



Ode on the mind

ODE ON THE
MIND,
By R.N. Deshpande

A02383

INTRODUCTION

The verses in the "Ode on the Mind" have been composed by Dr. A.N. Deshpande, emeritus professor of Marathi, Nagpur University, on request by Shri Nana Kher & Shri Tony Griss in 1987-88. These verses are a translation of the original Marathi Sholkas (verses), 'Nave Manache Shlok' written by the same author in 1967. The suggestion to compose the Marathi Shlokas was made by Shri D.H. Pophadi, one of the Beloved Baba's intimate lovers. Perfect Master Shri Samarth Ramdas, who lived at the time of Chabapati Shiwaji Maharaj (about 350 years ago) has given to the world the essence of his teachings in the form of about 250 shlokas called 'Manache Shlok' in Marathi. The verses in Ramdas' 'Manache Shlok' are addressed to the mind of man and are in the nature of advice and exhortations to the mind. By reciting these sholkas everyday, the mind of man forms the habit of remembering the holy name of Lord Rama so that one can hold on to the damman of the God-Man and develop divine love while leading a normal worldly life. Shri Pophadi requested Dr. Deshpande to compose similar verses in Marathi on the basis of discourses, messages and talks of the present Advent of God as Meher Baba.

In the beginning Dr. Deshpande found difficulty in composing the verses in the required meter but after some days he experienced a strange feeling of being possessed by Beloved Baba's love acting as a driving force which urged him to render Baba's messages, discourses and life into eighty one shlokas in a short time. As the verses flowed from his pen Dr. Deshpande was unable to attend to any other work till he completed the writing. These were first published in a serial form in a

Harathi weekly paper 'Chavhata' edited by Shri B.N. Saoji, another Baba lover from Nagpur. The issues of the weekly containing the verses were sent to Baba at Gururasad Poona (April-June 1967). Soon the entire slokas were published in a booklet form and some copies of these were sent to Beloved Baba, Baba asked Nana Kher and Bal Natu to recite the verses daily in the evening for more than a month. Baba has sanctified these verses by listening to them daily for a long time. Baba liked the slokas and indicated His appreciation by sending a letter and an autographed copy of the booklet to Dr. Deshpande.

When Tony Griss came to Nagpur (April 1987) he told me that during his stay at Meherbad Nana Kher read out the Marathi slokas to him and explained their meaning. Tony Griss was overpowered with love by the forceful way in which Beloved Baba's messages, discourses and life were rendered in simple verse form and he expressed his heartfelt desire to get them translated in English for the benefit of all English knowing peoples of the world.

During His previous advents as Zartrusta, Rama, Krisna, Gautam, Jesus and Mohemmed, Meher Baba has sanctified Persian, Sanskrit, Hebrew and Arabic languages. In the present advent He has sanctified English, Gujrathi, Marathi and Hindi languages by using them as media of communication. Mostly He used English language for giving His discourses, messages and for conversation with people all over the world. English has thus occupied a unique position among all the languages of the world. The English rendering of the Marathi shlokas will help millions of people on the earth to come in contact with the Avatar. This Sahawas (intimate company) of the God-Man will help people to nurture the seed of love sowed by Meher Baba in their hearts.

The verses are addressed to the mind of man as minds of all are essentially similar in nature. In spite of different ways of life and views of life of people of various nations, most of the human beings are governed by greed of wealth and possessions, lust for sense alluring objects, and/or unsatiable thirst for acquiring power, fame, name or scholarship in various fields. According to Meher Baba the mind is a collection of impressions (Sanskaras) in the seed form, gathered by an individual (jeevatma) in the process of evolution of his consciousness from the stone to the human form and then acquired in the process of reincarnations in various human forms as rich or poor, tall or short, beautiful or ugly, male or female, intelligent or dullard, healthy or diseased, black or white, literate or illiterate etc. This is the reason why minds of men are essentially similar in nature. Hence the verses in the 'Ode on the Mind' have a universal appeal.

The Marathi Shlokas are suitable for mass recital in a simple tune which most of the persons can easily learn. These verses in English may be set to a simple tune for reciting individually or collectively. As the Avatar is the Father of all in creation, He showers His love equally on all His children. But each one of us is able to accept the love only to the extent to which we have emptied our heart of low desires and wants. But the Avatar in His compassion plays the role of a sweeper and cleans the accumulated dust of dirty sanskars and takes upon Himself untold mental and physical torture in the process of sweeping the dust. When the Avatar Manifests Himself the result of His universal work will be seen as the establishment of the feeling of oneness through love of all beings. Opulence and poverty, illiteracy or literacy, jealousy and hatred

which are in evidence today in their full measure will then be dissolved through the feeling of oneness (in illusion) among men of all nations, creeds, sects and castes of the world.

