

# MA ANANDAMAYEE AMRIT VARTA

A quarterly journal dealing mainly  
with the divine life and sayings of  
Sri Anandamayi Ma

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## MATRI VANI

Whatever anyone does belongs to the realm of death of ceaseless change. In the shape of death art Thou, and in the form of desire; Thou art becoming and Thou art being, differentiation as well as identity—for Thou art infinite without end. Thou it is who roamest in the disguise of nature.

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*Japa*, meditation and all other spiritual exercises, have for purpose your Awakening. On this pilgrimage one must never slacken : effort is what counts. One should try ever to remain engrossed in this endeavour—it must be woven into one's very being, one has to be fused with one's Self.

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Whatever ties, bonds or restraints man imposes upon himself, should have for aim the Supreme Goal of life. With untrammelled energy one must forge ahead towards the discovery of one's own Self.

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Whether one takes the path of devotion, where the "I" is lost in the 'Thou', or the path of Self-enquiry, in search of the true 'I' - it is He alone who is found in the 'Thou' as well as in the 'I'.

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Why should one's gaze be fixed, while treading the path ? The gaze is He and the why is also He. Whatever is revealed or hidden anywhere, in any way, is 'Thou', is 'I'. You will be able to grasp this fully only when you find everything within yourself; in other words, in the state where there is nothing but the Self.

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The moment of one's birth conditions the experience of life; but the Supreme Moment that is revealed in the course of *sādhanā* leads to the completion of action, and therefore of one's *Karma*.

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*Vairāgya* can consume and *bhāva*, *bhakti* can melt what is impermanent in human nature. But the moment in which burning and melting are impossible — that Moment is eternal. To try and seize that Moment is all you have to do. In reality that is THAT — everything perceived is THAT — how can *THAT* be apart from anything ?

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The moment that you experience is distorted, whereas the Supreme Moment contains being, becoming— everything. Yet nothing is there, although everything is there.

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Moment means time, but not what you call time. Time (*samaya*), means *svamaya* (permeated by self), the state where everything is seen as the Self alone, where nothing whatsoever can exist beside the self.

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In reality there is nothing but the One Moment all along. Just as one single tree contains numberless trees, innumerable leaves, infinite movement (*gati*) and untold static states (*sthiti*), so does one moment contain an infinite number of moments, and within all these countless moments lies the One Single Moment.

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This body always says, each one of you must seize the time, the moment that will reveal to you the eternal relationship by which you are united to the Infinite; this is the revelation of Supreme Union (*Mahāyoga*). Supreme Union signifies that the whole universe is within you, and you are in it.



## IN ASSOCIATION WITH MA ANANDAMAYEE

[Translated from Bengali]

— Sri Amulya Kumar Dutta Gupta

Although I had heard from various people about what had transpired in connection with *diksha* (initiation) on the occasion of the last *Gurupurnima* day, I was most keen to learn of this first hand from Sri Ma's own mouth. Consequently when the reading of the scriptures ended one morning I asked Her directly "Ma, I have not yet had the chance of hearing from your own lips about the events that took place during the recent *Gurupurnima*.

Ma (laughing) : Oh, you refer to all that ? It is nothing very special. One night, two or three days prior to *Gurupurnima*, I noticed that some persons had arrived and were standing behind me. I was conversing with others in front of me, but I was well aware of these new arrivals. One of them was this body's (Ma's) elder paternal cousin. He had died long ago. He used to be a doctor and was very serious-minded. When he married for the second time, this body must have been about eleven or twelve years old. I did not even know him very well. That night he approached this body, saying : "Please, give me something", that is, he meant : "Give me initiation by *mantra*". I told him : "This body does not initiate any body." In reply, he pointed to the people present before me and said : "If any of these persons who are here with you will write a mantra on a bel leaf and will let you touch it, this will be quite sufficient for the purpose." Thus he himself explained of his own accord how exactly this could be accomplished. This body at once uttered the words, "Very well !" Thenceforth this body has been carrying out just what has been described above.

