

Sai Bhajan Network - Article

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“Push against the rock with all your might”, ordained the Lord in a vision to the man in the night. So, this man did, day after day. For many years he toiled from dawn to dusk, his shoulders set squarely against the cold, massive surface of the unmoving rock, pushing with all of his might. Each night the man returned to his cabin sore and worn out, feeling that his whole day had been spent in vain.

The failure to move the rock disheartened him and encouraged him not to put in his best efforts. Prior to his half hearted effort, he submitted a prayer. “Lord, I have labored long and hard in your service, putting all my strength to do that which you have asked. Yet, after all this time, I have not even budged that rock by half a millimeter. Why am I failing?”

The Lord very compassionately said, “Your task was to push against the rock with all of your strength, which you have done. Never once did I mention to you that I expected you to move it. Your task was to push. And now you come to Me with your strength spent, thinking that you have failed. But, look at yourself. Your arms are strong and muscled, your back sinewy and brown, your hands are callused from constant pressure, and your legs have become massive and hard.

Through this effort you have grown much and you have surpassed your best of the abilities. Yet you haven't moved the rock. But you have been obedient to push and exercised your faith and trust in my wisdom. Now I will move the rock.” Life rocks in simple obedience to His words and faith in them.

In a cocoon of a butterfly, a man found a small opening. He watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole. As it seems to stop making any further progress, the man decided to help the butterfly. He took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of the cocoon. The butterfly then emerged out easily. But it had a swollen body and small, shriveled wings.

The man expected that, at any moment, the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would contract in time. On the contrary, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly.

In his kindness and haste he did not understand that restricting the cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening was nature’s way of forcing fluid

from the body of the butterfly into its wings so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon. Sometimes, challenges are exactly what we need in our life.

Challenges mark the life at the SSSIHL. A student driving the bullet over the ramp and jumping over the 20 odd students, the thrilling win of I UG over III UG in basketball game, the riveting performance “DilSe”, the celebrated sketch of M.S. Subbalakshmi in the hostel notice board, the hard working maintenance boys, the top notch performances in GATE and CSIR every year have left me in daze. Students scripted and continue to script such moments in silence and with perseverance. They were inconspicuous and not their works. Not only Swami, but also the classmates, the 5 or 11 other roommates, the dining hall dinner sessions make the institute and hostel life unforgettable. Certain lives have inspired and humbled me. SSSIHL was a powerhouse.

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