

Dr. Shuddhananda
Bharati

Saint Natana Gopal

Saints and God-men come for all humanity



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Editor's Notes

Saint Natana Gopala's life and teachings have been embalmed in this book. Kavi Yogi Maharshi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati by inner communion and deep research writes these books from his Yogic silence.

Sriman Natanagopala Nayaki Swamigal was born on January 9th, 1843 in Madurai, Tamil Nadu. Swamigal attained Mukti and reached the abode of Lord Hari on 8th January 1914, Vaikunta Ekadasi day, the month, day of the week and the constellation of which correspond exactly with those of the time of his birth.

A warm thank you to Ms. Nivetha Velupur for her help for the beautiful preparation of this book. Ms. Nivetha Velupur has, with her meticulous work, been able to help me to express fully the thoughts of Kavi Yogi Maharishi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati about Saint Natana Gopal.

It is a real pleasure for me to present *Saint Natana Gopal* to you. Thank you to Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *Saint Natana Gopal* to us. With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

Christian Piaget

Courage!

*The night is through,
The chain of slavery
It is already broken -
I am full of courage!*

*Peace in the morning,
A golden sun rises
Like a lion, superhuman
To accomplish my dream.*

*A hopeful smile,
Docile as a child
Who plays in the infinite
With a fiery star.*

*My journey is over;
I enjoy time;
The universe is my nest;
Of eternal spring.*

Song of Unity

*Unite. Unite, Unite, Oh Souls,
Unite and play your roles.
Unite in mind, unite in heart,
Unite in whole, unite in part.
Like words and tunes and sense in song,
Let East and West unite and live long.
Trees are many; the grove is one.
Branches are many; tree is one.
Shores are many; sea is one.
Limbs are many; body is one.
Bodies are many; self is one.
Stars are many; sky is one.
Flowers are many; honey is one.
Pages are many; book is one.
Thoughts are many; thinker is one.
Tastes are many; taster is one.
Actors are many; the drama is one.
Nations are many; the world is one.
Religions are many; Truth is one.
The wise are many; Wisdom is one.
Beings are many; breath is one.
Classes are many; college is one.
Find out this One behind the many;
Then life shall enjoy peaceful harmony.*

Peace Anthem

*Peace for all, peace for all.
For all the countries peace.
Joy for all, joy for all.
For all the nations joy.
A rosy morning peace,
A smiling summer joy (Peace for all).*

*All for each and each for all:
This is the golden rule.
Life and Light and Love for all,
For all that lives our love (Peace for all).*

*Work and food and clothes for all.
Equal status for all.
Health and home and school for all.
A happy world for all (Peace for all).*

*No idle rich, no more beggars;
All are equal workers.
No more tears, no more fears;
The heart is full of cheers (Peace for all).*

*No atom scare, no fat mammon,
No room for war demon.
Like leaves in trees, like rays in the sun,
We are one communion,
One Divine communion (Peace for all).*

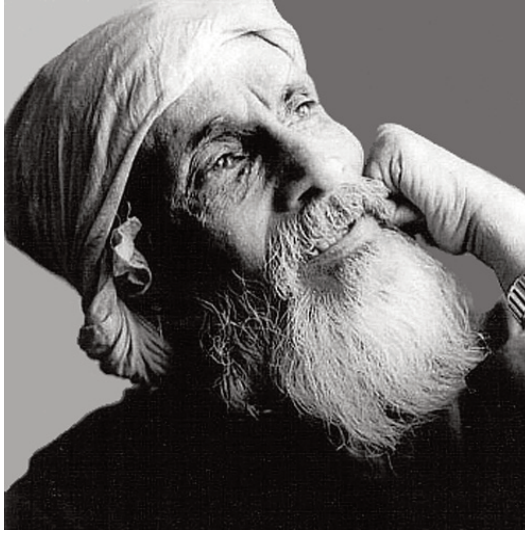
*The good in you is good for all.
Your life is life for all.
The God in you is God for all.
Your love is love for all (Peace for all).*

*For he or she or it or the rest
This collective life is best.
This Universal Life is best,
North or South, or East or West (Peace for all).*

*Peace for plants and birds and beasts,
For hills and streams and woods.
Peace in Home - land and air and sea,
Dynamic peace we see.*

Peace for all, peace for all.

Immortal Peace for All.



