

# **Struggle of a Spirit**

(Thought Stimulating and Autobiographical Account of a Ghost)

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## **Preface**

In this world of all sorts of living beings, the human life is precious, full of intellect and creative talent, complete with almost all human qualities. Suicide is an abuse to such gifted human life. It is a denial of all wonderful human qualities and it amounts to mockery of the life which is gifted to human being by nature. One who commits suicide has no right to destroy his life, and thus he wrongly abets others to take such a drastic steps just to find easy escape from life, rather than bearing all its pangs and living a full length life, though suffering inevitably and being crushed at the hands of the circumstances.

One who ends one's life or even thinks of going to such an extreme extent under a turbulence of desperation or depression, completely forgetting that he or she is wasting the precious life given by providence for living in human body form, and uselessly dying without realizing the real values of life and one's inherent unimaginable capabilities.

My efforts here are to just probe into the trauma of a suicidal urge and explain as to what is lost and what is gained in the course of suicidal death while the soul in the body, or the

indweller and innermost mind, remains awake forever, watching how the cursed body is functioning. Forget not that the life is ultimately bound by a cycle of birth and rebirth; but one does not know this eternal truth.

Though my efforts may not root out the problem, still I believe that these efforts of mine will prove a path-finder to drive away the evil thought of suicide which often creeps into the weak mind of frustrated people, and particularly the young minds which have to shape the society and the world being inhabited by them. I am sincerely concerned about the people committing suicide due to frustration caused by illness, failures and various other reasons. In the present situation, the problem of suicide by the youths and students community is also causing a grave concern to me. The tendency towards suicide reflects the mental weakness and lack of courage in an individual. However, a psychological approach to the problem may help overcome it, and life may be saved.

What to say more, I myself once got out of similar trauma that had engulfed me. While I was passing through such a trauma, I received the support of my new friend, Dinesh Bodhankar, who urged me to join a meditation camp at Igatpuri, near Mumbai,

and I did it successfully under the guidance of Kalyan Mitra Satyanarayan Goyenka.

Resultantly, my mind-set got changed; there occurred a total transformation of my mind, and naturally-- the transformation of my life, with a tremendous positive outlook. All negative and nervous thoughts got washed away since then from my mind and a new light crept into my life and I decided to survive, facing all difficulties, come what may. This is the reason why I decided to write this book with a view to do something for the good of others.

This book contains more of noble thoughts of thinkers rather than my own contribution. The ideas of all religions have been accommodated in it with an attempt to guide the frustrated ones who tend to end their lives. I believe, all readers of this book will be benefited to some extent.

I am thankful to all those whose ideas I have quoted in this book. Last but not the least, I am thankful to Dr Indrapal Singh Uikey who translated my work into English. I am also thankful to Ms Varsha Milind Fulzele who had translated my original work (Hindi) into Marathi.

**G Prakash**

Nagpur, dated 15.5.2005

*Dear Mummy-Daddy,*

*This is my last 'pranam' to you. May the parents like you come into existence in respect of all children, but God forbid, may the spoilt son like me not be born to any parents. I know that I have been giving you pains and pangs all the time, but I now want to give no more trouble to you, and I want to finish myself.*

*I have been always unsuccessful and ruined in the walk of life, and such a being has no right to live. I know that my death will again cause you pain and acute grief, but I am extremely sorry. I am grateful to you for bearing me with my shortcomings for all these years. Now, I am ending herewith. Bye!*

*Yours,  
Anand.*

When he (Anand) wrote the aforesaid letter, he was fully exhausted and tired, dejected and nervous. In a pensive mood, closing his eyes, he, lazing on an easy chair, fell into short sleep. And, right above his head was hanging a noose, waiting for him to strangle. He was almost determined to embrace the noose, but there occurred a miracle. His room started reeking with unexpected fragrance, enveloping me into tranquility. The fragrance embalmed me so much that he landed into a state of trance, a magical spell, and a holy spirit haunted the room, registering its presence. It was the spirit of his younger uncle, who had once upon a time committed suicide in the same room. He then started writing again in clear and legible writing, easily readable.... (as follows).

