
 MERGING INTO THE BELOVED & GURUSHAKTI

GURURAJ: [BEGINS BY READING SANSKRIT PRAYER] Now I will just give you the jist of it. [Speaks in Sanskrit and translates] First I offer my remembrances to [Ghana Pati?] the lord of prosperity. The manifestation of the manifested, the divine mother. And he has given me the voice of purity. [SOUND BEGINS ON VIDEO] Thirdly, I worship the feet of my guru, my Pavitrananji. He that has made me so pure. Fourthly, I remember my mother and father. Those that have given me, mother and father, the knowledge of love. He that is to be worshiped all the time. The Lord beyond. He has given me the status of a human being. So, I bow, in all my humility, to all of them.

I must have been about fourteen when I wrote this. [SINGS in Sanskrit and translates] Oh, you Lord of prosperity take all my troubles away. And as an offering to our divine Lord, would one of you ladies hand out a petal each to all you beloveds? Now this was written by me. (Just hand out a petal each.) This was written by me in Sanskrit. Where is Andrea? There she is. This is based on the rhythm of the Rig Veda which was the first poem, they say, that was ever composed. It has a particular poetic beauty of its own in its composition, although the words are mine, but I use that metrical system. As in all my poetry, I combine pentameters with all the other things, and yet infuse in it Sanskrit so it becomes forever new. [SANSKRIT] An offering. Throw the petal. Just throw it. It means, "Oh divine light, Jotis, I offer my entirety to your light, swaha. You are the sun that is the giver of known light. To this too, I offer myself to thee, swaha. So that light which exists in me I sacrifice to thee which is the divine light that produces the light within me. Then, this is an evening prayer. Agne means fire like. [Sanskrit] Oh, setting sun, I do know that you will rise again in the morrow, for within your setting sun, may my heart feel addressed and greet you in the morn. You, the giver of light, I offer my oblations to thee. That's an evening prayer. Pray it towards the light, the light of our lives. Without that, no existence is ever possible. Although we symbolize light as the essence of all being, of ourselves, of the flowers, of all that surrounds us, light will forever remain the essence of our all.

Now the first thing we are going to do is empower our beloved Andrea as a prep teacher. She's such a lovely person, with such a pure, pure heart. It is just unbelievable. It is radiant and shining, and may she forever be the light, to give the light to others. Would you come up? Come near. Kneel. Sorry we haven't got a pillow here, do we? Is one around, somewhere? I don't want her knees to be hurt. A true guru will always care for all the comfort of his beloveds. Always. Otherwise, he's no guru at all. He shares his life with your life's very being. He share's himself with you in his entirety and empowers you when the fuel of your lamp runs low. He shall be there forever to refuel and keep the light shining and burning.

[TO ANDREA] Today, I empower you with divine shakti, which is the essence of life, and may that light be portrayed through you for the benefit of all those that surround you or start knowing you or start being with you. This is the gift today I give you of that divine energy, in all my humility, with the grace of the grace that be, I impart this to thee. God bless you. Now before we start our talk, Roopaji, do you want the threads? Let's do that.

ROOPA: We could have people come right up to you here to receive the threads and the gurushakti on the [???]? Or you could come and stand here, where it's easy for people to just come right up here.

GURURAJ: Whatever. Whatever.

ROOPA: Why don't we just come up to Gururaj and we'll be going up this way, or whichever way, start here. So, Jagriti, you want to start.

JAGRITI: No.

ROOPA: Jagriti is actually receiving a gold thread because hers is worn.

GURURAJ: Good. As long as she's not worn out.

ROOPA: Come up here where he can reach you.

GURURAJ: [Sanskrit prayer] The peace of the entire universe is there, for it is peaceful, and may the peace descend upon you.

ROOPA: Now Madhu you're not getting a thread. She's just getting the gurushakti. That's all.

GURURAJ: Uhuh. Whatever. You name it.

ROOPA: I'll tell you who's getting a thread.

GURURAJ: [TO MADHU] I breathe my life within you. Beloved, be happy.

ROOPA: She has her gold thread on.

GURURAJ: [TO SHAMIYA] Uh hm. That's where it belongs. Closer to your heart. [SINGS IN SANSKRIT] Without you how can I live? [SANSKRIT] You be the Radha let me be your Shaym. For we cannot exist apart. I cannot exist without the Lord, for he is my Krishna. [?????????] gopi. Little Radha, think togetherness. We're always there in Shaym's divinity. God bless you. May His blessings always be upon you. Always. Always. As long as I'm immortally alive that blessing will never be away from you. Immortally alive, not mortally alive, because it goes on and on and on. The seed is planted. It will grow and grow and grow into that wondrous tree.

