



PRAYERS

MASTER E. K.



THE WORLD TEACHER TRUST
VISAKHAPATNAM

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THE GLOBE ROTATES

THE WORLD TEACHER TRUST

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FOREWORD

These are the prayers given by Master E. K. to his disciples. They were first published in *Mihira*, an astro-spiritual monthly magazine in English in 1962, a little before the 8-planet conjunction. Again they were published in *My Light*, a spiritual magazine, published by The World Teacher Trust, Visakhapatnam. From the very beginning some of his disciples, have been reciting them on special occasions. Now that many people have expressed their wish to get them in print, we bring this little edition on the occasion of *Gurupuja Celebrations*, 1985.

May His prayers show the Light and lead people on the path.

Ch. S. N. RAJU
The World Teacher Trust

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A book publishing unit constituted to propagate the Ancient Wisdom given out to humanity from time to time. The proceeds from sale of the book are utilised for reinvestment in similar books in pursuance of the objective of propagating Truth.

The contents of this book are dedicated to the humanity at large. They belong to the One Light and the One Truth that pervades and is beyond the concepts of Caste, Creed, Religion and Nation.



PRAYERS

Where Thy light is my presence
Where my shadow is my earth
On which I tread my path
To lead me to You and know my time
To keep me searching for my name,
Where my address is Thy abode,
Where my story is Thy drama,
Of Thyself coming and becoming,
To forget and recollect myself,
Where time breathes seasons, years, centuries,
Where space pulsates the suns, planets, souls,
To that land lead me, my Lord!

Where knowledge is replaced by wisdom,
Where words are replaced by experience,
Where becoming is culminated in being,
Where harmony, not meaning, is the import
of language,
Where eternity replaced monotony,
Where change is replacaded by freshness,
Where tradition is a glacier dancing in the
Ebb and tide of the ocean of intuition,
Where the Solar Arch of "My" existence
Is around, not above and below.
To that pole of this physical earth
To that one vertex of the column,
To that Mount Meru lead us, Oh Lord!

Where virtue is the priest,
Where wisdom is the feast,
Where mind is the wick,
And brain is the candle stick,
For the pure flame of intuition,
That illumines the fruition,
Which is already there,
Unnoticed as the wax everywhere,
To that Solar Pole,
The seat of the Polar Soul,
Lead me, Oh Lord!

Where labour is eased through knowledge
Only to find time to serve,
Where science is a servant
Not a master of man,
Where man is not savageous to feel
The supremacy over animal and plant,
Where the human creature is
A little angel of a sun-beam
Focussed into the body,
Where man is not above but within
The whole kingdom of life,
Where He rules not the heads
But the heart of all beings,
Where He is not conscious of his knowledge
But is sweet ripe with wisdom
Lead me to that promised land, Oh Lord!

Where wisdom is not a possession like know-
ledge

But an unfoldment of person into the impersonal,
Where joy is not bound by logic to a cause
But permeated as experience through space and
time,

Where art is not a recollection of shapes
But a creation of ideation into formulae,
Where poetry is not an arrangement of known
facts,

But a temple of glittering bricks of novelty,
To that pattern, to that Celestial Clime,
To that heaven of being created perfection,
Lead us, Oh Lord! ever fresh.

To whose temple the arch is star-lit,
In whose temple the suns are images of gold,
To whose temple the moons go every round,
And conceive the message as the deliverer,
And whose message seven voices sing,
As the sacred word of sixteen syllables,
His religion I belong to,
His temple I go round a visit,
His name I utter, His glory I live in,
To Him I offer the lotus of my day,
To Him I offer the lotus of my night.

In His name we live,
In His temple we live,
In His fame we live,
In Him verily we live,
Until He opens His eye in us,
In His name He lives,
In His temple He lives,
In His fame He lives,
In us verily He lives,
As He opens His eye in us.
In the meanwhile let us wait,
Let us look to him and not to each other,
Let us call Him in all,
To find all in Him,
When every life is a car festival,
Not at all a war festival.

May be your concept pure as gold,
Let it be purified in the flame of offering,
May be your belief transparent as crystal,
Let it be dissolved in the holy water of
 submission,
May be your love sweet as honey,
Let it be sanctified by the spirit of sharing,
May be everything good and noble with you,
Let it be with Him always and never with
you.

Let our logic not condition our existence
That we think in You our thoughts.
Let our likes not condition our living
That we like everything in You.
You think for us through us
That You live in us through us,
You choose for us what is for us.
You make us know what is good to us.
You shower on us the choicest of Your blessings,
Keep us off from choosing for us,
Keep us off from linking for us.
You be our liking and choice and thought
Oh Lord! Lead us unto your own existence.

