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Pattom Palace,
Trivendrum

Holding Prasadi
Tulsi-Leaves of
Sri Padmanabham

January, 1972

Ananda Varta

VOL. XIX]

OCTOBER, 1972

[NO. 4

Mātri Vāni

So long as the manifestation of the Guru's power is not experienced, the special pilgrimage to Enlightenment, to Self-knowledge has not really begun. This is why you have not found your own steady speed of progress. *Sādhana* proceeds within the realm of *prakṛiti*.* Therefore it is man's bounden duty at every moment to be intent on advancing rapidly and vigorously.

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After happiness gloom is bound to follow. The realization of the Brahman is a state beyond joy and dejection; just as when you see a wet earthen vessel from a distance you presume that it is filled with water because generally an earthen pot full of water looks wet.

* *Prakṛiti* Nature or Primordial Matter consisting of *sattwa*, *rajas*, *tamas*, its inherent qualities or aspects, namely luminosity, motion, inertia.

Similarly knowers of the Brahman give the impression of being steeped in joy; but this is not that ordinary joy or happiness. What that state is like cannot be described in words.

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To see that which when seen the wish to see anything more vanishes for ever; to hear that which when heard the desire to hear anything else does not awaken anymore. Real *darśana* (vision) is that *darśana* after which no more question can arise of vision or no vision or of displaying anything. *Darśana* must be all-encompassing, unveiled, uninterrupted, indisputable.

* * *

When touching your finger, one has touched you, although you are not the finger; by touching your dress one has contacted you though you are not the dress. Just as you are in the smallest part of yourself, so you are also in the whole of yourself. He is one and yet He is the many; and in spite of being the many He is one. Such is His *līlā* (play). He is as equally whole in a grain of sand as He is whole in man and as He is whole in His totality—complete and perfect. Nevertheless, among all creatures it is man's distinctive mark to be endowed with the special capacity or power to realize

this perfection, this wholeness. This body calls a human being him who has discrimination, who is aware of this possibility. One who is not conscious of it but engrossed in desires for sense objects—what is one to call him ?

* * *

You all are at present in a state of constant wanting. This has for the time being become your second nature. When you are hungry you are in need of food; having eaten you feel satisfied. Then again you want to sleep. After waking up you conceive the need to go out or to talk to someone. In this way you are always wanting something or other. This condition of ceaseless wanting has become your state of being. This is what this body calls the state of constant wanting that has become your second nature. The ability to dwell in his true Nature, in his Self, in his own state of Being is potentially inherent in man. The veil of ignorance is there, yet there is also a door to Knowledge. By passing through that door of Knowledge man returns to his own true Nature, becomes established in his own state of Being.

Mātri Satsang

Swami Bhagavananda Giri

(Translated from Hindi.)

Ardha Kumbh Mela,
Triveni, Prayag,
January 27th, 1948.

Question : Everybody says that a Guru is an absolute necessity. But as for myself, I need neither a Guru nor parents. I want only God.

Mataji : The Guru is God Himself. The Guru makes one understand what the Divine essentially is. The Guru must not be regarded as a human being. Every time one has the Guru's *daršana* one should look upon him as God. There is a state where by awakening a certain power the whole world can be awakened. World means that which is moving. It is God who brings forth, preserves and again absorbs this world into Himself. So who can be its Guru ? The real Guru is God alone. By having faith in God one comes to know about Him. The Guru of this whole universe is none but God Himself. Through the power of the Guru God can be realized. So long as one has not secured the Guru's help, it is very difficult to find God. How far can man's intelligence take him ? You want to grasp God by your intelligence ? How can this be done ?

To find God the first necessity is a Guru. It also should be understood that He Who is your Guru is everybody's Guru.

Question : Is the Guru *one* from the point of view of the world ?

Mataji : Gurus are also of various kinds : Gurus who give spiritual instructions, Gurus who teach, Gurus who bestow initiation, Gurus who confer a mantra; and by touch also the Guru's power can be communicated. Similarly there is an infinite variety of disciples. So long as there is no inner desire to take initiation and to seek refuge at the lotus-feet of the Guru, one should not go in for initiation. Always pray to God to grant you a Sadguru. Do not take initiation because someone has told you to, otherwise you will repent of it later. Once you have accepted initiation from a Guru you have to live according to his behest. Once a marriage has been performed, it cannot be undone anymore.

Question : Ma, I am studying at Allahabad. I have accepted Swami Ramatirtha as my Guru. When I was eleven years old I heard about Him and ever since I have looked upon Him as my Guru.