Fortunate are those few who come to the Avatar before His Manifestation and hold on to His daaman firmly without any expectations. It is these few who can go beyond the transient feeling of oneness in illusion and experience eternal Bliss of unity with their Beloved God-Man. The reciting of these verses can help you to remember His Name constantly and hold on to His Daaman firmly. Jai Baba.

Vinoo Kher

10th July 1988

from: Dr. V.G. Kher

Meher Bhawan, Dharampeth

Nagpur 440010

1-761047

Oh Mind of Mine,
So noble in thyself,
Ever cherish the memory
Of the name "Meher".
Know thou that the Name
Is the abode of liberation,
The giver of courage and peace:
Greed and lust shall dissolve,
A revolution shall come
In thy life.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Ever recite the blessed Name,
The Name "Meher" divine.
Ever repeat that. It shall
Liberate you from the coils
Of hate and envy.
The spirit of renunciation
Shall bubble forth,
And the devotion to Meher
Shall revolutionize thy life.

3.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Wherefore dost thou wander
Like one crazed, when
There lies before thy eyes
The royal road to Freedom?
Waste not thy powers
In futile pursuits.
Thy union with Meher
Shall change the course of thy life.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Why dost thou tire thyself
By trudging through the vast region
Of tomes, ancient and modern?
Does God, O fool, reside in books?
Let the name Meher be ever
On thy lips. This is, remember,
The easiest path to God— realization.

5.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Oppressive is Life's summer,
The hot and scorching winds
Of mortal existence
Make life unbearable.
Seek shelter under the tree
Of the blessed "Name."
Have no doubts that it shall
Provide you with eternal shade.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Selfish is the world.
And disinterested love
Thou shall find nowhere.
Behold this limpid and pure
Ganges of Meher's love.
A dip in its waters
Will enlighten you.

7.

Oh Mind of Mine,
The love thou shall receive
From Meher will be from
The depths of His Soul.
Neither friends nor your kin
Can give you such love
Which will instill new life in you.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Whatever your faith

Whether Hindu or Christian
It matters not.

Behold love only in Him—

For here, it's love that counts.

Meher, the cloud of compassion,
Is ever sending down showers of love.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Abandon all the revels
That give transient pleasures.
Gather the treasure which gives
Eternal joy.
Have Him in your heart,
And rid thyself of all cares.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Passage through the births
Of the past have left their
Marks, obscuring thy pristine roots.
How best can you rid yourself
Of those marks?—Listen!
Recite the sweet name, “Meher.”

Hear, oh Mind of Mine,
This glad tiding and rejoice:
That God incarnate doth
Reside amidst mortals,
Meher His name, silence His abode:
He knoweth no rest, ceaseless
His cosmic work.

Oh Mind of Mine, leave thy ego
And bow down your head
Before Zarathushtra and Buddha,
Jesus and Mohammed,
And Meher— All of them
Are but forms of God
For His universal mission.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Endless is thy grief
And never-ending thy sorrow.
Where sorrow resides
There dwelleth Satan,
There dwelleth Duality.
Bow down to Meher— Ram reborn
Who has come to destroy Satan.

Oh Mind, soiled is today
The faith of Man,
And restless he is
Like Arjuna.
Meher, like Krishna,
Has come to save him.

Oh Mind of Mine,
When the world has lost
Its moorings in righteousness,
Then comes the Saviour.
When all faiths have lost
Their tongue and relevance,
Then Meher doth come on the scene
And spreadeth a new faith
Of liberation through love.

Oh Mind, doubt it not
That the Buddha has returned
To this world of mortals.
Behold, He is sending showers
Of love to this world
That our earth may be purged
Of all conflicts, distinctions and fears
Recite, therefore, the Name Meher,
For that alone, have no doubts,
Will give you peace.

Oh Mind, 'tis a unique path.
'Tis no creed.
With a formal church
And hide-bound fussy rituals.
They are all false.
The essence— the true thing
Is love and detachment.
This to gain, do thou ever
Offer devotion to Meher.

Oh Mind, the Name Meher
Is sweetness incarnate,
Surpassing in sweetness
The nectar and manna.
The onrush of surging ecstasy,
The waves of celestial joy
Which ends all attachments,
All desires for things worldly.

