

Sabarimalai Yatra 2018



*...experience of a life time ...
Mee. Ra*

Sabarimalai Yatra 2018

Travelogue

This is an account of my experience from the recent second visit to Sabarimalai and not a travel guide or an instruction manual for the pilgrimage to Sabarimalai (I am certainly not qualified to do so). When viewed through the perspective of Vedanta, the penance and the pilgrimage to Sabarimalai is indeed a supreme means for spiritual progress; this conviction is the undercurrent of this travelogue; its objective is to share the inexplicable joy of the pilgrimage and the benign grace of Lord Ayyappa.

Swamiye Saranam Ayyappa

Mee. Rajagopalan

‘What is the purpose of this yatra?’ asked Smt. Gomati, a retired professor of English with whom I was walking down the slopes of *Sabarimalai* after the divine *dharshan*. It was the first trip for her and for me, the second.

I was not thinking hard to answer. ‘Just to experience the spirit of the journey.... sort of spiritual sojourn’.

‘Everyone these days uses the term *spirituality*! What do you mean by that?’ she said.

I knew at once that her question was not simply a token of social conversation rather a deeper one.

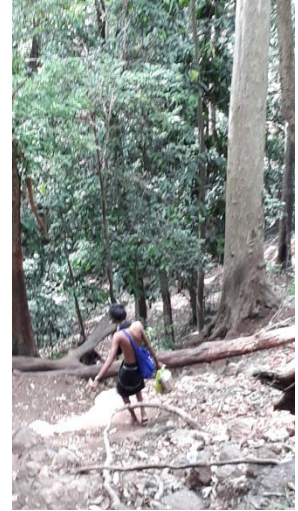
‘Well, there may be many inferences for the term *spirituality*, but to me, it is all about knowing the truth of oneself. We rarely take time to understand who we are, mostly because we are so preoccupied with everything out there in the world, don’t we all?’

I then added, ‘Worse is that we don’t even see a need for such an inquiry’.

‘Self-realization...? Is it what you mean?’

‘Just being the Self! The undeniable *sat*, the pure existence....’

Smt. Gomati paused for a while and then quoting the names of some authors and books, asked me if I have read those books or heard their discourses. Being neither a voracious reader nor an ardent follower of any particular school of thought, such questions usually humble me. I cannot claim anything noteworthy on these counts; except being thankful, for it must be the gift of my parents that I have had the *darshan* of some great souls and seers, in whose light of inspiration, at least some momentary escapes from the immutable clutches of my dense ignorance seemed possible.



The conversation was gaining momentum.

To my delight, I came to know about her teaching at the SR College for women in Trichy, the esteemed institution where I too had the privilege to teach for a brief time. Having bravely faced the ordeals of life for bringing up the family single-handedly, she is now a happily retired mother and a grand-mother, spending her time in the company of her professional associates and scholars, and in *satsangh*, whenever possible.

‘My son was bit anxious about this trip. He told me – Amma, why are you struggling to go to *Sabarimalai*? What is the point of taking up such hardships! Won’t the merciful God bless you if you worship from home? - He is not at all happy for me taking this trip’ she said.

When I looked at her, she quickly added ‘But I am glad that I did!’.

‘So there must be something unique in these hardships, is it not?’, I asked, ‘such *yatra* could be purposeless to start with, but when completed, there is a real sense of fulfilment, there is a trace of transformation within oneself’ I said with conviction. That is why I keep a log of my trips as those help to reflect. (The previous *Sabarimalai yatra* log is here: **SabarimalaiYatra2017.pdf**).

Traditionally a 41-day penance (*mandala-viratham*) is to be followed by those planning for the *Sabarimalai yatra*. I did perform this for the last trip, but to my dismay, there were so many interruptions that I was not able to strictly adhere to, this year. No excuses could come to rescue and the guilt was weighing in my heart; however, I could find solace in the divinity of nearby Harrow Ayyappan Temple and the refuge in the words of Bhagavad-Gita. When the intent is sincere and the pursuit is desire-free, actions, even if done imperfectly, should bear only benefits, says the Lord. There is no fear when the action is ‘*nishkama-karma*’ because such actions are totally risk-free; benefits may or may not accrue, but never there will be any harm.

13th April 2018

Uma and I landed in Mumbai and at once, we were made to feel at home by the warm and affectionate welcome from Akila, my niece and her husband Prakash with their lovely daughter Shwetha.

Prakash has been an inspiration for my *Sabarimalai yatra*. A busy senior executive by profession, Prakash is full of energy, especially when it comes to serving others and more so in spiritual pursuits and *bhajans*. The Dombivlie Ayyappan Seva Sangham (DASS), comprising of such service minded fraternity is their extended family. The DASS organizes many programs for their community and the annual *Sabarimalai yatra* is an important highlight.

On hearing of our arrival, Sri Balakrishnan, the secretary of DASS and the programme-master of the *yatra*, had come to greet us at home. Along with him were ‘Astro’ Krishnan and ‘Pollachi’ Natarajan, the two budding ‘Vadhyars’, who then gave us a quick rundown on the schedule. Already I had a call from RV (R. Venkatesh), expressing his joy, more so on revealing the news of

his wife Smt. Raji joining for the very first time to Sabarimalai. RV, himself being a veteran of 18 years of *yatra*.

There were few more first-timers, bringing the total of *kanni-sami* (first-time *yatris*) to a glorious count of seven. The company of *kanni-sami* is traditionally revered as if Lord Ayyappan Himself comes as the *kanni-sami*.

I quickly learnt that the original plan of having the *darshan* at Sabarimalai on 15th April, the *Vishu Punyakala* had been changed, mainly to facilitate the performance of *Amavasya tarpanam* due on that day. As *tarpanam* is an important obligation (*niyama*), the change did make sense to me. When the context and purpose of *tarpanam* are understood, the importance of performing *tarpanam* is better appreciated.

The word *tarpanam* comes from the Sanskrit root word ‘*trp*’ meaning ‘to satisfy’. *Tarpanam* is performed in the remembrance of our forefathers (ancestors of the lineage as well as the *guru-parampara*); the ritual is, in reverence, offering oblations to fulfil their thirst, hunger and desires.

Where are those deceased ancestors now? Having disembodied, can there be hunger or thirst for them? Even so, can the ritual-offerings reach them? What is the evidence?

We need Vedanta for our understanding.

Everyone identifies a person only with the person’s gross-body. But when a person dies, everyone says that the person has gone away, leaving the mortal body behind. That would mean the gross-body with which the person has been identified with, is not really the person, but that which leaves behind the gross-body is!