"Someone writes the name of Hari on tulsi leaves then strings a garland out of these leaves to present to this body; this garland is usually given away to someone else. Abani Baba\* also often writes seed mantras on bel leaves and puts them on this body's head or hands; these leaves are then given away by this body to certain people.

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\*. Sri Abani Mohan Sharma, a very old devotee of Ma hailing from Chittagong who stayed in Varanasi ashram for a long period.

"However that may be, I explained everything to Didi and said: "I seem to have committed myself. So you must remember to bring this to my *kheyāla* on *Gurupurnima* day. Also do something else. Write seed mantras of Siva and Sakti with red sandalwood paste on bel leaves and Visnu mantra with white sandalwood paste on tulsi leaves.

"Although I did not specify which particular mantras to write, Didi had previously heard several seed mantras from me so she decided which mantras to write on bel leaves."

"That same day I saw that some bel leaves had been carefully set aside in one place and some tulsi leaves elsewhere; further-more the *kumaris* of the Ashram were preparing sandal paste. Also Didi was writing with red sandalwood paste on bel leaves. Then she got hold of some tulsi leaves, cleaned them carefully but could not make up her mind what to write on them, so she left them as they were and went away. But all this I perceived on a subtle plane, not in the physical.

"On the night before *Gurupurnima* I was lying in bed. I was merely turning from one side to the other; I had no inclination to sleep for the past few nights. My cot had been placed out in the courtyard. I lay there for some time, then went upstairs to lie down on the first floor. Shortly after, I heard the girls sing kirtan, so I understood that it must be early morning.

"It was Didi's desire to dress this body up and do puja on *Gurupurnima* day. But in the morning when I came downstairs, I told her this was not to be. I also entered the newly built Viraja Mandir and told Bishu the same thing and then went upstairs to lie down. When Didi realized her aspiration had no chance of being fulfilled, she arranged for the worshipping of my feet of which prints had been taken some time ago, and then went to the kitchen to cook. Because on that day a considerable number of people had been invited to partake of *prasad*. She thus completely forgot what I had requested her to remind me of (concerning the *diksha* of certain beings).

"Meanwhile I was lying on my bed in the morning, when I noticed that my paternal cousin had arrived. This time his wife was also with him. As soon as I saw them I sent Udas to fetch Didi. The amazing part of the story is that no sooner had I had this *kheyala* then Didi remembered my previous instruction and ran to contact me even before Udas could reach her. Thereafter I went with her to the new mandir.

"Didi quickly wrote with red sandalwood paste a Siva seed mantra and a Sakti seed mantra on two bel leaves. When she had done this, she asked: "What shall I now do with these ?" I also echoed: "Yes, what shall we do with them ?" Didi

remarked : "It will be better to place these leaves on the waters of Ganga." I said : "Yes, this is all right."

Thereafter Didi started cleaning tulsi leaves, but her mind became restless. She was worried that some of the food she had put on the fire for cooking might get charred. Just then someone came to call Didi. She placed the tulsi leaf into Bishu's hands and went away. On receiving the leaf, Bishu asked me what seed mantra he should write on it. I told him : "You worship Narayana, so you may write some such seed mantra on the leaf." He complied and then placed the leaf in my hands. I returned it to him.

"This same Bishu had received three seed mantras from this body six years ago in a dream. He remembered two of the mantras but the third he had entirely forgotten. He used to speak of this to this body from time to time, but as I had no *kheyāla* to reply, I had not explained anything further to him. Once, when he raised the subject again at Vindhyachal, this body instructed him to continue his japa of the two seed mantras he remembered. Up to date this was what he had been doing. Today when I returned the tulasi leaf to him, he intuitively knew the mantra written on the leaf was identical with the third seed mantra he had dreamt of. He asked me for verification. I confirmed this. His face lit up with inner joy.

