

Hanumad Gita

By Devi Sita to Hanuman

One special day, shortly after the return of Sri SitaRama, the Royal Assembly was packed with honourable people. Different walks of life had come from far and wide across Bharati (India) to witness the transformation of Prince Rama to King Rama-the coronation ceremony. Sugriva, Angada, Vibhisana, Laksmana, Bharata, Satrugna, and a host of valiant guest kings entered the large solar auditorium filled with people, and highly embellished since the coronation of the Emperor and Empress. Speaking with love and respect reflecting through their eyes, faces, words, and gestures, everyone took their seats in the assembly.

With brilliant flashes of gems and polished weapons, shining silks, aesthetic music, sparkling faces, and jovial moods, the assembly radiated a superlative lightness which uplifted the spirit immediately upon entrance, and an effervescence that infused delight. An amazing perfume wafted throughout the shining gemmed corridors and halls, galleys and balconies, and amongst the floors and stages.

At last the Royal Sages arrived and the entire assembly rose to greet them in honour. Accepting their seats on the stage, those resplendent Sages headed by Vasistha looked like suns, moons and stars floating on earth.

Then, to the musical sound of clarinets, conches and drums, the Emperor and Empress entered and ascended the stage. Offering their respects to the Sages they took their seats under the Solar Arc, majestically, like a lion and lioness. From their golden throne Emperor Rama and Empress Sita greeted the assembled dignitaries, who hailed them with great affection. And situated there, below the throne, beside his lotus feet, near his red velvet footstool, sat Hanumanji. He shone like molten gold.

Sita and Rama were humorous that day. They kept looking at each other and towards the humble, servitude servant of humanity, meek but very sensitive Hanumanji. Then Sri Rama's voice echoed,

"Dear Empress, tell Hanuman today who I really am, as well as yourself, and also what this entire world is. Tell him kindly where all beings of the world are heading, and to which all knowledge uplifts, enlightens, and liberates. Tell him that."

Sri Rama looked at Sita and said this. Sitaji looked at humble Hanuman and spoke, "Dear son Hanuman, look at me. I am so pleased with you that I would like to introduce you to ourselves. Listen, Sri Rama is beginningless, endless, eternal, and imperishable. He is inconceivable and indescribable. He is beyond the reach of thought and action."

Hanumanji looked up and began constantly looking humbly to Sitaji as a child looks at his mother when she is teaching him some important point of life.

"Death, misunderstanding and afflictions do not reach my husband. Therefore, he is indicated as Satchidanandamaya.

"He is motionless, doing nothing he just exists. All that is attributed to him as though he did it are all my creations. They are my performances. Even his appearance in this form has taken place because of me. I am the Yoga Maya.

"I am not outside him. His existence is not possible without me. I am his eternal power. Appearance of this phenomenal world is my luxury, my pleasure. Millions and billions of cosmic universes emanate from me. I am the giver of birth and all creation, the preserver and the nourisher of all good creation, and destroyer of karma, existence and worn out life in them all. The appearance of this mundane world is a vibration in power. And that power I am, as well as the very vibrations themselves. And I am the power of this Sri Rama. Completely non-different from him.

"Imposed by me, upon this Lord of my heart, the Truth, consciousness, and bliss reflect back upon me and I shine as sandhini, samvit, and lhadini. Again, these are potencies of the Lord of mine. Through vibrations of these reflections, I introduce the transcendental worlds of Saketa, Goloka, Vaikuntha, and so on. When the rays of their dazzle travel far below, enveloped by my gross power, they transform as satva, rajas, and tamas. From these comes forth the world. Thus the entire visible, imaginable, conceivable world is my sporty adventure.

"But, I've no meaning of me for myself at all, except his love. I have no purpose to exist at all unless and until or as long as this, my beloved, keeps looking at me. The purpose of my existence is to entertain him. I am alive, in appearance only as long as my lord needs me. As soon as he no longer needs me, I submerge into him. I become one with him." Sitaji said and became quiet.

Tears rolled down the molten gold cheeks of Hanumanji. He remembered when, in Lanka, Lord Rama refused to accept her, she had entered the fire and tried to cease to exist. As soon as he accepted to keep her, she came from the midst of the burning flames of the fire.

"Oh mother, mother, don't do that anymore. Never, never. I can't bear that. This time if it happens I too would vanish with you." Hanumanji plunged into a sea of emotion and spoke abruptly. The whole assembly melted in devotion with Hanumanji.

"Dear Hanuman," Said Sri Rama, "Empress Sita is the mother of the Universe. She is an embodiment of devotion. You are blessed. You have her mercy. She will never leave you with her devotion form. Your existence and devotion is unanimous. That is why you are an inseparable part of our family. No matter what form, as long as devotion survives in your heart, life-size towering above all worldly ambitions, you are always my family member. Sita herself is SatiDevi-BhaktiDevi (one who is purer than all). 'Eternal-Happiness' and 'Compassionate Understanding' are her two sons. Until and unless this love-incarnate illustrious Goddess Supreme comes in life, the heart remains dirty, unclean, and eyes remain blurry in context to Truth and illusion, right and wrong.

