

IN MEMORY OF OMY

- Swami Omkar

A Collection of articles by Sri Swami Omkar
on his faithful dog Omy.

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1. I HAVE SO MANY THINGS TO LEARN FROM OMY

Day and night Omy clings to me. He follows me like my shadow and looks at me so lovingly with all affection, loyalty and devotion. I am greatly touched with its deep love and affection.

It is some of kind of blind and tenacious attachment that you will not find even in human beings. As I am writing now, Omy is at my feet. As I go into the bathroom, it is there, looking at my feet, although the room is wet.

When I take my food Omy is there under my chair, although it does not care for food or milk. Omy is fond of drinking plenty of water. When it sees me getting ready with my slippers and cane, Omy gets ready and goes in front of me, in advance. The only thing that it loves in the world is romping and roaming, going out for a walk with me, especially towards Sivalayam.

Unbelievable as it may sound, every day as I take my usual bath, Omy faithfully and patiently waits at my bathroom door. It is as if it is anxious to wipe both of my feet with a towel. As it cannot take a towel and wipe, Omy does the next best thing that it can do, it licks my feet, one after another, with its soft tongue. As it is very touching and cannot be believed, you ought to come and see this inspiring and touching incident that happens every day.

Often Omy and myself go to Kailas, Sivalayam, the Abode of Siva. Both of us sit at the feet of Lord Siva and meditate deeply, touching His feet. It is interesting and inspiring to see how a certain Parijata tree gives flowers to Lord Siva every day, almost throughout the year. This is the most natural worship of the Holy Tree to the Holy Siva Linga, without human effort. The flowers fall on the Siva Linga and all around the Alter.

Eyes have they, ye they see not.

Now, about the devoted, faithful and loyal puppy. I do not wish to call it by the name of 'puppy' for it is almost human. It is more than a human being in its affection and unfailing loyalty. It is only on Sundays that I am cruel to Omy, as I do not take it with me to the Prayer Hall lest it disturb the Prayers by barking at any other dogs or children. You ought to see when I was leaving it for the Sunday Prayers, how it struggles and struggles, moans and weeps. Often we get it tied and locked in a room and Shanti helps Omy to be alone with a girl, requesting Omy to pray, meditate and rest in Peace, until my return from the Sunday Prayers.

As soon as I return it waits to be made free and to jump on me, clinging to my feet. It is so deeply loyal, devoted and affectionate! When I go into the cave to meditate, it is there in the underground room, silently resting and meditating. It never disturbs me, even if I stay there in silence hour after hour.

Omy has its own faults, as all human beings also have their faults or weaknesses. Omy has the weakness of eating clay. It is also very fond of eating paper, cotton and pieces of cloth. All of this makes me very sad. By and by, as Omy grows big, I feel sure that it will give up these little bad habits.

When Omy sees a Peace Prayer on the floor it begins to chew it into bits, until it swallows the whole prayer. It doesn't allow any of us to take the bits of paper from its mouth. Sometimes I allow Omy to eat, chew and digest the Peace Prayer. If it is swallowed and eaten up, the Peace Prayer becomes a part and parcel of its being. What a lesson to the frail human beings that do not know how to read and digest the helpful, simple, inspiring Peace Prayer.

Another weakness of Omy is that it does not allow strangers, the visitors, to prostrate at my feet. It begins to bark and bark at the visitors, to leave me alone in silence and peace. It makes me sad also to see Omy barking and running after the children, inspite of my protects and remonstrances.

Whenever Omy barks with its shrill voice I often tell it, "Omy, it is bad, you should not bark, running after children. Those who stay with me must be sweet, gentle, loving children, welcoming the visitors."

But my reprimand or protest is like a cry in the wilderness, when Omy is barking and chasing children.

Now there is a great problem facing me, as my devoted Dr. Pichayya wants to take me to the Hospital, to see and examine why the pus from a wound is still flowing, even after more than a year has passed. He has sent me word lovingly that I may have to stay a number of days, at least a month in the Hospital, undergoing treatment and nursing, etc. What a privilege again to serve all the patients and devotees in the Hospital in Kakinada !

I am not worried about my going to the Hospital or about any operation, but how to leave my inseparable Omy behind me ? It cannot bear my separation even for a few minutes. Both day and night it is always happy to rest and sleep under my cot in all contentment. Its food is only milk and bread and it has to be fed with force. We have to put the same in its mouth, for the sake of its health, for it is never after food. What a lesson is this for some of the human beings who are always after food!

