

Despair to Hope

A story that illustrates
the 3 spiritual principles of
Conscious Living



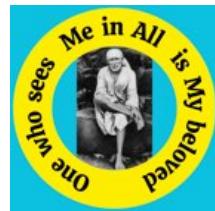
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Despair to Hope

*A Story that illustrates the 3 Spiritual Principles of
Conscious Living*

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This is a fiction and none of the characters portrayed in this story represents any real life person, but the spiritual principles discussed in this story are true and valid in real life.

Revised Edition

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Dedicated

at the holy Feet of

SHIRDI SAI BABA

without Whose Grace I am nobody

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Chapter 1

Story Intro

It appeared that Ram could no longer be seated on the stone bench of the bus stop. He looked nervous. He removed his specs for the twentieth time for polishing it with his handkerchief. I could see mild sweating on his forehead.

It was a cold December night. Neyveli always recorded a degree or two less, compared to its nearby towns. There was no one else at the Arch Gate bus stop. A few Chennai-bound buses were whizzing past without stopping here. But we were waiting for a bus from Chennai. Ram stood up, wearing his specs back.

I knew Ram for about seven years. His residence was hardly one furlong away from mine. Our friendship became inevitable because of the friendship of our daughters. They studied in the same college. We used to go together to pick up our daughters from the college hostel at the end of each semester.

Finally the bus arrived at the stop. Anitha alighted with a small suitcase. Ram took it, rushing to her. She didn't even look at me.

No one talked until the cab arrived at the residence of Ram. I took leave from Ram and proceeded to my residence by walk.



I was walking alone. The road was flooded with yellow light from street lamps. The atmosphere was also given a whitish hue by the Moon at the zenith. The sky was clear and the Moon was almost full. Such a spectacular scenario would usually tempt me to go for an open-eye meditation. I'd ignore my thoughts and stare at nothing, distributing my attention all around while walking. But now I couldn't even enjoy it, leave alone meditating on it.

Anitha used to spend more time in our home than in her own home whenever she was in Neyveli. Ours was her second home. She was our second daughter. She was here last year December. But now she looked five years older.



It was nearly midnight when I reached my home. I pressed the calling bell switch and waited for my wife to open the door. My wife never treated Anitha as her daughter. She used to play with her, talk about her friends, discuss TV shows with her, go with her for shopping - Anitha was her friend.

“How is Anitha?” She asked me even before opening the door fully.

“Mmm...” I gently shook my head implying okay.

“Did she tell you anything?”

“No”

“What about Ram? Did he ask her what happened?”

“No”

“So, you people came in a car for five kilometres speaking nothing?”

I tried to avoid looking at her eyes. I sank into the cushioned chair in the living room. Following me, Geetha also sat in the nearby sofa.

I looked at her.

“What do you feel about Karthik?”

"Karthik is a good boy," Geetha replied without hesitation, but she added, "as far as I know."

"Last year Anitha was here. You two were talking for a full day..."

"Yes. Karthik and Anitha had gone to Delhi in November last year. They visited many places there. She was talking about it," Geetha intervened. "You never took me anywhere beyond Chennai in these twenty-five years," she was quick to add. "You only showed me Delhi on the map," she didn't seem to stop.

"Hmmm...anything she told you about Karthik?" I tried to bring her to the point.

"When they went to Taj Mahal..."

"I mean, did she tell you anything bad about Karthik?"

"No, no. She always praised her."

I went silent.

After a while, Geetha started. "Come this February, they'd have completed only 2 years..."

I continued my silence.

I knew Karthik. He was a good boy. He might not be a perfect match for Anitha but definitely a good match. Education, career or character - I didn't see any problem. I also examined his horoscope thoroughly and only after my nod Ram finalised the proposal. Anitha was also quite satisfied with this proposal. But something went wrong somewhere...

"I'll go to Swetha's house tomorrow morning and talk to Anitha." Geetha went to bed.

'Something wrong somewhere...'

"Aren't you coming to bed?"

I stood up. "Coming, Coming."

Chapter 2

Club Talk

Club secretary was giving a brief introduction about me and my topic. It was a lecture hall that could accommodate around one hundred persons. I could see more than half of the hall empty. I wasn't surprised. Who'd be interested in such a dry topic?

Some of them should have come here just to pass time on Sunday. Some should have come because the club used to provide free lunch after the guest lecture. Some could have come here just to avoid facing their spouse all day.

I was also personally not interested in giving the lecture that day given the trauma Anitha was going through. As soon as we finished breakfast, Geetha went to see Anitha. I too wanted to accompany her but I felt Anitha won't talk freely to Geetha in my presence. So, I was here to deliver the lecture I had agreed earlier.



Secretary was really giving a nice introduction to spiritual Enlightenment. Judging by the facial expressions, I felt there should be at least half a dozen persons really interested in the topic. Yet, I was sceptical if they'd understand what I was going to talk. Every time I was presented with an opportunity to talk on this topic, I'd resolve to present it as simply as possible but when I started to talk...

“...now I request Mister Vignesh to deliver his talk. Sir, please, ” secretary called me.

I started the talk. This time also I resolved to present my points as simple as possible. I gave my own introduction to Enlightenment. As usual, I failed to hook my audience to my talk. Who would listen to the same topic twice without any significant time gap in between?

So, I started to talk about my own struggle to take off in the spiritual journey.

“...then, one of my friends offered to initiate me and admit me into his group. That group is affiliated to a big national spiritual cult on Krishna. I happily agreed. After spending a month in his group in my spare time, I was nagged by a doubt. In fact, that doubt arose within a week I joined that group but I didn’t dare to ask him then.

Now, after a month I gathered my courage to ask him. ‘Have you seen Krishna?’

‘No,’ he said giving me a stern look.

‘Do you know anyone in our group or cult who has seen Krishna?’

‘No,’ he said continuing his look.

I was silent for a while. And then I asked him, ‘how many years you are here in this group?’

‘Eighteen,’ he replied, not understanding what I was up to.

I left that group that day.