Let our awakening be towards awareness, ever-
expanding,

Let our worship be devotion which is the
realisation of the plan in our work,

Let our inspiration find its true place in the
spirit of contribution,

Let our individuality be an offering at the
alter of ever-expanding Oneness,

Let the force of our aspiration be channelised
towards inspiration,

Let man find his fitness in the framework of
God as Universe,

May the Lord bless us all with the presence
of His Oneness.

A time to lead — a time to follow,
A time to command — a time to obey,
A time to wait — a time to start,
A tide to launch — a wind to sail,
A place to harbour — and embark your cargo,
A sleep to come out of robe,
An awakening to wear a new one!
All in your service let us learn,
All in Your guidance let us earn!
Oh Lord! resolve repulsion between poles
My Lord! restore resonance between souls.

May we remember You as "I am" in us!
May we remember You in ignorance
That ignorance is filled with presence.
May we see You in weakness,
That weakness is filled with You.
May we recollect You in wickedness,
That wickedness is filled with You.
May we know You in sorrow,
That sorrow is filled with You.
May we think of You in want,
That our want is filled by You.
May we learn to see You as life within and
around
The sum total of which is the "I am" of You.

May we produce music while the planets play
Upon the Veena of our soul with our tendencies
as strings!

May the string arranged in concord
Not be disturbed by our deeds into discard!
May we not bring panic out of music.
May we follow the order of the planetary magic
of the Grand Musician, Magician, Apollo!
May He be allowed to sing His song of our life.
May we be syllables of His sweet words
Uttered forth as centuries and ages
Written concealed in time as space pages!

From the clouds that shower
From the sun and stars that tower
From the breeze that blows
From the river that flows
From the ocean's waves that roar
From the minerals that form our core
From the nature's powers that heed
May we learn to shower that we have
May we blow the message of how to behave
May we learn to gather for others
May we learn to feel them as our brothers
May we learn to live in good work
May we see in us living God-spark !

May the light in me be the light before me
May I learn to see it in all.
May the sound I utter reveal the light in me ;
May I listen to it while others speak.

May the silence in and around me present
itself,
The silence which we break every moment
May it fill the darkness of noise we do
And convert it into the light of our background.

Let virtue be the strength of my intelligence,
Let realization be my attainment.
Let my purpose shape into the purpose of our
earth
Let my plan be an epitome of the Divine plan.

May we speak the silence without breaking it
May we live in the awareness of the background
May we transact light in terms of joy
May we be worthy to find place in the Eternal
Kingdom Om.

May I be a child amidst Nature's wonders,
May I see them every moment as His splendours,
May I learn to cater my want to others,
May I discover others as my brothers,
May I feel at home anywhere under the
canopy of heaven,
May I purchase pleasure by something to others
given,
May the thoughts that escape the egg of my
mind,
Chirp and dive in the garden of creation behind,
May this earth be my eternal playground,
With everyone and everything conveying meaning
profound.

About others may I eliminate all impressions,
With everyone may I culminate into His
expression.

His presence in others may I gather,
May we live in Him together,
Let my living with others unfold as an art,
So that the means of communication be my heart,
Let my journey of peaceful coexistence start
Until, for a higher purpose my body depart,
O Lord! The All in one and The One in all!
Let your universe be a hall for all.

Knowing is a range,
Knowledge is a change,
Wisdom is the background,
The Indweller himself is the ground.

The events of the day from a round,
The events of a month arrange around,
The splendours of the year occur round and
round,
As the earth travels around the sun.
Let the product stand as his son
To worship the Lord Indweller.

Nature causes lightning and thunder
These are always to man, objects of wonder.

Man knows not what to do
When the elements of nature undo
When, in poise nature makes him live
Man, caught by intelligence refuses to believe
Man creates his own world of suppositions
Facing with the other man many oppositions
Struggling amidst the webs of self-made fate
And tasting life in a miserable state.

When the gale frowns, the earth quakes
And the ocean with its tides shakes
The very earth under the feet
Man remembers God's feet
But he knows when it is too late
And gets drowned amidst the waves of his fate.

Oh, Lord of all lords of nature
Keep our heads always above our own nature.

One can know one as another,
As himself one cannot see another.

One sees himself as time separate,
As past, present and future operate.

One works out things to his state,
And calls the succession as his fate.

He allows fate lead the way,
And leads himself from him away.

In course of age he is caught,
Within the pattern of his own thought.

And here is the prisoner of himself,
Bound by likes and dislikes as self.

Liberation from this is Light,
Lord, keep us in light delight.

