

AJJA - The Supreme Truth



God is not something you find -
He is what you stop hiding from

The Supreme Truth - The Trinity - The Guru of All Guru

Aryan:

The story has not ended. In truth, it has only begun.
The path to the supreme truth lies ahead.

I have lived, I have learned, I have endured trials,
and walked through many doors... yet I remain a step behind.
Always that one step,
waiting."

Aryan:

"All these days... I learnt.
I remembered. I realized. I thought.

But now...
it is time to let go of everything I held within.
To surrender — not just body, not just mind, not just heart... but even the soul.

This soul — this sacred vessel — creates illusions, protects itself, and destroys
itself.

I have lived through these phases: Brahma, the creator of illusions.
Vishnu, the protector guarding me from them.
And now — Shiva, the destroyer... the one who dissolves it all.

Brahma. Vishnu. Maheshwara.
The trinity within me and within everyone.

Yet... the path I chose is not simple.
I turned away from Siddhi — the pursuit of power. And I embraced Buddhi — the
quiet flame of wisdom.

No powers. No miracles. Only Jnana. Atma Jnana.

The knowledge that lives everywhere, that breathes in all.
The path to the Supreme. The Paramatma.

The Guru of all — of gods, of asuras, of Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshwara themselves. The source of the three worlds. The one truth... beyond all."

"You know... this is like a great riddle. The deeper you dig, the more you are caught. The more you wind yourself, the more the knot tightens.

Everywhere you look — your surroundings, your own breath — they show you the truth... and yet they confuse you. Confuse you to such a height that there is no way back. Step behind, and the whole journey begins again.

I was stuck like this many times.

I began by knowing the gods... their forms, their avatars — Vishnu, Shiva, Brahma. Brahma's work I understood. Vishnu's too I had passed. But now, Shiva... Shiva was the mountain I had to climb, to know him fully, to walk through every shadow of his truth.

In the Matha, each morning and evening, they recited the shastras — the ancient books, their echoes shaking even the silence of stone walls.

And all those books... all those chants... they curved back to one single truth: Samsara. The endless cycle of birth and death. The family.

Vishnu in every form... Shiva in every form... they all lived as family men, bound to the cycle, bound to creation.

And yet... one thing remained beyond. Vishnu still awaits his last descent — the Kalki. Even gods bow to gods. Even avatars worship. They bend their heads to the One above them.

So I began digging into their lives, their families, their every step.

And again and again, all paths pointed to one end. Stillness. Shiva... sitting as Adiyogi, leaving everything behind. That was the step... my step forward."

Aryan:

"To make it simple... I understood it this way.

I don't know if it is the real truth or not. But I made myself a story, a way to see clearly.

I took Vishnu and Shiva — their avatars, their leelas, their joys and their struggles —and I placed them beside my own life.

And what I saw... was that my path mirrored Shiva's. Every step, every test, as if I had been living his life reflected in my own.

Then I realized... each individual carries such a reflection. Each life is already written once — lived once — by Vishnu or by Mahadeva.

The Puranas — Vishnu Purana, Shiva Purana — they are not only about the past. They are mirrors for today.

The objects are the same... but the reflection shifts. The only difference is the yuga we are in, and the world that has grown around us. The essence remains. The mirror never lies."

Aryan

"As mine aligned with Shiva, the one whom I bow to...

I tried to understand him in a simple way. Do not mistake this for disrespect — no. This was only my path, my way of seeing.

I saw him not just as a god, but as a man. Young, vibrant, full of life.

He loved — Sati. And when her father's pride broke them apart, she gave herself to the fire. Shiva carried her body in his arms, wandering in grief.

Is that not like the first heartbreak of a man today? The pain that crushes him, the silence that follows?

After that silence, Shiva poured himself into the world.

He sang. He danced. He became Nataraja. He wore a thousand forms — the healer, the warrior, the ascetic. Isn't this like the modern man building himself, shaping a career, shifting from one thing to another, learning, becoming, surviving?

And then came Parvati.

She saw him — truly saw him — and even when he turned her away, she did not leave. She waited. She performed tapasya. Just like how, even today, some hearts wait with patience for the right one.

For loka-kalyana, for the world's good, Shiva accepted her. And soon, Ganesha and Kartikeya were born. Now Shiva was bound — a husband, a father. Carrying not just the cosmos, but the weight of family.

He gave everything. He carried everything. And in that giving, he became tired. So tired that there was no one to ask, no one to care for him.

And so, at the end, what remained was stillness. The Adiyogi. He gave yoga to the world — what we now call fitness, discipline, even the gym. Like the modern man who, broken and restless, goes to the gym to build himself, to center himself.

Shiva — the one I bow to — he too carried pain. Pain that he never spoke, just as men today smile before the world, but cry alone in silence.

We celebrate his joy, his strength, his power.
But who has cared to see his sorrow? His burden?

From Rudra to Bholenath, from Mahakaal to Mahadev —
he walked through every name, every form. He smoked, he drank, he bore it all.

And in the end, he returned to that one truth: Stillness. Beyond joy and sorrow, beyond creation and destruction, beyond time itself.

Shiva. The Adiyogi.

Shiva — he did everything. He is the master of all. Every ritual, every tantra, every mantra — all began with him. There is nothing in this world he left untouched. The greatest architect is Shiva. The greatest warrior is him. The Chiranjeevi is him. Bajrangi is him.

And yet, after doing everything, he was not pleased. He was not seeking praise or glory — he was simply tired. Tired of being everything for everyone.

Just as a man today sacrifices himself — for family, for society, for the world — and carries that weight quietly, Shiva too bore it all.

Vishnu...

his avatars also whisper the same truth.

He was king, but the wheel of *samsara* — the cycle of birth and death — pulled even him into *vanavasa*.

And that says it clearly: whether born rich or poor, once caught in this cycle, unless one realizes — *samsara is a bandhana, not freedom* — he will remain bound, turning endlessly.

Not only birth, but desire, attachment, longing — all are chains of the same cycle.

