or nothing, we don’t know. It is being recorded as it happens in an unseen dimension. Time unfolds it gradually. We are unaware of the seed intention behind actions. Every action, every adjustment and its consequences are recorded in all of creation mentioned below:

5 *jnanaindriyas (five sense organs)*

5 *pancha buthas (five elements of nature)*

10 *dasadikulu (directions like North, South, East, West, North-east etc., earth and akasham)*

4 levels of *antahkarana: manasu, buddhi, chittam, ahankaram (interior organs- mind, intellect, memory and ego.)*

A human being is a *jiva* (soul/individual entity) constructed with these special endowments i.e. the *jnanaindriyas* and 4 levels of *antahkarana.*

Evolution happens from *jivanam*, a desire or impulse to grow. Within us the desire *to be* causes evolution. It is an *anu ‘s* process of evolution. A *jiva* evolves from mineral state to the plant to animals to human. *Yugas* and *yugas* go on for this process to happen. We can’t imagine how many *yugas* go by from this first impulse to becoming a human being. That’s why the sages said the human life is a blessing, it does not come easily and should be used wisely for God realization.

Master garu showed me how seeds germinate in the earth, he showed me what happens in the process from a seed to a tree. He has shown me things before they happened like Indira Gandhi’s death. He has revealed so many things. He once showed me what milk was, broke it down and showed me. There are no words for my Master. Sometime he has enabled me to hear people talking in their homes. So many *siddhis* (powers) come and go in this yoga. In this yoga astonishing things happen. But the most important thing is divinity is operating in every atom of creation.

Evolution can speed up. Only man has this ability to change himself, conquer himself, make a choice to turn the *indriyas (sense organs)* inward. The progress depends on the work we put in. Master garu is interested in universal transformation, the individual’s transformation is a part of it. We are helped all the time from beings in higher dimensions. Only man has the power to change creation too.

What we normally understand by *moksha* is that the karmic ties that impel life drop off, the knots untie and the momentum from thousands of births ceases. The *karma janma* ceases. Births based on karma cease. But evolution continues going on level to level.

We are helped constantly by Nature. She is giving each of us exactly what we need all the time, she reveals to the extent we are capable of receiving. Every moment is perfect in life, it is happening exactly as it should. There are reasons for everything. Why this work with you is happening now, only *Srishti* (Nature; the living Goddess as creation) knows. I’ve known you for decades. But why now? Do you remember the first time we began this work? It was a very odd time and late in the night for you, it was not a normal time of day—and you called me suddenly. It means something was important for you within your system to undertake this work precisely at that time and for creation’s plan—unaware even to your conscious mind. Like this, many things have to come together for anything to happen in life from big world events to an individual’s life. Everything is interconnected, nothing is chance. There is a precision to life beyond our understanding. From the biggest to smallest, things are arranged, coordinated and in synchronicity. Everything is programmed.

Everyone is special. We are drops in the ocean; each is an important drop.

**Where are souls coming from, so many millions?**

*July 15th night 10-12.45 a.m.*

An *anu* (the stage before the atom) divides into two; and each part can have multiple manifestations at once. It is too hard to explain. Things happen so fast, so simultaneously, worlds come and go in a blink. All of the universe is a *mayic* (*maya,* cosmic veiling power of God) experience and it is all of *Bhagavat tattvam.* A movie, needs actors, dialogue writers, lights, camera, a screen –so many things are needed to produce a human creation, and a film cannot project without all of this. But as all powers are God, he can manifest everything, bring worlds into being in split seconds, it is an infinite power constantly manifesting. We cannot imagine even the constituents of a mineral, imagine creation then! The power of it, of the material existence, of the cosmos! Nature does this all so naturally. So, similarly within us are so many worlds, in our thinking and imagination. Every thought, desire, intention is a world in itself. We do everything by thought, everything is revealed by thought. How do we understand things, know meaning? How do the sensations work naturally—all of it is embedded within the functioning of creation. This *tattvam* of the divine becomes everything, the force within makes everything move and exist. Imagine the power of that force that can run everything like this for time periods beyond our understanding.