If you cannot have your spiritual progress in a cult even after eighteen years, then what are you doing there? Are you just passing your time there? Is it a place for you to escape from your challenges in your family? Is it a place to escape from your challenges in your professional life? or, social life?” I looked around the hall.

More than half of the audience were busy scrolling their smart phones. Almost all of the audience were affiliated to one cult or

other. Who'd appreciate my questions? Even those half a dozen interested persons looked puzzled now.

So, I decided to change the track again. I started explaining the stages of Enlightenment.

“...you would have never experienced such a Field of Splendour. It is a Field that arises from within you, crosses the physical boundary of your body and extends into infinity in all directions.

It is a Field of dead silence. You would have never experienced such an absolute silence in all your life. Your mind will be completely stunned and emptied. Leave alone thoughts, even the very presence of your mind will become inconspicuous. You are forced to listen to the complete silence of this Field.

The consciousness of your soul will be completely absorbed into this Field. Your soul is stripped naked and forced to stand alone in the middle of this Field,” describing the experience of Self, I surveyed the audience for their reaction.

At least a dozen were now missing. I guessed they should be busy in dining hall. And those half a dozen interested persons looked at me with pity like a joker. Everyone had his own model of Enlightenment. But nothing came anywhere near seeing or experiencing some formless crap.



Exhausted with strategies, I wound up the talk ten minutes ahead of scheduled finishing time. Anyway I also felt a bit hungry. I was also eager to hear from Geetha what Anitha told her.

But club secretary had a plan B. He rose up from the front row with a mic in his hand and took me by surprise. He announced, “Now the question - answer session begins. Vignesh sir will answer your questions.”

Immediately a person clad in red shirt seated in the middle of the hall rose up. Secretary passed the mic to him.

“Sir, are you really enlightened?” asked the red shirt.

The tone of the question carried with it hues of sarcasm and modesty. I found it difficult to judge his intention.

By now secretary rose and shouted to red shirt, “Manohar, don’t ask such questions. Sit down. Pass the mic to me.”

Looking at secretary, I said, “No problem, sir. I’ll answer.”

I really had no problem with that question. My wife didn’t believe in my spiritual advancement even today. And she was less likely to accept it in the near future. No one on this planet could insult my spiritual state any worse than my wife used to do. Geetha had contributed to my down to earth personality more emphatically than my enlightenment had ever done.

Meanwhile the red shirt continued, “Sir, nowadays we are often reading in the newspapers about the atrocities of persons claiming to be enlightened...so...”

The audience watched him in amusement. It was the subtitle that was really embarrassing to me.

“Don’t worry,” I began answering him lest he should fire another explanatory salvo. “Don’t worry. I have no plans for an Ashram. You need not leave your profession to join me. You need not give away your wealth to me. I am doing my professional work. I am paid by my employer. That’s enough to meet the expenses of my family. I don’t need your money.”

I continued, “And, if I do some mischievous antisocial immoral activity in the disguise of spirituality, it’s my wife who will catch me first and throw me out of my house...”

It took a while for the explosive laughter from the audience to subside. The red shirt had managed to engage the audience that I couldn’t during my entire lecture.

“I’m living with you. I’m working with you. I’m socialising with you... I’m transparent. So, there is absolutely no need for you

to worry."

Red shirt sat down. By now about two dozen guys returned to the hall and took their seats. They should have finished their lunch. Or, they should have found the conversation a bit interesting.

I continued, looking in the direction of red shirt, "Whether I am enlightened or not - why do you bother? It is my problem. But I have my own yardstick to measure my spiritual advancement. I have my own set of benchmarks to assess the location of my soul in its journey. You need not worry about it. It will only serve to quench your curiosity."

There was pin-drop silence in the hall. Those half a dozen interested guys intently looked at me expecting what I was going to say further.

I continued. "You should worry only about one point. What I am going to contribute to you. If I am an enlightened, what benefit can you get from me? That should be your real concern."

Now the audience was completely and comprehensively hooked. I continued. "Don't expect lectures from me. You can listen to a ton of them in the net. I am standing right before you. You can get much more from me in person. I can show you who you are. I can demonstrate to you your own Soul. I can internally discriminate your Soul from your body-mind to demonstrate who you really are. You can actually experience your discriminated Soul effortlessly in my presence instantly. This is the single largest benefit you can get from any enlightened. It is the primary goal of all the spiritual cults you belong to."

Now I could see a few jaw-droppers in the audience. I was about to call the red shirt for a demo when the secretary came to me. He whispered in my ears, "Your Mrs called me. She wants you to come to Ram's house immediately."

Chapter 3

Anitha Event

Ram was restlessly standing outside his residence when I reached there. He rushed to me and held my right hand in his trembling palms. He should have wept a lot. There was no sign of sleep in his eyes.

“Vignesh...” words failed him.

“Geetha told me. Where is Anitha?”

I followed Ram into his house.

“We never did any harm to anyone. Why is it happening to us?” I could hear sobbing Swetha in the kitchen.

“Don’t cry. Everything will become alright soon.” Geetha’s consoling voice followed.



We went into Anitha’s bedroom. Anitha was lying on her bed coiled up, with her hands between her knees. She was wearing a red nightie. Geetha bought it for her in a local shop last year when they went for shopping.

She was lying on her side, facing us. She was motionless with her eyes closed. But I was sure she wasn’t sleeping. Her cheeks below her eyes were moist. A reddish linear skin patch around her golden neck spoke out what she tried to do an hour earlier. I could no longer stand steadily. I went to the window for support. My in-

testines rolled into a ball. Heart grew heavy. Eyes were completely filled and overflowing with tears.

‘Vignesh...control yourself. You have a big responsibility to shoulder. No one else in this family can take it. If Anitha sees you in tears, that will break her morale again. Control yourself.’ I didn’t know if this soliloquy would help.

Enlightenment had rendered my heart soft and mellow and powerful. So powerful that when it’s triggered, it would stun my reasoning and overpower my body in a fraction of a second.

The stress and pain and trauma this kid was going through were shearing and tearing my heart. I wasn’t sure I could talk to her. And even if I managed to, I might not be able to...