Let people own lands of their own,
May the hosts remember that the earth is one,
By owning men become many,
By possessing they are scattered as so many,
So many of the tiny creatures whose existence
is nothing,
Knowing they are one in Him, the "I am",
they are everything.
They are The One through their offering,
By owning they are many, living through
suffering,
By offering they are transported to the promised
land,
By grabbing they are dismissed into suffering,
To live only amidst the tongues of Babel;
May they, themselves offer to read the Bible,
In the language of the stars of the dome,
Across the arch of heavens at home.

Men may come and men may go,
Much may be the water of life to flow,
From the birth of the river to the yonder ocean,
Enjoying sweetness turning salt on many an
- occasion.

Only the mouthful tasted in between that
counts,

Only the water that quenched the thirst from
founts,

When the river is channelised before the
culmination,

It is possible to irrigate the lands of a nation,

May the flow of life be distributed always,

Into the fields cultivated through right ways,

Also, may it be in time and season,

When the cloud of ideal begins to rain into
reason,

Dedication to work is the thought to culture,

For the meaningful life, the Lord's agriculture.

The ocean of Love throws wave after wave,
As the Creation on the surface too behave,
Each wave picks up sands in the bottom,
And carries to shape the shore from the stratum
Many are the shores that form in time and tide,
Millions are the crystals of the sand that abide,
Each finds its existence with others unmixed,
And gets defeated by winds since unfixed.
Carried by motives the sands live
A life of separation and cleave.
May the tide of Love trace them back,
Once again to the moisture which they lack.

May thought come as a showering cloud
With the thunder of its message aloud
May the thunder fortell gentle shower
Which quenches the unquenchable thirst for
power.

May the could descend on the wings
Of the breeze which the peace song sings.
May the sons of earth feel the proximity
Of the cooling cloud with its beauty.
May the dust of earth stand upon its feet
To breathe the cloud as life so sweet,
And find itself one as the union
With life's message with Him as communion.

The wand of the Shepherd is moulded
Into the flute of the Cowherd,
As the panic of the creatures is moulded
Into the music of the background unheard;
As you learn to place your oddities at His feet,
And unburden responsibilities in His light;
As you place your success and defeat
In His presence, the source of your delight;
If you forget in what way you are different
From your fellow-beings that are present;
And wipe off from you what is apparent,
And find out what is common with others at
present.

Then the strokes of the Shepherd's wand cease
Then the music of the space is heard.
Until then your hardships will not cease.
Henceforth the melodies of music will please.

You are shaped as what you do,
You are your nature of something to do,
Your nature is your temple-tower,
In your temple you are blocked by your power,
Key is "I am", your God's name,
Turn the key, seven times in His name.
Power is released, you are relieved.
Power is not yours as was believed,
Power is His, work is His,
In your name everything is His.
In His name offer everything yours,
Wait for the work in appointed hours,
The pendulum of time continues to probe,
The hour-hand and the minute-hand probe,
Into your time while the clock strikes.
As time passes in your dykes.

What is right and what is wrong
Form the musical notes of the song
The song that is filled in through the mouth
Of the flute which shows you the path.
Your mouth is the anterior hole of the flute
Which may allow the message of the Truth
Through the trend of his outbreathing
For which your lips should wait with words
clothing.

In the meanwhile let the seven holes
On the lower side work as a whole,
Let your fingers be trained to work out
The harmony which you practise within and
without,
So that they may not strike a note of discard
To the wholesome music of the cowherd Lord.

Hark ! the magic spells of time
Which change the seasonal syllables of clime
Behold the magic wand above
Which unfolds into a rainbow
Follow the utterance of the virgo sign,
The mother who nourishes us with wine.
The dew drops of the early winter
Crystallise into shapes the life spark as splinter,
The trees shedding their old leaves
As January enters the old year leaves
To give place to the springing March
And to decorate garden with flowery arch.
Then enters the King of year grim
The Lord of summer which is tropical whim.
It is a cyclic song which the earth breathes out
With days as syllables sprout.
May the Lord's glory be sung
As the import on the wall of time hung.

Do you feel the presence of anyone as your support?

Many an implication with complication you will court.

Do you feel every time and again unsupported, When everyone, "of yours" make you departed?

Then you are not with you all the time In vain finding support in tidings of time.

Do not forget to find The One in All.

And also the same One in you above all.

Find your support in Him through you

And play with love in His forms around you.

Company is but a sum-total of your attitudes,

Others praising you are your own platitudes.

Others finding fault with and hating you

Are only your own shadows showing faults of you.

The One in All and the One in you

Is the only one who is always with you.

He neither praises nor points out

But stands as your mirror to rectify yourself from without.

The one always wants to speak out
His own thoughts from him sprout.
Thoughts travel in search of expression
To pour through them his own impression,
As the butter from milk words float
About himself to make a note.
Words are arranged by thoughts
to frame the scripture in lots.

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