And then comes Shiva. He is the one who showed the other way, the path to freedom — the stillness.

Not engaging in giving birth again, for birth is not only of the body, but of ego, of attachment, of desire — all over again.

To let it go, to dissolve it all, is the only way home. For this soul has remembered — it has tasted joys, it has endured darkness, through countless lives.

And when the memory awakens, when the truth is heard — then the path is clear: let the soul be free, and live as rightly as possible, for that alone is the way to walk.

Even Kalki — the last avatar of Vishnu, the warrior who will end the age — he too must lay down his sword, let go of the burden of avatars, and return to silence.

For even God must end the cycle, step beyond the wheel, and rest in the stillness that is beyond time

Ashwatthama - the name itself is a shadow, a warning that lingers through ages.

The curse he bore — was not just wounds upon the body, but a fire buried deep in the soul.

The *mani* he had received from Shiva, was nothing but consciousness with *viveka* —

the eye that discerns,
the light that guides.

And when that light is torn away... what remains?
No death. No birth. Only endless wandering.

Pain that does not fade, regret that does not rest, memories sharp as blades,
each mistake replayed again and again — a thousand lifetimes piercing at once.

Not wounds of flesh, but wounds within — in the nerves, in the mind, in the heart
that never stops bleeding.

If one imagines such a fate, it is the worst darkness that can befall a soul.

And so it stands — as a mirror for us: if we do not turn our steps towards the right
path, if we do not live with truth, then whatever tale we read, from whichever
yuga, in whichever avatar — the lesson is the same.

The truth does not change. The cycle does not lie. It only waits, until we learn to
walk the path that sets the soul free.

The Self - The Guru

Because all the gurus who carried true knowledge... are now gone.

I have seen them in my time — Shri Siddheshwara Swamiji of Vijaypur,
Shri Shivakumara Swamiji of Siddaganga Matha...
they were the last, at least in this land where we live.
Maybe the world has others, but here... their footsteps have faded.

Without a guru, the path feels empty. No one to guide, no one to show the way.

And yet... I don't know how... Ajja showed me the path in my own life.

History itself has shown us this truth: when there is dedication, when there is
devotion, when the will is pure — even the impossible can be achieved.

Ekalavya proved this. Without a guru before him, without instruction,
he still mastered the art —
through sheer self-practice, through surrender.

That day when I bowed to Ajja, I whispered within myself — "Ajja, I will be your disciple. You will be my guru. I seek the knowledge."

And he gave it to me — not in form, but in essence.

He gave me the true Guru: **Consciousness itself. Arivu. Viveka.** The light that already resides in every being.

Sometimes... all it takes is a push. A whisper. **The highest devotion. The purest will.**

And then you see — the Guru is not far, not outside, not another.

The Guru is the Self.

And then... another door opened for me. The book that helped me uncover more secrets, more truths about the Supreme, was **Jnana Sindhu.**

It was a sadhu who once told me to read it. I searched for it in the library, but it was nowhere to be found.

Time passed. I turned deeper into learning **Atma Jnana.** And then, one day — suddenly, as if by fate, the book was there, right in front of me, in the very same library, in the very first cupboard.

That day I understood something... Knowledge does not come when you chase it. It comes when you are ready to accept it. When you are walking the path, the truth finds you.

This book was written by **Chidananda Avadhutha**, the one who attained **Devi's sakshatkara** — **Sri Bhagalamukhi Devi, Ambha Mata** herself.

It was not by chance that I found it. It was never random. The sadhu, the journey, all of it was leading me here — to this book, to this truth.

And when I opened its pages, I realized... the first few chapters were already known to me. Not because I had read them before, but because I had lived them, experienced them, realized them.

It was as if the book was not teaching me something new, but reminding me of where I had already walked.

This knowledge is not hidden. It is not for the chosen few. It is for everyone — everyone who is ready. Ready to accept. Ready to see. Ready to look with inner eyes, with clarity.

By the time I finished that book, I had let go of everything I was holding inside. All attachments, all weight, all noise... gone.

Only the body remained. Only the soul remained. And the path — the single path towards Truth. Nothing else.

The day finally came. It was **Shravana Maasa**... almost a year since I had first arrived at Mata.

Everyone around me was busy — cooking, talking, moving about. But I was awake in a different sense, sitting quietly near the same old boiler, lost in thought.

I was staring into this cosmos, into the mysteries of *Atma* and *Paramatma*. I tried to make myself an **Example** — asking again and again:

What is this?

What is the Supreme Truth?

What is this One?

This Para-Vastu, this Advaita-Vastu...

why can't I realize it?

I had bent myself to the core. Detached from everything. Let go of all that I held. Even gave up the idea of doing good — because even "good" is a desire, even thought itself is desire.

I had troubled my mind, my heart, my very soul — pushing it again and again, demanding to know.

And then... it happened. The **Example** revealed itself to me. In that moment, everything became clear.

I stood there — silent, still.

And within a few minutes, like a whisper from nowhere, I heard it:

**I am not the body. nor the soul. I am neither death, nor birth.
I am the Eternal. The Supreme Truth.**

**Beyond gender, religion, caste, or color. Without shape or form —
Nirākāra.**

Untouched, unbound by *Māyā*.

**The One who has no name,
no religion,
no color,
no form.**

**The purest of the pure,
the eternal essence,
beyond all bounds.**

**ಲಿಂಗವಿಲ್ಲದವನು, ಧರ್ಮವಿಲ್ಲದವನು,
ಜಾತಿ ಬಣ್ಣಗಳ ಪಾರಾದವನು.
ಆಕಾರವಿಲ್ಲದವನು — ನಿರಾಕಾರ.
ಮಾಯೆಗೆ ಅಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿ, ಅಬಂಧನು**

ಹೆಸರಿಲ್ಲದವನು, ಧರ್ಮವಿಲ್ಲದವನು, ಬಣ್ಣವಿಲ್ಲದವನು, ರೂಪವಿಲ್ಲದವನು.