Swami Shuddhananda Bharati

*There is but one God for the whole world
All bodies are but temples of God*

Presentation of Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

May 11, 1897 – March 7, 1990

The wise one to the cosmic age

Although more than 90 years old, in his school in the south of India, *Kavi Yogi Maharishi* (great divine visionary, wise poet) Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati worked like a young man of twenty. When he was asked his age, he answered, "My age is Courage!" The Yogi wrote several hundred works in English, French, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and Sanskrit; and five thousand songs, and fifteen hundred poems in French. The magnum opus of the man conscious of the presence of God in him, *Bharata Shakti*, (in 50,000 verses) described his ideal: only One Humanity living in communion with only One God in a transformed world! *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental and unique work. The Yogi depicts the essence of all the religions, of all the prophets and saints, all the approaches of yoga and all the cultures on an allegorical fabric. It is a book for any age that all spiritual researchers and all nations should read and meditate on. His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, *L'Ame Pèlerine (Pilgrim Soul)*. The three poems mentioned in the opening express perfectly his ideal. His mantra, *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*, nourishes our souls and guides our steps toward the inner joy – *Ananda*. It means: the light of Grace and power of the pure supreme Almighty bless us with peace, happiness and prosperity! Let the beauty and greatness of the soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda bloom and scent the entire Earth with its divine message and spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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by
Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati

Saint Natana Gopal



Srimath Natanagopala Nayaki Swami

Saint Natana Gopal

1. A Light for Mankind

Saints and God-men come for all humanity. Ramakrishna was born in a remote village in Bengal and spoke his words in colloquial Bengali. But his life and teachings have appealed to humanity and a growing mission works

in his name. Christ was born in a cattle stall in Bethlehem; the Aramaic language in which he taught is no more. But his teachings embalmed in the holy *Bible* and his sacrifice for truth on the cross are adored all over the world. Dante and Milton sing his glory. Godmen like Kabir, Guru Nanak, Tulsidas, Tukaram, Appar, Manikkavachakar and Ramalinga are universal personalities. Their heart and soul and word and deed transcend the limitations of caste, creed, language, region, colour and race. We are living in a world of electronic wonders, in which space and time are quickly traversed and ideas inspired in one heart reach all humanity. Thyagaraja sang his divine ecstasy in Telugu; but his songs are heard all over the world and the Indian Government has given him philatelic honour.

I am urged to write about a saint in this book, who lived in Madurai, the world city of arts and beauty. I have seen this saint and his spiritual ecstasy during my boyhood. He lived, moved and had his being in God. He awakened God in the human clod. Those were days when English education was fast making men mere pragmatic robots. The ozone of spiritual fervour was vitiated by the poison gas of agnostic impertinence. Sex was in excess. Brain was buried in the stomach. Study was soulless. Life was spiritless. Thoughts were heartless. Hedonic mammonism and political opportunism and Godless socialism were the order of the day. Schooling was fooling worldlings into thinking that life was meant for earning and enjoying, eating, drinking, driving in cars, and declaring, "I am rich, and mine is great." Intellectualists were caught in a cul-de-sac of moral despair. The civilisation was mechanical like a car driven by a drunken obstinate driver heading

towards heavy crisis. People were mesmerised by outer colours of life, setting aside the ontological delicacies and deeper levels of psychic consciousness. The ordinary man in the street never thought of his religion or mission in human life. Conversions were rapidly corroding the Hindu society. Those who imagined they were swimming in luxury were sinking into the deep mire of vices such as sex and gold.

Four great personalities appeared on the Indian spiritual firmament, holding out the torch of hope and faith to all humanity. They were Ramakrishna, Ramalinga, Ramabhadra and Ramana. These are the four Rs of right living and right thinking.

Here, we are speaking about Ramabhadra who became famous as Saint Natana Gopal. He was a Light for mankind. Who is this saint? What is his evangel? Come, readers, let us go to Madurai.



2. Ripe silently

Madurai is a world city of spiritual culture and beauty. It has a glorious history. It is a golden city of Pandyan Kings. The Madurai Tamil Sangam is the repertory of Tamil Culture. Saint Manikkavachakar was the chief minister of the Pandyan king, Arimardanan. Saint Jnana Sambandar

reconverted King Kunpandyan to Saivism. Perialvar won laurels in the Parliament of Religions held in Madurai for Vaishnavism and sang his famous *Pallandu*. Azhagar Koil near Madurai is a renowned centre of Vaishnavism. There are a number of Shiva, Vishnu and Muruga temples in and around Madurai. It is a city of poets and sages. It has been immortalised in the works in Sangam literature like *Silappadikaram*. The *Thirukkural*, a world book, was recognised as such by the Madurai Tamil Sangam. Pazhamudir Solai up the Azhagar hills is a fine place for *Tapasya* and a Sid-dashram is developing there. I have seen here siddhas such as Kulandayananda Swami, Chatti Swami, and Mastan Swami and Maharshi Purnananda who initiated me in Yoga and *Gita*. I belong to a family of saints such as Sadasiva Brahmam and Purnananda.