"There now remained the two seed mantras written on the two bel leaves. So far this body had no *kheyāla* who should be the recipients of these. But when Bishu had been given the tulsi leaf then this body had the *kheyāla* that Mana baba (Sri Manmohan Ghosh) who had been the architect of the new temple (Viraja Mandir) should be presented with a bel leaf. So he was called and one of the bel leaves was handed over to him. There now remained one more bel leaf. Thereupon emerged another *kheyāla*, namely if any uninitiated person should now approach this temple, it would be allotted to him or her. This may seem to you like a lottery ! (Laughter). At that moment I noticed that Gopal Baba's (Dr. Gopal Das Gupta) wife was standing just outside near a window. I called out to her : "Wouldn't you like to come inside ?" She at once entered the temple and did *pranama* to me. As she was going back, I asked Bishu : "Shall I give the bel leaf to her ?" Bishu replied : "Very well, why don't you ?" Three times I asked him the same question and each time he gave the same reply. So the bel leaf was presented to Gopal Baba's wife. This is what transpired on *Gurupurnima* day."

I : Two days before *Gurupurnima* when your paternal cousin came to you in his subtle body, you had remarked that some other persons in their subtle bodies accompanied him.

Ma : So it was.



I : Were they all deceased ?

Ma : They were not.

I : Then who were they ?

Ma : Why, cannot those that are alive also come in their subtle bodies ?

I : Of course they can. Were they also supplicants for diksha ?

Ma : They were.

I : Were those that later received bel leaves from you in the physical among those that appeared to you then in their subtle bodies ?

Ma : Why else should they obtain the leaves ?

I : Can I then look upon this incident as initiation ?

Ma : Whatever you wish to believe.

I : But what would you say ?

Ma : I can only repeat : "Whatever you choose to believe."

I : Suppose I do consider this as a *diksha*, then from whom did they receive initiation ?

Ma : (laughing) From God.

I : Suppose I maintain they received their diksha from you ? Then ?

Ma : I have just declared : "They received it from God."

Swami Shankaranandaji : This amounts to the same thing !

I : Well, you had said to your paternal cousin : "This body does not initiate any body." Suppose I consider this as your limitation, in other words : *Diksha* is the one thing you cannot perform.

Ma : (Laughing) Even if you hold on to this so-called limitation, you will not be able to keep it up.

I : Why not ? If a certain rule is never broken, surely this is but a form of limitation !

Ma : This body does not give diksha in the manner in which it is usually done amongst you. Nevertheless, certain *mantras* have indeed emanated from these lips and others have accepted them. Therefore in one way or another the *mantra* has indeed been bestowed. Besides, I have often remarked that some persons repeat their *mantras* incorrectly. A few of them approach this body from time to time, saying : "Ma, it does not seem that the way I am performing my japa is correct. Should I then carry out my japa in such and such a manner ?" They thus themselves express the desire to change their way of doing japa which corresponds to this body's *kheyāla*.

I : Ma, you say, you do not give initiation. This assertion has no meaning. For instance, Bholanath and Bhaiji have obtained their *mantras* from your own lips.

Moreover you yourself assert that when you present devotees with flowers, garlands and so on, this amounts to transference of power. Communication of power is called *diksha*. One way to describe *diksha* is transference of power.

Ma : (Laughing) Why only flowers and garlands ? Even when sweets or other things are given to people to eat a similar effect can be obtained.

Narayana Swami : Did your paternal cousin obtain what he asked for ?

Ma : Yes, he did.

I : Did he receive it in the new temple ?

Ma : Yes, not only he; his wife, his younger brother; all of them were recipients.



**"The Supreme *Atman*, the highest *Purusha*, which is Brahman, is nothing but pure consciousness; that one glorious Being is perceived through all the separate phenomena as things seen .....** "

**—Kapil Gita**

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**"You are outside and inside. You are blissful at all times and in all places. Why do you run deluded here and there like a ghost ?"**

**—Avadhuta Gita**

## THE CALL OF KHEORA

—'Shobha'

**Kheora\* calls me back !!**

There in Kheora something has been left unsaid-unheard.