Dear Anand,

One day I suddenly woke up and found myself alone locked in a room. I noticed that the tables were arranged in a series, and a fan was hanging over me in a shut-down condition, under which I was sitting. Right in front of me there was a big size black-board of green colour. The room appeared to be situated in an isolated place and also like a centre for some divine bliss and peace.

I was deeply realizing the silence that prevailed in my wide spread school premises, for I loved silence and my school as well as everything belonging to it. I had been closely associated with every part of my school including its teachers and its playground, library or laboratory, etc. I most liked the school principal, D U Nathani, for he had framed a rule for students to stand in silence just for two minutes, after the school prayer. The practice of observing silence was so wonderful that it created the environment of divine peace and serenity, and even the presence of the school students was dissolved in the silence for a while. The silence had its own unique music, however interrupted by the chirping of birds, and I liked it most. Such a wonderful was my Sindhi Hindi School. The impact of silence was formed upon me so much that I always remained in search of that silence and peace.

Once upon a time, I used to be a tiny tot, trudging the school premises, considering the school something like a museum, for every moment at school was full of thrill, various amazing experiences and listening to interesting stories. However, I always remained filled with enthusiasm, self-confidence and interest. I played at the school ground and enjoyed sighting the

butterflies. I used to target my schoolmates with the stones of berry, lying on the ground of school-premises. I enjoyed my school days so much that I cherished the memories of the days for a longer time to come ahead.

But, I was shocked to suddenly find myself alone in that room, that day. I became terrified and perplexed. Full of fear, I could not understand the entire situation as to why I was remaining locked in a room. Desperate as I was, I ran towards door of the room and tried to open it, but it could not. As I ran towards the room-window, and with the support of a bench when I tried to peep out, I surprisingly found myself on the open verandah. I became doubly terrified.

Frightened, I started stepping homeward, fast and fast. It struck 10 in the morning and the sun was clear. I found that the whole street I was trudging along was full of known people. I was unable to understand as to why each and every known face was neglecting me by throwing their sight away from me. Crossing at least three turns on the street leading to my house, I noticed a small group of people moving towards my house where a large crowd of men and women was noticeably present in advance. Tearing apart the crowd, when I rushed into the courtyard of



house, I noticed a dead body wrapped in white cloth lying on the floor. I noticed that my mother, taking the head of the body into her lap, was wailing for the irreparable loss. She was excessively aggrieved, sometimes beating her breasts and pulling her hair in utter despair. I also became grief stricken and broke into tears. Though it was my own body dead, I was unable to recognize it quite for some time. I always had viewed myself in mirror, and such was the first experience to view myself in the form of my death, totally detached from body consciousness.

I fell into speculation between my material body and my conscious self. I asked myself, 'Who am I? Whether a part the body lying in front of me or something totally different?' I had remained associated with that body for 25 years, as its part and parcel, but now I had lost my identity with the body. Having remained attached with the body over a long period of time, I found that I was waiting for the loss more than others around the body were doing so. But, the difference was that I was wailing without hugging others, as is done by humans in society. I realized that my mother, who got flooded with tears and grief and who was hugging the dead body of mine, must have hugged me and wept innumerable times during my life time, all for her

love and sympathy towards me. Today, I was just an eye witness to what all was happening. Within my inner world, I was compelled to speculate whether I was wrong and guilty of committing suicide, whether I was accused of all, and a sinner.

I started repenting on my act (suicide). I wished, perchance I could come back to life. I tried to approach my body (dead) in my attempt to re-enter it and resurrect to the surprise of all, but in vain. I also thought that if it came true I would take an oath not to commit the mistake again. But, my folly was not acceptable to the Almighty. I remained as an unpardonable sinner.