“Anitha,” Ram gently called her attention with soft whisper. I didn’t dare to turn around from the window. Anitha didn’t respond.

“Anitha,” Ram called her again. She opened her eyes. I could no longer pretend to see the cloudy sky through the window. Removing my glasses and wiping off my eyes with handkerchief, I turned around to look at her.



Ram brought two chairs from the living room. By now Anitha had sat on her bed against the wall. With her hands clasped around her folded legs and her eyes staring at nothing she was sitting like a lifeless doll. She looked weak and tired and hopeless and helpless. We sat on the chairs.

Ram told me, “Vignesh, ask her what we should do. She is not telling us anything.”

I ignored Ram and continued to look at her lifeless eyes.

“Life appears complicated. We do some X. We expect another Y. And life presents us with yet another Z. We think that life is behaving randomly. But we are wrong. Life is perfect. Life is simple.

We have complicated it. Out of our ignorance," I started talking looking at Anitha.

Ram stared at me as if I were a fool and said, "Vignesh, ask her..."

"No, uncle. Karthik complicated it," a feeble coarse broken but firm voice came out of her dry throat. Anitha was looking at me. Her eyes came back to life with anger.

"Alright Anitha, Karthik complicated it." I was happy she was engaging. I knew that Anitha was smart. I continued.

"But the argument remains the same. Life is perfect. We are wrong."

"Then why is it happening to me?"

"What if you are wrong?"

Anitha looked perplexed. "Can I control Karthik?"

"Why not?"

"But I couldn't."

"What if you didn't know how to?"

"Is it?" Anitha sat comfortably in a cross-legged position. The anger in her eyes was giving way to curiosity.

She continued, "How?"

"This universe has been programmed to function in a certain way. No one can tamper with that programming."

"But we have free will."

"Yes. But our free will is not an absolute one."

"So, Karthik doesn't have absolute free will."

"That's right."

"I can do something that forces Karthik to behave."

"Exactly."

Anitha thought for a while.

"Are you sure, uncle?"

"Trust me. If Priya is my one eye, you are my another."

"When you are going home, I'm coming with you, uncle."

"Please."

Ram couldn't understand what was going on there. He simply watched his kid switching over to curiosity from dejection in minutes. With his eyes widened with surprise, he asked his daughter, "Are you going with uncle and auntie?"

She nodded.

"Let her be with us for three days. I'll drop her back here on Wednesday" I told Ram.

Chapter 4

Thiruvanthipuram Discussion - I

“Uncle, you promised me you’d tell me why I should be going through this,” Anitha reminded me. She was wearing a pale sky blue saree. She was also a bit pale and sad yet curious to understand what was going around her.

We were sitting in a temple that was about one hour drive from Neyveli. It was *my* plan to take Anitha to a few temples. Geetha chose to stay with Swetha and console her. We arrived at the temple in the evening. There was a good crowd of devotees in the temple as it was Sunday.

The temple was constructed in two sections. The upper portion was constructed on a small hill, and the lower portion at the base of that hill. Thiruvanthipuram Hayagriva temple.

We were sitting at an open place on the hill in the upper shrine near the place where the great preceptor Desigan meditated. Most of the devotees had gathered in the lower shrine to attend a temple religious ritual that was going on there. So, the upper shrine with its vast open space was only sparsely populated with devotees. The evening breeze was refreshing.



Anitha started the question while we were in cab on our way here. So, I told her to wait. Now she was reminding me. I was looking

at the meditation place of Desigan for a while thinking where to start. Then looking back at her, "What will you say if Karthik calls you now?" I asked.

"I've blocked his number," swiftly came the reply.

Taken aback, I managed to paraphrase my question. "Okay, if he comes to Neyveli to see you?"

"The scoundrel won't come."

"Did I hear *idiot*?"

"You heard me. Skkoundrel..." Her face was twitched with rage. "I'll slap him with my slippers."

I was silent for a while.

"How many weeks are you hating him like this?"

"Months."

I sighed. "Your malice is responsible for the mess you are in now."

She looked straight at my eyes. "Uncle, you don't know what he did."

"This universe is not programmed to listen to your justifications."

"But...okay, let me be clear. He can do anything he wants. He can do any immoral things. He can cheat me. He can do injustice to me. He can victimise me. This universe will not punish him. But if I question him, this universe will make my life hell. Is it so, uncle?" She vented her frustration.

"I didn't say you should not react. I didn't say you should not protest. I didn't say you should not discipline him. You say what you need to, what you want to. You do what you feel you should. In response to what he said and what he did. But my point is you cannot nurse malice in your heart."

"How can I react without malice?"

"You can."

"No, uncle, it is not possible..."

"You just don't know how to."

She looked perplexed. I smiled at her.

“Uncle, I am serious. This is my life.”

“I am serious too. I told you, Priya is my one eye and you are my another.”

“Okay, then, tell me how to. How to react without malice.”

“Tell you? Why, I’ll demonstrate it to my kid.”

She looked curious and perplexed. “You are going to tell me a story?”

I shook my head. “I’m going to play a game with my kid.”

“What game?”

“A very simple game. You just have to close your eyes for fifteen minutes...”

“And I have to think a number between one and ten,” she sarcastically intervened.

“You need not think or chant or imagine anything. You just close your eyes for fifteen minutes and then open. You’ll understand how to, when you open your eyes.”

“You’ll send your answer to my brain by telepathy,” she teased me.

“Hmmm... not exactly. But you can say so.”

Now she looked at me with utter disbelief, but she did close her eyes.



When she opened her eyes after about fifteen minutes, her eyes were shining with confidence. She couldn’t talk for a while. She was trying to recapitulate again and again what happened inside her. And then she finally asked me, “What did you send me, uncle?”

Chapter 5

Thiruvanthipuram Discussion - 2

““W hat did you experience?” I asked Anitha.

She didn’t answer my question for a while. She closed her eyes and attempted to relive those moments from her memory.

“Magic” she murmured.

“I’m not a magician.”