Did you ever hear the story of Dharma Raja, going to Heaven with Draupadi, his life-consort and the five brothers, walking over the Himalayas to Heaven ? On account of weariness, trudging alone over hills and dales, everyone one after another, fell down. They could not keep pace with Dharma Raja. Even when he was begged for help. Dharma Raja said he couldn't come down from the path of truth, even one step. They should come up towards the Heights of Truth.

At last, when he reached the portals of Heaven, all of them fell down on the way. He was surprised to see that he was not alone, except for a dog, the faithful Omy. The King of Heaven came and welcomed Dharma Raja into Heaven but he looked at his faithful dog Omy and said, "The dog cannot come with you to Heaven." Dharma Raja felt that the dog also must go into Heaven with him. For, when all people failed, it is only the dog, the little Omy that had stood by him in all the tests and trials and followed him.

Dharma Raja, the embodiment of truth and righteousness said, "Oh God! If you cannot allow my dog to come into Heaven with me, that has stood all the tests of life, I do not want your Heaven. I am better off where there is equality and love of truth."

It seems Dharma Raja was rewarded for his equality and love of all creatures. We are not concerned with the story of Dharma Raja, only as an example. We must say in reply to the call of our Dr. Pitchayya to come to the Hospital, "Oh dear loving Doctor, as you have a big heart that loves and feels for all, please allow my Omy also, to come to the Hospital along with me. Omy clings and follows me like a shadow. It will be down only in a corner, chewing and digesting a Peace Prayer. It will be lying in the comfortable quarters of our Superintendent, Dr. Ramani, as Omy would be disappointed and heart-broken over my desertion if I forsake it to its fate."

In conclusion, may I offer this, my humble tribute to our loyal and faithful Omy, the following poem on

Somebody.

Somebody did a golden deed,
Somebody proved a friend in need
Somebody sang a beautiful song,
Somebody sailed the whole day long
Somebody thought, it is sweet to live,
Somebody said, "I 'am glad to give"
Somebody fought a valiant fight
Somebody lived to shield the night
Is that somebody you ?

Om ! Om ! Om !

A Tiny Offerig of gatitude to the little, loyal devoted and faithful Omy. Offered wishing its health, Peace and longest life of devotion and also to all its kindred dumb animal friends in all the East and the West.

MAY PEACE BE UNTO ALL ! OM ! OM ! OM !

2. THE ANSWER IS OMY

Ages ago, a heartfelt prayer
Arose from a man in deep despair.
"Oh God," he pleaded, "hear my cry,
A weak and selfish sinner am I.
Deserted alike by friend and foe,
No way to turn, no place to go
Though I deserve such misery,
Oh God, restore some hope to me."

The Father heard, "His need is great,
For such poor mortals I'll create
A loyal friend who will stay close by
To love, to share, to live and die,
His willing slave, who'll ask no more
Than just to worship and adore
A friend who'll never criticise,
Will never question or advise,
Who cannot speak or lift a hand

To help, but will just understand."
And so it came to pass at morn
An answered prayer - The dog was born ?

(An offering to my loyal Omy with prayers for its longest life of peace)

3. THE DISTANCE BETWEEN OMY AND MYSELF

The distance between Omy and myself is three yards when measured; but what is the real distance between myself and Omy ?

The loyal and faithful Omy keeps no distance between itself and myself, for it follows me like my shadow wherever I go. If I go now to the bathroom, it is there. If I am eating, it is there under my chair. If I am sleeping, it is there under my cot. And if I am sitting in the sunshine meditating, Omy is there resting in the grass !

When Omy sees me wearing my slippers and taking a cane to go out, it is so happy! It wags its fluffy tail with great joy and it follows me wherever I go, whether it is in the day or night.

In Totapalli it was following me to Sivalayam, where I used to ring the bell to wake up the sleeping people. Omy in his happiness would turn round and round the Siva Linga, in great joy.

Then again whenever used to go to the Jnana Guha, the cave of wisdom, Omy would be there resting and relaxing inside the cave, while I was meditating hour after hour. In fact, Omy never keeps any distance between himself and myself. Thus Omy and myself are not two but one, for we keep no distance between ourselves.

Similarly Omy's love, loyalty and devotion is a great lesson to all the devotees in this world. There are many who ask with doubting minds the question, "Is Swamiji loving me, paying his attention for my progress ?"

