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AMRIT VARTA

A quarterly journal dealing mainly
with the divine life and sayings of
Shree Anandamayee Ma

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Writing from devotees about their own experiences, not entirely personal or private, throwing some light on Sri Ma's behavioural pattern with people who came close to her, are also specially invited.

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MATRI VANI

“Name” and “form” reside exactly where there are “name” and “form.” After all, it is *rasa* (juice) only- be is the juice of sugar cane or the juice made of sugar candy. Only the “name” has been changed, isn’t that so ? That also is all right. In him there are all *rasas*, are there not ? There are infinite *rasas*- is that not true ?

* * *

One tree-innumerable seeds. Innumerable trees in one tree. All modes of *sadhana* are present in yourself the *sadhaka*. All that is being done by whomso ever in the world - I - the One beyond the universe - in that form alone, which includes stability, movement annihilation the one God only in all this. Where there is no illumination, questions will remain.

* * *

Doing *sadhana* is that - the progression in the direction of the manifestation of the Limitless within limits. The directions of *sadhana* are innumerable. Just as you cannot count the ripples of water. There may be ripples and there may not be ripples-water and its waves. When the true form of the self is revealed, even then there is no question of the infinite *sadhana* and the perpetual state of *sadhaka* being left behind. There are endless directions, no question of any direction being non-existent. When you have become “father” (the creator) your direction (of *sadhana*) in revealed in that form. (In that state) there is no question of the *sadhaka*’s not having achieved this or that.

* * *

He is kind. How do we understand the undivided whole universe ? There are as many paths as the number of sages, the main stream is only one. In all the beliefs there is only one whole and the bhava of the one is revealed. To cross the boundary there is one main stream, until that direction is realized. to meet the main stream till then there are as many directions as the number of sages. While you are within the rivulets it is as many paths as to the number of sages (one has to find one’s own way) The saints have the feel of the omniscient. It is natural and favourable to meditate to go beyond the path. It is all yours, the presnce or absonce, till It is reached. My friend or foe (this feeling) is to be discarded to reach the whole. The direction of surrendering yourself is the direction to attain yourself.

* * *

If your breath follows the rhythm of "Name" then everything is possible. Realization happens at the proper moment-the effort is to continue. The process of breathing is of various types. During the repetition of "Name" (the rhythm of breathing changes) the results are according to the force (of effort) All types of activities of the world are there (related to different rhythms of the breath). Even if there is a breakthrough in one direction (it leads on to further progress). Whether you call it a *granthi* or all the *granthis* of all the streams (of energy) - once you reach the centre, all the *granthis* of all the streams (of energy) get unravelled. It is required to reach there.

* * *

First, it so happens that one (a *sadhaka*) does not say anything (about his *sadhana*). Second, it may be that one (another *sadhaka*) reveals everything. Last of all, there may be another who reveals (his experience) partially. It is like starting a journey together. After going some distance, one may further go ahead; another may take a turn into an alley. Someone reaches there (at the destination). Everything is possible at the place where all meet.

* * *

Q. Which path to follow, will the Guru show us the path?

Ma. Of course, the power of the Guru is there, and by that he (the *sadhaka*) forges ahead. One who can give everything in total is the Guru.

* * *

Vivek, Vairagya (discrimination, dispassion)- whatever there is- when fully awakened in the heart, that itself gives one all that is needed. It is like the secret *Mahashakti* dormant (but active).

*

The search after Truth is the one thing by which the shape of human life should be determined. Genuine desire itself opens the road to fulfilment.

—Shree Shree Ma

SHREE SHREE MA ANANDAMAYEE PRASANG
VOL-5

—Amulya Kumar Dutta Gupta

(Tr. by a devotee)

Today in the Ashram 'Ramlila' has been organized. We all went to see the same. It was organized in the Ashram compound. I did not find any lack of dresses and make up. But the acting was not at all to any respectable standards. The part of "lila" in that Ramlila was just nominal. There was abundance of songs, dances and buffoonery. After the Ramlila we left with Shree Shree Ma and sat in her room.

Today a widow has arrived in Jhusi from Kolkata. I heard she has some mental problem. Shree Shree Ma told me that tomorrow itself I should send a telegram to her brother. He should come and take her back to Kolkata.