She ignored me and continued, “It was all magical. All my stress was relaxed. I didn’t want to think any thought. I wasn’t worried about my future. I didn’t care about any person. But I can’t describe the state itself.”

“That is possibly the best description I have heard so far.”

“How did you do that?”

I didn’t answer her.

“Why did it disappear?”

“I told you, it’s only a demo.”

“How can I get it permanently?”

“It will take years.”

She sighed.

She asked again. “How did you do that?”

I didn’t answer her.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a while.

“Who are you?”

“Your uncle. Priya’s father,” I smiled at her.

“No, what I am...”

“Do you know what you experienced?” I intervened.

“No, but something great. Something I need badly. Something that is likely to solve my problems. Yes, I’m sure. But I haven’t experienced it before. So, I don’t know what it is.”

“You.”

“Hmm? Oh yes, it was I who experienced it.”

“You experienced You.”

“Sorry?”

“Who are You?”

“Your niece. My dad’s daughter,” She smiled at me.

“Is it not?” I smiled back.

“Don’t play with me, uncle. I’m serious. What is that?”

“That’s what I am telling you. It is not *that* but You.”

“I am not coming to this game. I won’t talk to you if you play with me.”

She turned square to show her back to me.



Now I was confident. This kid would never go back to depression.

“Okay, okay. I won’t play with you. Turn to me.” I didn’t play with her, in the first place.

She turned.

“Okay, let me explain it in this way. Did you see the movie The Matrix?”

“Many times.”

“Remember the spoon boy quote?”

“Do not try and bend the spoon, that’s impossible. Instead, only try to realise the Truth. There is no spoon,” came the reply in an uninterrupted flow.

“Fine. Let me interpret it this way. As long as you are in the same plane where the spoon exists, you can’t bend the spoon. But

if you move to a higher plane, you can bend the spoon by mere observation."

"But I don't want to bend my spoons." She surprised me with her serious innocent look for a second. And then she tilted her neck fifteen degrees to her left and smiled beautifully. Her characteristic charming smile. How many hours I had to wait to see this spectacular treasure smile of my princess! My heart began to melt and started to take over my body gradually and pump tears to my eyes. With great effort I froze my heart back and pumped my tears back into my eyes.

"Of course, you don't," I managed to smile back with moist eyes. One day I'm going to be got caught by this kid red-handed with tears overflowing my eyes down to the chin.

"Sorry, uncle, I'm interrupting your flow," she returned to her seriousness.

I hated having to come back to the logic of my mind.

"So, you want to control the malice of your heart. If you try to control it from your mind, you'll fail miserably. You'll be haunted by what Karthik did. Those memories will ensure that you give up." I paused to ensure her understanding.

"Agreed."

I continued, "But if you move into observation mode switching from controlling mode, your malice will subside on its own. It happens in spite of your memories."

"From where I observe? In the mind?"

"If you are in the mind, you can only try to control."

"So?"

"You should be in You." I smiled.

"Oh no, uncle...not again." She also smiled shaking her head.

We got up. We descended the steps to reach the lower shrine at the base. After we worshiped Sree Devi, we left for Neyveli.



When we reached our home, my wife had already come from Anitha's home. After dinner, Anitha went to Priya's room for sleeping. Priya was working in Chennai. Anitha would use her room whenever she came to our home.

I was busy attending my pending office work in the living room when Geetha whispered to me, "We know why Anitha left Karthik."

Chapter 6

Karthik Problem

“Karthik was having an affair with his colleague. That’s why Anitha left him,” Geetha said. We were sitting on chairs in the open front courtyard of our residence. It was a cold Sunday night of Neyveli.

Full Moon was shining well above the eastern horizon. It was intimately romancing with Rohini star. There was very little traffic on the road. Geetha was in her favourite sandalwood colour saree.

“How do you know? Did Anitha tell her mother?”

“No. Padma told Swetha today.”

“Who is Padma?”

“She is the owner of the house. Swetha called Padma today.”

“Okay. How did she know? What does she know?”

“We don’t know. But she says she has seen Karthik with a girl many times in public places. She says she also knew that girl.”

“Who is she?”

“She is working in Karthik’s office.”

I was silent for a while.

“What does Swetha say?”

“She is very much worried. Anitha had said marriage was over.”

“So?”

“They are planning to consult a lawyer tomorrow.”

“For what?”

Geetha looked at my eyes. "What else? Divorce. After divorce we'll arrange for remarriage."

I was looking at the Moon. It was playing hide and seek with sparse passing cloud. Rohini was trying to shine in the proximity of floodlight of full Moon.

"Why doesn't Ram talk to Karthik?"

"Anitha doesn't agree."

"What do you think?"

"I don't think there is any other way."

Moon was cruising towards the zenith. Rohini was also closely following. She is not going to leave her lover.

"What do you think?" Geetha asked me.

I was still looking at Rohini. "Today Rohini may not leave Moon. Tomorrow she'll have to."

Chapter 7

Thiruvannamalai Discussion - I

“...When young Ramana was meditating here, red ants used to bite him but he never minded them. He was so absorbed in his meditation...” the priest was narrating the story. I had already read the story but Anitha was intently listening to him. So, I was also listening to him.

It was Monday morning. We were standing in an underground shrine within the Arunachalesvara temple at Thiruvannamalai.

I had taken leave for two days. Geetha chose to stay with Swetha. After breakfast we left Neyveli. It was one and a half hour drive.



We came out from the underground shrine and walked to the vast open courtyard of the temple. We sat on the steps there. Anitha sat square to me. She was in pale brown colour saree. The dark rings under her eyes had disappeared. Though her face was not yet freed from the anxiety of uncertain future, it looked much better than Sunday. The linear red patch around her neck had also disappeared.

“What uncle?”

“Nothing.”

“You were looking at me.”

She should have observed my effort to examine her neck.

“Nothing special.”

“I know what you observed.”

I turned my head right to look at the tall front tower of the temple. A little monkey was playing with a big one in a middle tier of the tower.