Mataji : You should understand that once you have found a Guru you must not accept any other preceptor. Do not change from one to the other. Also adhere regularly to some practice. Every day pray to God to reveal Himself to you. Contemplate God. The teaching of Swami Ramatirtha you have got anyway. Be careful to put his instructions into practice.

Question : Why can't one make God Himself one's Guru ?
What need is there of an intermediary ?

Mataji : If you want to meet the Governor you must first apply for permission. Without this you will not be allowed to meet him. This is why to find God a Guru is necessary. In order to be blessed with a Guru meditate on God. By meditating regularly He will manifest. Do not worry, just keep your mind on God. Be sure that if you need a Guru, God will provide one for you. You are eager to find only God. The keener your effort the sooner you will be able to realize Him.

Question : How much I have sought God—and found nothing.

Mataji : You must never give up your search until you find. God may become revealed at any moment.

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Dr. Pannalal : Ma, what is wrong if the Brahmacharis of your Ashram want to come to you or to remain with you ?

Mataji : The desire to come to this body and to remain with it is of course good. But one has also to obey the bidding of this body, has one not ? By carrying out the instructions of this body one will progress in one's *sādhana*. If someone is sent away, it should be understood that it is for the sake of some work that has to be done. At another time it may again happen that this body calls someone to stay with it. Orders have to be obeyed. By carrying out instructions, spiritual well-being will be promoted.

One should not pay attention to the shortcomings of others. Rather than noticing the mistakes of others,

each one will do well to discover his own faults. First of all one should try to improve oneself. By blaming another you will make contact with what you blame him for. Anger is also very bad. It creates a great obstacle on the path to God-realization. If you must be angry, be angry with yourself; if you are greedy, be greedy to find God; if you have a strong desire, let it be the desire for God-realization. You have all come here to become *sādhus*, so you will have to adopt a life of self-restraint. In the householder's āśrama also self-mastery has to be practised. There are some here who have the attitude that since this body is their mother, they can do anything they please. This is not good, it will pull you down.

A widow came and told me ; "I have educated my son with great love. But he has become very bad. He even beats me. Things have come to such a pass that I feel ashamed to tell anyone." This body told the woman : "Give to your son whatever possessions you have and spend the rest of your life in the search and contemplation of God."

January 28th, 1948.

Question : Should one keep the details of one's *sādhana* secret ?

Mataji : First of all fill everything outside and inside with the one Self. Become God's real servant. This will remove the ego to the last trace. He who is a World-teacher can help everyone to realize God. First the ego has to be obliterated. Then, if you wish you may build a temple or serve *sādhus* or practise charity. If you continue in this

way you will get nearer to God. In some places it is forbidden to set up religious institutions. Under certain conditions all these things cannot be done. Just become attached to God with the utmost love and reverence. The Supreme Power is everywhere present. If you have developed some power you can later pass it on to others. If you possess little you can give little. But if you have made the Supreme your own, you can communicate the Supreme to others.

Question : As I go on putting questions, my eyes fill with tears. How am I to hide them ?

Mataji : Listen ! You say your eyes fill with tears. If tears come of themselves, this may also take you to God-realization. At some stage, when one cannot help crying, one's life may be transformed thereby. If man becomes completely absorbed in *bhāva* (deep feeling), then at times tears flow from his eyes. Try to find God. Some people weep because of bereavement. Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu would shed tears profusely in his *bhāva*.* At times veritable torrents of water would rush from his eyes. Deep devotion calls forth tears. To cry out of love for God is very good. If you feel power or the love of God awaken in yourself, try to accept and hold it within yourself. What is the result of restraining one's feeling ? Do you know ? It increases one's power. Some people's eyes fill with tears when they hear God's name or *kirtana*. Baby Didi's son, after having become a District Magistrate, died in a car accident. But his mother displayed no emotion. She attended to the dead body and made all arrangements. Someone said, "Let her cry or she will go mad !"

* Religious ecstasy.

Question : Every little *bhāva* (feeling of devotion) makes me weep. What am I to do ? Should I get up and go outside ?

