

FRANCIS VINEETH VADAKETHALA CMI



Footprints of a Philosopher-Theologian Mystic

പരി. അമ്മയുടെ മദ്ധ്യസ്ഥതയാലും പരാശ്രയംകൂടാതെ രക്ഷപ്പെട്ട അനുഭവം പങ്കുവെച്ചിട്ടുള്ളത് ഞാനിന്നും ആശ്ചര്യപൂർവ്വം ഓർത്തുപോകുന്നു.

അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ചിരകാലാഭിലാഷങ്ങളിലൊന്നായിരുന്നു മരണംവരെയുള്ള ആശ്രമക്കൂട്ടായ്മ. ഭാരതസംസ്കാരത്തിലുന്നിയ ആത്മസാക്ഷാൽക്കാരത്തിനായി വ്യയംചെയ്ത മുനിവര്യനെ പോലെ മരണം വരെ പരിത്യക്തനായി ആശ്രമത്തിലായിരിക്ക

ണമെന്നായിരുന്നു അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ വലിയൊരു ആഗ്രഹം. എന്നാൽ എല്ലാ പരിമിതിവരമ്പുകളേയും ഭേദിച്ച് ത്രിതൈക ദൈവമായ സർവ്വേശ്വരൻ ത്രീതാത്തിന്റെ തിരുന്നാൾദിവസം തന്നെ അവിടത്തേയ്ക്ക് ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ട വിനീതച്ചനെ സത്യമായുള്ള ആത്മസാക്ഷാൽക്കാരത്തിനായ് എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായി വിളിച്ചു... നമുക്കെല്ലാവർക്കും മറ്റൊരു മദ്ധ്യസ്ഥനായി ഇനി വിനീതച്ചനും സർഗ്ഗത്തിലുണ്ടായിരിക്കുമെന്ന് പ്രതീക്ഷിക്കാം...

Francis Xavier Vellanikkaran CMI, Coimbatore

An Elegy to the Acharya



Humble was he, humility his name
True to his other (name*), he loved nature
Lived as one with mother nature
Now has he carved in history a name!
The essence and existence strove he
To find the kernel in philosophy.
The victim and priest was One said he
To give the core of his theology.
Filled yet living wholly emptied
Zenith did he reach twice and more,
That minions looked up with awe
Yet his feet stayed fully rooted.
Glorious yet quite plain simple

His thoughts and ideas were;
Profuse did they flow out though
In words that didn't seek to boast.
Passioned yet remaining detached
His heart burned for the ideals,
That were much above mere humans
Yet he gave in to no 'lofty' passions.
Ventured he to bring two lines parallel
Indian and Christian, in truth, one.
Ashram or any place other was fine
To take it with zeal the fire within.
Guide, friend, philosopher... nay quite more
Was he to quite a lot, all his beloved;



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Neither did he keep count nor did he want
 To list them as his *sisya* galore to boost.
 Fruitful yet seemed pretty barren
 Begot sons and daughters for Him,
 Their numbers were quite a plenty
 Never did he show to be thus rich.
 Year after year he grew with élan
 Down to be a child at heart;
 Year after year also he grew in grace
 Up to Him through Our Lady.
 Trust ye fellow beings that

Guaranteed a mention he will,
 When upon His Lap he reclines
 Worthy rest that He grants!
 Words can certainly do no justice
 To this man of words so wise
 Live out his ideals 'twould suffice
 The Lady and the Lord sure to please!
shanthi! shanthi! shanthi!

** Francis – a reference to the love of nature of St. Francis of Assisi.
 Though his patron was St. Francis Xavier, he had a special filial affection
 to St. Francis of Assisi.*



Jacob Peenikaparambil CMI, Indore

Intelligence and Simplicity Walking Together

When I was a theology student in Dharmaram College, Bangalore, I was part of the Indian liturgy group. Fr. Vineeth, being a person deeply interested in Indian spirituality, used to take part often in the celebration of the Eucharist. I always

looked forward to his sharing of the Word of God. He had a special skill to present the teachings of Jesus relating them to Indian scriptures and philosophical thoughts, and, at the same time, there were some applications to real life situations. He also made us understand the significance of chanting *bhajans* and how they could be used for meditation.