Maharshi Purnananda was the brother of my grand sire who was an advocate in the Danappa Mudali Street, near the Meenakshi Temple. He lived in a garden hut whenever he visited Madurai. He was the early architect of my spiritual life. He left home and wealth and ran away with Sanyasins in his tenth year and sat at the feet of God-men to be a God-man himself. He had seen Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Dayananda, Ramathirtha, Shirdi Sai Baba, Siddharuda, and Mastan Saheb, and it was he that created an interest in me to go in search of saints.

To see saints and write about them was a sadhana to me and I did it and do it as a tapasya. My soul sees now Purnananda and Natana Gopal in the green garden hut, which gave me peace and bliss. I kicked off my uncle's wealth and found glorious wealth at the feet of Mother

Meenakshi who made me sit near this great Saint Purnananda who had a wealth that wealths cannot buy.

It was my eleventh birthday. Purnananda was telling me, "Birth is meant for rebirth in the spirit. You must live like Adi Shankara, Ramakrishna, Shirdi Sai Baba and Ramalinga. You must be a living *Gita*."

At that time, an emotional soul entered the garden, bright, nimble and brisk. He had a subtle fire in his eyes and a sweet feminine charm on his face. He was the very image of God-fervour. "Hari Aum!" ejaculated my Master as he rose up to receive him.

It was Swami Natana Gopal. I had seen this Swami. His emotional songs and ecstatic dances have thrilled my soul. Natana Gopal smiled into my soul. For five minutes, he was smiling and looking at me, and patting me on the back, he said, "Lopala undi pandu – Be within and ripen." He spoke excellent Telugu with my Master and it was a feast for the heart to listen to their conversation.

"Be within and ripen" was a significant message to me. Later on, Sai Baba told me "Uge muge chup karo; Phal ata hai." That is: "Keep quite within; the soul ripens into God-consciousness." Purnananda was speaking about spiritual integration of humanity through *Gita*, *Gana* and *Nama*. Natana Gopal sang a *Kirtan* melodiously and emotionally. Its substance was: "Sing Harinam tirelessly and walk humbly to His feet."

Natana Gopal then took leave of Purnananda.

3. Sourashtrapuri

Natana Gopal entered the Sourashtrapuri, which is South Madurai. He was born in a Sourashtra¹ family. The small house in which he was born is there in the Palmal Cross Street. I have often wondered why Krishna was born among cowherds and Natana Gopal among weavers. There must be something among the shepherds of Brindaban and the Sourashtra Brahmins of Madurai to deserve such emanations. Simple love was the soul of Brindaban. Ample fervour was the heart of Sourashtrapuri. Something about the Sourashtra Brahmins deserves mentioning here.

Go to any Sourashtra home. You will see them take their bath in the morning, and wave incense and ringing bells to images of God placed in every nook and corner. You will see them visiting temples and adoring God with sincere devotion. Any saint entering the Sourashtra Street is highly respected and honoured. At night, you can hear jalars (small cymbal) and mridangams and melodious voices singing the name and glory of God. From Tulsiram to Radhakrishna, from Natana Gopal to Nannaya Yogi, I have seen and moved with hundreds of Sourashtrians. I have run from home often to sing and dance in Sourashtra *Bhajans*. They regularly observe the Ekadesi fasting and spend the day in Bhajan. Go to Azhagar Koil festival; you

¹ Sourashtra or "Patnulkarar" refers to a community of people who speak the Sourashtra language. They had their original homes in Gujarat and migrated to Madurai and other places of Tamil Nadu. The origin of the name dates back to the time when the ancestors of these people inhabited the kingdom of Sourashtra in Gujarat.

will see Sourashtras; go to Teppotsavam; you will meet crowds and crowds of Sourashtrians doing Bhajans and feeding devotees. Visit their temples; you will feel a special atmosphere of sincerity. Go to their factories; you will hear Ramnam at their looms, while they shuttle out clothes for the public. They honestly work, honestly live, honestly love God and honestly give what they can in charity. Spiritual fervour and industrial enterprise are the heart and brain of the community. History holds a mirror to their even tenor of faith and fervour. Look at Kathiawad: it is like the tongue of India. We see in it Somanath, Dwaraka, Girnar and other pilgrim centres sanctified by Sri Krishna. That is the original home of Sourashtrians. They are a tall, fair, intelligent and industrious race living for the love of God and service of mankind by weaving industry. None of them goes astray to alien faiths. They are true Sanatanists.

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