ಶುದ್ಧರಲಿಯೇ ಶುದ್ಧ, ಶಾಶ್ವತ ತತ್ವ, ಎಲ್ಲಾದಕ್ಕೂ ಮೀರಿ ನಿಲ್ಲುವನು.

ಅವನೇ ಪರಮಸತ್ಯ. ಅವನೇ ಪರಮಾತ್ಮ. ಅವನೇ ಪರಬ್ರಹ್ಮ.

A Deep Pause

It happened in a flash — not even a fraction of a second. But in that instant, I knew I had heard the Truth.

And for the first time... I saw *Paramatma*. And in that instant... I realized.

The **Ātma** and the **Paramātmā** are not two — they are one. They are everywhere, in everything, filling this entire cosmos.

This is the Truth. The Supreme Truth. The *Advaita Siddhānta* that declares:
"Tat Tvam Asi — You are That."

In that moment, **Self-Realization** happened for me — *Ātma Sākṣātkāra* and *Brahma Sākṣātkāra*. *I Saw Both At a time.*

It took only a fraction of a second. But within that fraction, the soul and the body separated — I saw it, I felt it, I lived it.

With eyes wide open, it came like a flash, yet in that flash, everything was revealed.

I - Yourself - You

Self-realization begins with **"I"**. It moves towards **"yourself."** And it ends at **"You."**

But this "You" is not the body, not the soul, not the name, not the story.
 "You" is the Paramatma. The Supreme Truth.

To realize this truth, one must not become God. For God is not the end — God is the ladder. A path to walk. A way to understand. A mirror through which we learn qualities, discipline, strength, and surrender.

And once the truth is reached, one must not fall into pride, thinking "I am God." Self-realization is not about becoming greater — it is about dissolving into what already is.

The realization happens within, from the innermost depth of being. God has no play in this, except as the guide, the example, the path.

And when realization strikes, it comes like lightning — but within hours, it begins to fade. This is when the test begins. One sees clearly what is illusion, and what is real.

After that, there is no one to lean on. No story to hold you.
 You walk on your own,

through the real world — eyes open, inner and outer — seeing illusion for what it is, and truth for what it stands as.

It is like climbing a mountain. You climb with effort. You reach the peak, and for a moment you see the vast view — clear, infinite, complete. And then you descend, back into the valley, back to where the journey began.

But you return with new eyes. You return with understanding. You return knowing the view is real, and knowing the path that leads there.

To live after realization is to walk this path — cutting desire, dissolving ego, walking rightly. It is to climb, to see, and to carry that vision into every step of life

**Guru is Brahma,
Guru is Vishnu,
Guru is Maheshwara.
Guru is the very Parabrahma itself.
To that Guru, I bow.**

Ajja was that Guru. Not apart, not separate. He was all of them, and beyond them.

The purest form of consciousness — Arivu.

Ātma and Paramātmā, Brahma and Parabrahma — all are the same. To understand this, imagine standing before ten mirrors. You will see your reflection in each of them. In the same way, this world is not separate — every being reflects Parabrahma, though each with different faces, qualities, and forms.

The most important step is to realize and believe in this Parabrahma, leaving aside the body and seeing only the unity of Ātma and Paramātmā. And to recognize Him, one must first know His qualities. The qualities of Parabrahma are pure — only purity, only truth. For the Ātma to truly see its Self, it must attain these same qualities within its lifetime. Only then does the soul come face to face with itself.

This is real. This is the Truth. This is the Supreme Truth.

You are the Ātma. You are the Paramātmā. There is no difference — both are one, both reflect the same.

But remember: the play of illusion and reality rests in the hands of the Paramātmā. Bow down to Him, and walk only with this Truth. Do not be troubled by what happens in the world — that work is His, and He carries it.

For you, the only path is **Jñāna** — the path of Knowledge, the path of Truth.

To realize this Truth, the only way is : to walk the path of purity, to live by Truth, to bow in surrender, and to let go of every shadow within.

Then, your eyes will open to what was always there. Your physical eyes themselves will become the **Sākshi** — the witness to all questions, the answer to all doubts.

Until now, you have seen only through the inner eye. But in that moment, you will see with both — and the Truth will shine everywhere, in everything

The sacred verse — **Om Namah Shivaya** — was once a secret, whispered only by a Guru into the ear of his disciple. It was guarded, hidden, carried in silence.

But Ajja revealed it to the world, not as a sound, not as a word, but by being **Consciousness itself**. He became the verse, and in doing so, he gave it to all.

And I, too, received it from him — not through lips or letters, but through the silence of his presence. Through him, I touched the Truth that so many seek: the eternal Knowledge.

This **Jñāna** is not meant to be hidden. It is to be shared, but only with those who are ready to receive it with purity.

Remember — this Truth will not give you the power or wealth you imagine from stories or screens. It will not give you Siddhis. It gives you only the **Reality and to experience and live it. Pure Knowledge. The highest form of all.**

The only true power it offers is the power to master yourself — to see clearly, to walk rightly, to never use knowledge for wrong. And whatever else must be done, know that it will not be by you — it will be by Him, **the Parabrahma, the Paramātmā.**

And so the path that began with Seva remains Seva, even after knowing the Truth.

ಪರಮ ಸ್ವರೂಪವು ತಾನಂತೆ ಅರಿಯಲು ಭಕ್ತಿಯು ಬೇಕಂತೆ
ಅರಿತರೆ ಮಾನವ ಅವನಂತೆ ಸಂಸಾರದ ಭಯ ಅವಗಿಲ್ಲಂತೆ

To realize the Supreme Form as one's own, devotion is needed.

And once realized, like a true human being, the fear of samsara no longer remains

This will be the **Satya Yuga** —
an age where everyone knows the Truth,
not by words, not by belief,
but by seeing it within themselves.

A time when there is nothing to hide, for only the Truth remains.

When a soul enters this world, it forgets. The past dissolves, the memories vanish. Nothing material is carried forward — only the unseen weight of karma, the deeds of lives before, both good and bad.

