

The Eternal Call

*Sadananda das Brahmachari*¹

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It is not the presence or absence, the objective defect, the positive or negative quality of a person, a thing, a circumstance, which determines my inner psychological situation, but the mode *how* I realise them subjectively, i.e. as neutral, positive or negative, and the degree of my individual interest in the actual or would-be property. It matters little how the world is in itself, but it is decisive for me how I realise it. Not only do you and I differ in our character and, therefore, in the way of expressing ourselves in actions and reactions, but my own attitude, nay, philosophy as mode of viewing things varies, within the limitations of my character and disposition, in the rhythm of my increasing or decreasing disinterestedness in external or internal facts and processes. This may be called "subjectivism" but why I care for the label if it is actually so? I may be very sick, the doctor has given up the case but I feel quite at ease, am cheerfully looking into the future, thinking to get up to-morrow or the day after to-morrow. Yes, but if you would be aware of your hopeless condition of the objective absence of any sign of improvement in the critical moment of your life you would weep and cry, be melancholy and fully in despair. It may be but I have seen people soldiers of high rank, grown grey in war and peace, they were wounded again and again, they felt great pain, but they were cheerful: the battle they were fighting in has been successful, the enemy is driven back further from day to day; their question with their last breath was: where the enemy is standing now? And joy marks their faces: the victory will be ours. And research scholars: they expose themselves

¹ Later: Svami Sadananda Dasa. See www.sadananda.com.

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<http://dSPACE.wbpublibnet.gov.in:8080/xmlui/handle/10689/158/discover?query=the+harmonist&submit=untranslated&rpp=10> [retrieved 13 Sept. 2019]

daily to deadly rays, poisonous gases, dirty injections ready to die at any moment, feeling already the effect of their experiment with certainty and still they smilingly continue; they will find it out, the result of the new experiment, for the welfare of humanity: Philosophers, willingly tolerating hunger and thirst, resigning to accept well-paid professorships in order to preserve the independence of their scientific method for the sake of having a greater chance to find out the truth: Charitable people nursing sick people, going to the slums, being infected once, twice, still they go on helping others.

Is it not heroism, the noble idea of sacrificing themselves and their all for some lofty idea which gives them power to act like that, without any fear of pain, sickness and death?

It is true I have very little regard for all these idealisms; after all they do not promote the eternal good of the own self or of others, they do not lead us a single iota nearer to God and His service nay, rather away from Him. But can I not learn still something from them? They are ready to renounce everything, what they are also supposed to like, for the sake of the furtherance of their fictitious ideas and ideals. I imagine myself to be willing to serve God and His servants, but am I able to meet adverse circumstances with even a fraction of their enthusiasm? Is God more or my country? Should I then not have the spirit to sacrifice myself on the altar of God while others are so much eager to do it for their country?

I can easily say: the deluded people do not know what is their proper self, they misidentify themselves and their real welfare with that of their body, mind, their nation, race and family. Alright, it is really so. But what is the gain if I *theoretically* know: in my proper essence I am an eternal servant of God, that is my ideal proper nature, and as such, I am different from my body and mind and their interests, wants, defects etc. But now "I am sick". The language is expressive of the realisation. "I am sick". Would it not be proper to say my body is sick and my mind and I am still affected by that; and I, I am still in the rotten stage of misidentifying myself with them and their irritated conditions. Who throws the first stone? Am I not sitting in a house of glass? I say: my mind, my character. This pronoun "my" indicates that the object belongs to a proprietor different from itself, to an owner. I have learnt that the proper function of that "owner" is not to

regard anything as its own, but everything as belonging to God. And if I get body and mind, home and country only borrowed from God, why am I sorry if He is taking it back? I have admitted that I should not be concerned with this world. Why am I trembling with the idea that I shall have to leave it?

It is so cheap to go and to *preach* about God and the soul and their mutual relation. But there is so little enthusiasm in us to *do* also. I know for certain that from a stone I cannot press out water. Will my hearers from my dry intellectualism? “From the fruits you will recognise them – the fertile and the barren tree”. Fichte was saying: “A divine behaviour is the most evident proof for the existence of God”. “Not all, who say, O Lord, O Lord! will enter the kingdom of God, but those who do the will of my father” – did not even Christ tell us so?

My heart is bent down to earth from pain. There is no hope that the soldiers will gain the victory, my blood dropped to the grass in vain. All my hopes, my plans, my expectation fall into the water, night of the night of despair.

Now my eyes are opened about my own condition. “Submission to the will of God”. Well, what He gives is His Favour. But am I ready to accept bitterness and disease also as a boon given by Him? I am so willing to submit to the messenger of happiness and peace. Is it not that I may love God more when He makes me be in want than when He gives me health and wealth? If I receive – it may be a pleasant gift, which makes me happy and love God – but if He deprives me of health and wealth, there is nothing of secondary nature which may makes me happy but God and only God alone.

Why am I lamenting for all that I lost? Health, wealth, friend and country, hope, ideals and expectations? All sorrow comes from [what we call] love. Love and attachment is beginning and end of all distress. If I like things of this world, I shall have to suffer for changeable and perishable things and lament in case of loss. And then I shall become aware that I had no [true] love for God, nor was I willing to do what He wanted from me. Why am I lamenting for pains and sorrows and grief? I should rather lament that I am still getting aware of my pains and sorrows and I should be ashamed before myself and others that there is no [true] love for God in me. If I had, how I could be sorry for any gain or loss?

My anthropocentric, egocentric and eccentric position becomes manifest in

case of disease. My physical and mental disease is only a special evident case of the general disease, which was in a latent state, covered under the self-deception that my devotional attitude is quite alright; but now it has become patent. That is really a great boon. I see now that myself am still standing in the centre of my life, not God, I am serving myself only by serving others – not serving God.

One hour would be thousand years, if I should not be centred in God and separated from Him and shunned off from the chance of the service of His devotees. But if it would be the will of God, that I should be abandoned and alone, far from Him Who withdraws Himself from my sight – should not thousand years or the eternity be like a day or an hour?

Yes, the love in separation is greater than the love in union. Eternal servants of the Lord have realised it. And I am unable to tolerate to be bereft of my friends only? And I am still wondering why there is so little progress in my spiritual life? The failure of my attempts become so evident in the case of disease.

No vessel will have two kinds of content – if it should contain wine you must pour out the water – and the more it is cleared, the more it can be filled. If I want to realise the bliss of the service of the Absolute, I must throw out the [attachment to the] creatures from my heart – I must follow the advice of my Divine Master on how to get purified my heart's mirror from all dirts. Everything that is not God is of nature bitter and sorrowful and does not lead to Him, but it covers and decreases the sweetness and bliss and solace that is in God and His service.

I am weak – why do I expect strength from what is weaker than I am – from those who have no desire for His service?

But why should there be no end of my trials? O, it is a proof that the king or the prince has much confidence in a Knight whom he sends in the vanguard. And there was a prince who got a new Knight to fight for him. And it was that he sent him out deep in the night and he ran against him and fought with him. And it happened that he was nearly overcome and killed by him whom he put to the test.

I am nothing. My trials seem great. They may become greater still. Let us not be repelled – but devote wholeheartedly for His service.