“I know what you observed,” Anitha said again to call my attention back to her. I turned to her again. Now she had folded her legs towards her body clasping them with her circling hands.

A big monkey was eating some eatables spread on the ground a few metres away. A small one was trying to take a few of them. It was driven away by the big one every time it approached. After a few failed attempts, the small one mustered some courage to come near the big one, and then swiftly it took some eatables and darted to the tower.

“We do not have to fear our life.” I began talking. “There is nothing to fear here.”

She straightened herself and started listening to me.

“The moment we take birth here, all the requirements of our soul are guaranteed to be fulfilled in our life time here by this universe.”

“But our requirements are not fulfilled,” She intervened.

“I am not talking about the wishes of our heart influenced by our mind. I’m talking about the requirements of our soul.”

“Got it.”

“So, there is nothing to worry about our future.”

“But I am worried about non-fulfilment of desires of my heart.”

“That’s because we don’t know what life is about.”

“And what is life about?”

“Experiencing the requirements of our soul.”

Anitha was trying to assimilate what I said. After a while she asked.

“But what if we cannot handle our soul’s requirements?”

“Do you think our soul will have requirements that cannot be handled by us?”

“Then why do we think life is so painful?”

“Because we are carried away by the unwarranted fear of our mind.”

“Why is our mind living in fear?”

“Because it doesn’t know our future. It tries to project our past onto our future.”

“But I have to live with my mind. How can I be not carried away by it?”

I looked at the tower again. I couldn’t see any monkey over there.

Anitha asked me again, “Is it possible for me not to fear my life when my mind is overwhelmed with fear for future?”

“Yesterday evening we played a game. Do you remember?”

“How can I forget it?”

“During that fifteen minute period, how many minutes were you afraid of your future?”

“No, I didn’t experience any fear throughout.”

“So, you have proved to yourself that it is possible. Why do you ask me now?”

She was staring at the tower.

I asked her again. “Why do you ask me now?”

She was still staring at the tower.

I waved my hands before her. “Am I having the attention of my...”

“Uncle, I have experienced it before.”

“You told me yesterday you hadn’t experienced it before?”

“I was wrong. Now I know I’ve experienced it once before...when?...”

I was silently watching her. She was looking at the ground, trying to figure out when.

After a while, she raised her head and looked at me. Her eyes were moist.

“When I was sitting on my bed. In front of my uncle. Yesterday morning.”

I didn’t respond. I turned to look at the tower.

“May I know, sir, whom am I having the privilege of talking to?”

“Your uncle, Priya’s dad.”

“We are not getting up until I get the answer to my satisfaction.”

Chapter 8

Thiruvannamalai Discussion - 2

I didn't want to explain my spiritual state to Anitha. But she was insistent.

Sun was rising to mid-heaven. Only a few devotees were seen in the open courtyard of the temple.

"Okay, Anitha. Here it is. I am a soul."

"I am, too. That monkey is, too."

"See, you are learning spirituality now."

"I have learned a ton yesterday. Now I don't want to learn. I want to know."

"You won't understand," I murmured.

"I don't want to understand. I want to know."

'Kids!' I didn't know how to manage her. "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what is special in this soul" she said resolutely with her right index finger pointing towards my heart. This kid is not going to let me get away today. Let me try my best.

"There is a spiritual Field pervading this material universe." I started.

She sat comfortably to listen to me.

"It is very subtle. It pervades everything. It pervades that tower. This tree. That monkey. This whole temple..." I looked at her.

"I'm all ears."

“It is so subtle that It pervades your soul, too. My soul. That monkey’s soul.”

“Got it.”

“It is everywhere here.”

“But why am I not seeing it?”

“Because your brain is not yet trained to perceive It. Your eyes are not yet sensitised to see It.”

“So, any one with suitably trained brain and sensitised eyes can see It.”

“That’s right.”

“Tell me more about It.”

“It is so powerful that It can make your fear vanish into thin air.”

“I can understand,” said Anitha with a smile, and added, “It can also make my malice disappear.”

“Exactly.”

“But it will take a few years for me to learn the technology of getting this service from this Field for me.”

“True.”

“Until then my uncle will do some magic for me to get this service from this Field.”

I smiled.

She got up.

I also got up.

With her hands folded, she asked me, “And what should I do to my uncle in return?”

“You are already doing it.”

“I am not.”

“You are.”

“When shall I understand what return service I’m doing to my uncle?”

“In due course.”

She shook her head with satisfaction and walked with me.



After worshiping Uma Devi, we left the temple and went for lunch. We returned home in the afternoon.

Geetha told me Ram would come to meet me in the evening to discuss divorce and remarriage of Anitha.

Chapter 9

Ram's Request

“What is your opinion?” Ram asked me.

We were seated on chairs in the open front courtyard of our residence. Geetha had taken Anitha to a nearby grocery shop. The road was moderately busy as it was only around seven in the evening. Ram’s face looked tired and sad.

“I think we should discuss with Karthik before taking any precipitating decision.”

“But Anitha is dead against it.”

“That is understandable given the trauma she has undergone for months.”

“Then what shall we do?”

“Wait.”

“How many days can we wait?”

“Weeks. Maybe months. We can’t afford to take such critical decisions in haste.”

Ram was silent for a while. Then he asked.

“Did she tell you anything about Karthik?”

I didn’t answer. I didn’t want to answer. I was exploring western horizon. Venus was conspicuously absent. It should have appeared in the eastern horizon in the early morning.

“She is slowly recovering from the trauma. Let us wait for some time. She may allow us to communicate with Karthik.”

Ram nodded. He fell into his thoughts for a while.

I explored the western horizon again. Saturn was now visible just above the horizon.

Ram asked me hesitantly. "Can you talk to Karthik?"

"I won't do it without Anitha's consent."

Ram felt a bit uneasy. But he would have expected this reply from me.

Ram thought for a while. "Shall I go to Chennai and meet Karthik?"

"Why would you do that?"

"We can know what happened. We can know what is happening there now."

"So?"

"Otherwise, how can we take any decision?"

"Even then you cannot take any decision. Anitha has to cooperate."