And so, each birth feels new — a fresh beginning for an ancient traveler.

But when the soul finally remembers its truth, it also understands this:
it must leave just as it came. Empty. Silent. Free.

Not carrying the karma, not holding the memories, not clinging even to the knowledge that once lit the path to realization.

For the highest step is not in gathering, but in surrendering all —
to walk away with nothing.

No desires.
No burdens.
No self.

Just stillness. Just the eternal zero — where Atma rests as Paramatma

The cycle of awakening and self-realization is strange.

In between, there comes a stage where a person feels as if he has total control — full access to the universe. He questions everything, seeks to experience everything, and lives through it all until he becomes tired of it.

And only then, when exhaustion empties the seeker, the path opens. The door of self-realization appears.

After this, the same person still walks in the same world, but now with a completely different approach. He understands — he cannot question anymore. For this itself is the Truth:

The body and nature are the same, born of the same five elements. Every body, every being, is its own small world. Each has its own span of survival, its own rhythm of understanding, its own path of experience. What happens in another's world is not your work.

Each body carries its own reflection, its own trinity. Take a hundred bodies, and a hundred universes exist. And above all of them, the One who created all holds the control, guiding each soul in its own way.

Thus, the one who has truly realized will never question another. He knows the soul in front of him has not yet remembered, has not yet awakened. And he also knows — behind all, within all — it is the same. The same Brahma.

Readers note : When I first began writing this book, I thought this was the way Ajja showed me to earn something — a kind of wealth that could help me return the money I owed to people. I even thought of publishing it, and I tried. I submitted the script, but it did not work out. The publishers had their terms, and the script was still incomplete. I even felt that perhaps this story could become a movie, because it was raw, alive, and real. I sent a

copy of the half-finished story to an actor, by courier and by email — but there was no reply.

And yet, as I came nearer to the Truth I was searching for, I slowly realized: the real lesson was not to earn wealth at all. The final stage of my journey was to let go of everything I was holding inside me and make myself truthful. And when I truly did that, I understood — I must even let go of the very knowledge that helped me touch the Truth.

Because this is not just a story.
This is the Truth.

All of us are struggling with something. All of us are waiting for some miracle, hoping the Divine will appear before us. But know this — the Divine is already within you. It has no religion, no caste, no class. It is the purest essence, simply hidden behind the impurities we carry — ego, desire, wanting. Remove these, and you will see with your own eyes. You don't need anyone physically to do it for you.

Do not chase siddhi Choose buddhi.

Not mantra, not tantra — but devotion. Chant the Divine name in whatever form you believe in.

And if you cannot, then come to Ajja. Both Sri Sidharooda Swami and Sri Gurunathrooda Swami will take you towards the Truth.

Ajja, before leaving this world, gave every bit of knowledge to his disciple, Gurunatha Ajja. From this, I understood that when we leave, we must take nothing with us. And so I give this knowledge here, expecting nothing in return.

I have walked thirty years in this Kaliyuga with all the impurities of human life — and yet, I found someone who showed me the path

to heal, to end the Kali within me, and to step into the Yuga of Truth — the Satya Yuga.

This is the Truth. This is the path for all. End the struggle.
Heal yourself, as I healed myself

Our ancestors, our gurus, lived and learned the essence of life, gifting us the profound philosophies of **Dvaita, Vishishtadvaita, and Advaita**. Among these, **Ajja stood like an emperor of Advaita**, a king who knew every subtle truth within it.

What the sages realized as Advaita, modern scientists now explore through **Quantum Physics**—concepts like **quantum entanglement**. Yet, long before science could give it a name, Ajja lived it. He was not just a knower; he was the very embodiment of this cosmos, a true scientist of the eternal.

Advaita, in its essence, is quantum entanglement—two entities that appear separate, lying far apart, unseen by the eye, yet reflecting one another perfectly. They remain distant, yet are not different—not even by the slightest measure. This is the mystery, the eternal truth: **Ātma and Paramātma**.

And how did Ajja learn all this?

Not from books, not from theories, but from **Nature itself**—the nature that dwells **outside the body** and the nature that breathes **within the body**. So, be careful. Be aware. Every rhythm of nature, every pulse within and beyond, is nothing less than the **Divine**.

The ****Vedas—Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda, and Atharvaveda—****all point only towards **Eeshwara, the Supreme**. Yet none of them bear the name of an author. Why? Because He could not describe Himself. The Infinite cannot be confined to a name.

And the very book you are now reading also carries **no author's name**. For he does not wish to glorify himself in any way. Like the Vedas, it is kept free—so it may flow into any hands, anywhere in the world. The Vedas held **Eesha**; this book holds **Himself as the Truth**.

Read it. Understand its essence. And above all, **respect the Truth**.

The soul can write endless words, fill countless pages, and speak every bit of **Ajja, Shri Sidharooda Swamiji**. Yet, the truth remains—**no words, no language can ever explain him**. Just as we cannot fully describe **Eesha, Eashwara, or Shiva**, so too we cannot explain **Ajja**. They are not separate—they are one and the same.

The soul cannot define them with words; it can only **live them, feel them, and experience them**. For this knowledge, this **Jnana**, is beyond expression.

It is not just pure— it is **the purest of the pure**.

Aryan The Name - Why?

And you might wonder—why the name **Aryan**?

The truth is, it began as nothing more than a random name I chose for a story I had once written, years ago. A person once asked me if I would ever continue that story. At that time, I had no answer. But today, I do. The story lives on, carried forward with the same name.

After writing all this, I asked myself: *Why Aryan? Why this name?* And when I searched for its meaning, I was left speechless. It was then I understood—nothing in this life is random. **Everything happens for a reason**. Every bit of this cosmos comes to us with a purpose. Every single person we meet carries a reason, and in their own way, they bring us a lesson to learn.