ROOPA: Here comes Vicki. She's got her thread.

GURURAJ: What can I tell you, beloved Vicki? For if I am not able to speak to your mind, do realize that I will always be speaking to your heart and within your heart. So, blessed be thou in knowing the presence of our Lord, all around. For He is present everywhere and hears the [?????????] the vibration of His eternal sound and melt away in that sound. For you are none else but that sound of divinity. I wish I had my flute to take you into that harmony and blow it, and a beautiful moonlit night. Remember this, remember the night where you and your fellow gopies we danced and danced and danced. There were times when you felt jealous. That why should he dance with her or her or her? So, I had no way out but to divide myself sixteen hundred times to dance with each and every one of them so they could realize I was with them only and never apart. [SINGS IN SANSKRIT] Remember, as much as you love me your Krishna loves you a million times more. That is all I can give. We will have a repeat performance. God bless you, beloved one.

VICKI: Thank you.

GURURAJ: If you would only know how I melt away within you, my beloveds. If you could only know. The essence of knowing what is that melting away. For does the sugar not become one with the tea to bring it its own sweetness?

GURURAJ: [TO SUTRIYA] I do not love you.

SUTRIYA: Not even a little?

GURURAJ: I do not love you because you are me. How can I objectify my love that I have for thee except to feel that you are such a part and parcel of that which exists in me. Love you forever more. What more can I say? And yet words could never express the beatings of my heart; but lay your head, your ear against my heart and feel that being near you is none else but divine ecstasy. God bless you, my beloved.

CHETAN: So many goodbys.

GURURAJ: There never is a goodbye. People misinterpret that word. Goodbye actually means God be with you, and he is always with you. Sit this way on your side. That's it. Fold your legs. Let me rest my weary head on your chest. Let us float away in that land unknown and though you might feel it is unknown it is forever known in the here and now of love's ecstasy. Feel so rested.

CHETAN: [INAUDIBLE]

GURURAJ: As a devotee is devoted to his guru, remember one thing for sure, that the guru is just as much devoted to his chela. For without the devotion that lies in the heart of the guru, the guru would never exist, but it is your love, your devotion, that empowers the life that floods me. So you see how much I need you all? It is not need in the sense of needing. It is the need in the sense of just melting away within each other. God bless you, my beloved. I'm just an old man. [inaudible]

You didn't bring your piano with you, did you, Lalaji? Do you know what the word "Lalaji" means? "Lala" the king of the universe. The boss. And "ji" is an addition to express greater devotion to this Lala. Have you ever listened to him play the piano? But he can just melt away. For every note there comes from so far deep within that he becomes the composer as well as the composition, for all of that floats through his fingers in such divine beauty. God bless you. Always.

[TO JAMMU] I cover myself in respect for thee. For don't we cover our heads in the worship of divinity? So, let us all strive to find the divinity amongst all and all that which is around, and yet we are bound in that beauty. It is only for us to recognize it. That nothing could exist; the only thing that exists is I exist, and I am divinity. That stupid fool Descartes, what did he say? I exist because I think.

VOICES: I think, because I am.

GURURAJ: I think, therefore I am. No, no, no. I am, therefore I think. Do you see? So you are. That's the basis. And because you are, you have been given the ability to think. Of what, what do you think about? That I am. That's all you need. Nothing more, nothing more at all. I wish I had all those philosophers around me, Nietzsche, Fichte, and Hegel and Schopenhauer and Herbert Spencer and all those shit asses. Oh, I beg your pardon. Just to make you laugh. They thought they were hot...

VOICE: Potatoes.

GURURAJ: Hot potatoes but they were just cold crabs.

[LAUGHTER] [JAMMU LEAVES]

GURURAJ: The person that could not realize himself and that could not realize the divinity which resides within himself, he can go meandering, forming various philosophies and he would have still not achieved anything at all. So, rather let me be what I am, my own simplicity in my childlike innocence, and find Him, who is none else but me. So, what do these philosophers do? They mix you up without bringing any realization to you. Words, words, words, and nothing said. I feel, feel, feel, and within the feeling everything is told and said. Without hearing it is heard. Without singing the song of love it is sung. That happens always. All the time.

