



Balavin Kural

BALAMBIKA DIVYA SANGAM

ISSUE 6 OCTOBER 2011 NEWSLETTER

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TEMPLE CONSTRUCTION UPDATE

- Rental property close to the temple construction site in Malur has been leased for overseeing temple construction activities.
- The temple site is being surveyed for groundwater table estimation using satellite imagery, and/or reflectivity, prior to borewell drilling.
- Possible borewell contractors are being contacted for quotes for drilling a borewell at the temple site.
- Contractors are being consulted regarding the layout/size of the temple foundation, and the corresponding cost and technicalities are being discussed with the Stapathi.

Upcoming religious events:

Lalitha Sahasranamam parayanam on October 28th at Anu Srinivasan's residence, Chicago, USA

Contact: asriniv65@gmail.com

Bala Sahasranamam parayanam on November 5th, at 3:00 PM at Bala's residence

Contact: myyasundar@gmail.com

Bala Sahasranamam parayanam on November 5th at 5:30 PM at Chakravarthy residence in Ohio, USA.

Contact: 95chikki@gmail.com

Abishekam will be performed for the Dolai Utsava moorthy on Tuesdays/ Fridays. Devotees who are interested please contact Shashikala Venkatesh (9886895627).

Bala speaks

"There are three paths, widely known, leading to the final liberation (Moksa). These are Karma Yoga, Jñāna Yoga and Bhakti Yoga. Of these three, Bhakti Yoga is the easiest in all respects; people can do it very well without incurring any suffering to the body, and bringing the mind to a perfect concentration. This Bhakti (devotion) again is of three kinds as the Gunas are three. His Bhakti is Tāmasī who worships Me, to pain others, being filled with vanity and jealousy and anger. That Bhakti is Rājāsīc, when one worships Me for one's own welfare and does not intend to do harm to others. He has got some desire or end in view, some fame or to attain some objects of enjoyments and ignorantly, and thinking himself different from Me, worships Me with greatest devotion. Again that Bhakti is Sāttvikī when anybody worships Me to purify his sins, and offers to Me the result of all his Karmas, thinking that Jīva and Īs'vara are separate and knowing that this action of his is authorized in the Vedas and therefore must be observed."

Much thanks to

Archana Contribution

Prathik Chakravarthy
Gopal Madabhushi
Arjunram Venkatesh
Asha Manoharan
Kasturi Rangan
Arundhathi Ranganathan
Venkatesh

Flower & Oil Donation

Jayalakshmi Ananthkrishnan
Sowmya Ganesh
Bhuvana Krishnaswamy
Raghuraman
Purnima Prasad
Indumathi Sundar

Donor of the month

P. Narayanan
Raghu Ranganathan
Vani & Muralidharan

Wish list & Volunteer needs

*If you would like to
participate, contribute or re-
quire more details please
contact us via email or web-
site**

*Contribution can be made in
cash/cheque/DD/online
transfer etc. For complete
details do email us.*

Ennai Thalata Varuvaya

Mala was tired after school and her head was throbbing. She felt sick and weak. She sat on the sofa and called out to her mom. Her mom came to her wiping her hands with her saree 'pallu', a habit most woman had. She was an attractive woman for her age, in her mid thirties with a large forehead and quite a long prominent nose - a typical Indian face. The eyebrows were slightly thicker, making up for her large forehead. The eyes were strangely small but it had a charm and she hid them behind her spectacles. Mala quickly pulled her eyes away from her mother and told her that her head was throbbing. Her mother lifted her chin, turned her head left and right and looked closely. She murmured something and called out to her dad. Mala's dad was a tall neatly built man in his thirties with quite a resemblance to her. He was a very hard working man with the sole idea of taking care of his family. He had nothing else in his mind and he loved his daughter and would do anything for her. He came closer to Mala and looked closely at her. "It looks like she has been bitten by mosquitoes." Saying which he touched her cheek. Mala said, "Appa, it hurts, don't touch." Her father turned to her mother and said, "Give her something to eat, let her sleep. I will take her to the doctor tomorrow." Her mom nodded and went to the kitchen to get a glass of milk. Mala slid into the sofa and closed her eyes. Her mom brought her a glass of milk and asked Mala to drink. Mala drank and leaning on her mom went to bed. Mala had slept for some time, when she heard footsteps close by. She opened her eyes to find Bala standing there. Mala jumped in her bed and whispered to Bala. "What are you doing here, how did you come in?" Bala smiled and sat near her. "I came to see you. I walked through that door. Why? Should I not come?" Bala looked at her questioningly. Mala said, "No, I didn't mean it that way." Bala stopped her and said, "You'll be alright in a couple of days, don't go to the doctor. I came to tell you that." Mala said, "But I have to go, my dad will not listen to me. He will definitely take me." Bala said, "Tell him you're alright." Mala said, "But they will not trust me." Bala said, "I can tell you only this much, you decide." Saying this she disappeared. Mala was for a moment shocked. This was the first time Bala had said that. Mala wondered why she said that. After that she couldn't sleep. She was tossing and turning herself in bed. After a long time she fell asleep.

