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Surrender Your Anger To the Divine

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THE arsonists of Godhra and the marauders elsewhere, both, had fallen prey only to the forces of — as mysticism terms it — the lower Nature, the nescience. While they must have felt that they were the performers, the forces of darkness must be indulging in a sinister laughter. These forces are entities in their own right. There is no such thing as a Hindu hatred or a Muslim hatred. Such destructive passions lurk behind human ignorance and their pressure makes their prey hit upon a cause. Alas, the strategy for their infiltration is so subtle that what comes first, the destructive passion or the cause, can remain debatable even for the sensible, while for the deluded average, the cause comes first and handy as an argument.

Once a young seeker met an enlightened teacher. "Master, I have a fat lot of anger in me", he said. The master did not seem to hear. They talked on other issues and then the master suddenly asked, "Wouldn't you show me whatever you have?" The young man brought out his purse and his handkerchief. "But don't you have something else with you?"

asked the master.

The young man

showed him a

pocket comb.

"But didn't you

say that you had something more

in plenty?" asked the master again.

"Oh, master, I spoke of my

anger", replied the disciple.

"Wouldn't you show me your

anger?" asked the master. "Well,

master, I cannot show it to you

because it surfaces from time to

time". "Why not call it?" suggested

the master. "Well, it does not come

at my calling, but of its own ac-

cord", said the seeker. The master

smiled: "So, you see, it is not yours;

it is not there in you. It is elsewhere

in Nature. It comes. But it cannot

come in if you decide to shut the

door of your consciousness on it".

Needless to say, this is easier said

than done. But spirituality assures

us that man can rise above these

tricks of Nature which make him

think that it is he who is angry, he

who hates, he who loves. All the

usual lovers had had the same thrill

over all the generations past; each

one feeling that never, never

before had anyone known love so

wonderfully as he or she knew it.

The same is the case with all the

other stock emotions and passions.

Spirituality tells us that man in-

deed can live in his inner self instead of the superficial one, the latter being the perpetual stage for the play of such forces, and man can do so without breaking away from his normal action. But, alas, we are so fond of our little ego-self.

Years ago I was invited to give a series of four talks on Sri Aurobindo's *Essays on the Gita*. On the last day, I was just about to begin when I could observe some commotion in the first row of the auditorium. A very important man had arrived and several people were eager to offer him his or her seat.

After my talk I was formally introduced to the gentleman who complimented me and said, "My son informed me of this programme and advised me to attend the whole series, for he knew of my great interest in the Gita. I too had set aside the four evenings for this. But on the first evening my *sambandhi*, who lives in the US arrived and I had to keep him company.

The next evening my wife and I had to attend a wedding. Yesterday I was alerted about a call expected from the prime minister, coinciding

with the timing of your talk. Today my son phoned me demanding why he does not see me here. I

promised to come and here at last I am. But, I cannot agree with you on one issue. You said that the highest wisdom lies in surrendering oneself to the Divine. If I did so, I would be reduced to a cipher".

"Dear Sir, who am I to say so? It was Krishna's injunction to his faithful disciple, Arjuna... You willed to attend this series all the evenings. But on the first evening you surrendered your will to your *sambandhi*'s; on the second you surrendered it to your wife's; on the third you did so to the prime minister's and today you did so to your son's. Is it not strange that while you never became a cipher in all this, you should become so only when it comes to surrendering to the Divine?" I asked.

He admitted that he had not looked at the situation from this angle. None of us does, I told him. But a surrender to the Divine does not result in one losing one's identity; but in discovering one's true identity. Indeed, that is the only insurance against our falling prey to the adverse forces.



THE SPEAKING TREE

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