[TO AMITA] What can I say to you, my beloved? I'm still trying to invent a new dictionary to express the love I have for thee. But yet you and I would know that the greatest compilation of words of which only the mind knows but yet the greatest compilation lies within the heart. So, does my love for you ever need to be told? So, together, you and I will just unfold to the divinity that resides within you and within me. So, to hell with all those dictionaries. My life is nothing else but a poem. And why am I a poet? It's just to express the glory of He that be. That's all. And it all just comes naturally if you allow yourself, if you allow Him to flow through thee. God bless you, beloved. Your happiness is my happiness, always, always.

[TO MERRILL] Dear heart, gentle heart, I have been so fortunate in founding thee, for you reflect, perhaps, the gentility that dwells within me, and whenever I look into your eyes I find that humility, the humility of the wise, that is forever there

living in its own beauty. It does not need to grab things from outside, for the true grabbing of beauty is grabbed from within, inside. That's what you are. I am missing my Mataji. Give my love to her, but I will be seeing her, won't I?

MERRILL: Yes.

GURURAJ: The best, dear.

MERRILL: She's with you always.

GURURAJ: Always. I won't let her go. She has to be, my mother has to be with me always. Divine mother.

[TO PRIYA] Look at her in her angelic form, so dressed in white, for they tell me that angels are forever dressed in white. And yet to add to the beauty of that angelic form you must put on some little lipstick, too. Oh beloved, there are no words that could describe you. She's so close to me for the past ten years, I think it is. Something like that. More or less, yeh, whatever. She has been God sent. The amount of work she has done to further our cause of love. For that I could only bow my head and worship thee, for a goddess you are. And may you always be expressing more and more of the goddess that is within thee. And that will happen, yes, it must. Once you start on the road you have to reach the end and yet the road holds so many crooked bends, but who cares of the crooked bends? [END SIDE ONE]....when I know I'm on the path to reach the totality of my end merging away in divinity. God bless you, my beloved darling. God bless you.
[INAUDIBLE]

[TO NIRMALA] Mother, I know I was never born, but if I had to be born again in the far distant future, bear me through your loving womb, for I your son worship thee. The kindness of your heart, the love you give me is indescribable. So, to repeat again, if I should ever be born again let me take on another life through thee. First got to find the proper father, too. [LAUGHTER] I found my mother. God bless you, my darling. So beautiful, a goddess on earth.

VOICE: Thank you, [??] Guruji.

GURURAJ: Goodby, mother. I worship thee.

ROOPA: Them's my sentiments exactly.

GURURAJ: Stop crying.

ROOPA: Andrea needs a gold thread.

GURURAJ: [TO ANDREA] Um hm. I don't know why I attract to myself so much beauty and such beautiful people. Just wonderful. Does beauty attract beauty? I don't know. But I know the love that is beyond any description and that is beauty in its own reality. Oh, please go away. You'll put me into nirvikalpa samadhi just looking at you. She's so beautiful, isn't she? Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.

[TO DARMESH] Ah, Darmeshji. I prayed very hard that you would come on the Midwest course, and I thank all the powers that be that it has made it possible to spend a few days with me. Wonderful. Be the soldier and continue the fight to regain the kingdom of your delight. For you are the king, never conquered by any foe. You are the king that will always know, that this is my kingdom; so I, the soldier of life, will fight to regain what is really me. Fight, fight, fight. By the way, our Darmesh is a master actor. Shakespearean actor and everything. Great old chap. Never forget my Anu, please.

DARMESH: Never.

GURURAJ: [TO MARGARETTE AND TERRY] There was once a pair of lovebirds that only knew how to coo. And in that cooing they produced the harmony to which no symphony could ever compare; for being perched on the limb of the tree. And the beauty is this, that they never perched separately but on the same limb of the tree and kissed each other, poured oneself to the other, and yet cooing away. What a lovely coo. Turn your heads. That's what I want. Be always together, my beloveds. I love you. I love you so much.

MARGARETTE: We love you.

GURURAJ: Ladies first. Although the man is the boss. [LAUGHTER] At least he presumes to be the boss. [TO MARGARETTE] Your lovely rosy cheeks make the rose of my heart bloom in its own rosiness, and it reflects so well in you, my beloved rosy cheeks. Namaste, namaste, namaste.

JEFF: [INAUDIBLE] But I'll take another. I need it, Guruji. This one's for Chaseena.

GURURAJ: Yes, yes. Why not? Come, come, come. Yes, sure, sure, sure, sure. Put that [??????]? over there. I believe you're so needed.

VOICE: Loretta and Chaseena are here too. They couldn't come.

GURURAJ: They couldn't?

JEFF: [INAUDIBLE]

GURURAJ: Where are they now?