Throwing glance all around, I noticed that those who had gathered around me were getting ready to dispose of my body and completing all formalities required for the funeral. Many had gathered over there as a social courtesy and bid me last adieu. All was just too soon become the past, forgotten past, and the body was to reduce to dust.

Soon, I was lifted up with a bier to be taken to the pyre for last rites. I broke into tears at the sight of my grieving mother and sister clinging to my bier to stop my last journey, for they did not accept by death as I was the only hope of light for them in

the family, the only male member for their familial survival and support, yet I could not live to their expectations, and did commit suicide. After a great effort, they were consoled by the elders and taken off the bier, and the funeral procession then moved on to its destination. Those following the procession started making ritual chanting like '*ram-nam satya hai, satya bolo gat hai*' and marching ahead with gloomy tunes of music band. I found that my bier was being lent support of the shoulders of my friends and relatives may be with willing compulsion for honour to dead man.

Someone has right said, 'Every man is necessarily honoured at least thrice in life—one at when he is born, second time when he gets married and the third time when he dies. The last honor makes assessment of the entire life of man in terms of the quality of life and all his relations with others, all that he did for others, good or bad.' I realized that though my life must have not been useful to others, but nobody was harmed by me, and this self-realization remained as a satisfaction for me.

I always believed that the man, who most fortunately comes to life in human form, must not harm others and do good to others, for his deeds become the deciding factor for his life's

assessment by others, whereby he acts wisely and does good deeds in this world.

When my body reached the crematorium, like others I also had the last sight of my dead body, and then body was put on pyre, lit in flames, to be reduced to dust in no time. I realized, the building of life requires a long time and painstaking efforts, but it is ended within no time. Somebody has rightly pointed out, 'Life is temporal and momentary, and therefore one should not keep much attachment with the life.' This however does not mean that one should not hate life and destroy it, repenting, as I did.

I was not watching the pyre in leaping flames for the first time that day. I used to often visit the Ghat (crematorium) whenever I was in a pensive mood. The sight of dead bodies burning in flames and reducing into ashes was not new to me.

Habitually watching such a situation, I launched my search for newer meaning.

I was unable to face the people who used ask me the same question, “What are you doing these days? Have you got some job ?” I used remain away from home to avoid the repetition of question. I preferred lonely places to pass time, and grave yard happened to be the most suitable place to pass time at.

The final day of quitting the world had arrived. That day my father scolded me severely on the plight of remaining unemployed. He blatantly said to me, ‘Why do you not go out and do some labour-work or jump into well and die?’ His words added fuel to the fire within me. I was badly hurt, and decided to choose the latter option, the ultimate solution to the problem. And, on the night of the very day, I committed suicide by hanging myself with support of a rope.

That day, I found myself standing on the dead end of my life, there was no turn back from there. It was impossible for me to live in the same form, still I remained confined to a dark cell.

Finding helpless from all corners, I remained hapless and useless. Who could be any other man than me in the world who was almost dead, yet alive? I realized that death cannot bring liberation, yet I chose the path of death and made a great mistake.

I started feeling that I must be undergoing the sufferings for deeds done in previous births, and though my body was about perish, my mind was not. Remaining conscious about the inner soul, I thought whether I the form which was described by Lord Krishna, ie, 'you are the soul, the Brahmaswaroopa, whom no fire can destroy, no water can drench, and no weapon can cut; you are the infinite truth, unborn and eternal, shaswat and anantswaroopa, the nityanandswaroopa. Why are you afflicted by grief caused by the idea of death? Remain in eternal joy, supreme bliss, parmanand.' I got filled with the light of knowledge, and felt released by the attachment of the material and perishable world round me. I realized that I was the eternal

power, detached from the mundane attractions. I found myself in the form of a spirit, watching the role of my body and the world which was binding it.