According to the scriptures death is a transformation and not the termination. Like shedding one garment for the sake of wearing another, at death, we shed the gross body (*sthoola-sarira*) in order to find a suitable alternative.

The gross body has been useful as an instrument (*upadi*) for one’s embodied life. But by looking at a corpse, the inertness of gross-body is evident. So the inert *sthoola-sarira* also cannot be the person.

The *sthoola-sarira* appears as sentient in a living person, only because of its association with a subtle-body (*sukshma-sarira*). That would mean, at death, the *sukshma-sarira* is the one that sheds the gross body. So, should one identify oneself with the *sukshma-sarira*?

Vedanta points out that the *sukshma-sarira* is a field of energies, entering and leaving the gross embodiments at will. It consists, for example, the vital-energies (*prana-shakti*) that animate the gross body, the sensory-energies (*indria-shakti*) that powers the perceptions and the most sublime energy (*manas*), which is seen as the inner most field of energy (*antakarana*). As an instrument, *manas* is seen as four *antakarana* : the mind, a vacillating chain of recurring thoughts (*manas*), the intellect or the discriminative faculty (*buddi*), the memory (*cittam*) and the sense of ego (*ahamkaram*). The *antakarana* is the gateway between the world of experiences and the true awareness within oneself.

Does it mean, one should identify oneself with the mind? Or with the combination of gross and subtle bodies commonly referred to as ‘the body-mind complex’? This may be better, yet not perfect because according to scriptures *sukshma-sarira* is also insentient in nature. It is a challenging assertion; after all, is not the mind that illumines our senses, how could then the *sukshma-sarira* be insentient!

Energy is only ‘matter-transformed’ and matter ‘energy-transformed’! Therefore the *sukshma-sarira*, the field of energies is only a matter, albeit being the finest one! Although we are used to phrases like ‘mind over the matter’, according to Vedanta, mind is only a matter.

Is it possible that the combination of gross and subtle bodies as the body-mind complex becomes sentient? Some schools of thought argue that it is possible, based on the example of things in nature, such as chemical reactions. Vedanta points out that a mix of two or more inert objects can never produce an intelligent being; therefore, in a living person, there must be something other than the gross and subtle bodies that gives the sentience.

That sentient principle according to the scriptures is the consciousness (*cit*). It is the pure awareness; the light of awareness is the true nature of the Self. Only by the grace of the *cit*, mind attains sentience, like a piece of glass gets illuminated when it is in front of the Sunlight.

Mind is the finest form of matter. As any finely grained matter would have, mind has the intrinsic quality of reflectivity, the ability to reflect all that is present. Can such a piece of glass ever claim to be the Sun, even though its reflection illumines the surrounding objects? No! Such assertion is possible only under the spell of deep ignorance.

Mind, because of deep ignorance (*avidya*), mistakenly assumes the reflected light as its own effulgence and holds a false identity. In Sanskrit the word ‘*aabhasa*’ means ‘to mimic’ or ‘to reflect’. The mind that mimics the *cit*, the pure consciousness is therefore called ‘*citaabhasa*’ or the ‘*Jiva*’.

Jiva due to the false identity, develops the ego (*ahamkara*) and assumes “I am the body with consciousness”; it identifies with the body, but treating the consciousness only as an attribute of the mind.

That is why we are conditioned to see only differences and infinite number of *Jiva*, as there is infinite number of body-mind complexes. Each *Jiva* therefore seeks to protect its own identity!

Vedanta reveals the truth by just making a simple edit to the statement. Instead of “I am the body with consciousness”, one should declare “I am the consciousness with the body”.

This change in the perspective is not so simple to execute as it requires a true understanding of the nature of our consciousness. For that to happen, we need to shed our ignorance.

Why is there such ignorance? Mind is matter and insentient, so ignorance cannot be its attribute. Then from where does the field of ignorance weigh upon the mind, causing false ideas of the Self?

Scriptures say that ignorance (*avidya*) is an infinite field that has no beginning but surely an end! One could forever engage in the study of ignorance and its origin. But the smart thing to do is to find a way to terminate the ignorance, is it not!

Is there anything that has “no beginning but an end”?

Yes and the best example is ignorance itself. We cannot say since when we are ignorant of a fact, but when the fact is revealed, the ignorance is terminated. Something which had no beginning is now ended!

What sort of ignorance is *avidya*?

An illuminating definition for *avidya* is given by Bhagavan Sankara. According to him, not knowing the true-Self is *avidya*. It follows therefore, knowing anything other than the Self is also *avidya*. All our worldly knowledge is nothing but *avidya*! But no one denies one's own existence. Existence (*sat*) is the awareness (*cit*). Being aware is to exist. When we ignore the true nature of the Self, then it means, we are clouded by the ignorance. The English word ‘ignorance’ also stems from the word ‘ignore’! To ignore the truth about the Self is *avidya*.

Dwelling briefly into the cause of the ignorance is beneficial, as it reveals the impediments that bind the *Jiva* through the false identification

To protect and nurture its individuality, *Jiva* develops desires and so perform actions based on desires; as a result, it accumulates the impending results due from the actions (*karma-phala*). According to the *law-of-karma*, one must endure one's *karma-phala* and so the *Jiva* needs to take as many suitable embodiments as necessary to expend its dues. The accumulated *karma-phala* due to *avidya* is the cause of embodiments. Therefore, it is also called as the causal-body (*karana-sarira*) for the *Jiva*.

Why can't all impending *karma-phala* be exhausted within one single embodiment by the *Jiva*?

That may be possible in some cases, but for the most, the impending effects could be so large that a single life span may not suffice. That is why the cycle of birth and death (*jiva-yatra*) occurs.

The point we need to recognize is that the journey of *Jiva* after death, for moving from one embodiment to another, happens in a separate space-time domain that is completely different from ours. This is quite a subtle point to comprehend.

According to scriptures, the space-time domain is a projection of our mind; so it is only an apparent-reality (*mitya*). The space-time domain varies according to the varying state of our existences. For example, while dreaming, we can create many universes and a whole generation of life span could be completed. This is completely different to the space-time domain of our waking state. In the deep-sleep state, the space-time is completely annihilated. The mind thus creates the concept of time and space, and so the worlds of objects and experiences. Therefore, as long as the ignorance prevails, the *Jiva* will seek embodiments and within each embodiment, the states of existences to expend the effects of *karma-phala*. Again actions done in ignorance, sustain the growth of *karma-phala*, without ever exhausting.

What all these have to do with *tarpanam*?

