

LILA PARICHOYA

(Deliverions of Brojananda)

By

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Translated by

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Sri Sri Brojananda Hari,

Brojananda, an Incarnate of Truth, is joy personified.
Bow to him.

A CALL

Hurry up, ye men ! Lo ! Here is my Brojananda to give away his love and affection dancing.

May ye troubled at heart laden with worldly ills resort to the feet of Brojananda—feet that are enough to do away with all sins.

May ye with desert-like hearts due to sorrows and bereavements see that my Brojaroy has embraced a human body for you only.

No anxiety, now that the best of givers and the fountain of generosity is before us. Look ! The sinful, the sorrowful and the fallen—all are about to attain salvation.

Ye men and women ! Banish your ignorance and come singing "Hari" with your hands up. Just see that my Brojaroy has put on the garb of a beggar for you and you alone.

1. Introduction

I know that I am quite incompetent for the task I am undertaken. To venture to put in black and white the deliveries of exudate and savoury Master is indeed a rash insolence on the part of a man of my stamp.

I cannot say why I, foreign to devotion and knowledge, have undertaken the task—task which even devotees of erudite scholarship hesitate to undertake and fail to do full justice to, if at all undertaken. In this connection, Krishnadas Kaviraj, author of Chaitanya Charitamrita, deserves mention. One morning, after completing his famous work, he went out, with a light heart, for a bath in the Ganges. He was full of pride, thinking that he had succeeded in writing the history of deliveries of Lord Gauranga and that nothing else remained to be done. That day, the omniscient Lord, Destroyer of pride and Friend of the helpless, could not help laughing at the unwelcome pride of Krishnadas Kaviraj. While at the bathing ghat, he had had a retort to his vanity. Going to the bank of the Ganges he found a partridge take a bath in the river and then roll about on the sands. Krishnadas Kaviraj was seized with no less curiosity at seeing the bird doing so repeatedly. He asked the bird, "what are you doing, bird?" The bird replied, "I have made up my mind to build a dam over the Ganges. So I roll about the bank and wash the

sands off in the water” Kaviraj said with a loud laughter, “Have you run mad, bird ? Will it possible for you to build a dam in this way even if you try for crores of years to come ?” With a louder laughter the bird said, “If so, you are madder than I. If it is simply impossible for me to build a dam over this small river, how can you then bring yourself to think that you have succeeded in fully describing the deliverions of the Infinite Lord. Who is an embodiment of joy and pathos ?” A fact or otherwise, this goes to show that word fail to describe the deliverions of all sustaining omnipresent God.

Swami Brojananda, whom I mean to describe to you today, is the great man and incarnation of the age. His deliverions, uncommon as they are, beggar description. Rich with endless qualities is he whose account I, poor and low, mean to describe. So I hope the lots of irregularities that may creep in the account are likely to submerge into the description of his multifarious qualities. Lord Chaitanya said about spiritual preceptor Iswar Puri —

“A devotee describes Lord Krishna. He who finds fault in It is a sinner. A devotee makes no poetry, but proves his devotion to Lord Krishna. He may say “Vishnaya” in place of “Vishnave”, yet the Lord accepts both the words. Others may find fault with it, but the Lord is satisfied at it.”

Certain it is that devotees will not find fault with me, but I fear lest my description will serve to be little my spiritual preceptor. This is sure to be done. Still I know not why one night in dream Lord Brojananda himself

entrusted me with the task. I dare to acquaint my readers with it at the outset.

No knowing how the generous Lord imbibes one..... is his generosity—generosity which follows nothing and awaits no.

“Oh Lord, I do not want you, but you have wanted me. Oh friend, you have got lots and lots more negligence in return of perpetual affection.