Today morning I asked Shree Shree Ma about the ghostly image of disease she had seen. Shree Ma said, "That is an image of a disease. Seeing the image it seemed it is coming to give pain. But many images come who give joy (*ananda*) These image are not spoken of often. Again sometimes, I speak of such images.

Since today evening my throat pain has started and as the night progressed the pain kept increasing. I understood that the ghostly image Shree Ma saw in the morning has come for me. Throat pain is my old ailment. I have suffered for 10-15 years with the ailment. But the disease did not recur for the last 8/9 years. Since it has recurred after a long time, I understood that for at least 5/7 days this malady is not going to leave me; but what is the remedy ?

Thursday (18/11/48)

After rising in the morning I sent a telegram to the brother of the mentally disturbed widow. The post office is close to our Ashram.

Swami Umeshanandaji arrived from Puri yesterday. He has come to Jhusi at the order of Shree Shree Ma. He has received his initiation into Sannyas from Devigiri Maharaj of Uttar Kashi. He is a special devotee of Shree Aurobindo. He has spent a lot of time in Pondicherry but he does not stay there permanently.

At present he is staying with his elder sister in Puri and does his spiritual practices there. When I went to Shree Shree Ma early in the morning, Umeshanandaji was sitting there. Shree Ma was saying to him, "Baba, if you have taken Sannyas, then why stay with your sister ?

Umeshanandaji- I have become old and I need a person to look after me. The place Puri is temperate so I am comfortable there.

Shree Ma- All your life you have stayed in Mirzapur and you didn't have any problems and now there is a requirement of staying in Puri ? If you need the services of a person then why not return home? There too you have people to look after you. Since you have become a Sannyasi then why stay with relatives ? Instead go to your Guru. At present he is present in Mirzapur. Whatever he asks you to do do accordingly. If you have to die at the feet of your Guru, what is the harm in that?

Umeshanandaji agreed to go to Devigiri Maharaj at Mirzapur.

Today the throat pain has increased considerably. I could not go to Shree Ma for the rest of the day. Shree Ma told me to leave my room and go to Umeshanandaji's room. On instruction from Shree Shree Ma a cot was provided in the room. I went there and slept for the night. The room was better then the room I was staying in. The chill here was considerably less. Girinda asked me to take a few Cibazol tablets but I know in my heart that this pain would not subside before 5/7 days.

(to be continued)

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Wherever God may keep you at any time, from there itself must you undertake the pilgrimage to God- realization. In all forms, in all actions and non-action is He, the one Himself. In God's empire it is forgetfulness of Him that is detrimental, The way to peace lies in the remembrance of Him and of Him alone.

—Shree Shree Ma

MOTHER AS REVEALED TO ME

—Bhaiji

Mother introduced the name of Hari (God) in a very respectable Muslim family. While reciting the name they were moved to tears. They had great regard for Mother. In this connection Mother said,- "Hindus, Muslims, and all the communities in the world are one; they all worship the Supreme Being and call for His mercy. *Kirtan* and *Namaz* are one and the same."

Sri Kali Prasanna Kushari and his wife Sm. Mokshada Sundari Devi, Pitaji's sister, loved mother much. In Her company they found a great deal of delight. At one time Sri Kushari came to Dhaka, but was staying somewhere else. He had discussed religious matters with Mother and was about to depart. He said with a laugh, "You are credited with great power. If you have such power, just burn me to ashes. Saying this he lighted some *agarbati* (insense sticks) and started for his place with the sticks in his hand. Pitaji and Mother were to go to a different place and all started together. The sun was very hot. Sri Kushari held his umbrella over mother. The two were walking ahead. Suddenly Kushari startled up and exclaimed, "Alas, from where is fire raining down upon my head ? Are you burning me ? Are you really ? Please stop the fire. I have got ample proof of your power." To his consternation he found a portion of the umbrella burnt away.

On a different occasion a gentleman laid some flowers at Her feet. She picked up one of them and pointing at its petals, pollens and alluding to its scent etc, She illustrated the material, astral and spiritual aspects of life and made people understand the eternal play of the Divine.

Mother is always on the move from place to place. She said in that connection, "I find one vast garden spread out over the universe. All plants and animals, all human beings,- all higher mind-bodies are playing about in this garden in various ways, each has its own uniqueness and beauty; their presence and variety give me great delight. Everyone of you add with your special feature to the glory of the garden. I move about from one place to another in the same garden. What makes you feel my absence so keenly when I happen to leave your part of the garden for another, to give delight to your brothers over there ?"