Although the deceased have no gross body and therefore could be free of physical ailments, they still have the subtle body in their transitional state. So, the *Jiva* that carries the subtle body is subjected to such feelings of thirst and hunger. For such subtle thirst and hunger, the gross form of water and food offered during *tarpanam* transform into suitable subtle feed. This is so, only when *tarpanam* is done, not as a duty-bound ritual but in submission of true love and commitment (*shradda*) towards the ancestors. When there is intensity of purpose, any action will cause immense impact for whom it is intended.

Scriptures say that the offerings made during the *tarpanam* translate into both tangible and intangible opportunities for the *Jiva*. In its transient state, *Jiva* is comforted by the offerings of *tarpanam*. If the *Jiva* is already an embodied life, *tarpanam* done on its behalf, would also reach in the form of benefits, which we call '*adhirshatam*' or the 'unseen' impact.

Some of the *tarpanam* mantra is also beautiful and profound. For example, one mantra says, "Let my oblations transform into appropriate food, as water to the trees, feed to the animals, blood to the demons, food to the humans, and no matter whatever forms my ancestors be, suitable to that form, bring fulfilment'.

One mantra extends the scope of *tarpanam* far beyond one's own ancestors; it extends through anonymous oblations on behalf of all those who are not able to perform.

Finally one cannot have any excuse for not doing the due *tarpanam*. To assure us of the importance and power of *tarpanam*, at the start, there is a mantra while performing a mock-cleaning of the place of ritual: 'O! The messengers of Death Who are always escorting me! This place and time are given to me for performing *tarpanam*. So until I complete this ritual, please do take leave of me'. The true import of the *mantra* is the assurance that even death will not come near to one who performs *tarpanam*!

The main reason to discuss the importance of *tarpanam* at length is that it is a *niyati* (rule) and it is only proper to ensure all *niyati* are adhered to when taking the pilgrimage to the abode of the Lord of *Niyati* – the Dharma Shasta.

Shasta is the one who administers the *shastra*. *Shastra* is that which directs or instructs ('*sasana iti sastra*'). Lord Ayyappan is the Dharma Shasta, the custodian of all *niyati*, the order of the universe.

We can generally observe that everything in the universe follows certain inherent rules. The earth rotates; the sun shines; the planets move around; bees sting; snakes bite. But are we able to say what a man will do? It is because human beings are the only ones endowed with the faculty of mind, which under the influence of ego and ignorance, challenges or deflects from the *niyati*.

When *niyati* is not followed, there is disharmony, imbalance and suffering. Only to steer away from such risks, the divine manifestation of Dharma Shasta is enshrined and in the *Sabarimalai yatra*, there are rituals as a testimony for our commitment and compliance to the *niyati*; by following *dharma*, our minds are purified, the clutches of ignorance removed and the self is revealed as none other than the Lord Ayyappan.

Only to grant this supreme knowledge through the *maha-vakya* ‘*tatvamasi*’, the Lord Ayyappan is forever seated in the hearts of the Sabarimalai.

At the community hall , work was progressing for the next-day’s gala celebration. Ladies were doing rangoli kolams and decorations. Young and matured were singing and chatting as they prepare the coconuts for the *iru-mudi*; flowers, fruits, spices, food, lighting, microphones, speakers – things were getting sorted as if a grand wedding was about to begin.

14th April 2018

The beautiful dawn of Vilambi Tamil New Year was raising the curtains, revealing the goodness to come. The Sun is yet to wake-up but in the hall, many were already brightly present. Sri Sethu Sastrigal had set up for the day’s proceedings. A grand agenda was unveiled involving *Ganapati Homam*, Tamil New Year *tarpanam*, *Sahasranama Parayanam*, *Sastha Preeti*, *Puja*, *Maha Aarti*, *Bhajan*, *Maha Prashad* etc. all to be done by then at the community hall. In the evening, *iru-mudi-kattu* would take place.

The centre stage was decorated beautifully with the images of deities. Mountains of colourful flowers and variety of garlands were everywhere. *Kolams* decorated the floors. Mango leaves, *thoranams*, banana-tar were welcoming at the entrance and at the sides of the stage. Large lamps were lit. At 5:30 AM, all were ready to inaugurate the day’s proceedings.



Blessed indeed are both Uma and I, thanks to the generosity of DAAS that they have bestowed upon us the honour of performing the *maha-sankalpam* on everyone’s behalf. With utmost humility, we accepted the honour! What a privilege to start the auspicious Vilambi Tamil New Year in the company of great *satsangh*, unreservedly extending warmth to all and devotion to the divine proceedings. After the *maha-sankalpam*, while the preparations were going on for the main puja, new-year *tarpanam* was completed for those it was due.



Then the main *puja* started. Everyone was happily engaged. Some were reciting *sloka*m, some offering *kunkuma archanai*, some using *vibuthi*, some with *akshata* and others with flowers. The hall slowly swelled with crowd and there was happiness as if the clouds of divinity en-mass had descended inside, unbundling the rain of benign grace, pouring all

around.

At about 12:30 PM, when the *mantropasana* had completed, the *nadopasana* started.

Prakash, accompanied by an able group of volunteers started the *Sampradaya-bhajan* that lasted for more than two hours, with spell-bound attention and frequent interludes of cheer. With the melodious accompaniments, the *bhajan* started as gentle breeze with the moist mist of joy, then suddenly roared as thunderous ocean, drenching as the honey-rain, at the same time draining as the warm air to gently caress our hearts into a state of tranquillity; many forgot the well-past lunch time.

It was about 2:30 PM, the proceedings were brought to a harmonious end only to begin another journey for sumptuous food.

During all these times, like a clock work, the unassailable Narayanan was on a mission, ably supported by so many volunteers. In the background, there were things to be moved around, hall to be prepared, banana leaves to be reordered, meals to be checked... such activities were being quietly dispatched with the able support of youngsters such as Vignesh, Rajaganesh, Balaji, Rajesh, Kaushik, Sabarish et al. The ladies too were all chipping in to bring the celebratory mood to ceaseless joy.

I must also recall S Venkatesh (SV) and his brother Santosh.

SV, the chef-in-charge for the day and also for the entire *yatra* had proved without doubt his mastery. I noticed how quickly the worried face of Bala due to undue demand on the kitchen with the unexpected increase of attendance (about 350 plus) had turned into glow of pride and joy with the news that each and everyone had sumptuous food and have thoroughly enjoyed. Thanks to SV and more so to his secret *akshaya-patram* that must be somewhere hidden in the heart of his kitchen-ware!



I must mention Electro Krishnan, who I prefer to call ‘all-in-all’ Krishnan!

As ever, he was busy directing things to happen. For some inevitable reasons, to the dismay of everyone, he could not join the *yatra* this time; but that was hardly a matter for him; everything should go well and all should be taken care of; such is his trait and it was in clear display too on that day. I vividly recall how on the next day, when we were all leaving for *Sabarimalai*, Krishnan looked at me, being unable to hold the flood of tears in his eyes, saying: ‘Sir, please keep a place next to you as if I am coming with you! I am missing this’.