Others will not believe me. They will rather say, “No gain without austerity.” But I do know how baseless this is, I have ever looked down upon the Lord and his disciple. Yet, notwithstanding long negligence, he has taken me to his side. I have long been with him, but have never thought it necessary to go to his side. I have rather thought that I have nothing to learn from him who is with loin cloth. Hence, no good going to him. My pride as great as a mountain. Who then knew that this pride of mine should be swept away by floods of tears, that day was a night of the full moon. The flowers were smelling... and the south wind was blowing wild. It was 3 A.M. I got up from bed and began to walk hither and thither. I went to bed again. I dream that I was standing under a tree in a dense forest. Not far from me ran a path through that forest. I found that Swamiji was walking along that path all alone. I had had the occasion of seeing him one or twice before, but did never speak to him. I drew off my mouth out of the previous aversion. Going some distance from me, he stopped and called me saying, “Hallo, come hither.” His voice was so sweet. But my stony heart did not meet at all. Have you any business with me ?” asked

I proudly. "Yes, a piece of business with you. Just come and see." Thereupon I looked and found that Radha and Krishna—the dazzling Duals—were standing at the place where Swamiji had taken his stand. They were the true copies of the pictures in a studio. Krishna had worn a crown, fitted with the pea-cock feathers, a garland of wild flowers, a flute in his hand and Sri Radha in his left arm. True that I was charmed at the sight, but my pride did not yet leave me. I went up to him with the same insolence and asked, "Why are you calling me?" "Come to me. I shall give you just what you want," said he with smile. Again I asked, "what can I asked of you? What are you capable of giving me?" He replied, "No need of knowing what I can give you. Take it for certain that I can give even if you want myself." I was struck with the reply. "Why will you give me?" said I in a mild tone. He took hold of my hand and said with a smile, "You are a devotee. A devotee is as good as my parents and my friend and brother,—may, he is my life. In this life I have come to the world as Brojananda only for the sake of my devotees, I come down as Krishna only to play with Radha. I could not finish that, I remained indebted to Radha. I then came down as Gouranga to clear off the aforesaid debt. In neither of these births could I do much for the good of men. I am Hari, wish-yeilding tree to my devotees, but could not satisfy the yearning their hearts. My time being over, I disappeared in the person of Lord Jagannath in the midst of Harisankirtan. My devotees grew so anxious that day. I appeared again and consoled them saying, "Devotees, do not be anxious. I have failed to

satisfy your desire even this time. I promise to come again. I shall come down in a place to the north-east from Puri and satisfy you all. That time I shall assume the dual form of Radha and Krishna in the same person. At that time I shall not be blue or white, but my complexion will blue and yellow mixed." I looked up and found Brojananda Swami standing before me in place of the couple of Radha and Krishna. "My child", he added. "This time I have come for my devotees alone. If they ask for my life, I shall give it away. The affection which could not be given away in the Incarnation of Gauranga should be distributed now. You did hanker after it. Now receive it and give it away to others." My voice choked. "Lord, I am quite unfit for it." said I with tears in my eyes. Swamiji burst out laughing. The dream was over. I awoke and found that the pillow was wet with tears. The eastern sky became red with the rays of the rising sun. Inexpressible joy came to my mind. I washed my hands and mouth without delay and came back to Swamiji. I was a stranger. Still he called me as if I was very intimate. He said with a smile, "Lila has begun in you. Can you understand?" I could understand. He ordered soon after, "Go and publish the new lila of the new age to all." I attached no importance to this. I simply said, "Will this be possible for me?" I could not think that day that I should be the first man to publish the deliversion. Some days after I had a dream in which he handed over a book to me and said, "You had a mind to write out a book. Take this book and publish the deliversion of Brojananda, founder of the New Age". I understood order could not but carried out. This is why I have undertaken this task.

How can I, poor and weak, translate the order into action. You alone are the spring of my hope and courage. Accept my salutation—

I pray to Joyous Madhava who, out of pity, lends language to the speechless and makes a lame man cross the mountain.

2. Index to Deliverions

O Brojananda ! You are a joy to Broja. You are an ocean of love. Every age witnesses your manifold deliverions.

In the Dvapura age you left Goloka and came to the earth with Radhika. You then overflowed the world with current.

In that age, owing as you did a debt of love, you signed a bond with the promise to perform the deliverions three times more.

You came to Nadia as Nimai. You did not then utter 'Radha'. Your body and mind were then afflicted with the pangs of separation from Radha tears rolled down your eyes.

