

Where Mahadeva Was Waiting in the Ruins

The Burugupudi Lord Shiva Temple — Found by Grace, Restored by Love

*Mahavatar Babaji TadEkam Foundation East Godavari District,
Andhra Pradesh | Renovated 2018–2020*

There is a particular kind of divine moment that Guruji Naushir's disciples came to recognise over the years — not through study or scripture, but through the quiet shock of experience.

It is the moment when what appears to be an ordinary visit — a conversation, a courtesy call, a routine stop — suddenly opens into something else entirely. Something unplanned, something unmistakable. A door swings open that was not supposed to be there. And standing in the threshold is the Lord Himself, waiting as patiently as only the Eternal can wait.

That moment came for Guruji in Burugupudi.

By Providence, Not by Plan

Guruji Naushir had come to meet the Sarpanch of Burugupudi village in East Godavari District. It was a visit of seva — of service and connection — as so many of Guruji's visits were during TadEkam's years of work along the Godavari corridor of Andhra Pradesh.

And then, adjacent to the Sarpanch's house, Guruji saw it.

A small temple. Crumbling. Neglected. The walls worn and cracked by seasons of rain and heat and forgetting. No devotees in sight. No sound of bells. No smell of incense. No one to open the doors, light a lamp, or offer even a single flower to the deity within.

No priest. Not even a priest.

Just a Shivling — ancient and silent — standing alone in a dilapidated room, in a temple that the world had, for some reason lost to time, simply walked past and forgotten.

Guruji stood and looked. And those who were with him have said that in that moment, he did not look like a man who had stumbled upon an inconvenience. He looked like a man who had arrived at a prior appointment — one he had not known he was keeping until this exact instant.

This is the TadEkam way. This is the way of one who walks in surrender to Mahavatar Babaji's guidance. You do not always know where you are being led. You simply keep walking — with open eyes and a willing heart — and the divine reveals what it needs you to find.

Mahadeva had been waiting in those ruins. And Guruji had been sent to find Him.

What Guruji Saw — And What He Did Not Look Away From

It would have been easy to note the dilapidated temple, feel a passing sadness, and walk on. After all, there were many calls on TadEkam's resources. There were villages to support, people to serve, wells to dig and schools to repair.

But Guruji Naushir did not look away.

He never taught his disciples to look away from suffering — whether that suffering was a village without water, a child without a school, or a Shivaling without a lamp. To look away was, in his understanding, to miss the very moment Babaji had arranged. And Guruji had trained himself, over decades of sadhna and seva, to recognise those moments with increasing clarity.

So, he stood before the forgotten temple of Burugupudi. He saw its broken walls, its unlit sanctum, its abandoned courtyard. He felt — as only those with deep inner sensitivity feel — the particular quality of a divine Presence that has been overlooked, not because it has diminished, but because the human world around it has grown distracted and rushed and forgetful.

And he said, in the quiet authority that was characteristic of him: *We will restore this.*

What TadEkam invested in the Burugupudi temple was ₹10 lakh. Ten lakh rupees of careful, considered seva — spent not on anything that would benefit TadEkam itself, not on visibility or recognition or any return, but on the simple and sacred act of giving Mahadeva a proper home.

The temple was renovated fully. The walls that had crumbled were rebuilt. The structure that had stood neglected was repaired and dignified. A beautiful gopuram now rises above the temple — its tiers richly adorned with divine forms in vibrant colour: Lord Shiva in His grace and majesty, Devi Parvati beside Him, the sacred bull Nandi faithful at His feet, the figures of the divine attendants ranged across the sculpted surfaces in ochre and green and gold. It is the kind of gopuram that stops a traveller on the road and makes them pause, look up, and feel — even before they enter — that they are in the presence of something that was always here, that has always been watching, and that has simply now been made visible again.

Before the temple entrance, a tall, golden Dwajastambham — the sacred flag pillar of the Shiva temple — rises to the sky, crowned with the Trishul of Mahadeva. This is not merely architectural decoration. The Dwajastambham is the announcement of the Lord's sovereignty. It declares to every person who passes: *He is here. He receives. Come.*

A proper compound wall now encloses the sacred precinct — bright blue, bordered in warm orange, planted with flowering shrubs whose red blooms bring colour to the entrance. The TadEkam Foundation's presence is marked not by a large plaque or prominent signage, but by two simple flower pots at the entrance gate, quietly bearing the Foundation's name — the seva acknowledged, and no more.