Surely he did come, as his name was in every conversation during the entire *yatra*.

The evening came so quickly. Under the guidance of the Shri Murti, the gurusami, three parallel shrines for the *iru-mudi-kattu* were organized. About 40+ devotees were to take up the *iru-mudi-kattu*. As we have already discussed in the previous log, *iru-mudi-kattu* has many interpretations based on both *puranic* as well as heritage inferences.

A simplistic view is that in those days, the devotees needed to trek for many days through dense forests; by carrying the essential items for survival and the offerings to God within two separate pouches on the head, they freed their hands for able to use in wading through the hills and woods. By loudly reciting the divine names of the Lord, they tried to ward-off danger on the way and inspire the fellow travellers. As safe-return was not easily envisaged, symbolic rituals were performed at the start, such as the close relatives paying final rites with the offering of a handful of rice into the *iru-mudi-kattu* etc. Such practices are still alive, giving due reverence to the tradition as well to bring about other spiritual inferences.

In *Sanatana-dharma*, the Seers use ordinary things to impart extraordinary knowledge and significance. Simple rituals have inspiring spiritual purport. For example, in the *iru-mudi-kattu*, the preparation of coconut and filling it with melted ghee are important rites. The ghee-filled coconut is carried in the *iru-mudi*; while the ghee is finally submitted for the *abhishekam* on the Lord Ayyappan, the coconut is splattered into the bonfire at *Sabarimalai*.



Removing the fibre and making it smooth on the outside of a coconut is a tedious task. Although machines do such tasks easily, tradition is to do manually, while singing praise on the Lord. The coconut represents the devotee. Like the fibre that entangles the coconut with the shell, desires entangle the *Jiva* with the bonds of *samsara*. By shaving off the fibres, the removal of *raga-dvesha* or the desires, the removal of the root cause of all *shoga* (grief) and *moha* (delusion) are implied. When the desires are thus quelled (or only when the righteous desires are retained), we become fit for surrender and qualify for the supreme knowledge. Readily, the guru taps into our hearts; the passionate (*rajasic*) and lethargic (*tamasic*) extremes of our perspective are shunted and only the calm-balanced (*satvic*) approach is opened. This is symbolized by opening one of the three eyes of the coconut by the Guru. While the outer-shell is the *sthoola-sarira*, the inner pulp is the *sukshma-sarira*; the water inside the coconut is the vacillating mind. By emptying the water, freeing the mind from recurring thoughts is implied. The empty space inside the coconut

represents the *vasana*, the *karana-sarira*. It is also exhausted by filling with pure ghee, the true awareness of the Self.

The ghee represents the *cit*, the pure awareness. The sealed coconut now represents a transformed devotee, whose gross and subtle bodies are pure, the mind poised and filled with true awareness only. By carrying the coconut with other offerings on the head, the devotee is basically taking himself as the offering to the Lord. By the *maha-vakya*, 'That Thou Art' (*Tatvamasi*), the Lord has showed the devotee that the Self is none other than the God. The devotee, then upon the realization declares 'Self is Brahman' (*aham brahmasmi*).



That is why the purpose of *Sabarimalai yatra* is to merge the Self with the *Brahman*; the *iru-mudi* ritual, in particular the pouring of ghee on the Lord, and throwing off the coconut into the holy fire, signify the oneness with *Brahman*, by giving up the false identification with the embodiments.

It was interesting to see the *Kanni-sami*, about seven this year, right from the young Vaishnavi and Shreeja to elders like Smt. & Sri Krishnan, Smt. Raji et al for the *iru-mudi-kattu*. Devotion and personal emotions were in full flow during the *iru-mudi-kattu*; loud and heart-pumping *sarana-kosham* was reverberating on the walls of the community hall. At about 8:30 PM, the rituals came to a glorious end. Once the *iru-mudi-kattu* is set on the head, the journey is assumed to have started and therefore the devotees should not go

back to their houses. For this reason, all were required to stay at the community hall overnight, of course after indulging in the light and excellent dinner by SV and his crew.

In the midnight, there were some commotions in the hall; like playing musical chairs, everyone was moving around to find the right azimuth and elevation angle to position in front of the randomly placed pedestal fans; those fans were huge and unfriendly and had the minds of their own to turn their heads randomly. As breeze seemed elusive, the mosquito brigades were busy establishing their orbital planes! (Where were they before!). Call me a coward, I dread their treacherous beaks at anytime.

RV and I wandered around for some time looking for a safe-spot and finally finding one near the *iru-mudi-kattu* gave us couple of hours of sleep in anticipation of the *yatra* next day.



15th April 2018

Amavasya, *Vishu Punyakala*, Sunday – all rolled into one on the day for departure to Ernakulum. Everyone got ready quite early and after the sunrise, those who needed to, have performed the

Amavasya tarpanam. Then the gurusami performed the *puja* and *aarti* to the *iru-mudi-kattu* and according to the roll-call, the organizers called one-by-one to offer worship and carry the *iru-mudi-kattu* on the head. That was the formal start of the *yatra*. All with their *iru-mudi-kattu* on the heads, went around the temple inside the community hall. At about 9:45, everyone was ready; the awaiting cars were loaded with things and the *yatris* were systematically dispatched to the Kurla train station, the starting point of our express-train to Ernakulum.

The train station was busy and thanks to the brilliant co-ordination by the team, everything arrived at the right platform and at the right position of the train compartment. A delightful cup of tea was served and just on time, the train arrived at the platform. The *yatris*, as they got into their cabins, raised *sarana-kosham*. As the large contingent of devotees occupied most of the cabin, the curious fellow-passengers were all seen to be happy; this was also evident in the next 24 hours of happy commotion, amidst the divine *bhajans* and spiritual discussions filling the cabin.

Soon the train left the Kurla station and picked-up the momentum on its way towards Ernakulam. It is a very scenic route, passing through different states of South India. Everyone was set to enjoy. After one more verification of luggage and things, the ever active volunteers also took to their seats, with their beaming faces reflecting the sudden relief and accomplishment.



Train journey is a great metaphor for life-travel. The fatigue of preparation and the buzz to reach the train station and the anxiety therein are all thrown away once we occupy our seats. Then onwards, no one carry the luggage on the head; no one is searching for the route to their destination; the train will take its course and safely and surely to the destinations. That ease and confidence are only due to an implicit

transfer of responsibility – it is now the train's duty to take us forward. So is the surrender to the Guru and to the Lord. At their divine feet, we unload our burdens and simply follow the steer with utmost *shradda*, the unshakeable commitment. Only then the journey of life is truly enjoyed.