"This apparent, vast diversity of the world is nothing but a display of the gunas (physical manifestations of humours) acting upon the 'para-gunas' (metaphysical qualities of cosmos). As long as heart is contaminated by their smearing of holy cow dung, soul goes on being encapsuled by bags of flesh, blood and bone. This envelopment changes after every 70 to 100 years, and continues beginninglessly and endlessly. Then soul becomes obsessed by each new form. He does not want to listen to anything beyond what is taught to him in the childhood. And in the Iron Age, educational systems become victims of the dictatorial ambitions of the rulers,

preachers, king and presidents. Through emperialized education, helpless but bright children are programmed like computers only to remain in the hypnotic trance of identity crisis, obsessed with body-ambitions, directed toward for a short time to the visible material world, targeting only fame, wealth, and sex.

"Thus, birth disease, old age and death cycle inevitably and become an inseparable part of human life. The desire for the joy of procreation, wealth, and recognition, among sheer computers creates a possibility of more bodies. That means being trapped in computers programmed wrongly by one's own self. It takes too long to deprogram. What to speak of welcoming the message of deprogramming. Even this very message sounds to body-hypnotized entities like an alien culture. Framing it and labeling it as brain washing or cult stuff, many civilizations slam their doors shut for the very possibility of life for which one is born. For which the world is in existence.

"The world is like a dream within a dream. Some Edgar Allen Poe or Berkeley or even Sartre gets a partial glimpse of reality. But in spiritually deaf and blind civilizations, they are taken as decorations of their beloved ignorance. But truth by not believing it as truth, cannot become a non-truth. It keeps shining. Its glimpses reflect unto those whose eyes start to heal. It echoes through their music, reflects through their poems, art work, and messages. The desire for pleasure which can be enjoyed only by illusory bodies extends to the scope of dream creation as well as dream bodies.

"The world is a vast dreamscape made by textures of the gunas acting upon the gunas. It is like clouds rolling, colliding, and crashing into each other, and forming different shapes and colors. Sun arcs remain dazzling above. What is the reality of clouds in comparison to humans? And again between humans and celestials residing in Surya Loka?

"But this all is the luxury of Empress Sita. Her sporty adventure, her play. This play is beginning less and endless. It is to keep all beings occupied and entertained. In this there is nothing right, nothing wrong. According to the quality of your intellect things appear to be right or wrong. What was right before may become wrong later. What was wrong before may become right later.

"This flow is constant and never-ending. As soon as one projects one's doership, he or she becomes trapped. In a television drama, when a child is obsessed and identifies with the show, he loses track with reality and yells and screams and beats the screen. The same way, in the world nobody can hurt or help anybody. Because your hands cannot reach to his or her Atman nor can his or hands reach to your Atman. It is only one dream figure hurting another dream figure. And you are dreaming. And you are suffering, simply because you have identified with one or both of them.

"As soon as you convert yourself into a doer, you create a destiny of the next perversion into a figure who has to go through the consequences of actions done. Even though one is totally innocent and uninvolved, still he or she has to suffer in vast varieties and depths which continue to multiply all along.

"Hanuman, in the lap of Empress Sita all beings are sleeping and seeing five billion dreams in 1999. Soon to be 8 billion in 2001. In all these dreams, pain and pleasure

are dream-textured. As clouds are vapor textured, waves are water textured, whatever people go through are wish and desire textured. Out of mercy, dear Hanuman, she tries to awaken these screaming, yelling, and crying dreamers but they take it as a terrible misery and escape it. She is the light of awakening itself. She has sown the very seed of awakening in the heart of every being in the form of love. She resides in people's heart in the form of love. But not understanding the crystal clear transparent form of love, people attach it to figures and objects and places which they see in the illusion of their dream. Hence, no inclination to the very life of life in awakening dawns.

"This ever-changing phenomenal flux is the Mahakali form of Empress Sita. The world is the empire of death. Change is the process of death. It is only me, in my Mahakala deathless form which can play with her. Any illusion bound, change-victim, dream figure obsessed individual will become only a morsel of her Kalimayi form. And thus, he has to move from one death to another death, and one birth to another birth. This becomes his destiny.

"But, nectar-showery and immortalizing is her love form. As soon as love becomes disillusioned, clean, and flows uninterruptedly towards Sita Empress, she takes care of him/her like a mother to her child. As soon as you start getting into devotional trances she starts taking care of you. Her vigilant protection, guarding, nourishing, and growth makes you fearless. You go on becoming disillusioned and awakened and enlightened and liberated.

"The illusion of conditioned identity is the bondage. Its complete elimination is attainment of perfection. Without this perfection, people will always remain miserable. And total surrender of this conditioned identity unto her lotus feet is not possible unless she chooses personally. All one can do is to attach his or her love in our pastimes expounded in Ramayana. And you, Hanuman, will be helping them till the end of the world. For the oncoming few billion years, we want to keep you on the earth, to help the striving illusion entranced dreamers to be free from their mental projections. Until you have awakened those ten billion creatures, you will wander around the world. Wherever the Ramayana is sung, be present there.