O'Divine Mystic Beauty, the heavenly abode of your *Abhirbhava* beckons me to say it, hear it.

My heart aches and pines to sit one more time on the steps of Your Holy Shrine.

Let the breeze of Your heavenly fragrance blow my mind and heart away to Your celestial domain.

Let me be draped in joy with the treaded soil of Your Lotus Feet.

The narrow path that runs between the lush green fields on the sides; Canopied by the blue azure sky of the month of May.

Hastening to reach your Heavenly Abode that faces the pond that You so often bathed and played.

O' my Beloved Mother Krishna ! Grant me to be your Radha for a day. Play-play that Divine flute of Your's. Laugh, laugh that blissful laughter of Your's.

Let Your music drown the entire surrounding with the nectar of Your Bliss, Joy, Serenity, Your Celestial Form.

O'Immortal One just for once step down from your Heavenly Abode.

Come and play with us in the grounds of Kheora; Your neighbors wait for You !

Restless I am to be in Kheora once again.

Awareness of Your Words keep tapping me:

"Mind is ever restless. It is its nature. It is ever seeking its own treasure—the real object of its love; as long as it fails to achieve it, its restlessness does not calm down."

O' Knower of Knowers aware; Thou are of object that rests within. But my Love says my Beloved Child-Mother awaits for me in Kheora.

Ma, I had sought you in my pain; now in that pain I want to merge within You. O'Mother Divine in your words:

"There are two kinds of pilgrims on life's journey: The one like a tourist, is keen on sight seeing, wandering from place to place, flitting from one experience to another for the fun of it. The other treads the path that is consistent with man's true being and leads to his real home, to self knowledge."

Kheora beckons me, for that is the Real Home !



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\*. Sri Ma's holy birth place, now in Bangladesh.

## SUPREME WOMAN OF BEING

—Chloe Goodchild

### [II]

After several more days in Benares, Roger and I took the train and the bus to Rishikesh, the first town the Ganges passes through on its emergence from the Himalayan foothills onto the plains. We arrived at dusk, amidst more dusty streets and city bedlam. We made our way through the corridors of stall sellers, closing up shop after another day of bartering, scraping a meagre living. In a short while, we managed to get to the other side of the town, where the buzzing and creaking of rickshaws and precariously structured dwellings gave way to trees and quieter, more restful scenery. The rains had been and gone, leaving a freshness in the air. Sprawling trees, undulating rocks and yogins' huts lined the waters' edge of the sacred river Ganges. We made our way downstream to the ashram of Chandra Swami, where we stayed for the following few days.

Chandra Swami's ashram was close to Ma Anandamayi's Maha Samadhi at Haridwar, a 20-minute rickshaw ride away. This small traditional ashram of Chandra Swami's was situated a stone's throw away from the Ganges. Chandra Swami was the archetypal guru, a tall, imposing man in his sixties, whose long silver-grey hair swept away from his noble face and down his back. He was radiant, and his deep-set penetrating eyes and wide-reaching smile bore witness to this. He had not spoken a word for over 20 years. His silence was the presence within which his 15 to 20 devotees lived. His following comprised a large group of French people, who were inspired to meet him after Yvan Amar, a young man from Provence, first discovered him in the jungle. Chandra Swami's silence generated a rare interior force. His body was like a mountain. Like Thich Nhat Hanh, he communicated that living presence which only silence can touch. Every afternoon all his devotees and visitors came and sat or knelt in front of him in silence. This ritual was of the simplest. At a preordained time, usually 3 O'clock in the afternoon, everyone gathered in the main meditation hall on the first floor of the ashram, and awaited Chandra Swami's arrival. After some minutes, he arrived and seated himself in front of the crowd. Chandra Swami embodied a youthful vitality and an ageless compassion, which sang its silent laughter infectiously into the room amidst complete silence. After 20 minutes he rose up. Many of the people bowed before him, as he left the room by a thin door behind him. I wondered how he