

STORY #86

*If we compare our life to a boat, then the guru is the captain or guide and the world is the ocean. The opposite shore is the Lord. Those who are having fun on this side, have no need for a guide, as they are happy where they are. For many years we stay on this side of the ocean. We go from one illusion to another thinking we are happy.*

THE INTOXICATED CHOBA

ONCE THERE WAS A gentleman addicted to marijuana. He didn't smoke it, but he crushed it into a drink. Every afternoon he crushed it up and then mixed it with water, milk, and spices to make it tasty and as strong as possible.

He lived in Mathura, a famous pilgrimage place in India. He was a choba. Chobas are people famous for their extreme weight, size, and their ability to eat large quantities of food. These people sometimes drink marijuana, then they eat a lot, and then they swim in the Jamuna River. Then they get out of the water, drink more marijuana, eat again, and swim in the river again. They have tremendous strength and physical power.

One day this gentleman was grinding and grinding his marijuana to make it especially strong. It was twilight time and he got overly intoxicated. First he got dizzy. Then he started seeing double. Whenever he looked at someone, he saw two. Then his legs got rubbery and he couldn't walk properly.

"Come on," his friends finally said, putting their arms around him and holding him up. "Try to walk straight."

"I'm walking fine!" He said. "There's nothing wrong with me! You're the ones who don't know how to walk!"

So his friends got discouraged and left him alone.

Later than evening this gentleman decided he would take a boat across the Jamuna River. It was night, dark outside, and he

was extremely intoxicated. He pushed off in the boat determined to row across the Jamuna River alone.

He was a powerful man. He could row for hours and hours at a time. So he kept on rowing and rowing and rowing, all night long.

Morning came.

As daylight spread across the Jamuna River, the choba slowly began to see things clearly again. The effects of the marijuana had worn off. He was sweaty and tired from rowing all night. His arms ached and his hands were sore from the oars. But much to his surprise, his boat was in the exact same place. In his intoxicated state, he had forgotten to take up the anchor.

We, too, are also under illusion. Our boat is also anchored and we're rowing and rowing, but our boat doesn't move. If we desire to grow spiritually, we have to lift the anchor from our boat and firmly push off toward the other shore. The boat ride is difficult. There are tremendous storms of lust and anger, and great whirlpools of greed and ego, and crocodiles of pride and attachment. These things are so powerful, that if they simply brush against our boat the entire boat rocks and gets turned in the wrong direction. The boat has a cloth sail. The cloth sail is self control. But the great winds of lust and anger tear the sail, and so to complete our journey we must pray to God. Lord, You be my guide. I desire to know You and go to the opposite shore. Lord, You be my guide.