Oh Mind, do not be attached
To matters earthly
Nor be entangled
In the meshes of desires.
Then only shall you
Attain nearness to Lord Meher
And receive the grace of His silence.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Many have been the Avatars,
Divine manifestations of God,
That have preached
Sermons and Gospels galore.
There has been a surfeit
Of such preachings
Perhaps, and therefore
God has now come down to earth
As silence incarnate.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Wake up from thy sleep.
Take leave of your ignorance,
For the Lord himself has come
To wake you up
As the very embodiment of love.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Yoke all your powers
With all your might and main
To the mission of God.
Let your love embrace
Every living being,
Even those who hate you,
And those who envy you in return.
Let Meher be the witness.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Find no faults in others.
It is a soul-killing activity.
Perceive your manifold failings
Of which you are a captive-prisoner.
Get rid of them and bow down to Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Be so compassionate
That tears in the eyes of others
Shall move you to tears.
Be happy in the happiness of others.
Such is the path revealed by Meher
To those seeking salvation.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Exploit not others
To enrich your coffers
Or to serve your own ends.
Rather, expend thy own wealth
To assist those in need.
This is the path revealed by Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Lament not in vain
Over the want of this or that.
Thou art more fortunate than many others.
Keep this in mind and be undaunted.
This is the path shown by Meher.


Oh Mind Of Mine,
Be content with things as they are,
Let loss or gain
Be the same to you.
'Tis at the behest of God
That all things happen.
'Tis from His power that all events flow.
Believe in this, tells Meher to His devotees.

Oh Mind of Mine,
If you hunger for God's love,
Then follow the path of non-violence.
Non-violence is the supreme form
of devotion.
Meditate on Meher to know
How one may love.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Live for God
And die , too, for Him,
That in the end will come the sweet union
When thou shalt see Him Face to face.
Let your sole aim be to win His love
And to see Lord Meher
Residing in your heart.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Life is a vale of
Tears and distress.
With firmness shall we
Hold onto the Peace of Mind
And stay away from restlessness!
With reverence shall we bow
Our heads before the Lord
With unwavering trust
That Meher is the God
Who will save us.

Oh Mind of Mine,
The condition of those
Who put their trust in endless rituals
Is like the goods-train
That halts for hours
At numerous stations.
Hence, says Lord Meher,
Keep away from such futile
And fruitless rituals.



Oh Mind of Mine,
Those who. contemplate God
And serve their fellow-beings
Are like unto travellers
Who travel by a passenger train
Which halts at every station.
Why this infatuation with the
Slow moving train?

Oh Mind of Mine,
Dost thou desire
To travel by a "special?"
Then, my dear, hold on to the feet
Of the Sadguru, your true benefactor.
Fast is this train and halts it not
At any mid-way station
But takes straight to salvation.
Therefore, make Meher your God,
The abode of your devotion.

Oh Mind of Mine,
This world is
The sportive activity of Meher.
Here, a leaf trembles, there,
The quake-swing swings,
Here Hate burns, there Love
Casts its cool shade.
All this, be sure, is the
Maya of Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,

Do you find pleasure

In the worship of beauty?

Is that your hobby?

Then worship Meher.

The beauty incarnate,

And you will assuredly get

The joy of union with God.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Do you see Dharma,
Universal moral code,
In the service of mankind?
'Tis a path beset with hardships.
Then let Meher be your ideal,
For He is service incarnate.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Dost thou love the path of knowledge?
Then know
That knowledge man shall never have.
God alone is the true reservoir
Of all knowledge. The self-same God
Is embodied in Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Worry not about the morrow
Nor how to tide over the present danger
Cast off all fear and be free,
Merging your identity
In that of Meher and His Grace.

Oh Mind of Mine,
God is not in the temples
Nor in the Church nor in the mosque.
He resides in your innermost being.
Search for Him there, tells you Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
In your heart,
Which is the sacred abode of the Lord,
You have offered shelter to desires.
Drive out those strangers and trespassers
And receive Meher the Silent,
The true Lord of your heart.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Listen to this short life-sketch
Of Meher Baba, the Lord.
Born at Pune, Shireen was His mother,
Divine was her child
And blessed was she
With merit untellable.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Before the birth of the child divine,
She saw in a dream a procession,
A procession like unto a long poem
That filled her with ecstasy.
Then the vision did prophesy
“Thou shalt give birth to a prodigy.”

Oh Mind of Mine,
Shireen was a blend
Of divine qualities:
Restrained and thoughtful
Was her tongue, tempered
By humour. Gifted was she
With incisive intellect.
Firm in resolve, she was a queen
Among women, dowered with
Divine beauty.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Once while a child
Hardly a year old, Merwan,
Only a creeping babe,
Was spied by His mother
Playing with a deadly cobra
And as a child would with his toys.
Struck with fear, she watched as the sc
Crept away and exclaimed
“Let this be a day of rejoicing.”