The answer depends not on Swamiji but on yourself. Are you loyal and devoted to me with Omy's affection, attachment or devotion ? Do you have even half or one fourth, nay, even ten percent of his love ? Merge within yourself. Examine your outer life and inner life. See your latent desires. Watch restless imagination of your own mind. If your mind, heart and soul are with me like our loyal Omy, then I am with you and in you.

You ought to see how Omy, as soon as it awakes in the early hours, comes and looks at me so faithfully. He often bends its body as if prostrating. Then it keeps on looking at me so lovingly, being mute it wants to speak to me but it cannot. This mute and helpless condition of our beloved Omy touches my heart and I begin to teach him the following simple song.

Rama Rama Yanuma Omy

Ramuni Maruvaku ma Omy

When Omy gets sick by eating rats and clay, I feel sad and helpless as I cannot remove its pain.

I feel contented by seeing God in the Light, the only reality in Omy. May Omy as well as all dumb animals and human beings, who are blessed to have the privileges of a birth in human form,

pine for God. May they continue pining for the soul and goal of all existence. May they thus reach the destination of God's love or God consciousness. This is the prayer of the friend and well-wisher of all creation.

MAY PEACE BE UNTO ALL ! OM ! OM! OM!

4. OMY IS ALIVE NOW MORE THAN EVER

March 1978, 2 AM

Omy is alive now more than ever, for Omy and sohum are not two but one. How can Omy or Sohum die ? Omy is deathless. Sohum is immortal. Sohum is the Splendour of millions of Suns !

Whether you know it or not, you are living in Sohum. You are working in Sohum and breathing in Sohum. Whether you are conscious of this great truth of the Indwelling Light or not, it is the only reality. The interpenetrating presence of millions of Suns splendour is the only reality in this changing world of forms and names.

The body of the loyal faithful and devoted Omy passed away in satsang while the Peace Prayers were being repeated. They were being repeated in Sanskrit, English, Hindi and Telugu at 8 p.m. on Monday. It was in my dwelling place Nirvana Mandir, in the open air Birthday stage facing the full moon. On the four sides of the stage were the Holy statues of Krishna, Christ, Buddha and Gandhiji. They were surrounded by the sweet flowers of fragrance and beauty. In that holy atmosphere of prayer, meditation and silence Omy was lying at my feet struggling for finite life.

Blessed is the life of the loyal, faithful Omy! He had just then come back from Siva's temple with the devoted Shanti after the worship of Siva, in Sivalayam on the top of the hill. Omy rushed back from the hill to leave its body at my feet, while the prayers were offered to the universal Light at the holy hour of peace and silence.

What a great practical lesson is this simple Omy, the dumb animal and loyal friend. He is teaching all the human beings that are blessed to be created as human beings. Blessed are they who are living in human kingdom or animal kingdom, who are setting an example for all the world to follow. They are trying to reach the goal of life even in death, inspite of all the passing clouds of tests and trials. The loyal, young faithful Omy has set for all of us a living example by lying its devoted life at the feet of God. He laid down his life while the prayers were going on by the devotees and guests of Shanti Ashram.

Omy is never dead, he is always alive with loyalty, devotion and faithfulness. Let us face Omy everywhere, in all the world of forms and names. Let us cling to the Light of lights all around us, for Omy is the Indwelling Presence of all the Images of God, in all the Kingdoms of life. May all Glory be unto Omy or Sohum, the Indwelling presence of the manifested world. He is no longer running after the bewitching forms and names of the world. May our simple, loyal and devoted Omy rest in God for ever, eternally.

Dear Loving Readers ! When you are free kindly visit the Samadhi of our Omy. He is resting and lying near the Holy Statue of Sri Chaitanya Prabhu, under the cool shadow of Mango Tree. It has the following Mantra of Omy written in bold letters :

Rama, Rama Yanuma Omy

Ramuni Maruwaku ma OMy !

Say Rama, Rama Omy !

Don't forget Rama, Omy !

May we feel God's presence repeating this Mantra with our Omy who is always alive, Rest and meditate now before the Samadhi of the simple and loving Omy. This is the prayer of the one who loves you all, the living Images of Rama, God. May God bless you all with Peace, all the loving children of God in the East and the West, in all religions and nations.

HARI OM TAT SAT OM !

A Tiny love Offering to our dear loyal
faithful, devoted and dedicated Omy,
with prayers for its rest and peace in God.