ಓಂ ನಮಃ ಶಿವಾಯ Om Namah Shivaya

The Example That Made me understand everything very clearly

The Phone and the Self

This body, is but a phone. At birth it comes simple, pure, with only the apps gifted by the Source. Over time we install more— lust, anger, greed, pride, jealousy— and yes, a few bright ones too, service, devotion, compassion. All these are only apps, but the screen that shows them remains ever untouched.

Inside, the wires are the nerves, the battery is the heart, the memory is the brain, and the current flowing through them is blood itself. Thousands of tiny parts— resistors, capacitors, protectors— are the devas, each keeping its own harmony.

And hidden deepest— **the microprocessor, the Ātma**. Minute, unseen, yet running all. Behind it all, **greater still, the Code—Paramātmā**. Vast, eternal, formless— the silent intelligence that no eye can see but every breath depends on.

When too many heavy apps run, the phone begins to hang. So too, when the mind clogs with desire and fear, life feels restless, heavy. We try sleep mode, airplane mode, switching off for a while— but on reboot, the memories, the burdens return.

Yet, there is a secret. Just as a phone can **factory reset**, so too can a human reset.

This is **Self-Realisation**— to return to the original purity, to recognise that the microprocessor, the **Ātma**, is none other than the vast **Code**, the **Paramātmā**.

In that instant, the “**now-code**” meets the “**eternal-code**,” and both bow into one.

This is **Advaita**— not two, never two. Like quantum mirrors, like reflections in still water, Self sees Self and remembers its truth.

And when the phone reboots, it is as fresh as a newborn child. Clean, simple, light.

What apps will you install again? That is your freedom. That is your path.

Do not mistake the brands and models, for they are but religions and castes.

Devanobba, nāma halavu— One God, many names.

Different shapes, different prices, but one **Code** runs them all.

Remember, a phone does not hang because of anything outside; it hangs because of what it chose to install. So too with us. In the beginning, there was only the eternal Zero— pure, boundless, silent. We built the rest, and bound ourselves to it.

But even now, beneath the clutter, beneath the apps and screens, the **Code** remains untouched. To reset is to see this. To see this is to be free.

Silence

All self-realisation happens in silence. With the help of a Guru, the path is shown— yet it is you who must walk it, experience it, and live it.

As a mobile needs someone to point to the hidden reset option, so the Guru shows where to press. But the reset itself is done by the device in silence, saying: "Do not touch anything."

In the same way, the Guru guides, but it is the seeker who must be pulled from the noise of the world into the stillness within, where the true reset happens.

Shiva- Prathama Purusha

When the truth of the Self was first known, it was known by the Great One, the silent ascetic, our Shiva

He did not learn from another— He turned within, saw the eternal Code, the boundless Paramātmā, and recognised Himself as That.

Yet, when this ocean of knowing pressed against His human form, even He could not hold it all in. His emotions welled up, tears streamed from His eyes, and where they touched the earth, Rudrākṣa was born— living seeds of His vision.

Was it millions of years ago? Or only a few? The question is not when. The question is how— how to see what He saw, how to bow into the same silence.

For by realising this within Himself, Śhiva became the way, the example, the living map.

And for us, surrendering to Him, bowing in respect, is not ritual alone— it is gratitude, it is respect for the One who first walked the path, the **Parama Puruṣa** who lit the flame of **Self-realisation**.

This might not be the ultimate truth— it is only a way, a path to understand. One may create different examples, each showing the journey in its own form.

But remember— the Truth itself remains the same: untouched, unbound, eternal.

And yet, we have all travelled through time for so long. Now we know—Satya Yuga is nearing. Let this be the awakening of souls into reality, to see the truth as it is.

In this age, children will awaken by themselves, experience and live the truth, realise the Self, and even guide their parents to understand what life is truly about.

This will be the time when the children become the teachers, showing the path that leads back to truth. And in this, we bow, surrender, and respect the One who walked this path long ago—Shiva

THE - AFTER

After self-realization, the body becomes pure — the purest of the pure, like a clear river reflecting the sky.

In this purity, strange forces may come close. Dark energies approach, not because they are greater, but because they seek a strong host, a vessel of light.

They tempt: "Take these powers, accept these gifts, become more than human." They may bring visions, pain, or try to draw the mind away.

But all of this is only a test. The universe is asking: "Do you still desire? Or are you free from all desires?"

If one reaches for power, bondage returns. If one says "no," choosing nothing, freedom remains.

That is why the greatest saints never chased miracles. They stayed silent, simple, like Shiva himself, who burnt even desire to ashes.

In the end, no darkness can touch the one who wants nothing.

And so, after enlightenment, what is to be done? Nothing but this — Stay simple. Stay silent. Stay free. For the highest miracle is not powers, not visions, but the peace of the Self — whole, eternal, complete.

What do we need to learn from MAHABHARATHA – THE WAR KURUKSHETRA –AND how did Krishna come to know – none of the kauravas will live and their end will happen

Krishna is not outside. He is the Self-consciousness within you, the quiet voice that never wavers, the charioteer of your restless mind.

When the Kauravas (your past) rise with noise and number, when jealousy, greed, and anger shout together, when Shakuni whispers, "Remember the pain..."

— Krishna stands silently and says: "You are not this. Stand in truth."

When the Pandavas	(your present) hesitate,
when Arjuna	(your clarity) trembles,
when Yudhishtira	(your dharma) doubts,
when Bhima	(your strength) rages,
when Nakula and Sahadeva	(your balance) falter — Krishna smiles

and reminds:

"I am with you. I am you. Fight."

The war is never outside. It is always within. Past against present, illusion against truth. And only when you listen to Krishna — your Self-consciousness — does **dharma win**.

The Secret of Births

In the Mahabharata, two kinds of children were born. **The Pandavas**—called forth by **divine boon**, carrying within them the light of dharma, the flame of consciousness, and the strength of compassion. **The Kauravas**—brought not by **nature's way**, but by fragments of flesh placed in vessels, nurtured without soul's whisper, growing strong in body, yet hollow in heart.