In the morning, her father wouldn't listen to her. He showed her the mirror and she could see her face was full of spots and her tongue, lips, hands and legs were full of red spots. She fell silent and went with her father to the doctor. At the hospital the doctor ordered a blood test. She went into the blood test room. The nurse came to her chattering, and injected a needle into her veins and drew out some blood. Within minutes she pulled out the needle along with the blood in the syringe and emptied it into the test tube. She removed the bandage around Mala's arm and told her that she could go. As Mala turned to go, there was a cracking sound - a mini explosion and in a split second the blood was splattered all over the place. The nurse was shocked and so was Mala. She quickly rang for the doctor. Within seconds he hurried into the room and the nurse narrated what had just happened. He went outside, called in Mala's dad, explained what had happened, told him that he was sorry and didn't know why it had happened. He asked them to come the next day for the blood test since he couldn't do it that day. Mala's dad was perplexed and looked at Mala and said ok to the doctor and came out. On their way both of them were silent and after sometime he asked Mala, "Why did you say you didn't want to see the doctor?"

Mala simply said, "I just felt it that way. I think I'll be alright in a couple of days." As they were walking back home, they met Swaminathan, one of Mala's dad's friends. They stopped and started talking. Turning to Mala he said, "Hey, I think Mala has chicken pox. Take her home. She shouldn't be wandering out." Mala's dad told him how they went to the hospital and what happened. Swaminathan Uncle looked at her and said that it was definitely chicken pox. He said that she should be taken home, and described in detail how they should be for the next few days. They bid him good bye and returned home. Her dad explained to her mom what happened at the hospital and what Swaminathan Uncle told them. They quickly set up everything for her. Her dad went out, got some neem leaves and stuck a few at the entrance, laid the rest of it on the ground and made Mala lie on it. Mala was so tired that she went to sleep immediately.

When she woke up her lips felt heavy. When she ran her fingers over her lips, it was swollen. She knew why she couldn't talk. She just lay. She didn't know how long, when she heard someone standing next to her. She opened her eyes and turned her head, she could see only the legs. It was not her mom's or dad's. She lifted her head to see and there was Bala standing in the yellow coloured skirt and a green blouse. She smiled down on Mala and knelt down. She touched her forehead. The touch was very gentle. Mala couldn't talk, tears rolled down her cheeks and her eyes smiled. Bala wiped her tears away and sat down. She signaled Mala to be calm. Mala saw Bala in a new light. Bala lifted Mala's head and placed it on her lap and touched her forehead. Mala had a very high temperature by now. Mala felt like a gentle breeze blowing, she stopped crying and she felt her body itching and she started to scratch her body. Bala stopped her and said, "Don't scratch, it will be more painful." Mala signaled to her that she felt like doing it. Bala took a few neem leaves and brushed it on Mala's body. Mala felt better, she closed her eyes, but her eyes were also hurting her. Bala closed Mala eyes with her hands and gently cradled her so that she could sleep. In no time Mala was asleep. Bala sat there while Mala slept. She looked down on Mala. Mala had put her fingers through the bangles which Bala was wearing and was holding Bala. Bala smiled.

A gentle touch woke her up and Bala was still there. Mala couldn't speak so she signaled to her that she was hungry. Bala had a plate of food in front of her and helped Mala to sit up. Holding the plate in front of Mala, she said, "Here, you must be hungry, eat this food." Saying this she gave her the food plate. Mala looked at Bala wondering how she got the food from the kitchen. Reading Mala's mind she said, "You want to know how? It is very simple." She held her throat and called out, "Amma, I want some water." Her mother replied, "Wait I'll get it for you." Both the girls giggled. Her mom brought water and asked her if everything was alright. Mala nodded. Her mother said she'll just be back and hurried to the kitchen. Mala looked at Bala. Bala looked at her as though this was just a sample of her tricks. Both the girls laughed. Bala pushed the food closer and asked Mala to eat. It smelled delicious. 'Rasam satham' with 'paruppu thokaiyal' - one of Mala's favourite. She quickly took it from Bala's hand and took a handful. When she took it near her mouth she couldn't eat. The lips had a big black boil which hurt her. She cried out. Bala took the plate from Mala and said, "Let me feed you." Saying this she took a handful of 'satham' and fed Mala. Mala didn't resist. She started eating slowly. Soon she was comfortable eating from Bala's hand and she ate all of it. Bala gave her a glass of water to drink. Mala drank it quietly, looked at Bala and wondered how caring she was. These few days had been phenomenal! They had time together and no one came to her room, except her mother now and then to see if she was alright. Mala laid herself on the neem leaves and it hurt her back. Mala twitched. Bala talking to Mala grabbed a few neem leaves. Holding the neem leaves, she closed her eyes and said a prayer. Mala asked her why she was praying. Bala said, "I'm asking permission from 'sitala' who is the neem tree to help me." Saying this she crushed the neem leaves, mixed it in honey and gave it to Mala to eat. All the red spots were dropping, but her lips and tongue were still swollen.