**Your visions of the Masters?**

When the yoga process happens within there is a path of light from plane from plane, one moves on this path of light. Along with it there is a *nadam* or sound which is *Omkaram* and another sound, another subtler sound within *Om/Omkaram;* we hear it within every *nadi* (channel)*.* From *nadi* to *sookshmam* to the infinite universe—everything is replicated—in the physical, astral, etheric. From the *sookshmam* to the universe–everything is linked and replicated, the same model is multiplied. (from gross to subtle, subtler, subtlest: *sthoola* (physical), *sookshmam* (subtle/etheric), *sookshmataram/karana* (causal/astral), *sookshmatamam* (universal; *Brahma* *tattvam).* There are many planes in the universe. Microcosm to macrocosm is identical. Whether the water is in the ocean or in a mug or a drop, its characteristics is the same.

An *Anu* is not different from its characteristics like sound or light or water or *akasam* or *akash*. We use different words for things but they coexist with characteristics. The ratio differs in matter, that is all.

In one of the workings I went through, the energy in the chakras moves this way: from *muladharam* to *svaddhistana,* it then comes back to *muladharam;* it then goes to *manipuram,* returns to *muladharam;* from *muladharam* it goes to the *anahatam,* comes back to *muladharam;* then to *ajna* from *muladhara,* and back; then from *muladhara* to *hitu* ( a chakra close to the Visuddhi) and back; from *muladhar*a to *sahasrara.* When workings like this happen in the *chakras* the various deities and their *shaktis,* like Radha-Krishna, Ardhanarishvara, Lakshmi-narayan *tattvam* get activated. Not the *roopams* (form), but the *shakthis* (powers) of these *tattvams,* are activated.

*Radha-Krishna tattvam* is love, a love exists between planets, between all the revolving things, they revolve due to the *prema tattvam.* There is no clash, it is a law of harmony with laws and boundaries that govern it; they work together in synchronicity (like the construction of a building wherein all workers cooperate and synchronize doing their allotted work).

*Ardhanarishvaram tattvam* is matter-energy complement. Kalidasa used the phrase, *vacardham* (sound and meaning): *padam* and *ardham* go together (word and meaning). A cup and its utility co-exist.

*Lakshmi-narayan* *tattvam* is the ability to project or manifest a work.

*Saraswati-Brahma tattvam*—is a *Srishti tattvam,* it’s a symbol for the creator and creation. Saraswati playing the veena or dancing is an expression of the yogic process in the body depending on what is happening in the *nadi.* When you do this work now, for example, or when you write poetry, that is the working of Sarasvati, the working of the *Dev*i as Sarasvati.

All the gods are within, these are all aspects within. These are symbolic expressions of yogic workings within the *nadis.* Gods and goddesses are all within. All of the universe is within. God fills everything, with his *tattvam.* There is nothing that exists without that impulse, even in the evilest of beings, the core somewhere carries the spark.

***Visions of Gods:***

**Buddha:** I did not know it was Buddha Jayanti. Once, I saw him meditating. With my open eyes. He was floating in the ether. He had an effulgence, shining in saffron; and once I saw him in brilliant white. He gave me a *kalasam* and glass that was absorbed in my heart. It means that in my yogic workings, I was experiencing the essence of his teaching.

**Christ:** Twice, I saw him. Once on a Good Friday and then on Dec 25th. I saw him sitting showing me he had come back; he was with mother Mary. His compassion was infinite. In the vision he showed me a scene of being stabbed by someone and there was not the least alteration in his face. His forgiveness was complete. He was holding me, as being held by a mother. He told me there would be destruction, and he would come again.

Once I saw him walking ahead of me during daylight. For a few seconds.

**Raghavendra Swami:** I didn’t know who he was when I saw him. I was sitting and saw a *brindvanam*, he was playing the veena. I wondered who he was. And another time he was in the ether.

**Satya Sai Baba:** Suddenly, he appeared in the ether blessing me.

**Shirdi Baba:** Some friends were visiting us from Mumbai. I went to the railway station. And was sitting on a bench. He appeared in a *khafni,* (long shirt) hand raised in blessing and said, ‘Come to Shirdi”. I did not know who he was. As soon as my friends got off the train, I blurted, “what is Shirdi, where is it?” They said it was a sacred place. I left with them when they returned home to Mumbai.

