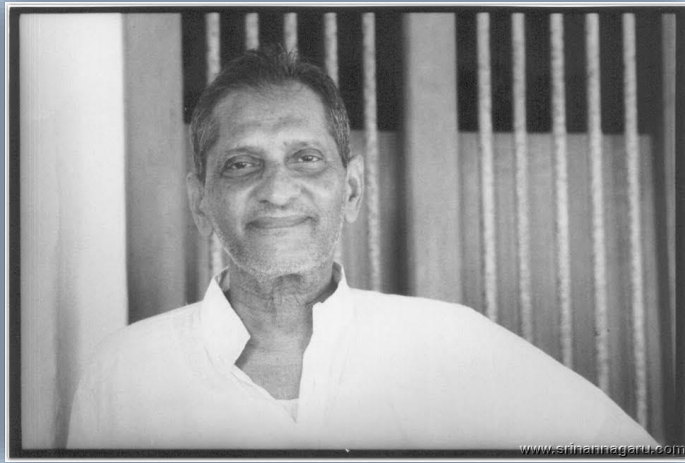


An Article on Sri Nannagaru by Mira Maislen



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I had never met Nannagaru before and this was the first time I'd ever been with him. I was one of the many who gathered under a tent on the roof of the Andhra Asram in Tiruvannamalai. I sat waiting, not knowing what to expect. Suddenly and quietly a man came out very slowly walking

through the group, looking Intently at one, then another person, before he took his seat in the front of the room. From his chair he continued doing the same-looking, long lingering looks with some, shorter with others, looking, scanning the upturned faced, looking. His face was radiant, smiling, sweet, gentle and loving. Occasionally, someone brought him an offering-fruit, a flower, a mala. He looked at each item like a child would, as if seeing it for the very first time, handling it lovingly and gently, often returning the offering as prasada to the giver.

As this went on, I had a mounting feeling of excitement. Something was stirring within me. I so wanted him to look at me. The feeling in the room was alive and pulsating with love. The energy within me was changing. I felt like I was melting. I was thinking, "please look at me, let me feel what is coming through Your eyes". And suddenly, he did. It was not a very long look, but it was enough. The tears started flowing and something within me opened. My heart felt like it was softening and opening. My whole body began to relax. I felt as if I was being held like a baby by a mother who adores her. His gaze moved to others and shortly, as quietly as he came, he was gone. He was physically gone but he was still HERE; this feeling within me remained. As the day went by the feeling never left.

I learned he was available to be seen many times during the day and that afternoon I went back again, this time with a mala as an offering. I wanted to go up to him and touch his feet and look into his eyes again. I wanted to be in that Presence again, to feel that infusion of Love and have it be ignited even more deeply within me.

I feel that Nannagaru is the embodiment of Ananda, pure Love. He seems God intoxicated. His watery eyes seeing beyond seeing and looking into them seemed to open the door to a

glimpse into That which hopefully, I would drown in as well.

I went back in the afternoon and found myself walking up to him, flowers in hand, longing in my heart. He spoke to me. First, asking questions about where I was from, all the time looking, looking at me. And then, I had a question for him. It was about surrender. I asked how could I become truly surrendered. I knew he really knew this, was living this, because he appeared so dissolved in Love, in such service to That. As he answered my question I felt my self dissolving. From the moment he began speaking tears streamed from my eyes. The tears just kept coming while he spoke and after I returned to my seat. I felt On fire. His penetrating gentle emanation of Love was so powerful. I felt like everything was shifting and changing within.

I could not stop thinking about him. It was really "thinking about" him, but rather this feeling inside that was Love, that he had ignited. His love awakening my love this Love that is always here, that is Love itself not related to person, place or thing. It was not about me and him at all. I walked through the Rest of the day experiencing a different sense of myself underneath and interpenetrating all that I was saying and doing. I was feeling very deeply happy.

The next morning I returned again to Satsang. This time, I could barely wait to be in this Presence, barely wait to go up to him. When I came into the room he looked at me, a long gaze of intense Love. I couldn't stay in my seat. I almost immediately got up and rushed up to him, flowers in hand. He seemed huge to me. There was nothing else. I bowed before him and looking up he was looking at me. There was only this never ending Love. He gazed at me for what seemed to be a long time



I wrote in my journal: "I am on fire with this Love, Your gaze ignites my heart and I am melting, melting. There is only you, only That. Explosions of joy rust through me and fill me. My heart is bursting open. Love is uncontainable. Waves of Ananda wash over me and through me melting and melting. You are inside me. Tears of relief. Tears of letting go. It is so simple. There is such happiness. All is so well. I feel such immeasurable gratitude. I have been touched by Grace".

It is now several days later and I have seen Nannagaru a number of more times. It is extraordinary how available he actually is. He sees people from morning to night, answering questions, giving instruction, and always there is that love-drenched gaze as he looks into people's eyes. I feel the utter unconditionality of his love. I feel it exuding

through his eyes, his hands, his movements, his stillness, his beingness.

This Love is infectious. It fills me. It is me. I am dropping deeper. I am experiencing waves of joy not related to anything objective, that move me to tears in and out of his physical presence. It is bhakti. Beyond words, I am swept away in That. Here in this Holy place of Tiruvannamalai where Ramana walked the sacred hill Arunachala, all is conspiring to answer my fervent prayer to awaken.

Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, Nannagaru. You are an immense blessing to all who meet you.



At Your Blessed Feet,
Mira Maislen,
Box 1305
Newport, Oregon 979365
USA

Courtesy: Devotees