JEFF: She's upstairs [INAUDIBLE]

GURURAJ: No.

JEFF: It's alright. She's alright. She's just got a little cut and Loretta's comforting her.

GURURAJ: Two more. Two more. Two more. Two more. Two more. Let your life forever be entwined, Jeff, Loretta, and Chaseena. The holy trinity of life's existence.

JEFF: Where do you fit in. Are you are undifferentiated?

GURURAJ: No. I'm the current that holds the trinity together.

JEFF: Thank you, father.

GURURAJ: God bless you and if you need me for Chaseena just give me a shout.

JEFF: Okay, thank you.

GURURAJ: Have we got any more?

ROOPA: Yes, we have.

GURURAJ: Good. [TO BALDEV] I wish if, with this cord I could tie your feet so it could forever be bound with me. For you could never cut this cord, for the bondage that exists in this golden thread is none else but you and me. Remember one thing forever, my son, that you could never, ever cry with your own eyes, but you cry through mine. Love's feeling and love's divinity. So, who made the ocean? It is only the tears that has forever flowed from you and me. We are the ocean. We made the ocean with our little drops of tears to fill the ocean, for are not the drops that compose the ocean? God bless you, my beloved. Don't go away. [PLAYING CYMBALS AND SINGING IN SANSKRIT] Balraj was the brother of Krishna. [repeats] God bless you, beloved.

ROOPA: We have a photographer over here. Right over there. C'mon, c'mon. You're it. C'mon. Anyone want to take a picture of the photographer, feel free. [inaudible]

GURURAJ: [TO STEVE] If I only knew how to peer into your eyes. I see your eyes and yet I'm so unseeing. For it requires a vaster sight to go even beyond the eyes; and from peering you see that which is peerless, and that is the truth of really seeing. So, your eyes, so kind, makes me see all the sight that could ever be seen. For within everyone's eyes, and more so in your beloved's eyes, you become sightless, you become blind, and even in that blindness you see so far beyond. So, the peering becomes peerless. It has no peer. That is it. God bless you, my beloved. Namaste. So, do we have a question tonight?

ROOPA: Yes, we do. We have a question.

GURURAJ: Sure, fine.

ROOPA: Indeed we have a question. We have a question left over from a meeting.

GURURAJ: I'm looking at her what do you call this, a sweater?

ROOPA: A tee shirt.

GURURAJ: [TO ROOPA] A tee shirt. I'm not looking at anything else. And that means total selflessness. That means non attachment to the body which is ninety five percent attachment and lust. So see beyond it and you will surely find the beauty of this tee shirt and not what is behind. Although they're nice to touch sometimes. Where are you gonna find a guru like me, huh? It's just impossible. I love you, darling. That's all I could say.

ROOPA: The feeling's mutual.

GURURAJ: Now go away before you make me cry.

[END OF VIDEO 1]

GURURAJ: Good. If we are all done what shall we speak about tonight?

VOICE: The question left over from one of our afternoon meetings. GURURAJ: Good, good. Anything, anything, anything.

MERRILL: Dearest Gururaj...

VOICE: [INAUDIBLE] mike.

GURURAJ: Oh yes, so it can be recorded there, yeh.

MERRILL: You spoke about merging with one's beloved. How does that compare with using gurushakti?

GURURAJ: Very good. Merging with one's beloved has a physical factor involved, but merging into gurushakti has no physicality left in it at all. So, you merge away in your beloved with your spirit, your mind, and your body, and it is necessary, why not? For all the organs given to you of mind, body, and spirit are to be usefully used. But to merge into gurushakti is to be able to merge in a power that is beyond you: to merge into grace, intangible, while your beloved is tangible. There lies the difference. But it's a good starting point, nothing wrong with it. There's nothing wrong with

anything as long as it involves your personal purity. As long as it is devoid from hankering and craving. If I should sleep with my beloved, there is no hankering and craving in me to find some kind of physical release. It's not there. I threw it away to the birds. No wonder there are so many birds around that got pregnant. Do you see?

So, if you step beyond hankering and craving, then you are automatically in gurushakti, because gurushakti can also be found in your beloved. You're reaching his or her inner depths.

And do you know what all the problems and the troubles of the world are about? They all are created from hankering and of craving. That's where all troubles begin. You crave for this and you crave for that. You crave for a big dinner and you crave for that beautiful beauty that you think you can go to bed with, and then you start hankering after that thought. So, you get more involved in your own thought rather than in gurushakti which requires no thought whatsoever.

