



# Balavin Kural

BALAMBIKA DIVYA SANGAM

FEBRUARY 2012 VOL 1 ISSUE 10

## Editorial Board

Mrs. Asha Manoharan

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## TEMPLE CONSTRUCTION UPDATES

- The temple foundation has been completed.
- Temple architect Muthiah Sthapathi visited the temple site to supervise the next stage of construction that recently commenced.
- To ensure continuous supply of water for construction, installation of pumps for the borewell and sump are being planned.
- A 3 HP pump would be required for the borewell, and a 1 HP pump would be needed for the sump.
- Quotations from Suguna Motors, Texmo Motors, and Kirloskar Motors were reviewed for selecting the best pump option.

## Inside...

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### *Bala Sahasranamam Parayanam:*

March 2nd, at 3:00 PM at Mythili Sundararajan's residence, Bangalore, India  
Contact: myyasundar@gmail.com

March 10th at 5:30 PM at Chakravarthy's residence, Ohio, USA.  
Contact: 95chikki@gmail.com

March 3rd at Anuradha Srinivasan's residence, Chicago, USA  
Contact: asriniv65@gmail.com

March 3rd at Sakthi Nagar, Thiruvanaikaval, Trichy, India

### *Dolai Utsava Murthy Abhishekam:*

Abhishekam will be performed for the Dolai Utsava Murthy on Tuesdays/Fridays. Devotees who are interested please contact Sashikala Venkatesh (9886895627).

## **Unmai ragaseyam aannathu.....**

*It was bhogi, the beginning of the pongal festival. It was around 7 'o' clock, and Mala was out with Renu, Sujatha and Selvam, decorating the entrance with rose plant pots. The entrance had a small gate with two 'sthubis' on either side. On the outside, her mother's name was engraved both in English and Tamil. Mala polished the name plate with a little oil and it shone with a new lease of life. Sujatha and Selvam sprinkled water on the ground outside and were all set to draw up some nice rangolis. Renu mixed the colours with the rangoli pattern on a piece of paper and she was instructing the other two as to how much space was required for the design. It was a special festival, and Mala and her friends helped each other decorate their respective houses. The pongal festival is all about decorating the front entrance, and to give it a splash of colours to mark the beginning of the harvesting season . It was customary for the Sakthi Nagar Association's President and Secretary to walk around the next day and award prizes to the best rangoli. It was fun to see everyone stay up all night to get the best rangoli done. There was so much of laughter around with everyone out on the streets teasing each other and still being in a competitive mood to win a prize which was either a rangoli colour powder packet or a small plastic bowl. But prize was a prize! So everyone was fervently working hard to win it.*

*Mala was chattering away when she saw a shadow close by. Turning around she saw Bala with a wide smile on her face. There were a few people making a bonfire, and the fire lit up Bala's face which dazzled like a jewel in the crown. Mala excused herself from her friends and moved towards Bala. Mala smiled at her and took her inside. In the pooja room she had kept white, pink and blue december flowers which had bloomed in her garden. Mala had a small garden with every type of flower in it. Bala liked parijatham, so Mala made a garland out of parijatham and the december flowers for her hair. She garlanded Bala and turned her around and clipped the flowers into her hair. Now facing her, she knelt down and holding Bala's cheeks with both her hands, she looked into Bala's eyes. Mala saw the love and affection in Bala's eyes. Bala smiled at her and said, "These flowers are lovely." "Yes Bala, they are very pretty because they are on you," said Mala. She admired this girl whose friendship taught her to be kind, gentle and selfless. She could see herself more confident but yet simple. She thought she had come a long way with Bala, and it was Bala who was her source of inspiration. Every time Mala saw her, she learnt something new about herself and that made her beam with pride. Her thoughts were disturbed by a big noise outside. Bala looked at her and said, "Will you come with me now Mala? Somebody wants to see you." Mala asked, "Who is it?" "Come I will tell you," said Bala. She dragged Mala to the couch nearby and asked her to sit down and close her eyes. Mala sat down and closed her eyes. She could feel the cold breeze sweeping across her face. The winter breeze brought with it the smell of wild flowers and the misty dew trying to get away from the clutches of its creator. Mala felt as though she was drifting and all of a sudden she heard the chiming of bells in the distance and felt herself transcending into a whole new world. The calmness sent a chill up her spine! Bala whispered to her to open her eyes and Mala did as she was told. When she opened her eyes, she was in a temple seated near a stone pillar. She looked at Bala and asked, "Where are we? It looks like a temple." Bala replied, "Yes we are in a temple. Come I will show you around." Mala got up and walked alongside Bala.*