-4-

Dear Anand,

There is death after life, but not the species of ghosts, or the world of ghosts, and it was revealed by the untimely death of my sister. In case of mine, I was suffering the punishment of committing suicide. I accepted this truth as was done by Lord Buddha about 2500 years ago. There is a definite cause of sorrow, but also there is way to get out of it.

In my search for the duration between life and death, I thought I should not get caught again in the cycle of birth.

I could easily understand all things of changing world, all by virtues of previous births. All my sensation was in full form, and I had got divine insight. Even the sorrow caused by parting

of my sister had changed into joy. I was overjoyed that she had got totally redeemed, from the sufferings of both the worlds.

Here comes true what the sages have said, 'One who knows that truth of the mundane world and body, he becomes redeemed. Detached life always helps one in finding redemption, liberation from the bondage of cycle of birth and death. The total redemption ushers new path for rebirth, but only after all virtues get faded away.

In the form of spirit, I remained filled with unique experiences of earth and that of ether. The irony of my life had been that I struggled against losing the life since its birth. I sincerely wish that no man should ever fall in this labyrinth. And this is what my advice to you through my own experience is.

-5-

My dear Anand,

It is rightly said that the labor or Endeavour does not get wasted. It yields fruit, though late, if not early. The basic nature of my mind started changing. I started getting tuned to being rather than doing something. As the mind is inclined to doer ship, every human lives with the ego of 'I and my' and dies with the



same notion. Lastly, such an inclination become his noose, and creates a hurdle on the way to his complete death. I was relieved of such an inclination, and could move any where like wind with no restriction of any sort. Nothing could stop me, and nothing could deter me. I could pass through any medium, what so ever. How difficult it is get born in human form, which is not at the hands of man. A life to which needs to be born has to pass through several births. To be born as a human being needs certain qualifications and also the grace of supreme power. Thus, it needs to be in harmony with the nature and the blessings of the nature. As regards me, I had developed a passion to be born as a human being, just to get bound by the cycle of birth and death.

I felt very light when I got ready to get liberated from the internal conflict, with a new beginning. I started practicing to attain liberation, I made it my aim.

-6-

Really, life is subject to change, and everything changes. Nothing remains constant. My entire dear and near ones got parted away from me, all by their turn. All my friends and close

relatives had passed away by their generations. Their departure was scheduled by the time. It was I alone who got held up in the form of spirit, unbound by time and space. It was punishment to me for acting against the natural course of nature.

I wish that you should not commit the same mistake. May you not fall into undesirable activities and miss the mark of relativity; and may you not remain unborn! May you restrain yourself from suicide! With such wishes I got this story of mine written at your hands. O dear, get me a chance for such a virtue!

-7-

Dear child,

Suicide is not the solution to any problem. It is a whim or a sudden impulse from within that destroys the precious life. What is the sense in condemning life when no life can ever escape the world of sufferings even after death? By way of suicide, man cannot get rid of sorrows. Remember, the mind-set and all its impressions play vital role during commission of the crime as well as sin like suicide; and the same mind-set and impressions are carried forward to the next life after suicidal death. It simply means that one who commits suicide due to sorrow or

frustration, cannot get liberated from the burden of living. Escaping from difficulties or problems means escaping from oneself. As all difficulties or problems are to be inevitably faced by every body born, no escape can make one free. The wisdom lies in facing the difficulties or problems boldly, with courage, for there is solution hidden in the difficulty or problem itself.

The idea of suicide cannot provide solution to the problem of competition or race. It is by mistake you consider suicide a necessary part of life. Whenever you want to choose anything, first choose yourself, and kick the competition or race. Go to green fields or green forest to find peace and solace. Start a life without any competition. Forget not that there also is a life, sans joys and amenities of life, sans affluence or prosperity, living in the lap of nature and is full of joy. Consider yourself a part of the vast nature around you. William Wordsworth has rightly pointed out, 'Nature is our best friend in the situation of grief or sorrow. If we approach it, we are entertained by it, and our heavy heart and restless mind become light.'