Does grace ever know of any thought? It does not. Because grace is unthinking, it does not think. Only your mind thinks. That cunning mind that conjures up all kinds of things, and many of them are beyond your personal achievement. So you suffer misery. You become unhappy. So, if those things are not there you will not feel any misery. You will not feel any unhappiness at all. What you are doing is defying the true nature of yourself; because your true self is beyond that all. If I see a naked woman passing by sixty, twenty four, I don't know the sizes [LAUGHTER] I better phone up, please remind me to phone Dolly Parton tomorrow it will not create any kind of desire in me. But what it will create in me, that beautiful naked woman passing by, is that I will thank the Lord for creating such beauty, and I will thank Him again for making me observe and see that beauty. So, you are then in gurushakti. Do you see?

I don't know what other people do, but if they should see a beautiful naked woman passing by, their minds might run wild because of the craving. And it becomes a need in a certain kind of self fulfillment which is just but momentary. It comes and goes and in five minutes you are done.

Is that what you want when you are a product of eternity? No. That's not what you need. Everything is necessary within its own limits. But to go back to that beautiful naked woman passing by, have you ever thought whose wife this could be, whose daughter she could be, whose mother she could be? And if you think of it in that way you will have seen her, the divinity of a divine child or daughter or a mother.

And that is how our thought forces have to be cultivated so that it produces in us that purity. And the thing that is so funny is this, that you hanker after things, not in love but in your lustfulness. And what are you hankering after? Just analyze the human being. It is flesh and slime, blood, shit. That's what it is composed of, and you hanker after that? Jeez, gor blimey. [LAUGHTER] My friends, it's the first time I see you here. Those two just sitting there. I would give out the most profoundest wisdom and yet make it very funny, humorous, so that it strikes a note. A true master does not need to be as dry as dust, because dust flows away in the wind. But something really implanted with love, humility, and humor will be

remembered. Even if it's forgotten momentarily, you will remind, ah, that guy said something and you know he made some bloody sense to me. Perhaps not much. Depends upon your receptivity.

So, the power of gurushakti is through grace, but you've got to realize it, you've got to feel it, you've got to live it. You are like a fish on the sands of the ocean, and yet the ocean being just there you're still dying of thirst. Jump back into the ocean and then you do not need to die of thirst because all the water is there. So much of the water is there that your belly can only consume a little bit of it and yet so much is there. You see? So, gurushakti or the power of grace takes us all the way to divinity. For divinity is none other than grace itself. It is an expression of divinity. For divinity, too, has to express itself through love, through grace, through all the beauty you find around you, and everything is so beautiful. But do not wear colored glasses. Then you don't see the reality. Like a piece of crystal you put a yellow flower behind it the crystal seems yellow, if you put a green flower, if there ever is one, the crystal would be seen to be green, or a red flower would be seen to be red. Yet, the crystal is forever clear, and you are that crystal being superimposed by the background that you yourself has created and thereby losing the purity of the crystal which you really are.

So, we live in this world with colored minds, when everything is so pure and so clear. So, through our meditational practices, our spiritual practices, we go, we reach back to the prism instead of all the colors of the rainbow that is radiated from that white prism.

So, what is real? Are the colors real, or is the prism real? Both have their own realities; but we got to know what is more real. We got to know the illusionary quality of the colors that pure prism brings about and add importance to the prism then rather, all the colors, yet at the same time enjoy the colors, why not? In the world and yet not of the world.

So, enjoy it all. Everything is made on this earth for your personal enjoyment, everything. So, enjoy the joy, yes, but at the same time realize that there is still a greater joy than that which my five senses could perceive. There's still that greater joy. And once you get involved, or recognize, or realize, that greater joy, the joy of the five senses will not mean much to you at all. Will not mean much. As I might have said before, a king's feast or a dry piece of bread is both composed of the same molecular structure. There's no difference at all. They give you the same sustenance.

What is that which I said to you this afternoon, Roopa? Something about the bun and the fun....

ROOPA: You said, "If you do not regard life to be fun..."

GURURAJ: If you do not regard life to be fun...

ROOPA: "you are none else..."

GURURAJ: you are none else...

ROOPA: "but an unbuttered bun."

GURURAJ: ...but an unbuttered bun. If you do not regard life to be fun, you are none else but an unbuttered bun. It is such a pity that the "n" in bun cannot be removed and replaced with an "m".

So, my beloveds, I think we've had a fairly long night and we will carry on tomorrow. And, you my friends, are welcome at any time. You know that. You're welcome, always. Always welcome. Good. We shall call it a day for the moment.

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