I went to Shirdi and had his darshan. I always used to feel there was another me in me, that was separate, it never interfered in anything. This one in me, used to console me. Always, looked at me with sweetness and love. I never wanted or desired love from anyone else. I knew it (this me) was with me in good and bad. *‘Nene’.* There is another me, I am the one who consoles me. It was always with me. When I got my darshan in Shirdi, as soon as I saw his eyes in the temple, I realized that he was that *‘nene’*. The gaze of God that I knew since childhood was his gaze. This was God. This God was with me. There was no second in me after that.

**Krishna:** When I was young, I was walking one day, I was climbing stairs and saw Krishna, rays of light from Krishna’s hand and flute. God used to be crystal clear. I used to see Krishna a lot. I have seen him in all forms, as a crawling infant, and other ages; Krishna *tattvam* kept working within me. I have seen him so many times, I can’t count.

(Nothing is negative, it is like a cleaning of a home, it appears as negative, you dust a home there is dust everywhere, people can’t visit, is it good or bad? Fever in the body, is that good or bad as it resets the body. Always there is positive and negative co-existing).

**Sri Rama:** I was working at some silly job as a typist or something. Nothing lasted for very long. I had learnt Lower shorthand and didn’t have much brain for studies. I was at the Koti bus stop. It was rohini kalam. It was very hot. I was in a crowd. Kalyani was with me. A rickshaw was being dragged ahead in the sun. He said ‘Rama’, perhaps, due to the toil. As soon as he uttered that word, within me, the *nadis* conjoined and I experienced Rama and Sita as myself. I became that and uttered ‘Babu’. He went ahead. And then he came back, leaving the rickshaw. ‘Amma did you call me?’ Of all the people there on the street, he came to me directly. I bought him a maaza, he drank it. And he was about to fall at my feet. We prostrated to each other. It was a joyful moment that no one could understand. People were staring at us. Our bus came and we left.

**Hanuman:** I went to an Anjaneya swami temple in Adikmeti. I became him on bowing to him, and Sita Rama were in front of me. I cannot explain how these things happen.

**Devi:** Used to experience various forms and names of *Ammavaru* (Devi or the mother goddess).Within my dhyanam or dreams. Reason, shakti, lokam, purpose, aspect of that particular form –I used to realize it instantly with the darshan of the form she took. For example, Kali or Shyamala devi used to appear and her whole meaning used to be revealed instantly. Whatever her form, she used to laugh or smile at me, but she never said “stay” when I would say, “I want to stay with you.” She always wore anklets on her feet, she would give them to me. They would be too big for me but they fit her perfectly. Tulasi maata is Lakshmi. All forms of the goddess are aspects of her. Only Kali, she used to sit on a double-lioned throne, she was the only one, she allowed me to sit with her.

**Surya:** I told you about it.

**Shiva:** I told you about it, I was young. I was once with Suvrachala at a bus stop. A sanyasi passing by told her Shiva was in my heart. I once became Siva in a trance and danced the *tandavam* (Shiva’s dance)

I used to have many experiences with these forms. *Bhagavath tattvam* or *Bhagvanthadu tattvam* (God’s nature or truth) used to unfold in various ways, in various forms. The *tattvam* is one, its forms limitless.

All these happen in seconds. Like a kaleidoscope, creations come and go, always changing at a pace we can’t understand. Are we not changing from birth to death, yet there is an ‘I’ That is how creation changes, it *is* God and Ammavaru at the same time.

**How do you remain positive and even-tempered consistently without complaining?**

7/23/2020

Everyone knows this. For example, you have a goal as a writer, as a poet wanting to do good things for people with your writing, you spend your time on it mainly; other things are of secondary importance. You interact only with people relevant to that. And Nature will arrange it so. She will remove what is not necessary for you. You allot time to it as a choice. So, I too chose yoga as my only focus and learnt over time to put everything else aside. Most people have goals and when the focus is on it, that work becomes important, all else fades away. My work is Master C.V.V’s yoga, all else is secondary.

