

Brother Satyananda  
Sunday, July 11, 2010

“Spiritual Healing from the Guru: The Touch of the Master’s Hand”

Recognize and value a spiritual Master. Of all the gifts a Master has to offer, the spiritual awakening is the greatest gift. “They who see not, might see.” The greatest gift – to awaken spiritual sight to those who are humble and receptive. Be awakened to the sight of the world-- but also be awakened to the light within.

The Guru has the power to heal and to awaken spiritually: to awaken spiritual ignorance, to awaken spiritual disciples, to open the eyes of the divine.

Master did heal people and did bring people back from the dead. It is God’s power that flows through the touch of the Master’s hand. The healing of a Guru is physical, mental, emotional and spiritual. He can rearrange the atomic structure of our cells. The Guru is a spiritual alchemist, a channel or complete liberation. The Guru is greater than the proverbial philosopher’s stone. Past alchemy into enlightenment... to communicate cosmic consciousness.

An avatar can create another philosopher's stone. The greatest gift a friend can give you is cosmic consciousness. The Master wants to give us this; it's the consummation of a divine relationship.

In AY, a Master bestows cosmic consciousness – a liberating shock of omnipresence – a thump! The Guru has the power to impart this greatest experience. It is his greatest joy to transmit – and our greatest joy to receive.

When we feel the touch of a Master’s hand and healing, that is one iota of what is possible.

A true Avatar is not confined to a body – He has dissolved into an omnipresent form. Learn to be receptive. Be able to receive what the Guru has to give.

Strive to open your intuitive channel – develop intuitive talents through meditation. When intuitive channels are developed we can receive a major transmission. Purify the consciousness to be receptive to the Guru. Purification thru Kriya Yoga.

Our meditation is our preparation so we are able to receive the Guru’s subtle touch.

Even Master had to wait, but it came finally and suddenly through his Guru – the touch of a Master’s hand.

Postures and Mudras – energy points of the body for beneficial purposes. Simple and scientific poses are mudras – they are connecting energy points. Greatest mudra – spiritual eye touches

the feet of a Master. A disciple is magnetized by the touch of a Master – a beneficial current is established, a change, a powerful current awakens devotion.

Concentrate on the spiritual eye and feel the Guru is present there. Concentrate upon it and absorb yourself in it, and you will feel a cosmic polar shift in your consciousness. It brings great joy that is transmitted to you. Lahiri Mahasaya: concentrate on the spiritual eye and feel the Master is blessing you. Yearning and longing for God comes from the touch of a Master's hand.

### **The Touch of the Master's Hand**

It was battered and scarred,  
And the auctioneer thought it  
hardly worth his while  
To waste his time on the old violin,  
but he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good people", he cried,  
"Who starts the bidding for me?"  
"One dollar, one dollar, Do I hear two?"  
"Two dollars, who makes it three?"  
"Three dollars once, three dollars twice, going for three,"

But, No,  
From the room far back a gray bearded man  
Came forward and picked up the bow,  
Then wiping the dust from the old violin  
And tightening up the strings,  
He played a melody, pure and sweet  
As sweet as the angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said "What now am I bid for this old violin?"  
As he held it aloft with its' bow.

"One thousand, one thousand, Do I hear two?"  
"Two thousand, Who makes it three?"  
"Three thousand once, three thousand twice,  
Going and gone", said he.

The audience cheered,  
But some of them cried,

"We just don't understand."  
"What changed its' worth?"  
Swift came the reply.  
"The Touch of the Masters Hand."

And many a man with life out of tune  
All battered with bourbon and gin  
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd  
Much like that old violin

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,  
A game and he travels on.  
He is going once, he is going twice,  
He is going and almost gone.

But the Master comes,  
And the foolish crowd never can quite understand,  
The worth of a soul and the change that is wrought  
By the Touch of the Masters' Hand.

*Myra Brooks Welch*