Towards the middle of 1931, while walking in the Ramna fields, Mother said,- "Prayer is an essential part of the practice of religion; its power is irresistible; prayer reveals the life of human beings. All the thoughts that arise in your heart should be offered to God. Pray for His Grace with all earnestness and in a spirit of self-surrender."

Just at that time I was reading in the news paper that before Lord Irwin came out to India as Viceroy and Governor-General, he asked his father's opinion. The latter replied,- "Don't worry about the outcome of events; we have no control over them. Pray to God and you may get some glimpse of the future." Both father and son went to a church to pray. While returning from there, the father said, "You will have to go to India." The son confirmed, "I also feel the same."

When Mother heard it, She said,- "This is a good instance of the efficacy of prayer. But one must have deep faith like a child. By constant practice the foundation of faith becomes strong; when pure faith takes root in the mind, sincere prayer issues forth from the soul. Through devotion the real spirit of prayer awakens in one's soul, when the Divine Grace manifests itself in the desired results."

On another occasion Mother said, "When you talk of Divine Grace it implies that something descends on man without any intelligible cause. At its own time it comes of its own volition. You find a child forgetting his mother when deeply absorbed in his play; but the mother, out of her own motherly love, bends down over him and takes him on her lap. The Divine Grace blesses a man just like that. A mother's affection reveals itself before the child has time to think of her. You will certainly say that blessings in the shape of Divine Grace are the result of one's good acts in previous births. From one standpoint this may be true, but from a different view-point one may say, as God is absolutely free from all chains of cause and effect, one must not enquire about His motives; though such search for reasons often disturbs us, His mercy descends on all beings evenly. But when one develops a higher vision, one begins to feel the Divine Touch. Have something to rely on. Try to be in vital contact with it and you will find the free flow of His blessings upon your soul, just as a bucketful of water comes out of a well only when the rope to which the bucket is tied is being pulled."

In this connection a question was put to Mother,- "Can a person who has seen God, make others see Him?" She replied that a man could have a vision of Him only when the time was ripe. One who has that vision himself, can help others towards it only to a certain extent. The vision itself is possible through God's Grace alone.

(an excerpt)

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PILGRIMAGE TO KAILAS

—Gurupriya Devi

Saturday, July 20

We set out by seven a.m. and reached Taklakot after a trek of five or six hours. We had set out without eating anything. At Taklakot we saw some shops and residences of householders. There was also a marketing centre. The uncle of Randra Devi of Almora took Ma to his shop where some things were purchased as many of our supplies had been exhausted. We could not procure potatoes or any other vegetables. We purchased sugar and certain other provisions. Pea fields abound here. The people in our group went into the field and plucked a lot of greens. We managed to boil these and make some sort of a curry.

It seems the king of this region has forbidden anyone from plucking greens from the fields. The king has to be paid heavy taxes and therefore the people are unhappy.

We saw many Lamas and also spotted many caves. But no one could give us information about a Lama who had attained realization. It is the tradition for Lamas to remain celibate and they are punished if they happen to get married.

Our tents had been pitched at the foot of the mountains near the water. We purchased provision and descended to the camp slowly. By the time we cooked and ate it was five p.m. Randra Devi's brother arrived with some fruit and a beautiful bowl for Ma. We purchased some *chamar*. We have not so far spotted any cattle other than yaks in these parts.

We learnt about a beautiful tradition prevalent here. Some of the grooms in our party had caught some fish in the Manasarovar and had strapped them on to their backs. When we enquired whether they would eat them they replied, "We have not brought these fish to eat. The fish of Manasarover are invaluable. When a tiger attacks a herd of sheep or goats, the smell of this fish being burnt reminds the tiger of Manasarover alone. It is then easy for us to dispatch the tiger to *Yamaloka*." We do not know how far this story is true, yet these people believe in it implicitly.

The cold was much less intense now; also our breathing was nearly normal. Many changed out of trousers and warm coats into ordinary clothing; that was a relief. Yet after awhile we again had to wear trousers and woollen coats but the cold was not as bad as it had been. Many Tibetan women were standing nearby with their children and watching the fun. The whole day through there was a stream of people standing there. Ma began playing a small tambourine and asked them to sing a song. We could

not understand a word of their language. When the grooms explained Ma's request to the women, four or five of them held hands and began dancing and singing joyously. These women are very simple hearted without a trace of shyness in them. By Ma's instruction, the pista, raisins and other dry fruit we had with us were distributed amongst those women. They were very happy to receive the dry fruit. We lay down at nightfall.

