



DR SHOBHA RAJU

Mechanics of fruitful prayer

ERadication of thought-pollution through Divine Music is the moto to start Annamacharya Bhavana Vahini(ABV) It's an organisation started in 1983. ABV's anniversary is celebrated as "Dedication Day". Incidentally, it also happens to be my birthday.

My first job was the first artiste of TTD for exclusive propagation of Annamacharya Sankeertanas. Second, The Project Officer of Rama Rasa Vahini, Bhadrachalam Devasthanam at Endowments Dept in Hyderabad. Due to some bitter experiences, I resolved not to work under anyone. On my birthday, my father gave me one hundred and sixteen rupees as a gift and said that that was his humble contribution to the sacred task, I wanted to carry on as a freelancer. The same evening we convened a meeting and flagged off ABV. That's how the anniversary of ABV and my birthday fell on the same day.

It was in 2010. Ramana (our assistant) proposed a few plans for celebrating the Dedication Day. I felt them be a bit beyond our capacity due to lack of finance. I

advised him just to invite ten orphans and organize for their lunch. I returned from my tour and was checking the updates from Ramana. He told me that he organized a hundred and ten orphans from an orphanage and thirty-five from another. He didn't adhere to the number I had advised. That's okay. But I asked him how he was going to get those orphans to He told me that two buses have to be organized to bring them to Annamayapuram (Name of the area where ABV is located). It's an expensive proposal, which we couldn't afford. Already we had deficits. I was angry at him and spoke to him a bit harshly for being unmindful.

I was composing a song. Around eleven at night, I called Ramana for a glass of hot water. There was no response. I called him on the phone. No answer. I went downstairs. Nandu (my husband) was watching TV. On my enquiry, he said that Ramana had gone out saying that he would be back soon. Both the mobiles, Ramana uses were left on the

dining table itself. It was twelve-thirty in the night. Ramana didn't come back. I got panicked. Called all his friends, associates. ABV's associates....no trace.

I usually say that he is a d-given son to me. But I realised then, how much I was bonded. I didn't feel like eating. I couldn't sleep. I prayed, I cried...all my close relations & friends visited me. His brothers came to Hyderabad from Tirupathi and started searching for him. They wanted me to announce in TV channels. friends and relatives form Intelligence and security departments have advised me to report to police it would be my fault of not reporting. I wasn't so sad and tensed even when I was leaving Tirupati, resigning to my sacred job of Annamacharya Project.

That was in the month of November. It was Kartika Shuddha Ekadashi. I took the head bath and went to Annamayapuram. Our regular priest went to his home town entrusting his work to his son. I asked him to get leaves of Bilva tree & perform Archana. I told



Swami, "I am going out in search of Ramana. I don't know how You do it. I must come back with Ramana". Went to "Annamacharya Sadanam", a hall at Annamayyapuram and meditated for twenty minutes. Raja Rajeswari & Suresh, students of ABV were there at some work. I asked them whether they would like to accompany me and I asked Ashok a friend of Ramana to drive us to the Ashram where Ramana spent a day as Nandu scolded him for some

name was also Narayana Teertha. This is his room. Can you sing one Keertana (devotional song) to my grandmother please?", asked Swami Narayana Teertha.

That was one of my richest and profound experiences in life! I sang "Narayana! Te Namō Namō!", a Sanskrit composition of St Annamayya. Whenever I sing, I sing with devotion. But that time was unusual. I felt..it wasn't just my vocal chords singing. Every cell in my body was singing. I wasn't at

There was a voice speaking in Tamil, which meant, "Ramana left to Railway Station as the time was up. He asked me to convey that he will reach Hyderabad tomorrow". Each cell of my body was in the mode of gratitude to The Divine. I profusely thanked The King of Annamayyapuram for fulfilling my demand. "I must return with Ramana, I don't know how You do it", I said to Him. He has His own ways of doing it!

Dear Readers! I shared this personal experience of mine with you all to reinforce your faith in The Divine Grace. I could share this because there is sufficient evidence for it. There are occasions when He didn't approve my appeals. I study and analyze my own experiences. There are a few mechanics of prayers I could understand. They are:

- There should be total surrender when you pray.
- Ego should be absent.
- We cannot hurt other beings and expect positive results by praying before idols alone. He is more vibrant and present in beings.
- When Karma is strong, prayer has to be stronger and intense.
- Service with love is the best path to counter Karma.
- We must straighten our relationship with everyone we went wrong by saying sorry. Shouldn't carry any ill-feeling towards anyone at heart.
- Operate from the base of love and deal with love.

'A musician can sing off the key but it's not the flaw of music. A propounder may go wrong but never the spiritual science.

(The author is a well-known musician, Devotional singer, writer and composer.)



mistake, previously.

I could understand that to be the old Ashram of St. Samartha Ramadas, in the old city. Present Pontiff is Sri Narayana Teertha. On enquiry came to know that no one like Ramana had come then, though he had been there once earlier.

There were many small temples of different deities. I prayed at every temple. Finally, Sri Narayana Teertha took me to a small room. An old lady was on the bed. "She is my grandmother. Aged ninety-eight years. My grand father's

all conscious of the outer world. It was a celestial experience. A kind of pointedness....a feeling of nothingness...a silence through sound!

I concluded the song and opened my eyes. Raja Rajeswari was standing by my side with the mobile phone in her hands saying, "Ramana is on the line". My joy and wonder knew no bounds. But by the time I took the phone, the call was already cut. I was in a state of ecstasy. Raja Rajeswari dialled the number back and gave me the phone. It was a public Telephone booth in Srirangam, Tamil Nadu.