On the sixth day after her second shower, Bala asked Mala to open her mouth, touched her tongue and her lips, and placed a drop of honey with her fingers. Then she asked Mala to close her mouth and swallow. She started talking to Mala and told her about the funny things she saw around. Mala was so absorbed in her conversation that she didn't notice that her lips and tongue didn't hurt her at all. After some time she touched her lips and tongue. The swollen bit was no more there. She got up and went to the mirror. It was all gone. All that was left was a big black spot on her tongue. She turned around and Bala was standing. She smiled at Mala. "You are fine now. Get well soon. Now can I go?", she asked. Mala went up to her and hugged her. When she let go of Bala, Bala stood there with a drop of tear in her eyes. The two girls looked at each other and started giggling. Bala stopped laughing, and said, "Now that you're fine, it is time for me to leave." Mala was by now used to the idea of Bala coming and going, she never stopped her when she wanted to go. She knew Bala would never leave her.....Can she???

Nambikai Valarum.....

Malur Sri Balambika Temple Construction—Phase 1

1. **Bhu pariksha:** Examining and choosing location and soil for temple. The land should be fertile and soil suitable. The ground (*Desha*) is classified into three categories on the basis of sixteen criteria of physical features of the land (*desha-bhumi*). The three broad categories are: the barren land where warm winds blow is *Jangala*; the second is *Anupa*, beautiful countryside with moderate climate and water sources; and the third *Sadharana* is of the average quality consisting of vast stretches of unused land areas. The best land is *Anupa*, which abounds in lotus and lilies (*supadma*) and which inclines towards east or north. As regards the colors of the soil, the colors could be white, yellow, red or black. A land which abounds in any one of these colors is preferable; a combination of colors, mixed colors are to be avoided. Sandy soils with assured supply of water are preferable. The soil should have a pleasant odour of flowers, grains, ghee, cow urine etc. The soils with obnoxious odor as of excreta, dead bones, of corpse, of fermented liquor etc. should be avoided. The taste of the soil too should be acceptable. A sweet taste is said to be best. The others in order are astringent, *kashaya* (bitter) and pungent. The soils tasting sour or salty should be avoided. The sound of the soil is tested by pounding the soil. Soils giving out sounds of musical instruments like drums (*mridanga*), neighing of horse, or like waves of the sea are considered best. The next in order is the soil that sounds like birds, animals like sheep, goats etc. Soils that sound like donkey, drainage, broken pot etc. are to be avoided. The soil should be pleasant to touch; warm in winter, cool in summer and one should generally evoke a happy feeling. The sites which were earlier graveyards or the land bloated like the belly of sick animal, broken up with dead roots, bones, ash, or rotten material should be avoided. There are also other tests for determining the strength of the soil by digging test pits, filling them with water or driving pegs at various points are discussed in various texts. The site should have in their surroundings milky trees (four variety of trees having milky sap: *nigrodha*, *oudumbara*, *ashvatta* and *madhuka*), trees bearing fruit and flowers; and also plenty of anti-malarial Neem (*nimba*) trees. The site should be suitable for growing *Tulasi*, *Kusha*, *Dharba*, *Vishnukrantha*, Hibiscus and *Dhruva* grasses and flowers.

2. **Sila pariksha:** Examining and choosing material for image.

3. **Karshana:** Corn or some other crop is grown in the place first and is fed to cows. Then the location is fit for town/temple construction.

4. **Vastu puja:** Ritual to propitiate *vastu devata*.

5. **Salyodhara:** Undesired things like bones are dug out and removed.

6. **Adyestaka:** Laying down the first stone. The *brahmasthana*, the principal location in a temple where the *Garbagraha* will eventually come up, is the nucleus of the *Vastu Purusha Yantra*. At the *brahmasthana*, as drawn on the ground a ritual is performed called *garbhadhana*, inviting the soul of the temple (*Vastu Purusha*) to enter within the buildings confines. In this ritual, a golden box is imbedded in the earth. The interior of the box is divided into smaller units exactly resembling the *vastu-purusha-mandala*. All the units of the gold box are first partially filled with earth. In the thirty-two units representing the *nakshatras*

(lunar mansions), the units of Brahma and the twelve sons of Aditi, the priest places an appropriate *mantra* in written form to invoke the presence of the corresponding divinity. An image of Ananta, the hooded serpent, is also placed in the box. Ananta, means eternal or timeless, also that supports the universe. The box also contains nine precious stones - diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, yellow sapphire, blue sapphire, red coral, cats-eye and jade, to appease the nine planets. A stone slab (*adhara-shila*) is thereafter placed over the spot. Over this slab will rise the foundation for installing the *Mula-bhera*.

7. **Nirmana:** Then foundation is laid and land is purified by sprinkling water. A pit is dug, water mixed with *navaratnas*, *navadhanyas*, *navakhanijas* is then put in and the pit is filled. Then the temple is constructed.

8. **Murdhestaka sthapana:** Placing the top stone over the *prakara*, *gopura* etc. This again involves creating cavities filled with gems minerals seeds etc. and then the pinnacles are placed.

9. **Garbhanyasa:** A pot made of five metals (*pancaloha kalasa sthapana*) is installed at the place of main deity.

10. **Sthapana:** Then the main deity is installed.

11. **Pratistha:** The main deity is then charged with life/god-ness.

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