Oh Mind of Mine,
Sheriar, the child's father
Was renunciation incarnate.
A great saint, and savant,
Strong in body, sportive and generous,
Compassionate was he.
His greatest joy lay
In helping the poor and the needy.

Oh Mind of Mine,
An astrologer of repute,
A connoisseur of music,
He composed spiritual poems
That captivated the mind.
A linguist, he was
Expert in many tongues
And equally skilled in
The art of gardening.

Oh Mind of Mine,
The holy detachment
Of the father from matters worldly
And the love of Mother
Untainted by anything base—
Where these two together exist,
There, sports liberation
In a joyous mood.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Years passed and the child grew
In years and virtuousness.
In strength too, by the dispensation
Of Almighty God.
Games He played of many kinds
But cricket He liked most.
His friendship He gave to one and **all**
And received in return the gold
Of their friendship.

Oh Mind of Mine,
When engaged in gaining
Higher knowledge, the Muse
Of English and Persian poetry
Fascinated Him. Yet special love
Was Hafeez and Tukaram.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Just on the verge of the
End of His teen years
There came a total change.
It was His new birth
That endowed Him
With a new vision.
How did God manifest Himself
Through young Merwan?
Hark, Oh Mind,
And behold the miracle of God.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Once while He was returning
From the College, a saintly lady,
Mother of the Universe and holy,
A Sadguru, did beckon Him,
And having drawn Him to herself
Clasped Him in an embrace of love.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Hear the account
O what happened next—
A tale of spiritual enlightenment:
The lady did kiss Him
With great love on the forehead
Between the eyebrows,
And Lo! In a trice
The cosmic power within Him
Was set in motion,
And He attained union
While yet His being
Was enmeshed in the corporal form.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Unconscious was Lord Merwan
From that fateful moment
And lost His contact
With the world of men.
A dweller He became
Of the Land of the Lord,
Disembodied by the miracle
Of His spiritual elevation.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Narayan and Tajuddin
Did grace Him with a visit.
When Saint Sai Baba did
Set eyes on Him, he exclaimed
"Behold, here comes the Lord Supreme."

Oh Mind of Mine,
Lost in a world fantastic,
He lived in a joy ecstatic.
Then followed a second miracle!
The saint of Sakori
Cast a stone at Him
Which struck in the centre
Of His forehead between the eyebrows
Releasing once again
The pent-up powers of the senses,
Man's channel of communication
With the earth earthy
And matters material.

Oh Mind of Mine,
"I am the self-same Lord
Who is timeless and infinite.
I am He, the Ruler Omnipotent
Of the universe, awaited for ages
By saints of the past and the present.
I come bearing the name of Meher,
The liberator supreme
Long awaited by all the mankind.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Doubt not that He is the living God,
The God in living form.

Albeit He lived in the manner
Of a mortal like you and I,
Doubt not that Meher was the God
Who came to the earth
For a mission of His own—
The salvation of Man.

Oh Mind of Mine,
His ministry He began
At Meherabad— His abode
And place of work.

There His service, like creeper,
Bore blossom and fruit,
Spell-binding the world
By its divine effulgence.

Oh Mind of Mine,
There He served the needy,
Providing facilities for education
And free medical aid—the best.
There He laboured in person
Though God He was.
Oh! how fortunate they were
Who were, by Him, touched
With His divine hands!

Oh Mind of Mine,
There He set up a Premashram
Steeped in the love of the Lord.
Embellished by its blossom,
Children, residents of the Ashram,
Lived in ecstasy, perceiving
Meher in the entire cosmos.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Then did He demolish
All the institutions.
It was a sport of the Lord.
But therein, too, was a design—
A design too occult for man
With his petty intelligence
To decipher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Rid thyself of that false ego
And merge thyself in that ocean
Of super-self— Meher.
Then shall you discover the meaning
Of every act of His
And become, in truth, Meher Himself.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Know thou that service Meher does
Enhances the constructive powers
Of the entire world
Sans self and selfish interests.
Every act instinct with love
Will be inspired by Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
When thirty summers had almost passed,
Meher into silence did retreat.
A wonder of wonders did the world witness,
Silence is the nature of God.
Therefore did Meher abide in silence.

Oh Mind of Mine,
The world goes its way, God does not speak.
Worthless is the wordy scholarship.
Waste of words— all sound and fury,
Glitter of scholarship signifying nothing,
Have no place in His Divine Scheme.
Act is the word— the word it reveals
Is alone significant.

