

Moments with Krishna

kṣudraṁ hṛdaya daurbalyaṁ tyaktvottiṣṭha parantapa |
Bhagavad Gita 2.3

O man, why this melancholic veil over you? Your head is drooped and body shivering. Your eyes betray an awful fear in your heart.



What problem afflicts thy soul? What is the event that has overpowered you?

Do you know this? There is nothing in this world that can really shake your heart. Problems are solved by understanding them. Challenges are dealt with by facing them. You escape from them; you will invite them to haunt you, to tease you, to worry you—all through your life.

Shed this dejection. You are made of a stronger mettle than what you think of to be. Enshrined in your body is an angel, the divine self. Draw your inspiration from this deeper part of you.

Indeed you are an angel. No problem is too big to cow you down. No event is too much to put you out. Take heart—face them squarely. Then alone you live, you can live!

Life is not for the dejected, the desperate, the weak-hearted. It is the courageous, the cheerful, the strong-willed that live—purposefully, joyously.

After all, this weakness that has come upon you is not of the body, but of thought. You think you are weak, and there you are—struggling to find the base under your feet.

It is that unholy thought that has disturbed you, the thought that you are weak.

You are not, not at all weak. Shed the thought of weakness. Stand in attention and ever be ready to face the event, to rise to the occasion.

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Moments with Krishna

***uddharet atmanātmānam nātmānam avasādayet |
Bhagavat Gita 6.5***

Your limitations are yours, not of another. And freedom from them does lie in your hands, not of another.

Seek not a convenient means that suits your spirit of dependence, for the altar of freedom does not lie that way. Means convenient as often found, is a temporary truce between opposing forces, neither of them now wielding sufficient strength to strike. In time, as it does always happen, the pact is cast to winds for the conflict to continue. Take no refuge in consoling words from the pulpit and continue wearing the irons of limitation, for, you are still a dependent with no freedom of your own, waiting for the fulfilment of the words of promise. Such words make a coward of you first and then a faithful!



Here is the call.

Own your limitations and trounce them by your effort. Work out your perfection, every inch of it, by right means, not a convenient one, which will never lead.

The cocoon is woven by you for purposes of security, and not it is high time you broke it by sheer growth. Otherwise, bound you will die.

Books and masters, systems and disciplines, are there to guide you when you grope, correct you when you err, enthuse you when you despair. But it is you that should get guided, corrected and enthused. Therefore, freedom lies in your hands, does it not? It does.

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