Mataji : When tears begin to flow there is no need to go outside. Try to control your feeling. Even when you are in the grip of strong emotion go on listening to the discourse. Hold the emotion within yourself, try to absorb it within. If you can restrain it, so much the better. Thereby your inner power will grow. Finally your life will be changed by the development of sattvik qualities. In this manner the inner and outer life of the individual fuses and becomes one. If such a *bhāva* overcomes someone and he goes and stays in the world, he must certainly control these *bhāvas*. They may occur there also. In such a case he must try his utmost to restrain them. If someone goes into *samādhi*, an ignorant person may say he has fallen asleep. But the wise man, he who knows, will understand that it is *samādhi*. The One Supreme alone is everywhere. There are two kinds of *bhāvas* : 1) the *bhāva* that comes to the person who still lives in the realm of want. This should be controlled as much as possible. The *bhāva* that supervenes through the influence of God's name, one should try to conceal within oneself. 2) *Mahābhāva*.

Question : What is the difference between a worldly *bhāva* and this *bhāva* ? As for instance if someone breaks out into anger—is that *bhāva* also of a similar kind ?

Mataji : Through the divine *bhāva* the desires for sense objects gradually diminish. This *bhāva* is the signpost that indicates how far you have progressed towards God-realization.

Question : If anger is aroused, how can one stop it ?

Mataji : Anger, greed, passion, attachment are obstacles to one's sādhana. This does not mean that you have to give up worldly life. Now straight away, under the very circumstances in which you are placed, try to improve yourself. By recognising and acknowledging your mistakes and shortcomings you will certainly correct yourself. If you blame others their defects enter into you. To find fault with another is itself a fault. When you go into a garden admire the beautiful flowers; why look for thorns ?

Question : I have a great desire to attain to *ānanda*, but to leave one's family is difficult.

Mataji : *Ānanda* pervades everywhere. Just as when someone dresses up in various disguises, yet he knows all along who he is in reality. One should constantly pray to God for the realization of *saccidānanda*. What wonderful arrangements God makes ! Children stay with their parents. If the child disobeys, the mother gives him a slap and takes him home. If one does not seek God, one encounters any amount of pain and trouble. One must search for one's real home. God is indeed the supreme Self, the supreme Father and the supreme Friend. In the world of duality there is sorrow. Where two are there is pain, there is death. Whatever God does is for one's real welfare. By finding God one finds supreme *ānanda*. Don't go where sorrow and bereavement dwell. Proceed in the direction of supreme bliss. You meet with affliction because you are

not heading towards supreme bliss. Water and the wave are one and the same thing.

This body is only a small child, this is why it chatters away in front of its fathers. One should speak only about God, all the rest is painful and futile. Where Rāma is there is *arāma* - rest and ease; where Rāma is not, there is *vyarāma*—discomfort and disease. Do you know who in truth is your own? God alone is truly everyone's own.

Question : Mataji, you always call yourself a small child. Are you teasing us in this way?

Mataji : Not once but a hundred times is this body a small child. You cannot make an old woman of this little girl. An old woman will be pushed away and kept in a corner. This will never do. This body is your tiny baby and will sit on your lap.

Someone : Small children talk a lot.

Mataji : It is a small child's nature to prattle.

A devotee : Mataji, I have just seen your whole camp.

Mataji : Nothing belongs to this body. Again from another point of view, whatever is, whatever was and will be in the world, it all belongs to this body.

Question : But if there is something separate?

Mataji : There is nothing separate. Everywhere is only God alone.

Mātri Mouna

By

Shivashankari

“I have no need of doing or saying anything; there never was any need, neither is there now nor will there ever be in the future. What you found manifested in me in the past, what you see now and what will be observed in the future is only for the good of you all. If you think that there is something peculiarly my own, I must tell you that the whole world is my own.”

Mataji

Since the middle of last August (August 18th 1971) Mataji has been keeping silence—Her own special brand of “silence” in which She utters only the Names of God and, more recently, other holy words related especially to our *sādhana*, such as “*japa*” “*dhyāna*,” etc.

Naturally everybody wonders about this : Why is She depriving us of the incomparable sweetness and inspiration of communication with Her by natural speech ? We tried in the beginning to connect this with such special occurrences as the establishment of the Sacred Fire in Kalyanvan, Dehradun, with which a *yajña* was begun at the time She stopped talking normally; then with the terrible suffering in the East and the war that brought Bangla Desh into being. But her new behaviour continued beyond these happenings and we could no longer find

anything to rationalize about in connection with it. However, even though our minds do not seem to find an answer to this new riddle She poses us on the level of external happenings, Her behaviour must be "saying" something to us; Her "silence" must have a language.