"Why don't you convince Anitha to cooperate? She'll listen to you."

"You don't know me."

"No, she is little girl. She doesn't know much about worldly affairs. We have to advise her properly."

"You don't know your daughter either."

"Please, Vignesh. It is important."

"Ram, I understand your concern. I know my responsibility as well. I consider Anitha on par with Priya. I'll do what I have to do to Anitha considering her as Priya."

"Vignesh, I know you'll do what is good for Anitha in the long run. But Swetha is worried about the immediate future. How can we sit idle?"

"Okay, you do what you think is right for your daughter. I'll do what I can for her."

By now, Geetha and Anitha arrived back in an autorickshaw.

Chapter 10

Ashram Discussion - I

“What did my dad tell you last night, uncle?”

I looked at Anitha and asked her in a soft voice, “Should you have to know that?”

She lowered her eyes to the ground. “If my uncle feels I may know that.”

We were seated on the platform in front of Aurobindo Ashram, Pondy. It was two hours drive from Neyveli. Geetha didn’t join us. We started after late breakfast. When we reached here, the Ashram had been closed for lunch. Both of us didn’t feel hungry. So, we sat on the platform adjoining the Ashram. Both of us sat askew so that we could see each other.

I was casually looking at devotees standing on the road taking photographs with their mobile phones. With trees on both sides giving a shadow cover to the road, and refreshing air filling the atmosphere, many devotees were wandering here and there on the road.



I looked back at Anitha. She was in light green saree today. “Your dad asked me to contact Karthik.”

I could see a reddish rage passing her golden face. With her face muscles still stiff and tight, she said, “And what did my uncle

say?"

"Do you think your uncle will contact Karthik without your consent?"

She turned straight to the road. Did I see her eyes getting moistened?

She was staring at the footwear keeping stand on the opposite side for a while.

She spoke in a feeble voice, with her eyes fixed at the opposite stand. "I loved him so much... He didn't want me to go to job. I resigned my job for him. I wanted to do a course on website designing. He didn't want it. I dropped it for him. He didn't want me to wear bright coloured sarees. I complied with his wishes. He didn't want me to talk to my neighbours. I restricted myself to essential talks. Food, dress, furniture...I was willing to go for any compromise to please him. He was my world. He was my life."

I was silently listening to her. She continued.

"I believed him. But he cheated me. I couldn't see what he found in her. I couldn't see in what way she was superior to me."

She sighed wearily. I didn't intervene. She continued.

"I begged him, fought with him, and threatened him. I used all possible ways to discipline him. He didn't relent. I went on protesting until I could no longer bear it."

She stopped talking. For a while she was staring at the footwear stand. Then she folded her legs towards her body, clasping them with her circling hands. She buried her face in her knees. I could see her body trembling slightly.

I never wanted mystic powers. But I badly wanted one now to shrink her to a three year old and cradle her in my left forehand and pat her back with my right hand until she got her complete emotional security and then to revert her back.

She was still trembling. I could sense the torture and trauma she was undergoing for months. My heart started melting. If she began sobbing, my heart would reach its break-even point and

breach the critical mass and I could no longer stop the explosion of tears out of my eyes. I was anxiously waiting for her to rein herself in. But it was not happening.

“There is a reason for any event life brings,” I started talking. Anitha straightened herself. I gave my handkerchief to her to wipe off her eyes.

I continued. “We may not immediately know that reason. But there is a reason. Nothing happens in our life that is not required by our soul. It may be painful. Our mind may not accept it. But our soul requires it. So, it has happened.”

By now, she has fully recovered. She handed my handkerchief back to me.

“Shall I continue?” I asked her softly.

She shook her head. “I know. I guessed. I want to go there where the acceptance of my mind is no longer necessary. Please, uncle.”

Without expecting my reply, she sat comfortably in the cross-legged position on the platform, facing me, and closed her eyes.

I moved away one foot for my comfort, and then focused my attention on her. Within a minute her face relaxed and she was enjoying herself. She sat meditating like Buddha. Even the monks who had renounced the family and lived in secluded mutts for years, couldn’t have meditated like this. She simply sat still, abiding in herself.



After fifteen minutes, I stopped my focus. “Anitha, open your eyes,” I asked her in soft voice. She slowly opened her eyes. “Thanks, uncle.”

“It’s my responsibility.”

“May I know how my uncle is doing this magic?”

Chapter 11

Ashram Discussion - 2

We sat askew on the platform so as to see each other. I started explaining to Anitha.

“If you put some nails on a cardboard and move a magnet around at its bottom, the nails will also move around.”

Anitha listened intently.

“What is the connecting link that caused the nails to move about?”

“Magnetic field.”

“Yes. Similarly, our body nail is alive only because of the consciousness field of our soul magnet.”

“Let me try. But for the consciousness of our soul, our body is dead like a nail.”

“Exactly.”

“Go ahead, uncle.”

“Now another example. You are boiling milk in an open vessel on a stove.”

“Okay.”

“The milk has started boiling.”

“Okay.”

“What will happen if you turn off the fuel?”

“Milk will stop boiling.”

“If we withdraw soul fuel from our body, our Anger milk boiling in our Body will calm down.”

“Got it. If we withdraw soul fuel from our mind, our Fear milk boiling in our Mind will calm down.”

“Exactly.”

“And if we withdraw soul fuel from our heart, our Malice milk boiling in our Heart will calm down.”

“That’s it.”

I continued.

“You can withdraw your soul fuel from your body-mind-heart only after you discriminate your consciousness from your body-mind-heart.”

“Following.”

“Do you remember the spiritual Field we discussed yesterday?”

“Yes. It is so subtle that It pervades everything and everyone.”

“That’s right. Now if I focus my attention on you, that Field is triggered.”

She was eagerly listening.

“It discriminates your consciousness from your body-mind-heart.”

“Got it.”

“Can I hear a summary from my smart princess?”

“Whenever I am not able to accept my past or I am not confident about my future or I am not able to get rid of my malice, I should rush to my uncle and play the closing-eyes game for fifteen minutes.” She tilted her head fifteen degrees to her left and shot her charming smile and robbed my heart.