Gurusami took out the picture of Lord Ayyappan from his bag and kept it near the window where we were sitting. He then did the *aarti* to the Lord; everyone was asked to recite the *sarana-kosham*. One by one, everyone came forward to recite; there was a sweet mix of sound; the tender voice of the children contrasted the deep and intense voice of the ripe and matured; I also happily noticed the sudden seriousness of some of the young men who were full of fun and cracking jokes during the whole trip, stood composed while reciting the *sarana-kosham*. After a while, again the Satsangh gathered and the cabin was filled with the melodious voices of many versatile singers; the inimitable spirit of Prakash for singing came through his enchanting *bhajans*; excellent rendering of *slokas* and *keertanas* by the ladies and uplifting *sarana-kosham* by



Ganesan, moving rendering by Pichai Mama – all was quite engaging.

Equally without fail, everyone's needs were attended to. Food, snacks, tea, coffee, water etc. were distributed at scheduled intervals and on demand, thanks to the volunteers who were ably coordinated by Narayanan, Vignesh, Prakash, Krishnan, Rajesh, Sabarish et al. Lighter moments were the welcoming interludes with jokes and the fond recollections of previous trips etc. Mutual teasing could not be ignored.

Sanakarn Anna and Manni were walking along the cabin, breaking the “big ice” that we had so carefully planted on their heads during the last trip.

Sankaran Anna (elder brother of gurusami Murthy) and his wife do command a special place. With his quick sense of humour, Sankaran Anna offers a great company to everyone. I recalled how everyone was teasing him during the last trip, demanding that his lordship must lead by example; with genuine affection, and equal cheekiness, everyone had placed an ‘ice’ of such inflated praise on his head, in the quest of his blessings to be granted as ‘currency notes’. To prove that it was not forgotten and in their hearts is everyone's interest, both went around the cabin, dishing out 100 Rupee notes, as the token of blessings for the ‘Vishu’, the new years day to everyone. That also set a chain of responses, as many seniors started to give gifts to the youngsters in the spirit of new-year.

Some enjoy *bhajan*; some like spiritual discourses. There are others who prefer the recital of scriptural texts at any time! Of course, for many, any of would do at anytime. In this context, I must mention Mr Swaminathan, alias Swami, who was an inspiration for reciting the scriptural text. Swami is a senior executive in Mumbai; I met him for the first time in this trip; I noted his eloquence in reciting the *Sahasranama* at the community hall. I also noticed, how with his characteristic no-ambiguity, he made it clear to everyone that the recital of scriptural text must be given time, not all the time for singing! Surely recital of Veda is his comfort zone. A vibrant *satsangh* is one where such diversity is always at full display. As long as the spiritual pursuit is uncompromised, having a mix of Bhajans, Sarana-Kosham, Scriptural recital, Vedanta discourses as well as the interlude of harmless social chatter and jokes do make a great pass-time. The train journey proved just that. Seeing the zealous Swami on the scriptural recital, both gurusami and Bala persuaded that he should recite scriptures whenever the occasion demands during the *yatra* and also in other functions in the future. Everyone was happy!

16th April 2018

At about 2 PM, the train arrived at the Ernakulam station. A bus was waiting to take us all to the Samoogam, where we stayed for the night. Samoogam is a charitable foundation located next to three beautiful temples, a Kerala-style Shiva Mandir, a Karnataka-Style Hanuman



Mandir and Tamilnadu Style Murugan Temple. We rested at the Samoogam for an hour or so, and then on the bus, went to Chottanikari Amman Temple. It is a beautiful temple with interesting legends; the main deity Sri Bhagavati Amman is deemed as the alter ego of Kollur Mukambika. The Mother is also worshipped as the manifestations of Lakshmi, Saraswathi and Durga during each day. There is also Kizhakkavu Bhagavathy, Who provides salvation by freeing from the mental agony and stress. We spent about two hours at this glorious temple before returned back to the Samoogam. There were eight more yatris joining at the Samoogam for the *iru-mudi-kattu*.

Gurusami, with the help of others organized the *iru-mudi-kattu* in front of the Lord Ayyappan Sannidhi at the Samoogam hall, which has a very unique picture of Lord Ayyappan. The *iru-mudi-kattu* was performed with utmost sincerity. Prakash, Astro Krishnan, Vignesh et al were helping the gurusami to complete the rituals. It was about 9:20 PM and after light dinner, everyone was resting to rise for the pre-dawn call to go to Sabarimalai.

17th April 2018

At 4AM, I have woken up and had a quick cold shower. Others were also getting up and getting ready. To save time, Bala had advised everyone to take bath at Erumeli but some were able to do at the Samoogam in those early hours.



The Bus started at about 5:45 AM. The *sarana-kosham* reverberated on the ceilings of the bus, adding an extra dimension of resonance; the spirit was high for everyone. When my turn came to recite the *sarana-kosham*, as I have not memorized the divine names that were traditionally called, I have made up a few, with the grace of Lord. RV,

who was besides me, instructed me to complete into 108 divine names and do so before reaching Erumeli. Sanakarn Anna too turned back from his seat to command the same. Who could refuse such a blessings! As the bus was wading through the weaving hills and waving slopes, devotees were singing; I was immersed in seeing the sights, hearing the devotional songs and scribbling on a piece of paper, the 108 divine names of Lord Ayyappa. (See at the end).

Erumeli was reached.

The temple with the big writing of the *maha-vakya* 'tatvamasi' at the entrance is a welcoming sight. At the temple, the Lord reigns as the Dharma Sasta. Nearby are the Vavar Masjid and a small temple from where the devotees start the dancing procession. The tradition is that the

devotees fashion themselves with colour powder, masks and feathers etc. as if they are transformed into the tribes of those forests, who were joyous to serve the army of Lord Ayyappan. As a mark of respect, every devotee transforms into a tribe and to the hired beats of drum, dances along the street to reach the temple. Tradition also is to visit the Vavar Masjid.



Of course, every tradition is questioned. RV had pointed out some research claiming discrepancy in the time-line of Islamic rule and therefore the improbability of Vavar in the days of Lord Ayyappan's avatar on earth. Sankaran Anna who was standing next to me also questioned the need for performing such tribal procession; according to him,

as this is not a scriptural order, it is not a *niyati*.

I could not answer. What is revealed in the scriptures is the truth; so the scriptural instructions are to be obeyed; however, the same scriptural truth is transcoded and imparted in appropriate doses for our consumption through the *smritis*, *puranas* and the traditions, those are to be obeyed too. Such transcoded messages and practices could change over time but as long as those are giving the truth of Veda, those should be nourished.