The English photographer, Richard Lannoy, who has given us several extraordinarily fine portraits of Ma, has also given us a very beautiful impression of Her in words which may help to penetrate this mystery. I quote at length in order to preserve the beauty and the effect of his statement.*

"I had been away in Europe and had not seen Sri Anandamayi Ma for eighteen months. The car drove along a track and came to a halt before an unfinished dyke. All around was silent in the night. Two boys gestured into the blackness and told me the Ashram was some way off in the middle of a plain. Carrying my bundles I set off through the thorns and scrub. Soon I could make out a small light and the dark, indistinct silhouette of buildings. As I approached I heard a gong sound—it was a quarter to nine and the time of silence. On tiptoe I came near to the terrace and could make out a small building and a single lamp. Figures were seated; there was no sound at all as I peeped into the room, but in the flickering light I could distinguish Her seated, wrapped in a white robe, motionless. It was as if this small concentration of silence, serenity and power were quite outside of time, as if it had always been so, had remained just so, an oasis of quiet, subsisting beneath the flux and activity of life and my own mobility, my journeys, my time spent travelling across the sea in Europe and Africa. There

* See *Ānanda Vārtā*, Vol. IV, no. 1, May, 1956.

had been no apparent interruption, for I felt as I stood silent in the doorway looking towards Her, that in spite of myself this domain of stillness had resided within me all those months too, but that I had been blind enough to close myself to it and to ignore it. Ever since I first saw Sri Anandamayi Ma I have felt that Her ways and doings, Her activity, Her presence, were not entirely separate but had its correspondence within myself, were subtly contained within an inner realm of which I have very little knowledge beyond a dim sensing that it exists there....”

In one form or another, this is the experience of all : that Mother, no matter how exalted and sublimely remote She may seem, is not something apart from us; She is, in some way which the mind cannot comprehend, the outer expression of Something deep within our own being.

So often in the past year or so I have dreamed of Her, and always the same import is there though the circumstances of the dreams vary : She is talking to me, directly, intimately—and in English. On awaking I rarely remember what She has said, but I am intensely aware that She has been speaking to me in *my own language*. Is this not what Her silence is : the own true language of each of us ? And out of that Silence come only those sounds which will aid us in the discovery of our own silent depths.

Of Herself Ma has said, “Truly this body belongs to all; for this reason it behaves and speaks as far as possible to fulfil the needs of the people with whom it deals at any particular time.” Therefore, it must be that Her silence as well is to fulfil our need. Certainly it cannot be said that out of any need of

Her own She deliberately practises some form of *mouna*. Perhaps our very longing to hear Her speak as before opens the depths of our being to Her influence in a way that cannot be accomplished by the exchange of words—"words floating on the surface."* Besides, do we really listen, do we hear Her when She does speak? She has given us everything; She has told us again and again—each according to his need and tendencies—all that we need to know. Yet how many are really able to do as She says, to practice what She has given with the whole-souled intensity that She demands of us? Perhaps now, out of Her boundless *kripa*, She Herself, by Her silence, creates in us the capacity to do so. By ceasing to communicate on a superficial level there is created within us a rather distressing sense of separateness—something quite other than the over-powering sense of the Impersonal that we often experience in Her very Personality—a sense of apartness that may become real *viraha*, driving us to discover at last what Ma Anandamayi truly is within our own self.

Of course, anything that we may try to say about Mataji's action must seem highly complicated or become a gross oversimplification of the actual Fact of Her Being. However, there are, no doubt, different levels on which Her behaviour speaks to us. The most obvious "purpose" of Her silence may well be simply an example to us, Her stumbling, fumbling children for our own behaviour; for it does not seem to be enough that She has *told* us repeatedly, individually and collectively, to speak only what is necessary and what is conducive to the attainment

* The word meaning "language" and that meaning "to float" sound alike in Bengali.

of the Goal. Like little children we have to be shown that it can be done.

“So long as speech has to be employed”, Ma has said, “use your words sparingly. Listen and try to assimilate what others say, and only when necessity demands utter a few words measured out in homœopathic doses, as it were...What is the hidden motive behind talkativeness? Is it not to display superiority or erudition or else to defeat someone by argument? The force of action is much greater than mere words. Superficial conversation and discussion will not take you far. Practise self-introspection and calm the passions of the heart and you will see how little inclination there is then for talk.”

And on the practice of silence She has told us :

“To observe silence means to keep the mind fixed on Him. At first one feels the impulse to talk, later all inclination and disinclination vanish. It is also like this : just as the bee collects honey, so all that one needs is gathered together naturally. What is necessary becomes available of its own accord—presents itself, as it were—when there is ever closer union with Him.

