

## JITANDRIYA

**Screen shows Bhagavan's photograph along with Mother Easwaramma**

**Participating children enter the scene, take pada namaskar, and exit the scene**

**Narrator:** Om Sri Sai Ram. Invoking the Divine blessings of our most beloved Swami, we the children of the Anderson Sai Center present a short skit entitled "**Jitandriya**" as a humble offering at His Divine Lotus Feet.

Jitandriya means the "one who has conquered the senses". It is also one of the names of Gautama Buddha and Hanuman. This skit is inspired by **Chinna Kathas**, meaning "short stories", which Bhagavan often includes in His discourses to effectively convey the purport of His teachings.

**Narrator:** Ranga was born and educated in an urban city of India, and he loved the outdoors. It inspired him to pursue poetry, in which he excelled and earned world acclaim. However, he felt a deep void in his life, and often wondered about the true purpose of life. One day a poem arose in his mind...

**Ranga:**        *Life is given to each human being  
For a very special purpose indeed.  
This secret each human being  
Must discover to be freed.*

**Narrator:** After some contemplation, Ranga decided to recede to a nearby forest in search of this secret. There he spent most of his time in meditation. Ranga was sincere in his spiritual pursuits and people at the ashram considered him as a sage, rather than as a poet. Several years passed by, and **Ranga was still in pursuit of the answer to the true purpose of life.**

**Narrator:** A prince was wandering through the forest and suddenly lost his way when he found himself at the entrance of the ashram. Ranga offered him water and some fruits, and the prince was pleased by the courteous manner in which he was welcomed.

**Prince:** I am pleased by your kindness, but I wish to meet the head of your ashram.

**Ranga:** Sir, I'm Ranga. I'm the head of the ashram. It is said that a guest is God Himself. Please tell me who are you, and where do you come from?

**Prince:** O revered one, I'm Jitandriya and come from the kingdom of Jitandriya.

**Ranga:** Oh, I see. May I know the names of your parents?

**Prince:** They are Jitandriya too! All citizens of my kingdom are Jitandriyas.

**Ranga:** Hmm... how is that possible? Both a king and the prince are Jitandriya, and the entire kingdom is Jitandriya? I'm going to find out!

**Narrator:** The sage thinks to himself that such a kingdom cannot exist where all citizens have conquered their senses. So he decides to visit the kingdom of Jitandriya to verify what the prince said.

**Ranga:** My dear prince, I would like to visit your kingdom to confirm what you described. Will you please wear these ochre robe and stay at the ashram while I visit your kingdom with your royal clothes?

**Narrator:** The prince agreed to the request of Ranga the sage and handed over his royal clothes. The sage put some red spots on the royal clothes to mimic the blood stains. As the sage entered the kingdom of Jitandriya he was welcomed by the guards. The sage told them that he was the bearer of sad news, and he should meet with the king. The guards permitted him, and the sage was greeted by the minister.

**A chair is rolled onto the stage for the minister to be seated....**

**Ranga:** O wise minister, a tiger killed the prince while he was wandering in the forest. See here are the prince's blood stained clothes.

**Narrator:** The minister smiled and said....

**Minister:** Oh, is that so? It is sad, but it is strange that a sage like you should grieve over the death of the prince.

**Narrator:** The sage was surprised that the minister was least perturbed with the sad news. He thought to himself that certainly the king would grieve over the death of his prince. The sage met the king and said...

**Ranga:** Your highness, my name is Ranga, I live in the forest. A tiger killed your prince, and see here are the prince's clothes stained with his blood. I am very sorry to be the bearer of this sad news, and am unable hold back my tears....

**King:** Revered one, why grieve over this matter at all? At dusk different birds come and rest on a tree, and in the morning each bird finds its own way and flies away. This world is like a tree. Like the bird, the prince came to spend some time with us, and now he has found his own way. That's it.

**Narrator:** The sage was shocked and wondered whether the king was mentally stable. He was certain that the queen would grieve over the death of her prince, and he went to the queen and narrated the sad story.

**Ranga:** Your majesty, my name is Ranga, I live in the forest. I'm very sorry to tell you that a tiger killed your son. Here are the blood stained clothes.

**Narrator:** The queen smiled and said...

**Queen:** This world is like a guest house. Many people come to rest at night, and in the morning they find their own way and leave. All relationships in this world are temporary.

**Narrator:** The sage was now speechless and in total disbelief. He said to himself that a king has so many wives, and perhaps the prince was not born to this queen, and so she was least perturbed. No mother can ever speak of her child like this! The sage was confident that the princess would certainly feel devastated when she heard the death of her beloved prince as she was the one most attached to the prince. The sage meets the princess and repeated the sad story but with additional sorrow. He says...

**Ranga:** Your majesty, my name is Ranga, I live in the forest. I'm very sorry to tell you that a tiger killed your husband. Here are his blood-stained clothes. Dear princess, you are now a widow and it is so sad that you must live as a widow at such young age.

**Narrator:** The princess too smiled, and the sage thought to himself "O my God, what is she going to say?"

**Princess:** Revered sage, this world is like a forest in which the river of life flows. When a branch of a tree becomes dry, it falls to the ground. Some of them fall into the river, and different branches from different trees flow together for some time in the river. A wife and husband are like two branches from two different trees. After a while, like the branches, they get separated and flow into the ocean of bliss. We come from God to play our roles in this world, and go back to God where we are all one.

**Ranga:** Goodness gracious, even the princess is a true Jitandriya!

**The chair is rolled off the stage ....**

**Narrator:** The sage rushed back to the prince who was waiting patiently at the ashram, and says...

**Ranga:** Dear prince, an enemy has attacked your kingdom, and is being ruined. You must rush back to save your kingdom.

**Prince:** O revered sage! Who is the king, and who are those living in the kingdom? There is only one, the atman, and everything else is an illusion. ***Anything that can be seen by our eyes will perish someday.***

**Narrator:** At that instance, the sage realized the secret for which he left everything and receded to the forest.

**Ranga:** The Jitandriyas didn't have the good fortune of living in a forest. I had this good fortune, but where was my realization until now?

**Narrator:** One can become a Jitandriya regardless of where he or she lives, ***whether in a forest or in a palace.*** The sage is now ecstatic and bursts out this poem...

**Sage:**           *I wandered lonely as a cloud  
                    That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
                    When all at once I saw a crowd,  
                    A host, of golden daffodils*

I am neither the sage nor the dress-of-life called Ranga, ***"I am I"***, the eternal atman. In order to be free from worry and fear, and to attain everlasting peace, one should realize that ***"I am I"***.

We come from God to play our roles in this world, and go back to God where we are all ***ONE.***

Let us all ***thank*** the Jitandriyas, and ***praise*** the Lord, for revealing this secret of life, which liberates us.

**Everyone enters the scene and sings ....**

**Without singing to the Lord, there's no peace or happiness**

**Without praising His Name, there's no feeling of bliss**

**Without love and devotion, we never will be free**

**Without service to Him, no salvation can there be**

**Without singing...**

**We find union with Him when our minds are at rest**

**The best wisdom is seeing the Lord everywhere**

**The most righteous of deeds shows compassion and care**

**There is no one as near and as dear as the Lord**

**He is present in all and in all can be adored**