*Built in the Dravidian style of South India, the main hall of the temple was constructed using hard granite. There*

were four open halls facing north, south, east, and west. Of these the northern, southern, and eastern halls had sannathis, but the western part was closed to public. The main hall stood on a richly carved platform, richly decorated with a procession of different types of birds, elephants, and horses and their trainers, with the odd dancing girl thrown in for good measure. The real highlight was the main hall with stunning huge pillars which stood almost 50 feet from the ground. The carvings and sculptures on the pillars were grouped in themes. Those in the northern hall featured sculptures of musicians, drummers and dancers, while the ones in the eastern hall were decorated with carvings based around stories related to Shiva. The stories were carved in a particular order with several incarnations of Lord Shiva which made the building look so vibrant and real.

Mala went near the carving and admired its workmanship. She looked at Bala. Bala stood there smiling, and then came closer and took Mala's hand and said, "Come, I want you to meet somebody." Mala dazed by the enormity of the temple structures, went with Bala. The temple was deserted, she couldn't see anyone around. The pillars and the statues had come to life and looked as though they were smiling at her. Mala walked behind Bala, and soon they came to the entrance of the garbhagraham. The garbhagraham was huge with two dwarapalas on either side sniffing for intruders, and the steps leading to the door was laid with golden plates. In front of them stood a huge door which was made of thick solid teak with golden knobs. This enormous door made them look like small lilliputs. Bala climbed the three steps before them and opened the door. The door slid open and there was a beautiful statue of Ambal!

Dressed in red golden saree she was seated with her left leg folded and the right leg was touching the ground. She had a pair of anklets which were sitting beautifully on her ankles, taking pride in being part of the abharanam. On her waist was an ottiyanam that was glittering and teasing the oil lamp to match its glitter and sparkle. Ambal was covered with all types of jewellery. A row of pearl necklaces adorned her breast with the stunning coral beads flirting with the sapphire studded chokers. The minutely crafted vanki perfectly fitted ambal's strong hands making one wonder of the power that it exhibits and the protectiveness that lie in that hold. The ear studs with the jumki whispered the special mantras for Ambal to rest and meditate to bring peace and harmony into this world. The nose studs coupled with the bulaku were like a young couple on their honeymoon lost in the vibrance of their colours and sparkle. Their whispers brought a slight smile to Ambal's lips caressing like a patient mother. The face was soft with a red bindi on her forehead. The face was bright, stamped with the glow and glitter of a permanent smile. The garlands added glory with different varieties of flowers. These flowers lay on her shoulders with a proud look reminding themselves of how lucky they were to rest on the glorious Mother. In between the malas she saw the parijatha mala which she had given Bala and the december flowers clipped to the side waiting to be noticed. Mala was shocked in disbelief wondering what was happening!

As if reading her mind Bala said, "Wait till you know the truth!" Bala held Mala's hand and took her inside. Mala hesitated but Bala held her hand tightly and dragged her inside. Bala went close and touched the statue of Devi. Devi's face was unusually big and broad and she was flushed. As Mala stood there Bala called out, "Amma," and the next moment Devi opened her eyes! The statue came alive and Mala was taken aback. The statue was no longer still. Ambal, the mother of all creatures in this universe came to life! She turned to Bala and then looked at Mala

and smiled. Mala froze! How can this happen? Was she imagining things? Mother spoke, "Come my child, I wanted to talk to you." Mala was shaking and the magnificent light around Ambal sent her pulses racing. Bala went near her and sat on her lap. Devi signaled to Mala and Mala was mesmerized! Without taking her eyes away she went near her. Mala's hands were cold and she trembled. "Don't be afraid. It is only me. It is time you started understanding the unique relationship that we have. You should also understand that Bala is me and I am Bala." As Devi spoke, she looked at Bala and the next moment Bala disappeared! Mala was confused. "I don't understand. Who is Bala? Is she a part of you, or is she you? Did you come to me pretending to be a small girl?"