“When one entirely refrains from speaking and even from communicating by signs or gestures, how is the body kept alive? Everything dovetails, and the silent person just watches as a kind of spectator. In the measure that one progresses towards union, one will notice that obstacles disappear, and whatever is necessary provides itself. It is one thing if everything happens by itself, and quite another to make arrangements by one's own effort. Real silence means there is actually nowhere else for the mind to go. In the end, whether the mind exists or not, whether one speaks or not, makes no difference.”

(Continued on page 205)

My First Visit

U. C. Dutt. M. A., P. E. S. †

I think it was in May 1929. In the summer vacation I was going to Mussoorie, the queen of the hill-stations, as a guest of a military officer. I was in high spirits.

I halted at Hardwar at the foot of the Shivalak hills – quite a modernized town in the lap of nature. The long ranges of hills on one side contrast with the ever flowing Ganga and the canal on the other side. I heard the call of the Himalayas—a clear call it was, I could not resist. I took a different route and moved towards the North. Crossing the Ganga I spent about a week in some *chattis* on the way leading to the holy shrine of Badrinath.

Against my wishes I had to return to Hardwar for the sake of a friend of mine who was accompanying me. In the evening I went to Har-ki-pairi and there on the platform met Mahamahopadhyaya Pt. Gopinath Kaviraj, Principal, Sanskrit College, Banares. My joy knew no bounds to see him there quite unexpectedly and I enquired from him if there was any real Mahātmā in that locality. Kavirajji told me that Mother Anandamayī had been at Hardwar a few days back but suddenly had left for Ayodhya. Her father and Kunja Babu (Swami Turiyananda) were waiting for her at the *dharmasāla* at Bhim-

† Reprinted from A. V., Vol IV/1, May 1956.
Sri U. C. Dutt passed away a few years ago.

goda. He advised me to make further enquiries about her return at Bhimgoda the next morning.

As the day dawned I went to the place where the party stayed. The Mother had not turned up. Her father and Kunja Babu too were reported to have gone to Brahma Kunda. I left the place in despair, wandered about at Brahmakundā and then came down almost exhausted to sit on a ghat in front of the Bholagiri *dharmasāla* where we were putting up.

Someone came and told me that Mother was calling me. "Which mother?" said I. The reply was: "Anandamayi Ma." I was taken aback. How was it that one so far could be so near? She did not know me. How could she call me? I followed the messenger and went upstairs. Entering a room I saw an exquisitely beautiful lady sitting cross-legged on the floor together with some other persons. She appeared to be divinely inspired. At once she greeted me with a smile and talked to me as if I had been known to her for a long time. Respected Kavirajji was there. I sat beside him close to the Mother. Someone requested her to sing a song. Without a moment's hesitation she started singing: "O Mother, be gracious and make me like a child. Do not allow me to grow old, leaving the charms of childhood behind." In a few minutes she was transported to another sphere, her face was illumined. She lost outer consciousness and plunged into *samādhi*. We felt a divine Presence. One was reminded of Sri Ramakrishna who, while singing or talking, passed into the super-conscious state at ease and often. After some time in that state some Vedic hymns in a regular rhythm of rise and fall found expression through her tongue. It appeared that she was an expert in Vedic lore. Kavirajji whispered

to me, "Mantras like those of the Vedas are being revealed once more." I was struck dumb with wonder.

Pandit Gopinath Kaviraj and his family put up in the Bholagiri Dharmasāla, I too was there. At our request Mother agreed to stay there and the party shifted from Bhimgoda. I felt very happy to be in close touch with such an exalted being. Mother was extremely human and at the same time supremely divine—a meeting-ground of heaven and earth.

That same evening Mother was sitting on the terrace of the dharmasāla. Just below the Ganga canal flowed steadily to an unknown destination, the moon shone brightly and created thousands of silver ripples on the running stream. The yonder Shivalak sent occasional sighs to dull the smiling Ganga. The sight was charming. Mother's presence elevated the entire surroundings to a level above the earth. I felt a child at the feet of the Mother. She began to tell me about her life—how as a girl of three she appeared to lose consciousness on hearing kirtana at a neighbour's house, how this kind of thing repeated itself often, so that her family became apprehensive and consulted some doctors and *vaid*s (ayurvedic doctors); and how a distinguished physician, Dr. Mahendra Ch. Nandi of Kalikutch told her people that she needed no treatment, since the symptoms indicated a highly spiritual state. What resembled fainting fits were by no means attacks of epilepsy or due to any disorder of body or mind. They were signs of God-intoxication. People who knew Dr. Mahendra Nandi had great faith in him. Since then Mother was looked upon differently.