5. OMY DIED FOR US

Omy died for us, just to teach us that death may come to any of us at anytime, so suddenly. Let us be ready, if death comes any moment, having God-realisation the goal of precious human birth.

Death does not respect the age of young or old. It unites one and all, the old and young. Death comes to one and all. Blessed are they who are ready for the call of death. Omy was happy and healthy loving us all. He died for all of us to teach us a lesson: to be ready if the call comes now or at any moment.

Blessed are they who can repeat cheerfully the following words, living in contentment, in the present moment.

Oh ! Death take away this body this moment
or any moment or let it live a thousand years.
It is same to me whether the body goes now or
lives a thousand years, for you are the immortal.
eternal and deathless Atma. the Spirit.

Let us cling to this living Truth, the light of Light, to be free from the passing clouds of death and life.

Omy's body is in earth, in his Samadhi but its spirit the all-pervading Spirit is permeating the very cells of one's being. Blessed are they who can feel Omy's presence, Omy's spirit within and without now and always. Omy and Soham are not two but one. Soham is the Universal breath, the only changeless immortal truth, the very sustaining breath of ever remaining changeless

Truth.

Blessed are they who can cling to the changeless, in all the changes of changing world.

When you are feeling depression or oppression, that is the time to wake up to Soham Glory for with every breath. Thou art the Soham Glory. May every breath lead you into Glory of the Sun of Suns !

Omy, the light is never absent. It is ever present. It is present in every moment. It is never absent even for the millionth fraction of a second. Let us meditate now on the Indwelling presence of the Light.

Omy's deep love should make me Omnipresent. Omy's great devotion will lead me towards God making me Omnipotent. Omy's affection and loyalty should make me to merge in Omniscience.

HARI OM TAT SAT OM !

6. IMPOSSIBLE TO FORGET OMY

Omy loved me so dearly, so deeply so intensely all the 24 hours, both day and night. Omy was my life, soul and goal, my all in all. It is impossible now to forget Omy so suddenly. In spite of Omy's demise of the body, I see Omy in all, all around. I hear him in every sound, I face him in every form.

Forgetfulness of Omy is death, for Omy and Soham are not two but one. Omy is the Light of my life. It is in the very cells of my being, nay in all the world. I am hurt in the depths, missing Omy. I will remember it even in its physical death. Omy is my all in all. It is always alive, still alive.

I feel Omy's presence now in the very cells of my being. In every cell from the toes to the top of the head. I feel Omy's indwelling presence, Omy's interpenetrating presence now and here. No more depression or sorrow, for Omy is alive now more than ever. No more suffering. I am the happiest man in all the world, for Omy is present both within and without.

With every word it is Omy or Soham. With every thought it is Soham or Omy. With every movement within or without, it is Omy. Now nothing else exists for me except Omy, the only Soham reality, the living Truth.

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY !

I live now in a world of Omy. Everyone is a living Omy now. Everything is an Omy to me. I love to repeat the Pace Prayer now, sayig the words Adorable Omy instead of Adorable presence.

Let me repeat the same now with the new changes, with the changes of words for the peace of Omy and for the Peace and welfare of all.

Adorable Omy ! Thou who art within and without, above and below, and all around; Thou who art interpenetrating the very cells of our being. Thou who art the Eye of our eyes, the Ear of our ears, the Heart of our hearts, the Mind of our minds. the Breath of our breaths. the Life of our lives, and the Soul of our souls, bless us, Dear Omy ! To be aware of Thy presence, now and here. This is all that we ask of Thee.

May all of us be aware of Thy presence, in the East and the West, in the North and the South! May peace and goodwill abide among individuals, as well as communities and nations! This is our earnest Prayer.

MAY PEACE BE UNTO ALL ! OM ! OM! OM !

Am I becoming mad ? Yet, I am mad after Omy. I have to breathe, move and work in Omy. I must eat, drink and breathe in Omy, the Soham Energy, the only Reality.

Let me merge and dissolve, nay become formless and nameless living Omy, which is deathless, eternal and Immortal.

This is the only way to move the stumbling blocks into stepping stones.

OM TAT SAT OM !

7. OMY'S MANTRA

Rama, Rama Yanuma Omy !

Ramuni Maruwakuma Omy !

This was the first Mantra taught to our Omy in the dawn of early hours, when Omy came into my life. We used to repeat it every morning. We used to repeat the Holy Mantra with great benefit and peace.

