

PYARI JU KI KRIPA

*The causeless , Unconditional Grace of Shri
Radha*

-Madhuri Sakhi

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF REACHING PYARI JI THROUGH SADHANA

The Foundational Truth: No Path Leads There — Only Her Grace

Before one can speak of Radha Rani's kripa, one must first be shattered of a deeply held illusion — the illusion that *we can reach Her*.

The human mind, conditioned by cause and effect, naturally assumes: *if I do more japa, I will feel more. If I observe more niyamas, I will advance. If I read more padas, She will notice me.* This is not wrong thinking — it is honest thinking. But it is thinking born from the world of effort, not from the world of love.

The Braj saints, those who actually *tasted* Radha's grace, say something that breaks this logic entirely.

Śrī Dhruvadāsa cries out in his pada:

*sabai aṃga guṇahīna haum̐, tākau jatana na koī eka kisorī
kṛpā taiṃ, jo kachu hoi su hoi — Śrī Dhruvadāsa, Bayālīsa
Līlā, Vṛndāvana Śata Līlā (6)*

"I am devoid of all virtues in every way, and there is no effort that can fix this. It is only through the kripa of the one Kishori — whatever happens, let it happen."

Feel the weight of this. Dhruvadasa is not being falsely humble. He is not performing dainya as a technique. He is stating a *metaphysical fact* — **sabai aṃga guṇahīna** — in every limb, in every direction, I am without qualification. There is no japa that can undo this. No tap, no dhyān, no mauna, no vrata. Not because these things are worthless — but because the destination they point toward is *beyond the territory of effort altogether*.

Vrindavan rasa — the inner taste of Braj, the sweetness of feeling close to Radha — is not a reward given to the qualified. It is a *gift given by the Giver*. And the Giver gives it *when She chooses*, not when we have earned it.

This is the first and most important thing to understand:

Pyari Ji's darshan, Her sanchāri bhāv, any real movement of the heart toward Her — none of it can be manufactured. It can only be received.

Japa purifies. Dhyana steadies the mind. Satsang softens the heart. But none of these *open the door* — because the door opens only from the inside, and only She holds the key.

KĀHŪ KE BALA BHAJANA: THE SURRENDER OF ALL PROPS

Śrī Harirāma Vyāsa (*Viśākhā Avatāra*) sings:

*kāhū ke bala bhajana kau, kāhū ke ācāra vyāsa bharose
kuṁvari ke, sovata pōṁva pasāra — Śrī Harirāma Vyāsa,
Vyāsa Vāṇī, Sākhī (22)*

"Some rely on the strength of their bhajan. Some rely on their excellent conduct and behavior. But Vyāsa rests solely in the trust of Kuṁvarī (Śrī Rādhā), sleeping with his legs fully stretched out — without care or worry."

Sit with this image for a moment.

Legs stretched out. In Indian culture, sleeping with your legs outstretched — relaxed, careless, without pulling yourself in — is the posture of one who has *no anxiety*. It is the opposite of the posture of effort. When we do sadhana, we sit upright, controlled, careful. But Harirāma Vyāsa is *lying down* — legs spread — trusting completely.

He is watching two kinds of devotees around him:

- **The first** takes pride in his *bhajan* — his discipline, his rounds, his practice. His confidence rests on what he *does*.
- **The second** takes pride in his *ācāra* — his impeccable conduct, his Vaishnava etiquette, his reputation as a sadhu. His confidence rests on what he *is*.

Both are resting on something. Both have a prop.

And Vyāsa gently, lovingly, steps away from both props entirely.

He does not say bhajan is useless. He does not condemn good conduct. He says only: *I am not resting my weight on either of those*. My only support — my only **bharosa** — is *Kuṁvarī*, the young girl of Barsana, Śrī Rādhā Herself.

This is the teaching: **As long as we secretly believe our sadhana is what is moving us forward, we are still operating in the economy of exchange — give effort, receive grace.** But Pyari Ji's kripa does not work in that economy. She is not a merchant. She is a lover. And lovers give gifts *for no reason at all.*

THE NATURE OF PYARI JI'S KRIPA: AKĀRAṆA — THE CAUSELESS GRACE

Why you cannot trace it back to anything you did

Here is where most sincere sādhakas make a subtle but significant error.

A devotee begins following his Guru's niyamas — chanting more rounds, attending more kathas, reading the pads of the Braj saints with care. And slowly, something stirs. A sweetness. A feeling of closeness. An inner movement toward Radha. And they think: *Pyari Ji is showering Her kripa on me.*

This is beautiful — but it must be understood carefully.