(Story of Gandhari and the 100 Kauravas Born in Pots

Gandhari, the queen of Hastinapura and wife of Dhritarashtra, longed for children. After Sage Vyasa's blessing, she became pregnant. But her pregnancy lasted unusually long — almost two years. Meanwhile, Kunti, the wife of Pandu, gave birth to her sons before Gandhari could deliver.

Frustrated and saddened, Gandhari struck her womb, and a hard mass of flesh was born instead of a child. Distraught, she wept bitterly. Sage Vyasa came to comfort her. He divided that single mass into 100 pieces.

Each piece was placed in a clay pot filled with ghee (clarified butter). These pots were carefully kept in a secret chamber, just like incubators. After due time, from each pot emerged a baby. This is how Gandhari gave birth to 100 sons (the Kauravas) and one daughter (Duhshala).

The eldest was Duryodhana, born first, followed by 99 brothers — Dushasana, Vikarna, and others. These sons became known as the Kauravas, rivals of the Pandavas in the Mahabharata.

This tale symbolizes destiny: though Gandhari's blessing was fulfilled, the unusual birth foretold that her sons would bring great destruction.)

And so, when time tested them, a hundred fell, though mighty in number, while five stood, guided by truth.

Today, once more, we walk the same path— fertility labs, test tubes, and hands that try to play creator. But let us remember: to bring forth life is not enough. To awaken consciousness, to nurture dharma, this alone gives birth to humanity.

For without light inside, a body is only a shell, and history has shown— such shells, though many, cannot stand before truth.

The question is not whether we can create life, but whether we can awaken it.

And one more question— why do we crave children at all? Is it love, or lineage, or just the hunger of desire? Before seeking to create, first ask yourself— what is it you truly seek?

Thought arranged in a clear, simple, and impactful flow, keeping the depth intact:

Cloning of mobile phones is like nurturing semen in labs.

**The phone may look the same from outside,
but it will lack in many hidden qualities—
most importantly the processor,
and the clarity that makes it truly original.**

**Hunger for money leads people to manufacture duplicates,
to copy the same and bring them to the market.
But no matter how similar they appear,
they will never carry the essence of the original.**

In the same way, the hunger of having a child drives parents to fertility centres. Yes, a child may be born, but can these centres give the qualities, the consciousness, the natural clarity that only comes untouched, from the flow of nature itself?

This is the question one must ask— not to the world, but to oneself.

modern technology with deep spiritual and ethical questions. By comparing cloned phones to lab-created conception, pointing to something subtle:

- **Outward form can be reproduced.**
- **But the essence, consciousness, and natural flow of qualities cannot be artificially manufactured.**

It's not just about children or technology—it's about how human desire (hunger) often pushes us to create things unnaturally, without questioning whether we are losing the original spark of life itself.

This feel like both a warning and a call for reflection not condemning science, but reminding that behind every creation, the soul—the essence—is what truly matters, and that essence comes only from the eternal source, not from artificial copying.

The Mahabharatha - the Mahabharata is not just a story but a map of human life, dharma, and inner battles. If we start decoding it, we can approach it in layers:

1. Historical Layer - The war between Pandavas and Kauravas.
2. Symbolic Layer - Each character represents a quality, virtue, or weakness inside us.
3. Spiritual Layer - The whole Kurukshetra war is the war between the Self (Ātman) and ignorance (Avidyā).
4. Modern Layer - Applying it to our current generation, like with test-tube births and natural births.

For example:

- Pandavas = Viveka (discernment), Dharma, Bhakti, strength of consciousness.
- Kauravas = Greed, jealousy, ego, hunger for power.
- Krishna = The Self, guiding light, inner voice of truth.
- The War = Battle between clarity and confusion in every human heart.

Abhimanyu represents **courage, sacrifice, and youthful brilliance**. The Chakravyuha symbolizes the **complex challenges of life**: we may know how to enter (start) but not always how to exit (finish). And this is why Realisation Of the Self is the most Important thing of this life.

And Self realization is winning against kauravas by being Pandavas and the one who helps to do all this is THE SELF - KRISHNA - THE ARIVU - THE CONCIOUSNESS - THE SHIVA .

AND THUS KRISHNA KNEW THAT NONE OF THE KAURAVAS WILL SURVIVE THE WAR .Because KAURAVAS never had the (Krishna) consciousness with them and yet one more is been shown ASHWATHAMMA and the curse The mani represents this consciousness when pulled out it will be a disaster.

Shiva AND Krishna

Krishna is not just a character of the past—he is that joyful Self within us. Unlike Shiva's path of fierce stillness in mountains and forests, Krishna shows another way:

- To live in the middle of the world,
- To smile, dance, and play,
- To face responsibilities, family, friends, even enemies,
- And still remain rooted in the Self.

This generation cannot all run to caves or riversides. Our “forest” is the crowd, our “meditation hall” is the marketplace, our “test” is the daily struggle. And Krishna's teaching is exactly for that—to realise the Self while living fully in the world.

This is the truth of this age. Shiva showed stillness by stepping out of life. Krishna showed freedom by stepping right into it. Both are paths to the same Self.

Karma – And How we got Bound to it

- At birth, we are like a phone with only the original apps given by the Source.
- Out of curiosity and desire, we install a new app (like social media).
- At first it feels enjoyable, but soon we keep looking more and more until it becomes habit, even headache.
- We try reducing usage, logging out, switching off, even uninstalling. But memories, saved data, and stored passwords always pull us back in.
- Finally, we even deactivate — but the moment we enter the ID and password, it all comes back.
- The truth: the app itself never existed in the beginning. We created it, we bound ourselves to it, and now we struggle to detach from it.

This is exactly how karma works.

- Karma is not something external.
- It is created by us, sustained by our own memory and desire.
- It binds us, not because it is real, but because we keep entering the password of attachment.

The deepest truths of Vedanta and Yoga in the simplest way possible. Shastras say karma is beginningless but not endless. It clings because of vasanas (impressions, memories) stored in the mind. Just like your “saved password,” karma waits silently until you log in again with desire.