N.P. Garbayan is still three or four days away. At dusk, Randra Devi's brother (Nandaram Babus's son) delivered some letters which had arrived at his address in Garbayan. After many days we received letters from Hiran Didi and Ganesh Dada of Dhaka as well as from Snehalata Basu and Nani of Calcutta. There were also some letters from Nagen Dada and others. All these days we had no postal contact with anybody - we were in a completely different world.

It was decided that we would eat and set out tomorrow.

Sunday, July 21

This morning Parvati Devi proposed that she would take us to the caves of the Lamas. It was decided that I would return and make *rotis* while Dasu would do the rest of the cooking.

Ma, Bholanath, Tunu, Jyotish Dada, Parvati Devi and I began the ascent on horseback for the Lamas' caves which were at the peak of the mountain. The house of the Raja's minister was close to the caves. We went to see the caves. The ascent was very steep and so was the descent on our return. But now we did not find the ascents and descents on horseback frightening as we had got used to them. Actually these paths are situated so precariously on the edge of the mountainside, that if the horse were to stumble no one would even come to know where the rider had landed. The paths barely exist. Climbing by the edge of the mountain in this manner we reached the peak.

The Lamas' cave was painted yellow and the Rajs' house was red. We walked around the cave which was enormous. Many people lived in it. We heard that the local people had handed over little children as sunnyasis to the Lamas. The Raja looks after the needs of all, that is, he has ordered the people to make donations of all provisions needed by the Lamas. We saw many boys reading scriptures.

We climbed a dubious strong wooden ladder to meet the main Lama. He was an elderly person and was seated on a cushion with a dog. The room was decorated with the pictures and statues of Lord Buddha and other saints. As mentioned earlier in the description of other caves, here too we found a vessel filled with water in front of each statue. There were many books. Jyotish Dada spoke up and requested, "Please

give us some *shakti*." The Lama could not understand us at all. Finally some of the grooms and Parvati Devi managed to convey the request whence the Lama began distributing a variety of *prasada* from Tirthapuri, from Khaccharnath and from other places.

We had not visited these places as it involved too much time and also because the pathways were not good. The Lama also gave us coloured pieces of cloth; we came to know that these pieces are considered to be extremely auspicious because, as has been described earlier, similar bits of cloth had been strung together and hung in every temple. Also, these pieces decorate the house tops of householders and can be found along the path, hung between rocks. These rocks are engraved with many letters and, surprisingly enough, the letter 'Om' is very similar to the one that we write and the people here use the word very often.

We looked at the caves in detail. At one place we saw the image of Goddess Tara and at another we saw the image of some other goddess. In one room there was an enormous brass statue of Buddha. Some statues of Lamas were also kept as memoirs. One elderly Lama asked us if we would drink tea, when we entered his room. It seems they offer tea to the idols and then drink it as *prasada*. Drinking tea is compulsory here. We had brought tea, money, dry fruit and sugar candy to give as offerings. These items are traditionally offered.

We saw the rooms that the boys lived in. The rooms were dark and the surroundings were not too clean. But the rooms with idols in them were kept very clean. As soon as we entered we sensed some kind of stench. There was no paucity of yak and sheep horns and bones. At the entrance to the cave we saw the head of a large yak.

We heard that Lamas eat *dal*, rice and *roti*, but some also eat meat. The cave was a kind of palace. In the elderly Lama's room we saw thin, round sheets of paper with something written on them. Jyotish Dada wished to take some but they were not supposed to be carried away from there. It is believed that any mishaps in agriculture can be set right by these sheets. After much discussion we gave eight annas and procured two of the sheets.

It was late in the day by the time we returned. We made *roti* and offered *bhoga*. Many people had come to meet Ma and the hill women were constantly peeking into the tent. They remained crowding round the tent as long as we were there.

N.P. By the time we ate and set out it was one p.m. Yesterday Jyotish Dada had travelled in the *dandi*; today Ma sat in it as the rest of us rode our horses. We saw many merchants, some grouped in tents, others seated at the foothill of the mountain around a pond cooking. They had released their horses and yaks and the loads carried by the animals were lying here and there. After eating, the animals would be re-loaded and they would set out again.