A sheltered mandapam has been built to the side — a shaded space where devotees can sit, rest, and remain in the Lord's presence without the burden of the East Godavari heat pressing down on them.

And a room was built for the temple priest — because Guruji understood that a temple without a priest is a home without a keeper. The priest was hired, the room was built, and the daily rhythm of worship — the morning call to the Lord, the offerings, the prayers, the lamp that must never be allowed to go unlit again — was restored. Permanently.

The Moment Only Guruji Could Perform

But of all that TadEkam did at Burugupudi, the act that carries the most weight — the act that no amount of money alone could have accomplished — was Guruji Naushir's personal re-consecration of the Shivling.

Guruji himself performed the Prana Pratishtha. The re-consecration. The sacred ritual by which the divine Presence — already there, already waiting, never truly gone — is formally and ceremonially welcomed back into the renovated form. It is the moment when a temple becomes fully alive again. When a structure becomes a Kshetram.

This is a task that demands the highest spiritual authority and purity of intention. It is not something that can be delegated, or contracted out, or performed casually. Guruji Naushir — who had received his own diksha from Mahavatar Babaji, the deathless Himalayan Mahayogi — placed his own hands on that Shivling. He performed the sacred vidhi. He breathed, through the power of his sadhna, fresh life into a consecration that the centuries had dimmed.

Imagine that moment. The sevakas who were present have said it quietly, in different ways, in the years since: that when Guruji stood before the Shivling in Burugupudi — this Guru who had spent a lifetime in surrender to Babaji, who had transformed villages, guided generals, and served thousands of lives without ever once asking for recognition — you felt the presence of something vast in that small room. You felt that Mahadeva was not merely present in the Shivling.

Mahadeva was receiving His devotee.

What the Temple Looks Like Now

Step inside the compound of the Burugupudi Lord Shiva temple today — and you will find yourself in a place transformed.

The golden gopuram glows in the East Godavari light, its sculpted deities bright with the colours of devotion. The Dwajasthambham stands sentinel above it all, the Trishul at its peak pointing toward the sky that has watched this village for centuries. The red bougainvillea at the entrance gate adds a

natural offering of colour, as if the earth itself has joined in the worship. The compound is clean, swept, cared for. The temple is open. The priest is present. The lamp is lit.

And in the sanctum, the Shivling — consecrated by Guruji Naushir's own hands in the years 2018 to 2020 — receives its daily worship.

This is what seva does to a sacred place. It does not merely repair the walls. It restores the living relationship between a community and its deity. Between a village and its protector. Between a people and their source.

Why Every Sadhak and Sevak Should Visit

If you are a sadhak of TadEkam — if you have ever sat in meditation with the name of Mahavatar Babaji on your lips, or felt the pull of Guruji Naushir's teaching toward a life of greater service — then this temple is a pilgrimage that belongs to you.

Because Guruji's hands touched this Shivling.

Because the sweat of TadEkam's sevaks built this compound wall, raised this gopuram, planted these flowers and built the gaushala.

Because somewhere in the invisible record of this sacred place, the entire teaching of TadEkam is inscribed — *Seva Bhi Sadhna, Sadhna Bhi Shakti* — not in words, but in stone and gold and the daily smoke of incense offered to a Lord who was once forgotten and is now, forever, remembered.

To stand before the Shivling at Burugupudi is to stand in the energy that Guruji left there. Disciples of great Gurus have always known this: that the places where a true sadhak performs consecration carry the vibration of that consecration forward in time. The sacred energy does not dissipate. It waits for the next seeker to arrive and receive what was left there.

Come to Burugupudi. Enter the compound. Remove your footwear at the gate, as the two small red pairs of slippers in the photograph show you that others do, that this is a threshold of the sacred. Walk to the Shivling. Place your hands together. Close your eyes.

And feel — if you are still enough, and open enough — what Guruji felt on the day he first stood here: the overwhelming, unmistakable sense that the

Lord was already present. That He has always been present. That He was simply waiting for someone to arrive, to look, and to not look away.

Har Har Mahadev.

TadEkam — That One, from which all arises.

In whom all is held. To whom all returns.

Seva Bhi Sadhna/ Dhyana. Sadhna Bhi Shakti.

Story by Major General Sanjay Vishwasrao after his visit to the Temple in 2018. It based on inputs provided by Head of Family Smt Seema Khaire and Sevaks Shri BKM Rao, Smt Madhvi and Smt Sudha.