



Balavín Kural

BALAMBIKA DIVYA SANGAM

MARCH 2012 VOL 1 ISSUE 11

Editorial Board

Mrs. Asha Manoharan

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TEMPLE CONSTRUCTION UPDATES

- The next stage of temple construction has commenced under the supervision of the temple architect Padmashri Muthiah Sthapathi.
- The motor for the borewell has been installed.
- As requested by the Sthapathi, a shed has been constructed.
- Construction of a Yagashala and cultural center adjacent to the temple is being planned, and corresponding design drawings have been reviewed.
- The first layer of stones has been laid down for the Garbhagraham, with more stones expected to arrive in a few days to meet construction needs.

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Bala Sahasranamam Parayanam:

April 13th, at 3:00 PM at Mythili Sundararajan's residence, Bangalore, India
Contact: myyasundar@gmail.com

April 15th at 5:30 PM at Chakravarthy's residence, Ohio, USA.
Contact: 95chikki@gmail.com

April 7th at Anuradha Srinivasan's residence, Chicago, USA
Contact: asriniv65@gmail.com

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).

Lalitha Homam:

2012 Lalitha Homam event will take place between July 6th - 8th. Schedule details are on page 12.

Nambikai thaan Bala...

It was the beginning of July. The summer had just soared and the pre-monsoon winds had started blowing inland, and the whole town was being rampaged by the winds. Mala sat quietly in her room studying very hard to get a good score in the upcoming exams. She had made up her mind to get herself organised and set her mind to the task. She was more than determined to do well and prove to herself that she could set her mind to study. Just then, she heard a knock on her window. She got up from her chair and went to see who it was. Bala stood there, signaling her to come outside. Mala opened the door and went outside. Standing there, Bala as usual with a mystical smile on her face, came close to her. Mala whispered to her, "What happened? Is something wrong?" Bala shook her head and replied, "I want to talk to you somewhere where you can concentrate and listen to what I say." "Ok. Wait till I come. Don't go anywhere, I will come with you, so we can talk." Saying this, Mala went inside, changed into a neat fitting skirt, pulled out a matching blouse, quickly combed her hair and stepped out of the room in less than 5 minutes. She walked hurriedly towards the door before her mom found out she was out. Her mom was too sharp to miss noticing her moving out and she called out from behind, "Where are you going?" "I am going out to meet a friend. I will be back in 20 minutes," called out Mala and quickly opened the front gate to hurriedly walk away with Bala.

Bala was quiet for sometime. Mala turned to her and asked, "Ok tell me, what is it that is bothering you?" Bala held Mala's hand, looked her into her eyes and said, "Will you listen to whatever I say?" Mala stopped, turned and looked at Bala and said, "I will. You know that Bala. I will never ever disobey you. Your wish is my command." Then Mala laughed and asked, "Ok on a serious note what is it?" Bala hesitated and then slowly said, "Can you come with me to a village where a family desperately needs help?" "What?" Jumped Mala. "Are you kidding? What will I tell my parents! Listen don't play games with me. I cannot do that. My mom will never allow me to do this. Do you understand?" "I know but you must listen to this. Then you will understand why I am asking for your help," insisted Bala. "Ok. What is it? Why do you think I can help?" quizzed Mala. Bala sat on a nearby stone. Mala also went close to her and sat, crossed her legs and waited for Bala to tell her. Bala began...

"Not far away from here, there is a beautiful village with the river touching the fields, feeding it like a mother feeds her loved ones. This hamlet has around 200 houses, and at the edge of the village is a small temple which is the temple of Pollaraiamman. There, in that village is a family who had a daughter. One day the daughter slipped into the water tank nearby and drowned. The mother's brain got paralysed and now she is in coma, and all she can remember is her dead daughter. She needs a closure to her daughter's death. The child drowning is not her fault. She thinks it is, and the family has lost all happiness, and they are true devotees of Pollaraiamman." "Ok. How do you think I can help?" asked Mala. Bala replied, "Here is the part. I want you to come with me to the village and talk to them. You are the only person who understands what I am talking about." "Are you kidding Bala? Why will they listen to me? I don't even know them. No, it is a dangerous game. Bala, something is wrong here. Why don't you talk to them? You can talk to them. They will understand when you tell them. Please Bala, leave me out of it. Sorry." pleaded Mala.