I find everything in the Ayyappan worship is relevant, catering to all extremes of spiritual maturity. While revealing the essence of Vedanta, the truth of '*tatvamasi*', it also provides for the idol-worship; it has rituals for physical purification; *sarana-kosham* and *bhajan* for the vocal appeal; by kneeling, prostrating, standing, sitting – in every religious form of adoration with singing, dancing, processions, pilgrimage – everything goes with no bar at the religion, caste or creed! Perhaps, the concept of Vavar might have introduced to instil societal harmony! In the same way, tribal dressing and dancing are to break our inhibitions.

Inhibition is a sign of ego. To surrender is to give-up our ego, the false notion of the Self. Generally, it is nice to loosen-up in our postures; in the role play, it is easier to imagine us as someone else and let go our inhibitions. Perhaps the dancing ritual is truly freeing for someone!



Not being a dancer by any chance, I simply watched especially how Astro Krishan's alter ego came out, entertaining and motivating everyone! The procession slowly moved and reached the temple entrance. Another few

minutes of intense drum-beats and dancing followed before we all took showers at the entrance of the temple, changed and went inside for the *darshan*.

The deity at Erumeli is immensely beautiful; one can keep staring at the piercing graceful eyes of the Lord. After an hour at the temple we resumed our journey towards Pamba, the base of our trekking. Soon we crossed the bridge under which the famous Azhtua River was flowing serenely. The *Sarana-kosham* was in full swing. I was witnessing the passing of tall trees and the deep valleys through the window, while contemplating on the divine 18-steps at Sabarimalai.

At about 2PM, we have reached the Pamba river bank. From where we alighted, we needed to cross a small bridge over the Pamba river; with the *iru-mudi-kattu* on the head, everyone ran through the short bridge under the blazing Sun, the bridge was roasting our feet. As the radiation from the ground was so intense, we decided to stay for sometime at the banks of Pamba.

The stream, like many rivers in India, seemed under-nourished and over-abused. The banks were not well preserved; the thin flow of water was meddled with the mess thrown into the water. Some were taking bath, washing clothes. Sad to see how we lack the education to take care of these natural treasures, especially those revered as divine!

We began to walk. At the start, we all prayed at the Ganapati Temple, threw- open a coconut and chanted the divine name of Lord Ayyappa, as the tradition demands. From there, there are



options to trek: one path with built-in steps and the other a winding route that are usually taken by the tractors. We chose the tractor-route and began to walk in small groups. Lakshmi Mami, her sister, little Shreeja and her grandma were coming along with me. In the last trip, some of us took a detour to see ‘Saram-Kutti’, a divine place which according to legend is where the tree on which the arrow of Lord Ayyappan fell, when He wanted to indicate the direction of Sabarimalai, the shrine of Dharma Shasta.

But that detour turned out to be an adventure as we have learnt that not many go through that particular path; it is normally closed for public as there is high probability of wild animals. So this time, we were forewarned to stick to the normal route and not to deviate on any misadventure.

Walking is good and that too when done for a divine purpose, there is a greater joy. I enjoy walking. Although I was murmuring the *sarana-kosham*, my mind seemed restful. There was joy and equally some amazement. I saw many devotees, passing by and walking fast towards the shrine. All are going to see a shrine of hope, a lord of benign grace.

What do these people seek? Health, wealth, peace, children, marriage? There could be infinite number of needs and expectations; how is the Lord going to address everyone’s prayer! Of course He can, but should He? Would He? Or is it his divine play that each of us like a bag of ceaseless desires! Is He not the creator of all! Is He not the cause of all? Then how am I to ask Him for course-corrections? If His will is to make me go through ordeals of life, then I will go through! Why should I ask Him for relief!

Then what I am here for? If not to ask anything, why would anyone take all the effort to come and see the Lord?

Just for that! Just to see Him! The preparations and the pilgrimage are the opportunity to take time for the reappraisal of our life. To refine our wants and desires!

Also I don't know what I should ask! Like a child, when He is ready to give me a treasure of gold, could my haste ask for a lolly-pop instead! Who knows! I have easily proved my foolishness in every walk of my life. So the best thing I have learnt is not to ask! That surely gives such a freedom. It removes a great burden and makes the pilgrimage a pleasure.



With the occasional stops en-route, our group had reached the top of the hill and at the entrance to the temple. In the next hour or so, everyone else also joined. Then with the gurusami leading in front, everyone with the *iru-mudi-kattu* on the head, followed raising the *sarana-kosham* that reverberated under the tall ceiling of the passage. There was not much crowd, perhaps a couple of thousands, way

below the standard at peak days. So within few minutes, we entered the temple. At the entrance, after breaking the coconut as a mark of gratitude for the safe journey so far, we stood in front of the divine 18-steps.

To recall the experience on the 18-steps is immense pleasure but to relay it in words, an impossible task! When your mind is immersed in immense love and thoughts in the divine interpretations of the *sarana-kosham*, and there is a feeling that at the end of the steps, is the ever shining Lord awaiting your arrival, then those steps are not just simple carved hard stones, but your gateway to divinity. Only those with the *iru-mudi-kattu* are allowed to go via the 18-steps. I set my right foot on the first step and then placed the left foot, standing firmly on the every first step. The crowd was at ecstasy, pushing to go forward. I moved to the next step thinking deeply all the loved-ones; there, beyond those 18-steps, is the divinity manifested as the Lord, waiting for me to submit the offerings I carry on everyone's behalf and everyone's prayer for everyone's welfare! There the Lord, sitting in sublime *veerasana*, as the supreme-teacher, in anticipation of my arrival and to impart the truth of Self awaits!

I stepped up. The Sun had already drawn towards the west and the warm-air was changing into cool breeze, splashing all over my face. The policemen were helping elders to climb. I stepped up! What the Lord is doing now, I thought! Is He bathing in the blissful flow of sandal paste! Or soaked in the slivery mist of Vibuthi? Or is He glowing under the flow of ghee? Perhaps He is seated well-dressed and awaiting my arrival.



I too must be prepared, I thought! Let my evil thoughts go! Let my ugly traits drop; let the desires perish; let hatred and bitterness disappear! Let me not ask for anything that does not lead to truth! Let me not complain of any problem. I shall offer myself! With His compassion and duty, let Him offer Himself into me! Thinking thus, I climbed. The sound of 'Swami Saranam Ayyappa Saranam' was echoing everywhere. I was almost at the 18th step. The policeman gently pulled my hand as I got on to the top of the step, firmly gripping my *iru-mudi* from slipping.