The process for speech is from the unmanifest to the manifest, is as follows:

1. *Para* (the *vaku* or word that comes from God, the origin is God, it can reveal as a *bhava,* or emotion; a subtle breeze; the origin is in the *Anahata chakra.* We can’t hear it as speech, it is pre-speech, you could get to know it in *dhyana or meditation.*)
2. *Pasyanti, Madhyama* (*pasyanthi and madhyama* originate between the *Anahata chakra* and *Visuddhi chakra; they are an intermediary stage in manifestation.*)
3. *Vaikhari* (speech, human speech; the final stage manifested from the origin.)

What I mean to say is anything in creation at its source is divine and there is a process to its grosser manifestation. A river begins as unseen somewhere in a mountain, that is *para;* it begins its flow with a few drops spaced out, that is *pasyanthi;* then, a string-like flow, that is *madhyama;* and the stream is *vaikhari.* A baby begins unseen in the womb and finally emerges. Like this, anything in creation comes to be in stages but originates in the divine. So, I regard, all things as divine in source.

If we look at anything at its core, it is divine, the origin is divine. People with an aim keep on unfolding that core. Scientists invent things from thought coming from that core from within, it unfolds from within. We can see that the motivation of our speech or work is divine. As I know that all is divine in origin, inspire of its outward expression, I cannot be hurt by anything.

The more we focus on the subtle levels, the grosser vanishes. Let’s say you are very angry or a strong emotion takes over, when you make the choice to write poetry of it, it settles down, and becomes an internal emotion and becomes finer and finer.

*Avagahana* is knowing the reason behind things, if we can think of something without the ego involvement, the grossness of the outer intensity fades away. It is easier to forgive, when we understand the nature of things.

Our responsibility is to know all things are karmic, our karma comes with us, it has to be met, good or bad. We tend to think good is ours and bad is inflicted. If we can understand this law, we will be free of anger or hurt from others.

Past is past. Don’t dwell on it. And no need to think about the future. *The Gita* says the soul is separate from the body, even death should not be mourned.

**Why do some people like form to worship *(sagunam)* and some formless *(nirgunam)?***

The deity helps a person to concentrate. All the deities we know of are not random. They correspond to inner states and are so revealed. As not all meditate, to simplify it, these inner processes or reigning deities were concretized in form. This is a whole area of study. There is a meaning to every color of the goddess, how many hands she has in a form has a meaning too; depending on what we want, we pray to the form. It is harder to go within as the sense organs naturally go outward; it is easier to concentrate on an idol.

*Nirgunam* (formless) worshippers too worship a form or a concept. Take *Om,* though a sound, that too is a form. Form does not mean just an idol. All is *sagunam,* all are forms or expressions of Gods. For example, Annapurna, the goddess of food is not just an idol appearing in a certain way, she is also the very food we eat.

So *sagunam* (form) is everything in creation from gross to subtle. The inner planes are also *sagunam,* even the wind is *sagunam*. Everything that can be known in this body is *sagunam.* Even thought is *sagunam.*

Our ancients prescribed pilgrimages, bathing in waters of certain rivers while saying certain chants that helped in alleviating karmas or for some fruit of action. If you follow it, there are certain benefits. Why three times around the temple? There are inner meanings to it. These things too are *sagunam.*

It is Man who established a religion for every form.

*Nirgunam* has thirteen stages. Only when you cross these thirteen stages do you go to the pure *nirgunam* (formless) stage of God. That state cannot be put in language.

**Where do prayers go?**

There are *lokas*, (worlds/dimensions), these are realities, they exist, some are subtle; the prayers go there, and within as they also exist within. Prayers go where faith is aimed. It goes where the mind is concentrated. Results are faster if the work is within the body and being. As I said, everything inner is also outer, it exists within and without simultaneously.

**How have you changed over time due to your yogic practices?**

There’s been a lot of development in the inner. I have come to know all these things due to Master C.V.V. I know Master C.V.V is observing me. I am very fearless now, my positive thinking increased as I began to do this yoga; we are joy. We are joy, creation is joy, I feel that joy more and more. I have the trust that Master CVV is making everything happen, this, I believe 100%, so there is no need to worry or be anxious. My connection to him happened from my childhood, from the time I dislocated my shoulder and my sister promised to give me to Master CVV. From that moment I feel, my alignment began with him.