Bala got up. "Ok go." saying which she showed Mala her way. "Wait, are you angry with me? Try to understand Bala. I am after all a small girl. Why would those people listen to me. The world never works like that." Bala turned her face away, ignoring Mala's plea. Mala stopped talking and went near Bala, held Bala's chin and turned it to face her. Holding her, Mala said, "Ok. I will do it for your sake. Is that fine? Don't get angry with me. You think I can move mountains. I am a human being after all." Bala ignored that statement and asked, "Ok. Shall we go tomorrow? Mala nodded. "Shall we go during the day so that no one will know? I will tell my mom that I will be in Selvam's house, so she will not be worried about me." "Ok. Done!" chirped Bala. They said their byes and agreed to meet at the bus stop.

Mala made all the arrangements with her mother, and she was up the next morning ready to go with Bala. Mala and Bala took a bus towards Kallannai. The bus left the busy streets and turned towards lush green fields. The fields were all irrigated by the Cauvery river, and on both sides the fields swayed along with the gentle breeze, taking with it the smell of paddy and the strong smell of neem. The river Cauvery was sporting with them as they moved along and the gushing water was heard as the bus ripped through the long stretch of road. Bala turned to Mala and said, "Are you worried?" Mala took her hand and said an empathetic "No." Bala pressed her hand reassuringly and said, "This is my village Mala. These villagers are my children. I cannot abandon them. Do you see that?" Mala was silent for a few minutes and then turning to Bala she asked, "But you can find someone there itself. Why me?" Bala smiled. "There is a reason for that. Few things had to be laid to rest. That is why." Mala fell silent. They both travelled in silence. The bus stopped after a small bridge. Bala got up and Mala followed her. They got down and stood on the side path. Mala was excited about this adventure. Taking Bala's hand she stepped into the path which led to the village. Mala could see the village not far away. The path was laid out with sand from the river side and on either side there were fields, laid out like a green carpet. Here and there were trees waiting to receive the migrating birds. They moved along and they could see the village in view. There were few people in the fields. When they saw them, they stopped and they took a step forward and stared. "Why are they staring at us Bala?" Bala turned and smiled as she moved forward. As Mala walked, a small goat white as snow came jumping towards them and it slipped past Bala and came to Mala. Mala picked it up with both hands, caressed it and carried it and walked behind Bala.

Bala entered the village and in went Mala. The streets were quite large and there were rows of houses, and as they stepped in there were few people sitting under a tree. They were talking quite loudly. When they saw them, they stopped and gasped for breath. Mala was bewildered! A few of them came closer to them. They didn't seem to notice Bala, but came straight to Mala and touched her. Mala was shocked at their gesture. Mala stuck to Bala. Just then, a small boy seeing them from a distance ran towards them, came straight to Mala, stopped suddenly, stood for a minute and then turned and ran as fast as he could. Bala signaled Mala to follow her and the people just followed her. Mala slowly walked behind Bala, and Bala stopped in front of a house. The house was a medium sized house, had a thatched patio and in the centre was a medium sized door. Bala stopped and signaled to Mala to come inside. Mala was hesitant. Just then, the door opened and a middle aged man just like her father stepped out. He raised his head and stood looking at both of them. He first looked at Bala and then turned to Mala. His face changed in disbelief. He came down the few steps, stood in front of Mala and tears trickled down. Mala did not know what to

do. She turned to Bala and said, "Why is he crying? What's happening Bala?" The middle aged man wiped his tears. In a choking voice he said, "You look exactly like my daughter Sridevi." He slowly touched her cheeks. Mala moved a step away. He asked Mala, "Who are you? Why did you come here?" Bala stepped forward and said, "Can we go in? I will tell you who we are?" By now, the entire village stood in front of that house. The father led them inside. It was a medium sized house, and Mala stood in the hall looking all around her. In the centre was photo of a girl exactly like her! It was her turn to be shocked. Turning to Bala she said, "How could this be? How can I be like her? This is ridiculous. Bala what is happening?" Bala calmed her down and said, "She is the girl whom I was talking about." There was a kumkum and chandan on the girl's forehead. Now it all began to make sense to Mala.