That lila being over, you became engaged in Kirtana along with your devotees. Love overflowed in Srikshetra.

Ever and anon you play hide and seek. When you disappeared in the person of Lord Jagannath, your lamentations arose from your devotees on all sides.

At this, you came out to console them saying that you would appear again towards the north-east from Srikshetra.

"This time I am to finish my lila in order to repay my debt to Radhika. I have been able to do nothing for my disciples,

"I am under my disciples. I have not been able to satisfy the desire of my disciples. So I have to come again for them."

The shrine of 'Burashiva' is on the north-east. It is famous. O Incarnate of Kindness, you have for this reason come here as an avatara.

For this and this alone you have, O revered Brojananda, have left Golak and put on the garb of a beggar and opened wide the ocean of kindness.

3. Theory of Avatara

The Gita says—

"Whenever religion gets stained and sin gets the upper hand, I create myself just to do away with misdeeds, to save the pious and to reinstate dharma."

The above words that fell from the lips of Lord Sri Krishna in the **dwapara** age are as good as broad daylight. They proved true from the golden age down to the age of Lord Chaitanya. The modern age has forgotten its past. This is why my Master Brojananda has come down upon the earth to remind the modern age of its past and to preach the mantra 'Sivoham'.

4. Description of Brojananda

Brojananda is Hari in the person of a Sanyasi (ascetic). He undertakes birth in every age for the good of suffering humanity.

5. Message of Brojananda Swami

The message of Swami Brojananda is nothing new. It is the saying of the Vedas. It may be summarised as follows :

- (1) I am Siva.
- (2) Know yourself.
- (3) Peace and happiness lie in one's ownself.
- (4) Nothing is dearer than self.
- (5) Soul is the dearest of all.
- (6) You are Siva.
- (7) You are at the mercy of lust. This is not proper.
- (8) Subordination is human, freedom is godly.
- (9) Hatred apprehension, fear, shamefulness, speaking ill of others, lineage character and prestige—these eight lead to.
- (10) He who is above
is as good as Siva.
- (11) Be free from egotism.
- (12) The body perishes, but Soul does not die
- (13) Awake, arise.

6. The effect of the Name

Brojananda is all to me. He who submits to him is sure to attain bliss here and hereafter. The very term 'Brojananda' brings bliss to all who utter it.

7. The way to Self-realization

According to Hinduism,

Karma, Jnana and Bhakti are three different ways to Self-realization. Lord Krishna worked out a synthesis of these three systems in the Bhagavad-Gita. My Master Brojananda too, lays stress on Karma, Jnana and Bhakti as the certain ways to self-realization.

Bow to Brojananda Hari thyself. Try to analyse who you are. Then alone joy and bliss will wait upon you.

8. Way to Sadhana

Karma, Jnana and Bhakti have found a happy synthesis at the hands of Swami Brojananda.

9. Salutation

I salute thee, O Brojananda. You are the store-house of qualities and the abode of bliss. You are superior to the saints—May, to the gods and goddesses even.

To

SRI SRI BROJANANDA

Salutation to thee, Man of God,

You seek ever to impart to us authentic tidings of ever-during power. You point to a central peace. In you shines the light of all days and other worlds. For us you have dispelled the dull disconnections of life and its petty patterns. In you we read the proclamation of hope and your voice rings to us like a charm of bells in the darkness. In yourself you have unveiled the deep hidden ranges of existence. You have directed us to the lever-power that sends new energy to all the top-roots of life. The light is there, and it shall conquer.

Salutation to thee, Man of God,

You have broken through the mists of earth a new splendour in us. We should feel re-born. Through the sensuous wrap in us we now look for the shining of the Idea. You have made us feel that our life is a vale of soul-making. You make us feel that our existence is ensouled. From you we know that what is impenetrable exists. You point us to the ancestral light that glows over the mirrored lights in time.

Thou Man of God, we bow to Thee and recognise some Ultimate.

Calcutta,

The 19th July, 1956. Sir Susil Roy Chowdhury