There He was, the Lord Sabarimalai Ayyappan at a not-so-far place, sitting with the twinkle in His eyes. That lasted only for a few seconds as the rushing crowd in front blocked my view. I could only see some flickering light. As everyone pushing, I moved and joined the long queue. I remember during the last trip, Prakash was behind me in the queue, constantly pouring enchanting bhajans into my ears, so filled I was that when I finally stood before the Lord, I felt that I have been transported in a celestial cart over the sky, soaked in *deva-gaana*! As you queue, you could see all the mountains around the Sabarimalai, and it does give a feeling of flying over the sky! This time, I missed Prakash. He must be somewhere in the queue I thought. Finally, I had my chance to stand in front of the Lord, witnessing His ghee abhishekam. Although the tenure was brief, the joy was immense.

Everyone assembled at the side of the temple, then visiting every *sannidhi*, we went around the temple and then back to the hotel where we have booked for overnight stay. It was already dark then. Under the instruction of the gurusami, some were sorting out the *iru-mudi-kattu*. The ghee was collected and submitted to the temple for abhishekam. The *vibuthi*, kumkum, sandal etc. were also sorted. In the meantime, dinner was being arranged.

I wanted to go and see the Lord again. I took a manuscript of verses that I have composed on Lord Ayyappan, and inside was a copy of the marriage invitation of my daughter. I wanted to submit those at the divine feet of the Lord. Such sentiments have no rational value but it does give a sense of completion. The crowd had not thinned. Without *iru-mudi-kattu*, one cannot go via the 18-steps so I reached the Sannidhi via another path. The crowd was still pushing. This time, I could see the Lord for more time. Yet, I could not reach closer to him. I tried to gain the attention of the Namboodris but in vain. After spending about 45 minutes, I returned back to the hotel. Although I was happy, there was a little anxiety for not able to offer my verses at His divine feet. Seeing my return, everyone enquired about my whereabouts as the dinner was being served.

18th April 2018

I got up early only to find out some of the devotees have already left for the temple. Others were preparing. The plan was to perform *puja* at Malligaipurathu Amman, then Swami *dharshan* and pay respects to Mel Shanti, the reverential priest and then to complete the prayers at the temple.

I was at the entrance of the hotel when Pichai mama came towards me. Fondly calling me, he said, 'Ayyappa, please can you take me to the temple?'. I gladly obliged.

Pichai mama must be 75 years old or more. A veteran, he has been to Sabarimalai more than 40 times. A very pious man, with a good sense of humour, and reputable standing among the devotees, Pichai mama is easily likable. Although he has some physical ailments, his enthusiasm is high; his energy for the *Sabarimalai yatra* is utterly infectious. At once I held his fragile left hand with my right and walked towards the temple. The manuscript was in my other hand. After



a couple of steps of walking with him, I realized the speed in which Pichai mama was walking. In fact, anyone could easily perceive that he was the one pulling me!

The crowd was still on at the temple. As soon as we entered the temple, Mama did not go towards the queue instead to the security guard at the main door. Joining both hands as offering *namaskar*, he called the security-officer, 'Ayyappa, please, please let me go through, I am old'.

One glance was enough for the security-guard, to let mama and me to wade through the queue and via centre gate into the inner sanctum. There were few people in front. Mama was ahead of me, his left hand still was held by my right and the manuscript under tucked under my arm. As we moved couple of steps, there was another security guard who was pushing everyone around.

He pulled us out asked us to move to side queue. Mama pleaded to him again. I tried too but he was not taking anything. Suddenly we were diverted into a side queue. Grief was about to moot me, but presto! Mama and I were actually in the small queue reaching to the Kanni Mula Ganapathi Sannidhanam which is on the right side of the Swami Sannidhi! Mama turned to me with a smile. 'Look, We have to see Vinayagar first, That is why we are pushed to the queue!'. My joy had no bounds! Who am I to question the outcome of anything!

I stood in front of Kanni Mula Ganapathi, the manifestation of Maha Shakti to dispel all our fear and grief! Mama was praying silently for while and we joined the queue. After about 10 minutes, both of us were at the very front of the Lord. I forgot all the noises around and the shouting of security to move away. Mama kept saying 'see, see' etc. I was staring. Nothing to pray. Nothing to ask. I was simply looking at the Lord. Then I was suddenly jolting as the Namboodri pulled the manuscript from my arm. Perhaps, the beautiful Ayyappan picture on the manuscript attracted him. I had no clue. There the manuscript, and the inserted invitations falling at the divine feet of the Lord. The Namboodri, took the papers, placed a leaf and *maha-prasadam* on top of the leaf and dropped the heavenly bundle on my hands. I wept as I moved out of the queue. Mama was behind. I turned to him. There again, the fragile Pichai Mama, folding both his hands as if he is doing *namaskarams* said, 'Ayyappa, thanks so much for taking me'. I was not sure if I should cry or laugh! Who brought who! I offered my *namaskarams* to Pichai Mama. I told him, 'You are the one who brought me here! You are the one made me see the Lord, You are the one that I am blessed to go with this morning!'. In his characteristic humility, he brushed my words and smiled. He gave his hand for me to hold. He then wanted to go to Malligapuratthu Amman where others must also be performing puja.

Malligapuratthu Amman is the sanctum of Maha Shakti. There are number of legends one being that the Devata is forever fancying to marry Lord Ayyappa and therefore standing in penance. She blesses everyone who aspires for married life, to be happily married and lead a righteous life. There are also many rituals. Some role the whole coconuts as they go around the deity. A blouse-piece is normally offered to Amman, and in return, it is given back with Her divine blessings for happy married life. During my last trip, RV had explained all these. To my pleasant surprise, in the last trip, the priest at the Amman Sannidhi, gave me a blouse-piece with Prasad. Rejoiced and now unexpectedly, my daughter having engaged, I wanted to offer a special prayer of gratitude. I also wanted Her blessings to my close friends, those who seek the divine grace and the boon of matrimony in their families. I have brought some blouse-pieces in that context. Mama and I went to the Sannidhi. There the Ambal was clad in golden dress with the crescent moon on the fore-head, glowing as the most beautiful maiden-mother.



After prayers, we met others from the group, each performing their worship to the heart-content. Pichai Mama wanted to go to the hotel. After leaving him at the hotel safely, I wandered around the temple for one more time. I was elated. Last night, I went to bed with an iota of anxiety that I was not able to submit my work at the divine feet. The

next morning, in the form of Pichai Mama, I was driven to the very goal, filling me with whatever I had asked for! Swamiye Saranam Ayyappa.