Quietly she went inside a small room where a lady was sleeping in a cot. Bala went close to her and touched her. The lady opened her eyes and there was sadness in her eyes. Bala signaled towards Mala, and Mala stepped forward. Seeing her, the lady's eyes watered and she slowly made attempts to sit up. The father helped her and she sat up. She said, "Devi, is it a dream or for real?" She pulled Mala closer and she started to kiss her all over. Mala stood there stunned. The lady turned to Bala and said, "Where did you find her? Oh my god, my daughter is here!" As she spoke she wiped her tears and got up. The father helped and she started to move. She turned to Mala and said, "Wait, I will come." Mala sat there. Bala quickly went to the father and told him what really happened on that fatal day, and why they were here. "I wanted to bring a closure to your daughter's death. I wanted your wife to be normal again." By then the mother came. She gave Mala a guava and said, "Your favorite fruit...eat..." She looked around and turning to her husband said, "Now I am fine....I will be alright. My daughter is back...." The father was about to say something, when the mother stopped and said, "Are you going to tell me she is not our daughter? I know, she is not my daughter, but she is just like her, so she is my daughter" As she spoke, she turned and smiled at both of them.

She held Bala's hand and said, "I don't know who you are, but you are my god. You brought her to me. I will never forget you for what you have done to me this minute." Bala chirped in, "Oh Menaka, you know me very well. I know you very well." Then Bala started laughing. The mother stopped and looked at Bala. Bala said, "You wanted to see me and you wanted a closure on your daughter's death. Here it is! You were not the reason for your daughter's death, and Mala is like your daughter. Whenever you feel like seeing your Sridevi, you can call her and she will come. Is that ok?" The mother's eyes was filled with tears and she looked at Bala and said, "Pollari, it is you, isn't it? You came here to wipe away my tears." She fell at Bala's feet. Bala consoled her. The father was also stunned and he also fell at Bala's feet. Both of them stood up with their hands folded. By now, the crowds stood eagerly waiting to see them and both of them were like a show piece! Bala turned to the mother and said, "I know you will be fine. Don't worry, your daughter is safe." Bala bid them good bye, and both of them walked away from the village amidst loud cheering from the crowds...

Uravukal oru thodarkathai...

Bala Speaks...



*"Every man's goal is to be happy,
but happiness is impermanent.
How long can you really be happy?
Trying to arrange, control and manipulate conditions
so as to always get what you want,
always hear what you want to hear,
always see what you want to see,
so that you never experience unhappiness or despair, is a hopeless task.
It is impossible. Happiness is unsatisfactory.
It's not something to depend on or make it the goal of life.
Happiness will always be disappointing because it lasts so briefly
and then is succeeded by unhappiness.
So your goal should be away from the sensual world.
It is not the rejection of the sensual world,
but understanding it so well that you no longer seek it as an end in itself."*