"Hanuman, meditation only means constant discipline, constant vigilance and constant effort. Because illusion takes over. And it always rolls your life like a football, leading towards the bottomless abyss. Therefore, don't stay fallen. It is obvious to fall down. But get up, wake up immediately, as fast as you can. Otherwise, situations and circumstances are very hard. The push and dash of domestic needs and adjustments are too strong. The push and pull of business-like love and hatred is heart-rending. You may never be able to get up. Even being a somnambulist is difficult. What to speak of waking up? Therefore, efforts, vigilance, and discipline have to be continuous until they become your second nature.

"To make this constant labor effortless and enjoyable, here comes Empress Sita. Shelter taken of her patronage is a solid, definite, assurance of unconditional fearlessness and eternal awakening into enlightenment.

"Here Hanuman, I crown you the first prophet of Sri Sita Rama Consciousness. I'll be glad if you give a discourse on your own version of this knowledge tomorrow. And you are set." Emperor Rama said and placed a gorgeous gemmed sparkling

crown on Hanumanji's golden head.

Hanumanji's Enlightenment

Hearing Sri Sita and Rama's teaching, Hanumanji's face bloomed. His eyes became full of love and gratefulness. He prostrated at the lotus feet of the Emperor and Empress. After blessing him, the assembly dispersed for the day, and re-congregated the next morning. Then Hanumanji resumed,

"As far as illusion-bound physical life is concerned, its meaning lies in the loving service of your lotus feet my Lord and Lordess."

The audience began to listen with rapt attention. Wearing his newly gifted, wonderful golden crown, the yellow eyed, red faced Hanumanji spoke, addressing the dazzling forms of Sita Rama seated on the royal throne.

"Name, form, and the possessions of people are all illusion-originated. Body is just an appearance in the tremendous flow of energy, appearing as matter out of misconception. Just as the setting moon in the Himalayas may appear for a while to be walking down the side of Mt. Everest, or in Chitrakuta, appear to be seated atop a tree from a certain vantage point, still it does not live in the tree. The moon cannot walk up and down the mountain ranges. It is all a matter of faulty perspective, viewed from too short a span of time, with too little attention or care paid to find out the reality. By inquiry, from many different angles, trying again and again, one can catch a glimpse, and then prolong the glimpse into a right perspective.

"Even though it appears that this body is made up of individual matter, still it is undivided from outer space, and air, fire, water, and earth. We have only conditioned ourselves to see it as separate and something so special. Just like the state of California does not exist as a separate land mass of the United States. And the United States is not separate from North and South America. And the American continent does not exist independently from the whole Earth, and the Earth cannot live separately from the Universe. All those boundary lines are just imaginery things. They have never nor will ever exist. But what a great confusion they have born. California only exists in the minds of politicians and textbooks of ignorant institutions. It is not shaped like a crooked carrot at all, and has no real immigration problem from Mexico.

"We breathe, we eat, we drink, we digest, we identify with this Earth-gift, grain-dependent body, and thus from the finite, we connect with the infinite. Therefore, each person is eternally a servant of you, my Lord and Lordess of the infinite.

"In your service alone lies the meaningfulness of body. Even though we become enlightened by great yoga and understanding, still if no SitaRama darshan, no service, no love at your lotus feet is born, vain become having these button-like eyes, funnel-like ears, and rubber-like senses. They look beautiful only in serving you and seeing you, my Lord and Lordess.

"As far as mind is concerned, it is a small fraction of consciousness. Wherever consciousness reflects, mind assumes that quality, habit, ability, and strength. It acts accordingly. Just like, by saying "I live in Hollywood, California" when the imaginary border is crossed we begin to think, "I am now in Las Vegas, Nevada." And so many

more imaginary things begin to arise.

"The earth is not green, the water is not blue, the desert is not hot, the arctic is not cold. They are all handy nametags pasted out of convenience for dull livers, which later become so real and indivisible from life.

"Just like in the 1600's school will not be seen as very important. But by the year 2000, if someone does not go to school, slave ten hours a day at a job, and earn a little money, their life will not seem like a worthy life. And all of these standards are based solely upon where mind has placed its importance in the flux of time.

"But the Self is always beyond all these. Originally it is one ray of you, the sun and moon of Pure Consciousness... Just one wave of you, the sea of pure bliss. As soon as it unites with you, it becomes an indivisible, extended part of you.

"Doership and going through the consequences which bring about various difficult situations, is due to projecting the nightmare of mind, intellect, heart, and ego upon oneself. Oneself, which is but one ray of the light of your Sri Vighraha forms.

"This ray has to submerge into the bliss of your ever-expanding love's light. The only way to do this is to sink one's heart and mind in the wisdom of your holy Ramayana. Your pastimes, your form, your abode, your holy name, and allowing this to become the meaning of life.

"Please bless me, my Lord, that I will be able to help people to uplift themselves by reading, listening, and discoursing on your Holy Ramayana."

Thus said Hanumanji. And simultaneously, a golden and emerald reddish light descending from two palms above, bathed Hanumanji's head. He became blissed and thrilled. Tears of joy flew from his eyes. The entire assembly applauded and music rang and rang. Celestials showered flowers