

The Significance of the Chariot



Today, we embark on a journey to unveil the secrets hidden within the spokes of Nandi Gosh, the chariot etched in legend.

The human body, a chariot named Nandi Gosh, races forth, its four senses – steeds of sight, sound, touch, and taste/smell - wild and untamed. Yet, the indwelling warrior grips the reins of the mind, guided by the intellect's steady hand, charting a course through life's ever-shifting terrain.

White horses of the senses charge forth, pure channels for the satvic soul within. Arjuna, a vessel of witnessing, observes the scene, while Lord Krishna, the intellect, masterfully wields the reins of the mind. Though victory seems Arjuna's, it is the charioteer's silent hand that guides each move, the intellect orchestrating the mind's dance, and the mind directing the senses, both of knowledge and action. A symphony of being, where the Self witnesses, the intellect leads, and the senses, like loyal steeds, carry out the divine will.

Even the fiercest stallion needs a steady hand on the reins. Though Karna's prowess in battle was undeniable, perhaps even surpassing Arjuna's, victory can be elusive when the mind guiding the senses is consumed by turmoil. Shalya, burdened by his own inner demons, may have inadvertently steered the hero towards a tragic fate. The battlefield is a crucible, where not just physical might but also mental clarity determines the victor.

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In this grand drama, Karna's defeat reminds us that even the most skilled warrior can falter when their chariot is driven by shadows.

Let Ishava be your guiding map, its wisdom etched upon your soul. Breathe in Ishvara Bhavana, the divine breath that informs every choice. Before each step, before each utterance, seek Ishvara's counsel, a silent symphony within your being. For in that sacred space, decisions bloom, not from fleeting desires, but from the fertile ground of inner knowing. Let Ishava be your compass, your anchor, your ever-present light, illuminating the path to a life lived in harmony with the divine.

Forget the clash of armies. The real battleground's inside you. It's duty versus desire, a tug-of-war in your mind. No fancy chariots, just you and the reins of your senses. Don't let cravings lead you astray like Karna, listen to your duty instead. It's your steady charioteer, guiding you through life's twists and turns. Let go of those noisy desires, the ones that promise quick thrills but leave you empty. In the quiet hum of doing what's right, the chatter fades, and truth, like a gentle friend, reveals its secrets. No need for grand gestures, just the steady pull of your inner compass, the quiet nudge towards what's good. Win this war, not for trophies or applause, but for the peace within. When the dust settles, you won't find a victor's crown, but a heart that knows its path, a truth finally understood. Simple, quiet, and yours.