



Gita Darshan (Osho Comes Alive)

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In August 2011 on Janmashtami day I was at the Osho World Galleria in Ansal Plaza, New Delhi attending a dance and talk by Sonal Mansingh on Krishna and his multidimensional roles. After the performance I was browsing the shelves and came across a set of CDs titled 'Gita Darshan' by Osho. Instinctively I was drawn towards it, asked how many CDs were in the complete set, and before I knew, I had bought the entire set of 22 CDs and walked out. I had not even bothered to notice that the CDs were in Hindi!

That was the beginning of an 18 month long journey through the world of wisdom.

It is March 2013, and I have just concluded this journey listening to Osho while he walked me through the 700 verses of the 18 chapters of Bhagavad Gita in chaste Hindi. Hindi is my mother tongue but it has not been my medium of education or upbringing or career or spiritual journey, until now. But, I was surprised how easily it became the language through which I embarked on this remarkable journey with someone for whom it was the language of his heart, just like the flute was the voice of Krishna. I do not remember a single word of English intruding into the 22 CDs spread over 30 hours. Those who have heard Osho in Hindi have experienced something close to ecstasy. His own journey started firmly rooted in Hindi, and in his early days all his discourses and talks were in Hindi for the discerning Indian audience he spoke to travelling all over India. This was well before the dramatic shift that took place in the late 1970s when his audience changed almost completely from Indian to non-Indians, and the language from

Hindi to English. While he was equally successful in mesmerizing his audience in English, those who have been fortunate enough to have heard him in both languages know that it was day and night. When he spoke in Hindi, his heart poured out, and it almost seemed like Krishna himself was talking.

From the time I was in school, I had read many different interpretations of the Gita both in its entirety and individual verses and chapters. In hindsight, I consider myself very fortunate that my father had insisted I choose Sanskrit as a 'foreign' language in preference over French and German. At that time it seemed the most stupid thing to do especially since I had plans to go abroad. It was only later I realized the value of learning the basics of Sanskrit, and with that one of the most basic yet deepest spiritual lessons of my life that things happen for a reason as part of a plan for each of us, came home true. The Sanskrit lessons in school made liberal use of excerpts from the Gita, and that was my first introduction to the pearls of wisdom lurking behind each verse. When I lived in Boston, I attended a Philosophy School which was actually a group of Harvard / MIT type doctorates and research scholars who met a couple of times a week to discuss the Advaitya philosophy, and the Gita was the main reference tool for this purpose. This was my first indepth and serious introduction to Advaitya Philosophy. I was the only Indian in that group! Every Sunday, a few of us from the group met to learn and brush up on Sanskrit, since it was very clear to all that without really understanding the essence of phrases like dharma, karma, yoga and many others, it was very difficult to really gather the true gyan that Krishna was expounding to Arjuna. My wheel of destiny had turned a full circle when I started leading those Sunday groups!

But even though the Bhagavad Gita along with the Ashtavakara Gita were instrumental in keeping me focused on my spiritual journey, there were occasional gaps in my understanding and some questions. Later, almost all of them dropped off at the feet of Ramesh Balsekar. Osho appeared in my life at about the same time, not in his body any more, but in his spirit that engulfed me completely. The medium was mainly his books (all in English) along with his talks (in English) at the white robe meditation at the Osho Ashram in Pune. More than his words, his spirit and his energy were now within me.

But the Gita Darshan brought him alive for me.

The set of CDs sat in my car for the last 18 months, and during this time, Osho became my companion whenever I was at the steering wheel. Whether it was a 10 minute quick jaunt or a 3 hour drive to Bombay or stuck in the traffic for hours, his voice filled the car and I became oblivious to everything outside. The chaos, the confusion, the cacophony that used to bother me so much driving round in Pune and Bombay, all disappeared the moment Osho started talking. It was almost as if I was sitting right in his presence while he was talking live, moving from one city to another. It did not matter whether I heard him for just 5 minutes or a complete hour. It did not matter where I stopped and where I picked up again. The energy was a continuum that lasted through the entire 30 hours of recording that took me 18 months to complete. Each word was chaste, crisp and clear. The explanation for each sutra was as if Krishna himself was explaining it. Each talk was interspersed with questions and answers, anecdotes, stories and his favorite Naseerudin jokes. I never felt the rush to go to the next verse or CD. I wanted to savor each word uttered by Osho (Krishna) like a morsel of saatvik nutrition. It went deep in my heart. I had my first shaktipat experience in the 14th Chapter when Osho leads the audience towards the same.

The Gita came alive as it had never done earlier reading all those books and interpretations. Even this was an interpretation, Osho's; and as he himself says throughout the talks, anyone who talks about the Gita can only talk from his perspective, but yet for me it was Krishna talking himself. During the time the CD would be playing, the car would appear to be on auto pilot, and I honestly would not realize how and when I reached my destination. For someone who intensely dislikes driving in India, it seemed like Osho (Krishna) himself was navigating me like my charioteer. There was a certain calmness within me and in the car.

The icing on the cake was that my Hindi skills sharpened as never before, and not once did I have to seek out any help for any words or phrases used by Osho. For the first time in my journey, a recent workshop I conducted was almost entirely in Hindi. Of course, it

helped that the audience too was mainly Indians. Just as Sanjay acquired divya drishti from Ved Vyas to be able to narrate the war to Dhritarashtra, it seemed like I had somehow acquired divya shruti to be able to listen to Krishna himself.

This journey of the last 18 months has been a phase of my spiritual growth that is as remarkable as the five years I spent at the feet of Ramesh Balsekar. Osho came alive for me finally.

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