

Sacred Rivers

It was evening time in New Vrindavan. Every day, after sunset, the little sadhaka children surrounded their Holy Mother for their story-telling based learning session on some topic. These evening talks were special in their own way. Instead of the children asking questions, the Holy Mother would raise queries and the children would answer. The way they would respond was also not ordinary. The child who was asked would close his or her eyes and would reply according to what was seen through their inner vision. All others would have the same vision and experience. Needless to mention, the vision was powered by the divine force of their Guru-Maa, thus making this question-answer session a unique form of experiential yogic learning. Today the topic was on sacred rivers.

Mother–

Tell me what you see about rivers and
their source,
Where originates Ganga-Yamuna, who
charts their course?

Child–

In the mountains they are born, amidst
the glacial snow,
From there on mother earth's bosom, as
arteries they flow;
Carrying along with them the elixir of life,
Fresh water, on which civilizations survive.

Though the source of the Ganga-Yamuna
are same,
They chart two courses from glaciers in
their name;
Flowing for some time in separate identity,
Reconverging in Prayag along with
Saraswati.

Though material in appearance, they are
living entities,
In their illuminated forms they are seen as
deities;
Pristine is their nature, purifying their flow,
Washing away all sins, cleansing soul's
sorrow.

Breaking chains of bondage, Ganga
submerges Jiva,
Into the universal ocean making him Shiva;
Along the Yamuna-Viraja, floats the
devoted soul,
Entering Vrindavan-Golaka to fulfill life's
goal.

Mother –

Look deeper within Golaka and tell me
what you see,
Of the origins of these rivers within eternal
divinity?

Child –

Yes, within the divine realms of Golaka I
see them all,
As Radha-Krishna's playmates, at their
service and call;
Each one emanating out of a unique divine
bhava,
That momentarily manifested in Sri
Krishna-Radha.

Once within raasa, hearing Shiva's sangeet,
The divine duo melted into fluid parasamvit;
From the jyoti of this melt a new form froze,
As perfection of purity, Bhagwati Ganga
arose.

Surrounding Golaka as dazzling light she
glowed,
As river of shuddha-sattwa, in Vaikuntha she
flowed;

Among many of her lives, Matsya-gandha
Satyavati is one,
Whose marriage to Sage Parashara, begot
Vyasa as her son.

These divine rivers emanate the bhavas,
their true nature,
Divinifying every being with the emotions
they nurture;
Bringing into universal creation the
fragrance of life divine,
Showering all with the illumination of
Golaka's sunshine.

Mother –
In the realm of yoga, where are these rivers present,
What is seen in the kutastha, how is it experienced?

Child —

Within the inner world, as astral channels
they grow,
Named naadis, these rivers allow life-force
to flow;
Within the sky of the kutastha, dots come
to the fore,
Each a river path, an enchanting unknown
to explore.

In the inner world, the Ganga-Yamuna-
Viraja abound,
Within Shushumna, the central nerve, they
are found;
Sensed through Guru guided sadhana and
yogic practice,
In them consciousness flows leading to
freedom and bliss.

Mother –
Open your eyes my children, go and play,
If anyone asks, say you have nothing to
say.

—Sri Partha Pratim Chakrabarti,
Her blessed child