A word must here be said about Dr. Nandi. Being a resident of the same village I knew him personally. I have

travelled from Assam to Punjab but I do not remember having seen the like of him anywhere. A unique personality with a giant figure, a flowing beard and hair all white, of serene appearance, with large penetrating eyes, dressed in *dhoti, chadar* and a pair of slippers, he was universally respected. To see him was to touch his feet. Late Bipin Chandra Pal, the great political leader, orator and savant, called him "the Tolstoy of Bengal." Though an eminent physician and surgeon, he was considered to be a *siddha mahātmā* (a man of realization). So was his father, the late Ananda Babu known as Ananda Swami to his numerous Hindu and Muslim disciples. He was an intimate friend of the Brahma-leader Keshav Chandra Sen and of Mahatma Vijai Krishna Goswami. His grand-father, the late Ram Dulal Dewan, minister of Tripura State, was no less distinguished. Even his son Ashok, who died in prison during the Svadeshi days is described by Sri Aurobindo in his *Karakahiny* as *yoga bhrashta*. A word from a saint like Dr. Nandi was enough to convince people of Mother's greatness.

I asked Mother if she had committed to memory some of the Vedic hymns which she had recited in the morning. She answered calmly : "Here there is no question of committing anything to memory. Whatever comes, comes of itself. People say it resembles Vedic hymns". I thought with Carlyle of the Great Unconscious through which Truth is revealed to mankind. I got the impression that Mother's states were of two kinds : The one a state of overwhelming, uninterrupted bliss (*ānanda*) and the other even more sublime state of *samādhi*.

I think Mother derives her name "Anandamayi" from the first state which is a constant phase of her life. A feeling

of unbroken joy becomes natural for one who lives on the plane of bliss or reaches the *ānandamayī kośha* (sheath of bliss). The other state dawns on transcending the five sheaths—the physical, vital, mental, psychic and spiritual. It is a supra-mental and highly exalted state, comparable to *Nirvikalpa Samādhi*, a state without modifications, without pleasure-pain tone. Words and thoughts stop short and come back suffocated so to speak, from that dizzy height. Blessed are those who attain to that state. They become one with the Supreme Reality. They become omniscient and omnipotent.

As night was approaching I took leave and left Mother to herself. She sat for long hours all alone, shining in her own glory.

The next morning I came to learn that Mother had passed into a deep *samādhi* some time during the night and there was no sign of her regaining normal consciousness soon. I observed her for a pretty long time. She appeared to be in a deep sleep, but she was not sleeping for her eyes were half open and drawn within, they seemed to have lost all lustre and to be wholly oblivious of the world of the senses. The outer form was lying there, the inner spirit, detached from its garb, seemed in holy communion with the world-spirit.

A friend of mine, Dr. Nigam of Fyzabad happened to be there. I told him to see Mother in that state if he wanted to get an idea of real *samādhi*. The doctor was amazed when he saw her and paid her homage.

Hours passed. The sun went down the meridian. It was 1 p. m. or so. All felt hungry. Even Mother's old father

did not take anything without feeding his divine daughter. He began to utter loudly divine names close to her ears. No response for about fifteen minutes or so. Four or five of us, including Kavirajji were in the room. The chanting of divine names was continued and a slight change could be noticed in her features. The eyes began to show signs of life and shed tears in torrents. At once I thought of the sattvik signs : *ashru* (tears), *pulak* (joy), *kampa* (trembling) etc. and said in an undertone to Kavirajji that the next thing might be '*kampa*'. No sooner was it said than Mother began to shiver violently. All these states began to appear and reappear one after another. Then commenced a tug of war between the sensory and super-sensory elements of her life. As soon as physical consciousness started dawning on the body it was drawn in and she was again lost to the senses. The process continued till outer consciousness reasserted itself. She opened her eyes and tried to speak but failed. Some eatables were placed before her, not so much for her as for the sake of others as they wanted her *prasāda*. With great efforts she uttered a word or two expressing her inability to eat anything. Then she lay quietly for some time.

I had seen others in *samādhi*, but never before had I witnessed a *samādhi* of that type. Such a long period of super-consciousness, no sign of life, so to speak, and above all the wonderful states that accompanied the regressive process of climbing down to normalcy. I have seen the snow-clad Himalayas touching the sky, the source of the sacred Ganga babbling on pebbles and the sun rising from a blue sea but I have not seen a sight so touching in its majesty as Mother's *samādhi*. I may forget everything else, but I can never forget what I saw at Hardwar

twenty-seven years ago. It was superb. It was sublime. It surpasses everything.