By now the Ashram was opened after lunch break. People began to queue up on the platform. We also got up and joined the queue.



When we came out and were walking to a nearby hotel for lunch, I asked Anitha, "What shall I tell your dad?"

Anitha replied, "How do I know?"

"What?"

"My uncle knows what is to be done and when."

"That is a big responsibility on my shoulders."

"I'm lucky."

Chapter 12

Three Principles

“A re you still interested in the web-design course?” I asked Anitha.

It was Tuesday night. After dinner at our home, I was walking with her to drop her back at her home. The road was flooded with yellow lighting from bright sodium lamps on either side. There were only a few vehicles on the road.

“I don’t know. I’m interested. But I don’t know if I can do it now.”

“mmm.”

“What do you think, uncle?”

“You may think about it after a week or two.”

“Okay.”



We were nearing her home.

Anitha said, “I’ll come to your home daily, uncle.”

“That’s your home.”

“Twice a day.”

“As you please.”

Before entering her home, I asked her, “I know you know the three Rules you have learnt in these three days. You are smart

enough. But, for my satisfaction, I want to hear the same from you now."

"Of course, uncle. One, malice will make my life a mess. Two, there is nothing to fear in life; for, all the requirements of my soul will certainly be fulfilled. Three, I should accept what has happened in my life; for there is a reason why my soul sought for it."

"Perfect. Go in. I'll talk to your dad for a few minutes and leave."

She went in.

Ram was sitting in the front courtyard. I talked with him for a while and returned home.



I had to reply to some office mails. After finishing them, I checked my personal mail inbox. Notification mail from facebook declared Anitha had updated. I clicked on it to go to her post.

She had posted an image of sea taken from a boat showing the shore with a lighthouse. She had typed above the image, "I am blessed. I found the lighthouse after swimming for six months in the dark groping for the shore. Of course, there are miles to go before I reach the shore but I know where to go. And I am lucky too. I am given a motor boat as well. I no longer need to swim. Just get on the boat and direct it to the shore guided by the triple revolving lamps of the lighthouse. Thank You for everything."

I smiled and clicked on the like button.

Chapter 13

Love Discussion - I

“Sacrifice arises from Love. It is not required to maintain Love,” I was talking to Anitha.

It was a Wednesday evening in the mid February. Geetha and Anitha were seated on chairs to my right and left in triangular positions in the front courtyard of our Neyveli home. It was already dark. Two months have gone since Anitha came here.

Geetha intervened. “Am I not compromising my personal interests to please you?”

“Did I ask you to?”

“I thought you’d like”

“I like and love Geetha, not Vignesh imposed on Geetha.”

“Auntie, uncle is saying something for *me*. It is important for me. Let him talk.”

“Okay, then. I’ll go to kitchen and prepare tea for us.”

Geetha went in.



I continued. “Love doesn’t demand sacrifice from partner. Love doesn’t do sacrifice with a view to maintain partner’s Love. On the other hand Love does sacrifice simply to express itself.”

“What if Love demanded sacrifice from partner?”

“It is not Love. It is Fear.”

“Fear of...”

“Of losing the Love of partner.”

“So, I sacrificed my life goals and preferences just to placate Karthik’s Fear.”

“Correct.”

Anitha was silent for a while. I explored the western horizon. Moon was absent as it was close to new moon day. Venus was shining beautifully through the leaves of tall mango tree standing on the opposite side of the road.

“Now what if Love sacrifices with a view to maintain partner’s Love?”

“Love may do sacrifice to placate partner’s fear. But if it does sacrifice expecting Love of partner, it cannot be Love. Again it is Fear.”

“Fear of losing the Love of partner.”

“Exactly.”

“Let me try. Karthik was demanding sacrifice from me fearing the loss of my Love. I was complying with him fearing the loss of his Love.”

“That’s right.”

“And then?”

“It made you dependent on him. Love sets you free but Fear makes you dependent.”

“Got it.”

“A dependent cannot express Love. She can only express Fear.”

“How?”

“By attempting to make her partner dependent on her.”

Geetha brought tea for us. Anitha sipped it silently.



Geetha collected our cups and went to the kitchen.

Anitha said, "Karthik, don't go to the club; give me company. Karthik, don't do office work at home; take me to cinema. Karthik, enough watching cricket; let's go to restaurant. And so on. I was also demanding sacrifices."

"Fear is infectious. He robs your freedom. He makes you dependent. And then you rob his freedom."

"And then what happens?" Anitha was curious to do post-mortem analysis.

Chapter 14

Love Discussion - 2

Venus was playing hide and seek with mango tree leaves. Anitha turned her chair square to face me directly. I continued.

“He robs your freedom. You take it as sacrifice. He makes you dependent. And then you rob his freedom. He takes it as nuisance.”

“And?”

“He searches for one who won’t rob his freedom.”

Anitha sat silent. Her eyes were growing moist. But she quickly reined herself in.

“Go ahead, uncle. I’m ready.”

“He gets one.”

“Now, I know. I burst out. And I’m here.”

I was silent.

“And what next, uncle?”

“Let me guess. He tries to rob her freedom...”

Anitha laughed out heartily. It took a few minutes for her to settle down.

She finished her laughter with a remark on him. “Crazy guy. He never knew how much I loved him.”

“Guess, what happens next.”

“I’ll unblock his number,” Anitha took her mobile from her handbag.

Venus was cruising downwards. Now it has cleared the leaves of mango tree and shone brightly.

Anitha left for her home.

Chapter 15

Karthik's Return

“What did Anitha tell you, Karthik?”

It was the following Saturday. Geetha had gone to Chennai to visit Priya. It was around noon. We were sitting on chairs under the shade of a mango tree in the side courtyard of my house. Karthik had come to see Anitha last night. She sent him to me after informing me over phone.

“She didn’t tell me anything. She told me to meet you.” Karthik looked weary. He was very hesitant and shy.

“Did Ram tell you anything?”