Beautiful, Beloved, Bala



Little Princess Bala



Divya Tattvam

A divine insight into the Bala Sahasranama Stotram

By Smt. Asha Manoharan

Bala Sahasranamam is a very powerful sloka and an exotic mantra given to mankind. The construction of the Bala Sahasranamam is based on a concept called esoteric sounds (also known as Mantras). The Bala Sahasranamam is held as a sacred text for the worship of the Divine Mother Bala Tripurasundari, and is also used in the worship of Durga, Kali, Lakshmi, Saraswathi, Bhagavathi, etc.. It is a principal text of Shakta worshippers. Bala Sahasranamam names the various attributes of the Divine Mother, and all these names are organised in the form of a hymn. This Sahasranamam is used in various modes for the worship of the Divine Mother. Some of the modes of worship are Parayana (recitations), Archana, Homa etc. This Sahasranamam occurs in Vishnu Yamalam, a sacred text which forms a part of the seventy seven agamas. These texts glorify the divine mother in all aspects and it is usually like a dialogue between Shiva and Parvati. In this Sahasranamam, Shiva tells Parvati of the 1000 names of Bala Tripurasundari on whom Parvati meditates. This is written in a poetic form of praise mentioned as Anushtup, meaning 8 syllables in each quarter, with four quarters in each poem (the details of which is seen in chandas sastra). Bala Tripurasundari is presented by 3 syllables or 5 syllables. Here it is presented by 3 syllables, aiyum, kleem, sowhu.

Subhaga :

She with all divine attributes, has a law of showering good luck on her devotees.

The divine attributes to a common man means aishwarya, virya, yasas, sri, jnana and vairagya. The Mother calls these attributes as Maya. Maya is Jada (inert) and the knowledge it conveys is false. Chaitanya (intelligence) is not seen; if it were seen, it would have been Jada. Chaitanya is self-luminous; not illumined by any other source. If it is so, its Enlightener would have to be illumined by some other thing and so the fallacy of Anavastha creeps in (an endless series of causes and effects). Again one thing cannot be the actor, and the thing acted upon (being contrary to each other); so Chaitanya cannot be illumined by itself. So it is self-luminous; and illumines Sun, Moon, etc., as a lamp is self-luminous and illumines other objects.

The waking, dreaming and deep sleep states do not remain constant, but the sense of "I" remains the same, whether in waking, dreaming or deep sleep state; its anomaly is never felt. The sense of intelligence, Jnana, is also not felt. In the absence of it, what is existent is also temporarily existent. Jivas or embodied souls feel, "I am not"; but "I am". This feeling is deeply established in the soul as Love. Jnana is not the Dharma (the natural quality) of Atman but it is of the very nature of Atman. Has it been all there and to soothe mankind or is it there to fulfill the normal Jnana? Then Jnana would have been material; but Jnana is immaterial. Jnana is of the nature of Intelligence and so does Atman. Intelligence does not have the attribute of being Dharma. So Atman has always been the nature of Jnana and happiness; Its nature is Truth; It is always full, unattached and void of duality. This Atman again, united with Maya, is composed of desires and Karmas, wants to create, due to the want of discrimination, the twenty-four tattvas, according to the previous Samskaras (tendencies), time and Karma.

Maya Sabala is divided into various parts. In all tantric Sastras, it is stated to be the Cause of all causes, the Primeval Tattva. Where all the Karmas are solidified and where Ichcha Shakti, (will), Jnana Shakti, (intelligence) and Kriya Shakti, (action) all are melted in one, that is called the Mantra Hrim, that is the first Tattva. From this comes out Akasa, having the property of sound, then Vayu (air) with "touch" property; then fire with form, then water having "Rasa" property; and lastly the earth having the quality of "smell." The Pundits say that the "sound" is the only quality of Akasa; air has two qualities viz., sound and touch, fire has three qualities- sound, touch, form; water has four qualities- sound, touch, form, taste; and the earth has five qualities- sound, touch, form, taste and smell, Out of these five original elements, the all pervading, Sutra (string or thread) arose.

This Sutratman (soul) is called the "Linga Deha," comprising within itself all the Pranas; this is the subtle body of the Paramatman. And what is said in the previous lines as Avyakta or Unmanifested and in which the Seed of the World is involved and whence the Linga Deha has sprung, that is called the Causal body (Karana body) of the Paramatman. I have tried to illustrate the above point with an interesting story, wherein even the causes and effects are equal and opposite.