Just realize how beautiful place the world is to live in! The world is full of its unique beauty, and it is not the place to escape from or live in isolation. If you have a clear vision, it will

help you in building and shaping the circumstances to suit to your need.

Spare some time and see, how lush green as well as beautiful the earth is! The more close you remain to it, the more happy you will be. Mix up with nature and enjoy its company.

Have you ever turned back and examined yourself? Never compare yourself with others; it is foolishness to do so. The comparison develops inferiority complex which is the worst enemy of any one. It defiles one's vision and also corrupts the mind and conscience. The competitive tendency begets jealousy, enmity, cruelty, inhumanness, over ambitiousness and loss of moral values. Due to all this, there breaks out clash, conflict and war, for no good to others as well as to the self. The educational system must also be sans any competition or high ambitions.

It is advisable to live a life without much concern to success or defeat. You should live detached from loss or gain. It is possible only when you keep on doing your duty without expecting its result since its beginning. Do any work or act with love and dedication that is all.

Dear Anand, become humble and exhibit humility. Your strength lies in remaining flexible or adjustable, and not in being

strong, hard and rigid. Be watchful to the thought process within, and stick to the healthy thoughts. Criticism, that too destructive criticism is a dangerous habit one inculcates. Develop healthy or constructive criticism and tolerance for others. Your mind should be pure and simple, and disallow any evil design to creep into the mind.

Child, become independent and free. Living with the memories of the past is necessary, but do not struggle with the past. It however does not mean that you should remain stuck up to the past, for the past is past, a gone by factor of time; it cannot become present in which you have to live. Be careful about the life and its ways and do not get misled by whims.

Start clearly understanding your intentions and feelings; you will find that the complications get sorted out easily. Remember, external beauty is never permanent, unlike the inner joy and enthusiasm. We must pay attention to inner existence and inbuilt personality as well as inherent qualities. The inner force has strength to outwit the external force, like self-confidence has strength to withstand or defeat external attacks. Dhyan-samadhi may prove very supportive factor in this direction. Develop self-confidence and will-power.

The mind I am repeatedly referring to is a wonderful thing. It is easy as well as complex. We make it complex by innumerable psychological pressures, and there sprouts a tree of inner conflicts and various types of sorrow, revolt and tendency to amass more and more. Keep your mind under control to derive peace and satisfaction. Peaceful and ever awake mind is a boon for the life. But, if you possess a mind which does not generate comparison, competition and criticism, etc, you are blessed with all sorts of progressive qualities.

Remain hard-working and drive away the laziness or sloth or indolence, for all these constitute a sort of violence which is self-inflicting. Laziness brings death for a living being. Hard work will always maintain your health of mind and the body as well.

Remember, limited wants are joy for ever while unlimited wants and uncontrolled desires lead to ruin. Never hate the lowly people, love them, serve them and help them, for every one is born low or poor, if not in wealth, at least in terms of mental or physical health and the mindset. Be careful about your health and let not your emotions overpower you and make you slave.

Never fear, fight against fear with courage and overcome it. Eat well, exercise well and discipline yourself well. Remain vigilant about the role of your body and that of the mind which is like a monkey.

I am sure by now a tremendous transformation must have taken place in you, keep it up. May you live long!

With sincere feelings,  
Unfortunately yours,  
Premchand Atmaram  
(Suicide victim)

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Writing all this, the pen slipped off his hand, and he got freed from a tightening hold and a hypnotic spell, and he suddenly landed into deep sleep, laying his head on the writing desk, while the noose still kept hanging above his head, and drifting in the air.

Alas! Passing through a gloomy dark night, he was heading towards a new dawn. The dark night had come to devour a depressed life, but there pierced through his room a beam of life-giving light, a force, and his life-ferry got on to the shore. Let us note here that life is a precious gift to any human being, and the life must be saved at all cost.