This is a helpful and inspiring Mantra, not only for Omy and myself but also for all of you and for all of humanity. How blessed it is to feel Rama's Presence in the very cells of one's being within! Not only within but also without in the manifested world, in the flowers. plant, beast and man.

These days when I look at the tiny flower, it is Omy speaking to me, giving out fragrance. When the bird is singing it is my loyal Omy singing words of affection sweet songs of Love.

Every sound is from Omy,

All that I hear is Omy,

All that I see is Omy,

This is no world without Omy.

To be free time of all depressions, the only way to live is in a world of Omy. There is never a moment of time without Omy or Soham. This is the only way to be free of all depression, sadness and hardness of heart.

May all rest and Peace be unto the physical death of Omy, which has brought illumination to me, God-realisation now and always.

HARI OM TAT SAT OM

8. OMI-THE SOHAM

When Omy was sick I was offering the following prayer unconsciously, "Oh Lord! If you want to take away the body of little loyal, faithful Omy, please take away the body of this big Omy also, for we are inseparably one, attached and loving each other as one without a second."

God was pleased to take away the body of the innocent Omy only, but somehow God was not pleased to take away this body along with Omy's body. For, God knows what is best and good, not only for each of us but even for the worldly good and worldly peace.

Not our finite will but may God's will be done now and always. This is the prayer of your Omkar, who loves Omy and all of you. HARI OM TAT SAT OM !

9. OUR OMY

April 1978, 2 AM, Shanti Ashram

Omy is alive more than ever, for its loving, loyal and faithful spirit entered into me. Now it is pervading and permeating the very cells of my being.

If I love Omy, let me express its all-loving great spirit, in thought, word and deed, in each and every moment.

No more in sorrow and depression, but in added joy and strength, for Omy is in me and I am in Omy. Remember always Omy and Soham are never two but one.

It is Soham with every breath. May I worship Thee with every breath. Let each breath lead you nearer to God, the Light within. No more speculation or imagination of God, the living Truth, the only changeless Reality. This is the Grace of God, my real Divine Heritage, the true Birthright.

Blessed is my life Universal where there is no change of death, where every moment is alive with Omnipresence, Omnipotence and Omniscience !

For the sake of Omy, if I really love Omy, let me express this trinity now and always, in each and every moment of my life, in memory of my loyal, devoted and faithful Omy who is alive now more than ever.

Omy is never dead. It is more than alive now, for it is Soham.

A tiny offering to my Omy, who is eternally alive.

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY !

OM ! OM ! OM !

10. OMY

April 1978, 4 AM, Peace Centre

On the sad day of Omy's death or demise of the body, we received a letter in the post. It was on 27th March. The ideal devotee of Sri Santi Ashram, now the chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, sent Rs. 200/-. It is two months Love-offering or donation for the Ashram activiteis, Gurukul, etc.

Strange as it may sound, the generous draft of the Chief Minister did not make me happy. When Omy is no more, what is Rs. 200/- or even Rs. 2000 /- ? What is the use of all the welath in the world when the loyal and faithful Omy is no more ?

The love of the loyal Omy is more to me than all the wealth in the world. All the wealth in the world will not bring to me the loyal smile of Omy. Omy is no more on land. I saw her buried in a deep pit, contented, sleeping like a baby and still seeking me. The sudden demise of the loyal Omy unconsciously brought me detachment to Mammon, in spite of all the tests and trials of Ashram life in its great need and endless wants.

What is all the money without Omy following me at every step? Even now, I look around to see my faithful Omy following me at every step. Every shadow form appears like the loyal Omy who was inseparable for six long years, following me like my shadow.

When I came to our Kotagiri Peace Centre I was happy to see three Omy's residing here. However, I saw the real body of Omy buried in a deep pit, with flowers and prayers. I will never see its loyal, lovely form anymore. Let me learn a lesson from this great calamity. Let it be a real stepping stone in my spiritual life. Omy, the real Omy can never die. Its loving affectionate spirit is always alive.

As I often say, Omy and Soham are not two but one, eternally one.

Omy is alive now more than ever. As Sohum, it is in all forms and names. May all Glory be unto the ever present, eternal Omy now and ever ! May Omy rest in God in completeness, in Soham.

This is the ardent Prayer of your Omkar, whom Omy loved while alive and died. She laid its fruitful life in Satsang while Peace Prayers were being repeated.

HARI OM TAT SAT OM !