In the evening I approached Mother and told her that I had a mind to go to Mussoorie, but if she stayed at Hardwar for some time, I could postpone my departure. Mother gave me to understand that her movements were uncertain. She might leave at any moment. So she advised me to keep to my programme. Accordingly I arranged to leave Hardwar the following day.

The next morning (3rd day) I bowed to Mother and told her that I was going to Sahasradhara first and then to Mussoorie. She suggested going to Sahasradhara as well. I felt very happy to have the privilege of escorting her to a lovely spot and to be able to live in her company for at least one other day. Several ladies and gentlemen together with Mother's father and Kunja Babu accompanied her. We went to Dehradun by train, then took a bus to Rajpnr. From there to Sahasradhara we walked a distance of three miles. I hired a dandi for Mother but she was at the head of the party, walking very fast and leading others. The dandi was used by turns by two old people.

We reached Sahasradhara. A projected hill-top was dripping water all the twenty-four hours through not thousands but millions of openings. There were a temple of Siva by the hot springs and a small *dharmasālā*. We took our bath in the spring and sat round Mother in the temple of Lord Siva. One could easily imagine that the Divine Mother Parvati had come to her father Himalaya with her children for a short stay. All of us began to feel the presence of a living Goddess in a lonely valley.

of eternal life. We took our midday meal, talked and laughed and felt that we were children again. We knew one person and she was our wonderful Mother.

Before the sun went down the party left the sweet retreat and moved to Rajpur. A bus was ready to take them back to Dehradun. With a heavy heart I took leave of the Mother and felt very wretched like an orphan.

That night I passed at Rajpur and thought of the unique experience I had had during those three days.

Years after, in 1950 I met Mother at Banaras. She referred to the trip and told a large number of devotees who had collected for her *darśana* that she first went to Dehradun with me and liked the area. Later *bhaktas* built some ashramas there. Then she said jokingly. "But Baba went away leaving this small child behind."

Life is a mystery. The intellect is a light no doubt but not strong or pure enough to pierce through the thick curtain that conceals Reality. A better instrument is needed for the purpose. It is intuition, *prajña*. Intuition can be easily developed with the help and grace of a dynamic spiritual personality like Mother. She soars at dizzy heights but keeps her look on the earth as well. Her earthly life is a reflection of the life beyond. She serves as a connecting link between heaven and earth and through her one can know "the Great Unknown". Her presence creates an atmosphere in which the human mind naturally comes to know its limitations and knocks at the door of illumination. In the words of Goethe : "one's soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed".

My First Visit

U. C. Dutt. M. A., P. E. S. †

I think it was in May 1929. In the summer vacation I was going to Mussoorie, the queen of the hill-stations, as a guest of a military officer. I was in high spirits.

I halted at Hardwar at the foot of the Shivalak hills – quite a modernized town in the lap of nature. The long ranges of hills on one side contrast with the ever flowing Ganga and the canal on the other side. I heard the call of the Himalayas—a clear call it was, I could not resist. I took a different route and moved towards the North. Crossing the Ganga I spent about a week in some *chattis* on the way leading to the holy shrine of Badrinath.

Against my wishes I had to return to Hardwar for the sake of a friend of mine who was accompanying me. In the evening I went to Har-ki-pairi and there on the platform met Mahamahopadhyaya Pt. Gopinath Kaviraj, Principal, Sanskrit College, Banares. My joy knew no bounds to see him there quite unexpectedly and I enquired from him if there was any real Mahātmā in that locality. Kavirajji told me that Mother Anandamayī had been at Hardwar a few days back but suddenly had left for Ayodhya. Her father and Kunja Babu (Swami Turiyananda) were waiting for her at the *dharmasāla* at Bhim-

† Reprinted from A. V., Vol IV/1, May 1956.
Sri U. C. Dutt passed away a few years ago.

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I believe that as a form of Divine Energy (*Sakti*) Mother has come down to the earth to inspire and guide blundering humanity. May her visit to this dark planet be sufficiently long so that those who walk with eyes open may no longer grope in the dark but see a moving pillar of light. As a mark of profound gratitude I offer my humble tribute of sincere homage and adoration to Mother on the happy occasion of Her Diamond Jubilee celebrations.*

Continued from page 196, "Matri Mouna"

If thou speakest not, I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nest, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.