“He is reluctant to send Anitha with me.” He lowered his eyes to the ground.

I was silent for a while. Then I told him, “As a father, his concerns are justified.”

Karthik told me, “It won’t happen again. I’ll take care of Anitha well.”

I smiled. ‘You are going to take care of her? My little angel will take care of you, boy!’

Karthik said, “Promise, uncle.”

I smiled again. I looked at the lemon tree. It was carrying a lot of green and yellow lemons all over. Without taking my eyes off the lemon tree, I began talking.

“I know a story, Karthik. Listen carefully to the story. It will be useful for you.”

Karthik raised his head and looked at me to listen to the story. I continued.

“There was a boy in a town. He was a good boy. So, God wanted to bless him. He entrusted to him the custody of a cute and smart parrot. The parrot loved him so much. It will fly here and there in and out of his house displaying its spectacular feathers. It took all efforts to keep him happy.

But the boy was afraid that it might leave him. So, he cut its feathers and imprisoned it in a cage. The parrot so loved him that it didn’t mind. It continued to entertain him. But since it could not move around now, it began to invite his attention all the time. The boy felt it a very big nuisance.

He searched for a bird that would engage him only when he required. He got a crow. Now he began to spend his spare time with that crow. This infuriated the parrot. It left the boy.

Having lost the parrot, the boy understood its value. Now he has come to take the parrot with him.”

Karthik was sobbing with his hands covering his face. I left him sobbing. Let him feel it. After a few minutes he controlled himself and after wiping off his eyes, he looked at me with a beginning look.

“We make mistakes, Karthik.” I told him. “We all make mistakes. But unless we learn lessons from the mistakes, there is no point in making those mistakes, in the first place.”

Karthik told me, “Sir, tell me what I should do. Anitha has very high opinion about you. I’ll do whatever you want me to do.”

I smiled at him and told him, “My boy, you are lucky. She is a treasure.”

I continued, “You are lucky not only because you have got this treasure but because the treasure is going to take care of you.”

“Sir?”

I heard the sound of opening the front gate followed by Anitha's jubilant voice, "Anitha is here."

Looking at us she shouted, "Both of you come in. It's lunch time" and went into the house.

Karthik looked at me back and asked me again, "Sir, I didn't understand why you said so."

"No need. Just write it in a piece of paper and paste it on your mirror in your house."

He shook his head in approval and confusion.



We went in and sat in the dining hall. Anitha served meals for us. She looked quite cheerful.

After we took lunch, they prepared to go to Anitha's home. We were standing in the front room.

I asked Karthik, "When are you leaving for Chennai?"

Karthik said, "Tomorrow morning ten thirty, sir."

"Okay, I'll arrange for cab for Chennai drop."

Anitha told Karthik, "We'll come here. Let the cab report here."

"Okay."

Karthik said, "Bye, sir" and went to the gate.



Anitha stood in front of me and stretched her right palm towards me. "I need a promise."

"Yes, what promise my little angel needs?"

"You should give me the promise first."

"Given."

"Not like this. You should place your right palm on mine."

I placed, and asked, "What promise I am giving?"

She quickly withdrew her hand and said, "I'll fill it up" and turned around and walked away.

"What? I have given a promise to my angel but I myself don't know what it is?"

She turned around to look at me. She closed her eyes tight for a fraction of a second and opened them. She tilted her head fifteen degrees to her left and shot her characteristic charming smile at me. "Your little angel will let you know tomorrow." She turned again and carried away my heart with her.



In the night before sleeping, I checked my personal mail box. Notification mail from facebook declared Anitha had updated. I clicked on it to go to her post.

She had posted an image of a girl standing on the shore near a lighthouse looking at its top. She had typed above the image, "Arrived at the shore at last, guided by the Light house. It saved my life and taught me how to live my life. In return It expected nothing - It treated my interaction itself as the return service. Thank You for everything."

I smiled and clicked on the Like button.

Chapter 16

Story Conclusion

Ram looked worried. He asked me, “What if she does anything untoward in Chennai house?”

Ram, Swetha, Anitha and Karthik have gathered in the living room of my house on Sunday morning. Anitha was in bright pink saree. Happiness from within overflowed from her eyes and cheeks. She was busy packing. Swetha was helping her.

I pacified Ram. “Don’t worry. Anitha won’t ever do it again.”

Cab arrived at the gate. Anitha took leave from Ram and Swetha. Karthik took leave from Ram, Swetha and me. We all went to the cab. Once the luggage was loaded, Karthik and Anitha boarded the cab. We all waved at them.

Anitha looked at me and said, “Dad, bye.”

I turned to look at Ram standing near me. Ram said, “Bye.”

Anitha ignored him. She continued to look at me and said, “DAAAD, Bye.”

And then she closed her eyes tight for a fraction of a second and opened them. She tilted her head fifteen degrees to her left and shot her characteristic charming smile at me.

My heart melted and pumped tears into my eyes to blur out her smile as the cab started moving away.

Secrets Of Manifestation

The primary objective of *Secrets of Manifestation* book is to outline the technology of Manifestation of what we want in our life in compliance with Law of Attraction. This book comes as a summary of my theoretical and practical research in this field for more than a decade.

Traditional implementation of Law of Attraction using body-mind-heart based techniques like *Visualisation*, *Affirmation* and *Feeling* suffers from some serious shortcomings. Many times they don't work. Sometimes we get results with unacceptable deviation from what we desired. Sometimes manifestation is inordinately delayed that we give up midway.

This book addresses these three issues and suggests, in addition to the traditional implementation, generic control of our Negative Energy using Consciousness based techniques of *Direct Consciousness Discrimination*, *Expanded Consciousness Meditation* and *Divine Love Yoga* to improve the success rate, efficiency and speed of manifestation.

NOTE: This ebook can be downloaded for FREE from my website ShirdiSaiBhakta.com

About the Author

The author of this book, umasreedasan, is a spiritually enlightened devotee of Shirdi Sai Baba, a very advanced spiritual Saint Who lived in Central India until the second decade of twentieth century.

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