Once upon a time there was a king who was renowned for his justice and devotion to Devi. One day, he went to the forest to hunt and as ill luck would have it, got separated from his men. As it turned dark, it was very difficult for the king to get back to his kingdom. The king was hungry and tired, so he sat under a tree and in a few minutes he fell asleep. Ambal came in his dream and said, "Pick anything from this forest and it will be edible and sweet because this kingdom is ruled by a just and wise king." Saying this she disappeared. The king woke up and he picked some fruits from the tree close by and it was very sweet. He picked a few berries which under normal circumstances would have been bitter, but now tasted very sweet. The next day the king left the forest. On returning, he ordered a big feast for all his subjects and he ordered for the bitter fruits and made them prepare dishes with it. Everyone was surprised. When the food was ready, and ready to be served, the king came in and tasted the food which of course was very bitter. So quickly he ordered for the other items to be brought in and finished his feast. When everyone had gone, he went to his room and called out to Devi. Devi appeared before him and asked why she was called. He told her how she had come in his dream and said that since he was a just and wise king, anything in his kingdom would taste sweet. But when he had taken the same fruits to his kingdom, it had not tasted sweet. She laughed. "Upto that point, vanity had not entered your heart. You ruled justly and well. But today you have become vain and arrogant about your qualities. Hence the sweetness of humility left you and everything around you was bitter." Saying this, she disappeared. The king acknowledged his arrogance and was a changed man ever afterwards.

So all thoughts turn into actions and all actions turn into garva, and garva humiliates nature which is one of the elements of nature. So be aware of your actions, so that The Tattva (Reality) that is spoken, is the most Extraordinary Form In the Vedas. It is known as Avyakrita (unmodified) and Avyakta (unmanifested).

You, Me and our cup of Yoga
Insomnia and Pranayama
By Gargi Parthasarathy

**“Om saha nāvavatu saha nau bhunaktu
saha vīryam karavāvahai tejasvināvadhītamastu mā vidviṣāvahai
om śāntiḥ śāntiḥ śāntiḥ”**

Meaning : Om ! May He protect us both together; may He nourish us both together; May we work conjointly with great energy, May our study be vigorous and effective; May we not mutually dispute (or may we not hate any). Om ! Let there be Peace in me ! Let there be Peace in my environment ! Let there be Peace in the forces that act on me !

The word ‘Yoga’ is alien to no one today. It evokes different perceptions, from someone in an orange robe to someone doing the most mind boggling acrobatic stretches. It is a word, which is so universally well known and yet a mystifying science to many. So then what is ‘Yoga’ and how do we define it? ‘Yoga’ has its root in the sanskrit word ‘Yuj’ which essentially means “To join/unite or merge”. To join the soul to the eternal truth. This is just one of the many definitions of yoga. Every yoga practitioner forges his/her own unique path. Your practice could range from a rigorous one to something very tractable. Let me clarify that ‘being tractable’ here does not mean being undisciplined in your practice of yoga, it merely refers to the content of yoga you chose to etch in your yoga sessions. It is analogous to you and your friend buying a beautiful piece of fabric from the store and getting it stitched to suit your body and style in two different ways. The fabric retains its integrity but the garment stitched from it becomes your own. Yoga is just like that piece of fabric. It is beautiful inherently and each practitioner of Yoga stitches it according to his/her own aspirations. These aspirations could vary from achieving tranquility and contentment to a greater understanding of self and God.

Yoga has most often than not been equated to just the physical exercise (Asanas) aspect. They have often been used interchangeably. Yoga is a body formed by 8 limbs. Just as for the proper functioning of the human body all its limbs should function properly, so is the case with Yoga. To experience and practice yoga in its entirety, the study of its eight limbs is essential.

The Eight Limbs of Yoga:

Yama : Conduct towards others or social discipline.

Niyama: Conduct towards oneself or individual discipline.

Asana: Practice of postures for physical discipline

Pranayama: Breath control for mental discipline

Pratayahara: Discipline of senses

Dharana: Concentration

Dhyana: Meditation

Samadhi: Self Realisation

I personally chose to start with pranayama, since as already mentioned before we can make our practice quite flexible. Asanas need not necessarily be the first introduction to Yoga always. The Hatha yoga pradiipika (A text on Yoga) states : **“As long as there is breath in the body, there is life. When breath departs, so too does life. So, regulate the breath”**. This is as strong a reason as we may require to start looking at how breathing can change various aspects of our life!