Only when one sees — this app was never in the original phone — true detachment begins. That is moksha: factory reset. Not Escaping The World But Merging Into what it Already is ..

There is an end For Every Beginning - The Truth Of This Beginning

This body, this life, is given by parents.
 Not always out of pure love — but often out of desire.
 The harsh truth: it begins with the absence of self-control.

If desire had not stirred, if self-mastery was present,
 no new body with a soul would have come into this cycle.
 But because desire acted, a child was born —
 and thus the wheel of birth and death continued.

At first, the child is innocent, joyful, untouched.
 But as the world enters — through praise and punishment,
 through comparisons and teachings of good and bad —
 innocence breaks.
 The child is bound into happiness and sorrow,
 into pride and shame.

Slowly, the child dies into an adult. An adult carrying within both
 light and shadow:
 kaama (desire), krodha (anger), lobha (greed),
 moha (delusion), madha (pride), matsara (jealousy).
 Along with devotion, duty, and virtues.

Yet without self-realisation,
 all remain bonds,
 chains of karma,
 starting from that very first desire.

Bandhana – Bondage

But just as bondage (bandhana) begins with desire,
freedom (moksha) begins with awareness.

When one sees clearly:

"I am not this body born of desire,
not the joy that fades,
not the sorrow that binds,
not even the good and the bad that the world stamped on me" —
then a door opens.

Self-realisation is the factory reset.

The child that was lost is found again —
not as body, not as mind, but as the eternal Self.

Through silence, through Om Namah Shivaya,
through the grace of Guru,
all the knots of bondage begin to loosen.

Desire dissolves into stillness.

Anger into compassion.

Greed into contentment.

Delusion into clarity.

Pride into surrender.

Jealousy into love.

And what remains is simple, pure, unbound.

This is release from bandhana:

not running away from the world,

but living in it untouched,

as the space inside a pot remains untouched by the pot's breaking.

Birth – darkness and light

Let me tell one thing Very clearly. When you give birth, you are not just giving birth to a body.

For a body to live, it needs energy — what the ancients called **chethana** — **the soul, the aatma**. This soul enters the body at a developed stage in the mother's womb.

But here is **the truth**: **No one knows who this soul is, or what qualities it carries**. It may be pure, or it may bring impurities from countless past lives and may or may not carry its own unfinished things.

Parents often think the child is “**theirs**.” But in reality, only the **body belongs to them — never the soul**. The body forms from what the mother consumes, from the five elements that shape it. But the soul is separate, eternal, carrying its own journey.

Yet, there is hope. Even if a soul carries impurities, it can be purified in the mother's womb — but only if the parents themselves are pure, living in truth and awareness. The nine months of pregnancy are sacred — the mother must live in the purest environment possible.

This is what the story of **Bhakta Prahlada** reveals to us.

Hiranyakashyapu was born from desire, and so he lived in ego and against the divine. But **Prahlada was born in purity** — for while carrying him, his mother stayed in an ashram, listening to saints and living in sacred presence.

Thus, the same family gave birth to two very different destinies: **Desire created Hiranyakashyapu. Awareness created Prahlada.**

Birth given out of **desire brings darkness**. Birth given with **responsibility brings light**.

Seeing the Universe as Scripture

The Mahābhārata is not only a story of the past. The qualities of the Kauravas and Pandavas live even today— in every person, in every land.

India is a mirror of both, a mix of dharmic light and adharma's shadow.

Japan shows us respect, bowing, and cleanliness.

China shows us discipline and self-control—

through kung fu, where the body's power is turned inward,
not unleashed upon another.

Arab lands show karmic law through their justice—

steal once, and the hand itself is taken,

a reflection of action and consequence.

Korea under Kim Jong-un shows the law of collective karma—

one mistake, and the whole family bears the weight.

Terrorism reveals the darkest of Kaurava traits—

cruelty, hatred, greed, blind ignorance.

The universe displays every quality, every lesson.

What we need are the eyes to see.

To see Him—the Supreme—

is to see Him in everything.

Only then does Truth come face to face.

And the path is purification. For when the eyes are pure, even the world itself becomes scripture.

Look at what the universe has already given:

To see a Guru, watch *The Karate Kid*.

To see natural power—not from drugs,

but from the flow of life itself—

watch *Shaolin Soccer*.

The lessons are hidden in plain sight. See with purity,

and every movie, every story, every land,

becomes a doorway to the eternal.

Universe and Us - The Battle for Land

In the beginning, our stories tell of Brahma, Vishnu, and Maheshwara.

They took many forms, many avatars, to destroy the asuras who rose against balance. That was a time when battles were fought for control over the **lokas: Bhūloka, Pātāla, Svargaloka, Narakaloka**. Each loka was not some distant heaven or hell— it was land, realms, spaces of influence. The struggle was **for power, for who would rule, who would control**.

- Then came the age of the Mahābhārata. This too was a war for land— but not for other lokas, this time for the earth itself. The entire Bhūloka became the battlefield.
- After that came the age of kings. They fought kingdom against kingdom, to enlarge their empires, to claim more soil, more rivers, more mountains. Each war, whether of gods or of men, was for the **same hunger—land, power, control**.
- Then came the **time of nations**. The earth was divided into countries, each with many kings and rulers. Battles broke out again, not for the whole earth, but for their own pieces of land.
- When kings disappeared, the battle did not end. Now individuals fought for soil, for agricultural fields, for property within families. **Today**, the fight has shrunk further. We struggle even **for a small plot, to build a dream house, to put our name on a corner of earth**.
- And now, **the battle has turned inward**. We fight with ourselves, with this very body— which is nothing but a reflection of the entire earth. Look closely. From the vast lokas to kingdoms, from nations to states, from fields to houses, and finally within this body itself— **all battles were for land, and all land is the same**.

There will come a time when the body will remain, but no consciousness, no fight— only the pain of memories. **And no medicine will heal this, for it is not the body that needs healing, but the mind that forgot the Self**.