Devi smiled and said, "Bala is my manifestation. Bala is the knowledge in me, she is the kalai in me, she is vedam in me, she is dakshayani in me, she is the gayatri mantra inside me. She is my pulse. The next question is why did I come to you? Because I am so much indebted to you. It is a very long story. I will tell you when the right time comes. I can understand you and I want you to understand me as well. Listen to me without panicking. You will be a very mature, confident adult one day and I will clear all your doubts then. But now you have a choice to make." Mala slowly asked, "What is it?" Mother spoke, "I will be with you in whatever form you want me to be. The choice is whether you want me to be a little girl, playful and mischievous and be with you always, and leave you to make decisions at every stage, or whether you want me to be a mother. And if I were to be a mother I cannot be with you always. Any decision taken will be totally mine, you cannot decide anything. The choice is yours. The choice you make decides our relationship and how we take it from here."

Mala stood silently for a minute and then replied, "I would like to have you as my friend, because that is how you came to me. I will be happy with you that way, and I know, though physically you may not look like my mother you will still be my mother emotionally." As Mala spoke, she looked at Devi with all reverence. Devi smiled at her and said, "Your wish will be granted!" Mala looked Devi into her eyes and said, "Can I ask you something?" Devi looked at her and said, "Yes." Mala asked, "Can I touch your feet?" Devi smiled. "Come here," she said and drew Mala closer. "You are my daughter. Why should you touch my feet? Come and sit on my lap." She pulled Mala closer, and Mala for the first time felt the warmth of a mother and her body began to tremble and she wanted to be in her arms forever. Devi touched her head and said, "How I wish I could take you away with me now. I want you to be the same person you are and not change or succumb to earthly pleasures." Mala looked up at her face and said, "Do you think I will change?" Devi said, "No, you will not, I trust you." Mala asked, "How will I know I have done the right thing? Will I be able to help the needy?" Ambal replied, "You will be able to see that for yourself. I will give you the strength to foresee things which you can use to help people in trouble. Keep this to yourself do not utter this to anyone till I tell you to." As she spoke, Ambal's soft hands touched Mala's head. Mala saw the look of a proud mother. Finally she said, "Let destiny take its course now. Go, now it is time for you to leave." Mala prostrated before her and left...

**Mounamey kathai aanathu...  
(silence is a story by itself...)**



# *Joyful Little Bala*





# Bala's Dollhouse Collection



## *Bala Speaks...*

**"Energy in this Universe is constant. Matter turns into energy, energy turns into matter. A dry leaf turns into soil. A seed that falls into the ground, becomes a new plant. The stars die and new ones replace them. Nothing ever happens to you unless you deserve it. You receive exactly what you earn, whether it is good or bad. You are the way you are now, due to the things you have done in the past. Your thoughts and actions determine the kind of life you can have. If you do good things, in the future good things will happen to you. If you do bad things, in the future bad things will happen to you. Every moment, you create new karma by what you say, do, and think. If you understand this, you do not need to fear karma. It becomes your friend. It teaches you to create a bright future."**



# Bala Sahasranamam Parayanam

Trichy



Chicago





# *Bala Sahasranamam Parayanam*

## *Dayton*





*Pictures of ongoing activities at Malur Sri Balambika Temple site  
-Sthapathi's visit towards Garbhagraham construction-*





## *We are very thankful to...*

### *Archana Contribution*

Bala & Rajiv  
Lakshmi & Shivakumar  
Latha & Ramesh Chakravarthy  
Dev  
Krishna

### *Oil & Pooja Donation*

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Bhuvana Krishnaswamy  
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Usha

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Muralidharan family

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Balajee Srikanth  
Mallikarjun

### *Special Mention....*

Shri Muralidharan for achieving the target of **Rs. 2 Lakh** towards the Sangam's publication and CDs.

## *Reader's Response.....*

*"Last month's news letter was outstanding once again. Specially loved the write up on the Bhoomi puja and it's great to know that Annadanam initiative has also started."*

Parthasarathy- Chicago, USA

*"Nice newsletter but missed "Bala Speaks.."*

Gargi - Chicago, USA

*"The Bala story was awesome, sent a chill down my spine while reading. I am sure there are many more. Thanks for taking us on this wonderful journey."*

Anthil - Bangalore, India

*"Jan Newsletter was extremely colorful, lot of initiative, and innovative changes made and lot of information to digest."*

Muralidharan - Bangalore, India

## *For more information...*

*If you would like to participate, contribute or require more details please contact us via email or website. Contributions can be made in cash/cheque/DD/online transfer etc. For complete details, do email us.*

*Please give us your feedback and do share your ideas and divine experiences with us so that we can continue to give you the best and more.*

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