Oh Mind of Mine,
His work was on the subtle level.
Unseen, unheard it was
Beyond the grasp of reason.
Through service to
The God intoxicated Saints
He gave expression to
The play of the spiritual.
Thus increased the worship
Of God on this earth.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Humility incarnate was Meher.
Austere and stern was His new life.
Ruled by its ruthless regimen,
Withdrawing into seclusion,
Next denying Himself food,
Such was the ascetic-like
Course of His life.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Taking on the role of seeker
After Truth, He His mind
Did annihilate— a paradox!
God Himself, His mind
Suffered not from the least.
Vestige of infirmity or impurity,
Yet did He subject Himself
To the severe ordeal,
And having suffered its travails infinite,
Emerged resplendent and victorious.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Observe His play! Sometimes humble,
Next moment He burst into the light,
The dazzling light of perfect divinity.
Free he was— free from the canker
Of duality. He showed the world
“Everything is possible for me.”

Oh Mind of Mine,
Widely He traveled all over the world,
In lands far and near.
Thus did this saviour of the world
Give His love to one and all
To spread and enhance
The unity of Mankind.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Science and technology are on the march.
Behold their astounding advance
Unparalleled in the past.
Yet hate and destruction,
Grim and fearful,
Are also on the increase.
Our knowledge lacks love,
Its proper companion.
Who, then, will save the world?

Oh Mind of Mine,
Therefore do you sing
The blessed Name of Meher:
"Oh Lord, save our lives,
Come running, come fast,
Come without delay.
Those who will sing and seek His help
In such words— to them will Meher
Give His love and restore peace
To the world oppressed by
The material knowledge.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Worthless now is the old theology
And its hand maid—the formal morality.
Cosmic love alone will save the world,
Heralding the new love, based on Dharma.
Meher has come, like a cloud
Charged with the waters of His Grace.
Know this, O Mind, and do obeisance to Him.

Oh Mind of Mine,
The world does survive
By the grace of God
Who, in His wisdom,
Reveals new paths
To cosmic harmony and prosperity.
A new revolution is under way
Before our very eyes,
A cosmic revolution
Of which Meher is the director.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Silence is the divine weapon
Of Meher— a weapon that puts
Into shade, man's science
And technological skill.
Unique is this weapon,
That, in its power, outshines
Millions of suns
And reduces them to a cipher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
When that silence will end
Then will the revolution come.
The earth will tremble,
The atoms become still,
And Man will receive
The gift of a new
And unique knowledge.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Silence ended. Men and women
Who loved God— His devotees
Shall receive salvation.
Then will a lustrous light
Fill to overflowing
All quarters of the cosmos,
Every nook and corner.
And those who love God
Will enjoy His Grace.

Oh Mind of Mine,
When silence will end,
Birds will sing, bursting into song,
Praising Meher— witness to the
Salvation of Man.
A new freedom will then take shape,
A new goal will then Meher set.

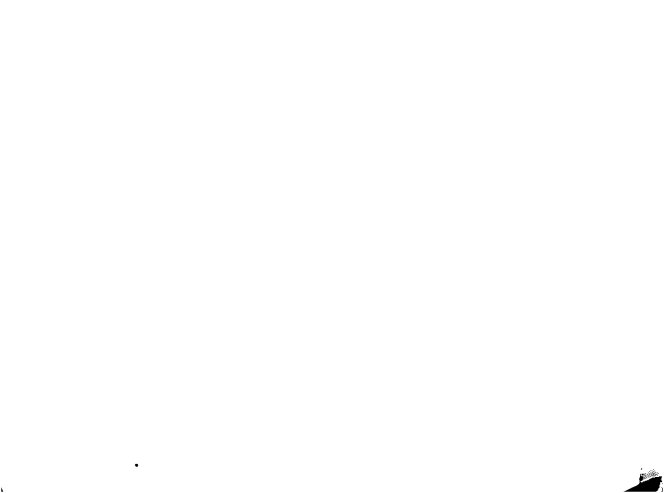
Oh Mind of Mine,
With the breaking of the silence
The world will advance
One step ahead, gaining
A new spiritual insight,
A new spiritual vision.
Slowly by degrees will perish
Man's love of the self and the body.
And then will increase
Man's love for Meher
And His liberating worship.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Go away, go away, I have suffered
Much at your hands.
I crave liberation.
I want to be the servant
Of Meher— Meherdas.
Bait me not with your illusory joys.
Provoke not my passions
By your worthless tinsel.
O Mind, lay thyself prostrate
At the feet of Meher.

Oh Mind of Mine,
Recite these verses every day
If salvation you desire,
And let your moods
Be firmly focussed on the feet
Of Meher, and let love
Be your Dharma.

Nagpur

2- 10- 87



~~10~~ 2383 .