That is Guru kripa. That is Acharya kripa.

The Guru sees the disciple's sincerity. He is pleased. His inner blessing flows. The Acharya's teachings, followed faithfully, carry the devotee closer to the mood of Braj. This is real. This is grace. But it is *mediated grace* — grace that has a reason, a cause, a traceable source.

Pyari Ji's kripa is different in kind, not just in degree.

Her kripa is **akāraṇa** — without cause. Without reason. Without warning.

How do you know when it is *Her* kripa specifically?

You cannot explain it.

- A devotee who has not read a single pad, who knows nothing of the Braj tradition, whose life has been entirely worldly — suddenly one morning feels an inexplicable pull toward Radha's name. Tears come. Something breaks open. *There was no cause.*
- A devotee who has been doing sincere sadhana for years, who follows every niyama, who serves the Guru faithfully — and then one day, without any particular effort or intensity, something *entirely different* descends. Something that was not there before. Something that no accumulation of effort seems to account for. *There was no sufficient cause.*

- A person who has committed great mistakes, whose life has been filled with doshas and contradictions, who feels entirely unworthy — and yet Pyari Ji turns Her gaze and something is lit inside them. The saints around are confused. The person themselves is confused. *Because there was no cause.*

This is the signature of Her kripa: **the one who receives it always asks — "Why me? I have done nothing. I deserve nothing. Why is this happening?"**

Whereas the one receiving Guru kripa or Acharya kripa can say: "I followed the niyamas. I served sincerely. This is the fruit."

Pyari Ji looks at neither your gunas nor your doshas. She does not weigh your virtues against your faults. She does not check your attendance at katha or count your malas. Her kripa is *not a report card*. It is a *sudden rain* — falling on the worthy and unworthy fields alike, soaking whatever She chooses to soak.

This is what makes Her kripa both the *most terrifying* and *most comforting* truth in Braj bhakti:

- Terrifying — because nothing you do can guarantee it
- Comforting — because nothing you have done can disqualify you

HOW TO RECEIVE HER KRIPA

The Two Pathways

PATH ONE — CRY. ASK. BEG. AGAIN AND AGAIN.

This is the most direct, most human, and most powerful way.

Do not ask Pyari Ji for better bhajan. Do not ask for more concentration in meditation. Do not ask for Bhagavat sthitis or spiritual experiences or visions. Do not negotiate with Her about your sadhana or its fruits.

Ask only for Her kripa. Cry only for Her to accept you as you are.

Go to Her completely empty-handed. Say: *"Pyari Ji, I have nothing. I am nothing. I am not asking you to make me qualified first and then accept me — I am asking you to accept me in my disqualification. Just turn Your gaze once toward this broken one."*

Pyari Ji — the treasury of compassion, the soft-hearted Kishori of Barsana — *cannot bear to see Her devotee weep*. This is Her nature. She who melts at the tears of the Braj gopis, She who cannot turn away from genuine anguish — when you cry *to Her*, not for spiritual achievements but simply for *Her* — something in Her heart moves.

This crying is not performance. It is not technique. It is the natural expression of a soul that has truly understood: *I cannot get there on my own. I need Her.*

Ask. Ask again. Ask every day. Ask when you feel dry. Ask when you feel nothing. Ask especially when you feel nothing — because that emptiness is itself a kind of dainya, a poverty of the heart that She finds irresistible.

"Don't ask for bhajan — ask for the One who makes bhajan possible. Don't ask for the path — ask for the One who IS the path."

PATH TWO — THE STILLNESS OF COMPLETE BHAROSA

This second way is more subtle, more difficult for the modern mind, and in some ways more *pure* — because it requires not even the effort of crying.

It is the path of **still, unworried trust**.

The devotee simply *sits* — in the knowing, in the bharosa, in the unshakeable faith — that one day, for no reason at all, in Her own time, in Her own way, **Pyari Ji will turn Her gaze and shower Her kripa**.

Not someday as a distant hope. But as a *present certainty* — resting in it the way Harirāma Vyāsa rested with his legs stretched out. No anxiety. No hurry. No checking whether progress is happening.

"She will come. She always comes for those who wait for Her with love."

This is not passive indifference — it is the highest form of trust. The devotee is not doing nothing; they are doing the *hardest* thing: releasing all control, releasing all measurement, releasing all urgency — and simply being present in the field of Her love, trusting that the rain will come.

And when it comes — *kahin se, bina karan ke, kripa āyegi* — from somewhere, without any reason, Her grace will arrive. And prema toward Pyari Ji will begin to bloom — not because of anything done, but because *She chose it*.