Prakash, Bala, SV and others had been waiting for me as they have arranged to meet with the chief priest. Although I missed, I narrated my experience to their joy and content. Later, we all performed *namaskarams* to the gurusami, collected the *maha-prasadhams* and got ready for the descend from Sabarimalai. A ceremonial coconut has to be broke-open when departing from the temple. We all did that, and after taking some photographs in front of the divine 18-steps, with heavy hearts, laden with profound happiness, we started to walk down towards Pamba, chatting about each one's experience.



I looked at Smt. Gomati again.

‘Just to have that experience of freedom I come. For me spirituality is to dedicate the time for oneself, to truly remove the notion of I, from this body, from this mind, from all the little bindings in the name of *my* or *mine*. Such renunciation strangely does not make one to lose anything but to gain everything. At least that is what I have learnt. A taste of it is surely possible in the *Sabarimalai yatra*’.

She did not respond except nodding her head indicating total acceptance, and her total absorption.

Later after reaching Ernakulum, and upon removing the ritual mala by the hands of the gurusami, I left for my return-travel, after bidding good-bye to the wonderful *satsangh*. I can’t wait for the next one! An Year is not far in time! After all, is not the time and space, a mere magic of the mind!



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Sarana Kosham

1. harihara sudhaṇē aiyappā
2. durita nācaṇā aiyappā
3. parama dayālā aiyappā
4. smaraṇa kalāpā aiyappā
5. bhūta nātaṇē aiyappā
6. vēda sāramē aiyappā
7. satya jōtiyē aiyappā
8. nitya kāraṇā aiyappā
9. carāṇa tāyakā aiyappā
10. parama bhāvaṇā aiyappā
11. bhuvaṇa bhōṣaṇā aiyappā
12. bhava vinācaṇā aiyappā
13. kari varāsaṇa aiyappā
14. ari vimarttanā aiyappā
15. carāṇa kīrttaṇā aiyappā
16. praṇava tatparā aiyappā
17. abhaya tāpakā aiyappā
18. ubhaya vantaṭā aiyappā
19. bhaktar mōhaṇa
20. citta shōtaṇa aiyappā
21. shōka nācaṇa aiyappā
22. yōga sāsana aiyappā
23. ātma nātaṇē aiyappā
24. advai tānta aiyappā
25. aṇbiṇ uruvē aiyappā
26. āṇmak karuvē aiyappā
27. iṇbak katalē aiyappā
28. īshap porulē aiyappā
29. munniru jōti aiyappā
30. mūlap pīrapuvē aiyappā
31. sāttirat taruvē aiyappā
32. shāstā guruvē aiyappā
33. nēttiran tirantāy aiyappā
34. nirmala vativē aiyappā
35. kāttaruṭ cutarē aiyappā
36. karpakat taruvē aiyappā
37. tōttirap piriya aiyappā
38. tōyntenaip pārāy aiyappā
39. vāyrtaruḷ nitiyē aiyappā
40. vara sannidiyē aiyappā
41. nōycku maruntē aiyappā
42. nōrpār viruntē aiyappā
43. vāytta parasukhamē aiyappā
44. vāvar tunaiyē aiyappā
45. vīrā saṇattu vimalā aiyappā
46. nērā yākkum niḷalē aiyappā
47. vārāy enavul varavē aiyappā
48. pārāy ennaip parivē aiyappā
49. paṭikaṭan tālum palaṇē
50. katiemak kāṇa kalaiyē aiyappā
51. sabari malaiyālum sadguruvē aiyappā
52. aparimita māṇa arputamē aiyappā
53. vīrā saṇattamarum vēlē aiyappā
54. kūrā maraiyamutak kuriyē aiyappā
55. virisatai makutamani vīrā aiyappā
56. karisaṇak karuṇaivilik kāntā aiyappā
57. urratuṇai yāreṇukku uyirē aiyappā
58. parraviḷac ceytu pārīkkum aiyappā
59. mālaiyāy ennuḷ malarntāy aiyappā
60. sōlai nāyakā sundarā aiyappā
61. ātāramāki arulum aiyappā
62. pātāra vintap parasukhamē aiyappā
63. bhutāti nātap pūraṇaṇē aiyappā
64. vēdāti ṇāṇa vilaiyamutē aiyappā
65. karpakat taruvāṇa karicaṇamē aiyappā
66. narparan tarumuntaṇ darisaṇamē aiyappā
67. aṇṇāṇat tiraiyai akarruvāy aiyappā
68. meṇṇāṇac cutarāy milirvāy aiyappā
69. mummala vittin mūlaiyaruppāy aiyappā
70. emmatamum ērkum elilē aiyappā
71. dēkap piniyāvum tīrppāy aiyappā
72. ūṇap pīraviyirul olippāy aiyappā
73. pīraṇamaya kōcap perunalamē aiyappā
74. maṇōmaya kōca maṇi vilakkē aiyappā
75. ṇāṇamaya māṇa nallarivē aiyappā
76. naliyāta āṇanta narcukamē aiyappā
77. kulattup pulaiyālum kulakā aiyappā
78. nalattaik tantarulum nātā aiyappā
79. āriyaṇ kāvin aiyā aiyappā
80. adiyār viḷuppa amutē aiyappā
81. acchaṇ kōvil arasē aiyappā
82. aramēvu erimēli āntāy aiyappā

83. pampai tīrap parimalamē aiyappā
84. umbar maṇikkicaiyum uyarvē aiyappā
85. nīlamalai kadanta nittiyamē aiyappā
86. sāla arul kūttum sattiyaṁē aiyappā
87. appācci mēttūrnta arulē aiyappā
88. eppōtum kākkum elilē aiyappā
89. sabaripīṭac satsukhamē aiyappā
90. caraṅkutti vaḷikāttum shaāstā
91. patinen paṭiyālum pakavāṇ aiyappā
92. bhaktar maṇamālum bālā aiyappā
93. kaṇṇi mūla gaṇapatiyē aiyappā
94. kākayarum kēkayarum kāṇum aiyappā
95. karutta sāmik karpūram aiyappā
96. kāttaruḷap pūṭta kavimalarē aiyappā
97. mālikā purattammaṇ maṇiyē aiyappā
98. nākāti rāja narporulē aiyappā
99. muṇṇē eḷunta mutalē aiyappā
100. eṇṇai irtta elilē aiyappā
101. nannīr abhiishēka nātā aiyappā
102. paṇṇīr poliyum parivē aiyappā
103. neyyābishēka nilaiyē aiyappā
104. poyyāp pūraṇap polivē aiyappā
105. svāmiyē saraṇam saraṇam aiyappā
106. sadguru nātā saraṇam aiyappā
107. svāmiyē saraṇam saraṇam aiyappā
108. saraṇam saraṇam saraṇam aiyappā