There are ups and downs in life, unexpected things happen. I understand that if it comes from others, it is them, not me, or I comfort myself with the sayings of great beings. Everything comes to teach us, to help us overpass personal bonds and attachments. Nature is always giving us experiences to break the lower attachments. Every *jiva* exhibits its *svabhavam* (personal nature). We can’t criticize a gutter for being a gutter. Dogs bark, pigs do what they do, crows *caw caw,* it is not related to us, but to their own nature. We can’t change character and natures. For some time, I tried to look for reasons, and then understood you won’t find them after a point with our limited rational. All of this comes from *Omkar*. So, all this in the end is divine. So, I don’t see anything as personal.

God has created everything for us, from the sun to the sky, it’s all there for us to learn from but very few try to understand the teaching around us or know how to learn from what is given to us.

**What are some of cases that came to you for remedies that stand out in your mind?**

So many questions from others have enlightened me. Master CVV’s remedies to so many problems seemed strange. Sometimes, he even dictated the color of a sari including the border color, or asked someone to walk on the verandah; it would seem there was no connection to the issue. The question and answer seemed so disconnected yet the issue would get remedied.

Sometimes, people who were harmed badly by someone were dictated to regard the very same people as God. When they did that, there was a change in the man and in the circumstances. I realized all things are programmed. I learnt a lot through the issues people brought to me by the things revealed to me. (more information to follow in part 2)

**Why do predictions go wrong?**

I think it is due to two things. Maybe, my ability to get the answer from a pure level of divinity does not happen sometimes, as my mind or ego colors things. 2. Even if the revelation is correct if the person can’t undertake the remedy correctly, it does not fructify.

**Your mission in this lifetime?**

I have come only to pursue Master C. V. V’s yoga. I feel this is a complete yoga, it addresses all of creation. I think I came to this path because this question mattered to me in this life. My Master once told me the purpose of my yoga practice was to be not like the *Marri chetu* (banyan tree) or the *Vyaapa chetu* (neem tree) but to be like the *Asrattham chetu.* What I understand by this is that the purpose is not to give shade to large numbers of people or even for medicinal benefit but to keep the purity of his name and yoga like the Asrattham tree—the tree is normally found in temple compounds, its twigs are used in *homams (sacrificial rituals).* My only prayer is that due to me my Master should not get a bad name. I must not cast a shadow on his glory.

**Miscellaneous comments and teachings**

There are three kinds of devotees. Have you heard of the story of Shankaracharya’s devotee? He walked on water when his guru said, “Come soon”. That kind of devotee understands the Guru’s thoughts even before they are expressed. I think of how my Master has tolerated my ignorance and stubbornness. He has given me so much. I am nothing, the worst of those categories

….

God has created everything for us, from the sun to the sky, it’s all there for us to learn from but very few can understand the teaching around us or know how to learn from what is given to us.

…

Don’t ever think there is no effect of sadhana even if it is not visible. Some works in life are obvious like embroidery, the world can see it. Some are subtler processes, like a cake baking. The heat is working on it and it rises but we don’t see it till it is taken out of the oven. We cannot judge anything from the outside. Inner processes are happening on the inside in subtle realms. Sadhana happens in small steps. These small steps accumulate to change creation. Everything is connected.

…

Take this example, to understand why things don’t happen. You are in a hall. You want to get out fed up of your situation. You try opening the doors, they are locked. You keep trying door after door, they are locked. You are not aware that the purpose of being confined is because you are the performer, your role is waiting for you, figure out what role is being asked of you. Don’t try to get out of the hall, nothing can be escaped.

…

A rishi said there are only two planets (in regard to astrology): hate and love; these two forces determine everything.

…

The masters and God help us a lot. Sometimes, the Guru takes on a lot but has to leave something for the disciple to undergo. Even that small something, we take with a lot of fuss and complaint.

…

There is nothing negative in life, the worst of suffering is only because God wants you to move toward him and away from the world.

…

There should never be any self-importance in the mind. We don’t even know how we digest food. So how can we attribute anything to ourselves?

…

We are one. See how this work happened, the instruments of writing, you and I became one. So also all work in the creation happens with many working together, things appear to be separate but they are not. We are not separate. All of creation is one working as one.

…

People don’t matter. Your road to evolution is the only thing that matters.