THE GURU SPIRIT
By Meenakshi Devi Bhavanani

Change is the only constant. All explorers of consciousness know this full well. Adaptability, adjustability, flexibility of spirit! These are the qualities which nourish the soul. Yet, something there is that does not love change. Yea! Something there is that dreads the thought of change. Something there is that drags its feet over every unfamiliar, unknown open threshold.

What is that “something”? Let me postulate. It is the old bundle of Samskaras, of Vasanas, which we, like rag pickers; carry upon our backs from lifetime to lifetime. Though its weight be heavy and burdensome, we consider it our treasure! We invest it with our consciousness and it acquires a mind of its own.

We are crushed by its weight. We stumble under its load. But we cannot let it go. After all, it is ours! We cannot enter that enticing open door, because the bundle upon our back is too large! We do not fit! We moan and we groan, and sit upon the floor before the open door.

The Guru appears. The catalyst of Change. The epitome of Change. The personification of Change. The agent of Change. He gently lifts the bundle of woes and past miseries and mistakes and habit patterns from our backs and says, “Enter Here! Do Not Fear”!

But many cling in terror to their back packs. “Every thing I know, every thing I have is within! My very soul is here! How can I let it go!”

The Guru gives a pull, a shove, a loving blow. Perhaps a push. Some cling like crabs to their past, screaming, shouting, crying, walling! “What do you do, O Guru!”

Even a loving push, a kick, a shove, a shock, a blow is not enough to make them let go. The Guru shakes his kindly head and says, “Child! If not now, when? If not here, where?”

The recalcitrant disciple throws a tantrum. The Guru smiles: “Not now, perhaps, not yet. Perhaps. Another time, another place, another body in this human race for you”.

The Guru enters the abode of Consciousness and Light, through the Open Door of Change. He leaves the door ajar. Always, that door is ajar.

Never, forever, closed to any straying soul who arises, awakes and leaves his past behind.