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—TAGORE

* This essay was written for Mataji's 60th birthday in 1956,

From An Old Diary

With Mataji in May-June, 1952.

Atmananda

It was Sri Triveni Puri Maharaj's keen desire that Mataji should bless Khanna* by her presence during her birthday celebrations this year. He had built a couple of rooms for her adjoining the Saraswati Sanskrit College which is situated in the open fields just outside of the city of Khanna. The College, by the way, owes its existence largely to the initiative of Sri Triveni Puriji who was eager to promote and spread Sanskrit learning in the Punjab.

Unfortunately Sri Triveni Puriji passed away shortly after he had been to Hardwar with Mataji in February to attend the consecration of the new Siva Temple built at Kharkhari by the Raja Durga Singh of Solan.

Sri Krishnavadhutaji and the disciples of Sri Triveni Puri, however, prevailed on Mataji to come to Khanna for her birthday all the same and Mataji agreed. She arrived there on May 1st from Varanasi, accompanied by Sri Gopal Thakur of Allahabad and others, and remained there until May 13th. A *Samādhi Mandir* for Sri Triveni Puri had been erected in the close vicinity of the Saraswati College. Thanks to the personal efforts of Sri Avadhutaji the building was completed in its main structure before Mataji reached Khanna in spite of the very short time at his disposal. A fine, life-like statue of the

* Khanna is a small town in East Punjab.

great Mahatma had been modelled by an artist and placed into the inner room of the *mandir*. Perpetual *kīrtana* of the *Mahā-mantra* was kept up on the veranda of the *mandir* throughout the twelve days and nights of Mataji's sojourn at Khanna. She would visit the *Samādhi* at least once or twice daily and sometimes was present for the evening service (*āratī*). After her birthday celebrations had been completed, on May 13th, the day of her departure, Mataji settled down on the veranda of the *mandir* for several hours in the early afternoon, not heeding the flaming hot wind, and listened to the songs of Punjabi ladies, stirring up their enthusiasm by her encouragement and now and again joining herself in the *kīrtana*.

Those twelve or thirteen days at Khanna were extremely well planned and organized, and deeply enjoyed by all present. An increasing number of Mataji's devotees kept on arriving daily from all parts of India. There was ample opportunity for Mataji's *darśana* while listening to the interesting and inspiring talks of Sri Avadhutaji and of other *Mahātmās* at the *satsang* held three times daily—mornings and afternoons in the College hall and at night in the spacious courtyard. In between, Mataji could be more intimately contacted in her own room. A group of people usually accompanied her on her evening walks. On those occasions Mataji was found to be in a delightfully communicative mood, relating incidents from her life at Shahbag (Dacca).

One evening we came to a cluster of houses among trees in the open fields near Khanna. Mataji sat down on a brick-platform under a peepal-tree and we all sat on loose bricks on the ground. The tree had lovely fresh green leaves in spite of the heat of May, and Mataji remarked on it. Then she began

to tell us about the trees at her ashram in Dacca. This is the gist of what she said : "There is a tree there of a Madrasi species of mangoes. This kind of tree is not found in Bengal. But because so many Mahātmās had lived at that spot, anything might be possible. Someone may have eaten a Madrasi mango and thrown away the stone, and the tree grew. The leaves of that tree shed honey. I noticed that the veranda of the Ashram was always besieged by ants. One day I told someone to put a tray under the tree. So much honey dropped from the tree that it filled a jar. Some say, the tree is not a tree but a Mahātmā in the shape of a tree.

"Then there is a jack fruit-tree there which gives fruit all the year round. Where so much *kirtāna* is sung, many wonderful things may happen. In Shahbag *kirtana* was performed day after day. There are two cypress trees near the house where this body lived. The wood of those trees has turned into sandalwood. Not only has it the fragrance of sandalwood but also its other characteristics. People use it for sandal-paste for their *pujā*. Manmohan Baba* cut a piece of wood from the tree trunk and took it to Varanasi. It is there now. The leaves, flowers and fruits of the trees are still those of cypress, only the wood has changed."

Someone asked : "Are there any sandal-trees near about ?"

Mataji : "No, sandal-trees do not grow in Bengal."

For several days Mataji related the most charming stories of a similar kind and also of a more personal type.

* Late Manmohan Ghosh knew Mataji in Dacca and was the architect of the Annapurna temple at the Varanasi Ashram after the partition.