In the present technological age, man has conquered new heights. Our physical toil has been reduced substantially by many labor saving devices. Then why is it that we have lost our natural birthright-Sleep? Insomnia seems to be the bane of this day and age. The number of sleeping pills sold today stands testimony to this fact. Sleep induced by external means is not natural and is labored. It is a natural process created by a tranquil body and mind. Can life truly be progressive when we have compromised on this natural function -Sleep? Pranayama or breath control is an effective tool which

calms the entire nervous system leading to a tranquil mind. A sense of calm and peace can be attained with its continuous practice. Not only do we fall asleep naturally (as it should be), but we also develop a sense of serenity to face the problems of the day and to deal with it. Prana is the breath, life force and ayama is expansion. A deliberate systematic expansion of the inhalation, exhalation and the pause in between is breath control.

As there are numerous asanas to cater to the different parts of the human anatomy, so too many different pranayamas have been devised to meet the physical, mental, intellectual and spiritual requirements of the practitioners. 'Ujjayi Pranayama' is one of the methods by which we can deal with the problem of insomnia. The prefix 'Ud' means superiority in rank. 'Jaya' is victory or success. Thus, Ujjayi is the process in which the lungs are fully expanded and the chest puffed out like a proud successful achiever. The main effects of practicing Ujjayi are that it aerates the lungs, gives endurance and most importantly soothes the nerves, apart from toning the entire respiratory system. This pranayama is perfect for everyone since it can be done at all times of day and night without any prior experience in pranayama or Yoga. (The video below demonstrates Ujjayi Pranayama). Hope the practice of this pranayama brings about a positive effect in your life.

"Om Sarve bhavantu sukhinah Sarve santu niraamayaah Sarve bhadraani pashyantu

Maakaschit duhkha bhaag bhavet

Om Shanthi Shanthi Shanthi!"

Meaning : May all be happy! (sukhinah), May all be free from disabilities! (niraamayaah)
May all look (pashyantu) to the good of others!, May none suffer from sorrow! (duhkha)

2012 Lalitha Homam Event Calendar

Date	Time	Type	L U N C H	Time	Type	T E A	Time	Type
6 th July	9:00 AM	Ganapathy Homam		-	-		6:30 PM	Bala Kalai-vaibhavam
7 th July	8:00 AM	Bala Tripura Sundari Homam		3.00 PM	Kubera Lakshmi Homam		6:30 PM	Villaku Poojai
8 th July	8:00 AM	Lalitha Homam		-	-		-	-



All are cordially invited

Annadanam at Modern English School, Malur



Pictures of ongoing activities at Malur Sri Balambika Temple site
-First layer of stonework for Garbhagraham -



The stone work for the first layer of the Garbhagraham has been laid.



Stonework being cured with water.



Dedicated artisans on the site working 24X7.

-Temporary arrangements & props for Shilpis-



Coconut palm thatched roof has been erected for the sculptors (shilpi)



A furnace has been installed at the site for sculptors, to sharpen tools.



Sthapathi's drawing board-cum-storage shed.

We are very thankful to...

Archana Contribution

Natarajan
Rekha & Rohit Joshi
Trishtaa
Ranganathan
Zeel
Vijaya & Suresh Devarajan
Parthasarathy Sridharan
Saroja Narayanan
Srinivasan Chakravarthy
Sudarshan Chakravarthy
Murali Chakravarthy
Shruthi Muralidharan

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Lalitha Raghuraman
Purnima Prasad
Indumathi Sundar
Usha

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Annadanam Sponsors

Month of February

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Venkateshwaran K.
Lakshmi
Mahima
Bima

Month of March

Gargi & Parthasarathy
Srinivasan Chakravarthy
Murali Chakravarthy
Asha & Manoharan
Sudarshan Atreya
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Reader's Response.....

"The February newsletter was amazing. Thanks a lot for giving us a glimpse of Divine Motherly Love. By sharing your experience you have helped us move closer to Bala. We are able to understand better the meaning of "Grace."

Sashikala Venkatesan— 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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