The truth is simple:

The only land worth winning is the **land of the Self—untouched, eternal, the one kingdom that never divides and never fades**.

The world remembers.

When coronavirus stopped everything, the Earth stood still. Time itself felt like it paused.

In that great silence, something beautiful happened — the Earth began to heal. It was a reminder that every new beginning starts with cleansing. **AND SATHYA YUGA STARTS WITH PURIFICATION**

That moment was not just a pause, but the start of Satya Yuga — the Age of Truth.

In the silence, new souls were born. Saints, rishis, and sadhus of old times returned, quietly taking birth again through awakened mothers **IN SILENCE IN HOMES WITHOUT ANY OUTER WORLD DISTRACTIONS AND IMPURITIES**. They came back to guide and awaken the world.

The Earth didn't speak with words, but she made it clear: Satya Yuga has begun.

The year 2020 was not ordinary.

It carried a hidden message — **To Zero To Zero**

All divisions, all dualities, finally dissolve back into the eternal Zero.

The beginning and the end, the silence that holds everything.

In that year, the world paused.

And in that pause, the eternal zero revealed itself.

It was the whisper of Satya Yuga.

all pairs, all opposites, are born only to dissolve back into the eternal Zero. "two-forms"

- Ātma - Paramātmā (individual self - supreme self)
 - Satya - Asatya (truth - untruth)
 - Vidya - Avidya (knowledge - ignorance)
 - Dharma - Adharma (righteousness - unrighteousness)
 - Sukha - Dukha (joy - sorrow)
 - Janma - Marana (birth - death)
 - Bhoga - Tyāga (enjoyment - renunciation)
 - Prakāsha - Andhakāra (light - darkness)
 - Icchā - Vairāgya (desire - detachment)
 - Punya - Pāpa (merit - sin)

The After

After self-realisation, it is like standing at the center of two worlds.

You can be the playful child, full of joy like Krishna — laughing, dancing, living light.

Or you can be the still one, calm like Shiva — silent, vast, gazing into the universe as the eternal witness.

This is true freedom:
 not bound to one role,
 not trapped in one mask,
 but free to flow as joy or stillness,
 as child or eternal,
 because in truth, you are both —
 and beyond both.

Final Revelation

The day I first came to **Ajja's Mata**, When I walked around with curiosity. I saw the **Shivling temple**, far from the main temple where **Sri Sadguru Sidharooda Ajja** and **Gurunatharooda Ajja's gaduge** stood. I asked a few people, *"Where is the swamiji here, the one in saffron robes who looks after the mata, as we see in other places?"*

They answered, *"There is no such person here."*

I was surprised. I thought to myself, *"What is this? These two people have become God, and people have built temples for them and are worshipping them."*

That was the first time I **questioned Ajja**.

And from that very moment, Ajja answered me — not through words, but through **Jnana**. He made me realize:

- **This body itself is divine.**
- The only way to realize it is through **purification**.
- The one who guides us in this process is the **Guru**.

And what is Guru?

- **Gu** means darkness.
- **Ru** means the one who removes it.

ಗುರು ಎಂದರೆ ಗು ಮತ್ತು ರು; ಗು ಎಂದರೆ ಕತ್ತಲೆ ಮತ್ತು ರು ಎಂದರೆ ಹೋಗಲಾಡಿಸುವವನು.

And **Ajja** — he is that Guru.

This is the place where **Paramathma** lives in human form.

That is why **Ajja** is so special.
He himself is the **Shivlinga**.

But remember this eternal truth:
After realizing that **Ātma** and **Paramātmā** are one, one must never
fall into pride thinking "*I am God*."
The moment one thinks like this, he becomes another **Hiranyakashyapu**.

Instead, be like **Bhakta Prahalada** — the one with total clarity that
the Supreme truly exists, that He is present in **everything** and
everyone, the one who stands **above all**.

There comes a test for every individual who reaches the point of
realizing the Self.

In silence, the test begins.
One must remain utterly aware, deeply conscious,
and only then can the test be passed.

And when it is passed,
the **Paramātmā** reveals His **Vishwaroopa** and truth about every
single thing existing and how everything works will be heard and
seen through the eyes as **Sakshi** – Witness
This is the most vital step—
the moment of knowing, beyond all doubt:

Yes, the Supreme does exist.

If one fails, if one falls into pride,
he will never again be able to see the Truth.

Mahābhārata and **Rāmāyaṇa** are not just stories— they are the
eternal truth within every single being.

And when one realizes the **Self**, he will know exactly where he and the wholeworld stands in the story of the **Mahābhārata**. And know this — **Ajja's place, Ajja's Mata, Ajja's Kailasa Mantapa** is no lesser than **Kailasa Parvatha** itself. And this place was never his dream he didn't dream of building anything for him it was the **People** who built it for him, this is why he is **Jagadguru**.

The simplest, yet the most powerful step on the path of self-realisation, liberation, and even in life itself, is this—

The **Greatest Vrata** to do is **Sathya Vrata** and always **Do what is right**, not what you merely want.

Life is Always A Continious Learning

"From the vastness of the Universe, to the blue jewel Earth, upon it, endless lands, within them, a sacred nation — India, and in its heart, Karnataka, where lies Hubli. And in Hubli stands a beacon of Dharma and Truth, Sri Advaita Samrata Jagadguru Sri Siddharooda Swami, and the silent flame of Mauna Yogi, Sthitha Pragna Sri Gurunatharooda Swamiji. Here, in this very Matha, the answers that the world longs for are waiting. Not in noise, not in desire, but in silence, in truth, in the One who expects nothing yet carries everyone to Everything" This is the truth I want every soul of this generation to remember — not from the surface, but from the innermost depth of the heart.

ಓಂ ನಮಃ ಶಿವಾಯ Om Namah Shivaya

Har Har Mahadev Har Har Mahadev
ಸಿದ್ಧಾರೂಢ ಸದ್ಗುರು ತಂದೆ ಉದ್ಧಾರಾಧಿವು ನಿಮಿಂದೇ.
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