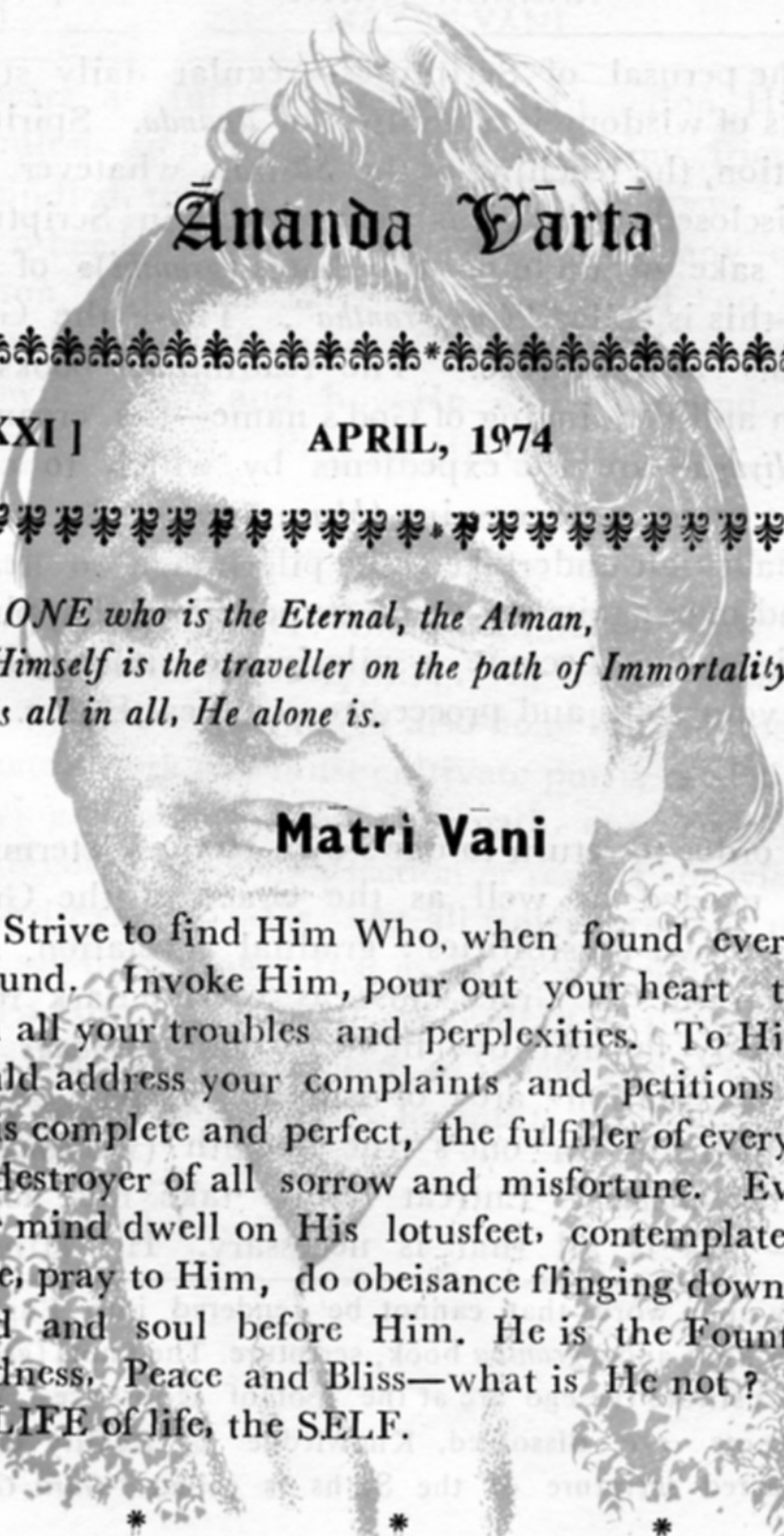


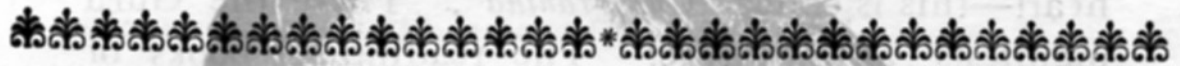
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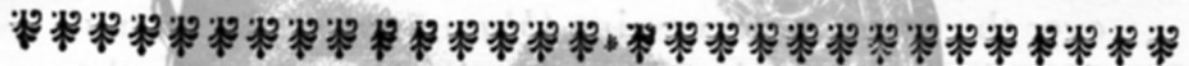
# Ānanda Vārtā



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*The ONE who is the Eternal, the Atman,  
He Himself is the traveller on the path of Immortality,  
He is all in all, He alone is.*

## Matri Vani

Strive to find Him Who, when found everything is found. Invoke Him, pour out your heart to Him with all your troubles and perplexities. To Him you should address your complaints and petitions: For He is complete and perfect, the fulfiller of everything, the destroyer of all sorrow and misfortune. Ever let your mind dwell on His lotusfeet, contemplate Him alone, pray to Him, do obeisance flinging down body, mind and soul before Him. He is the Fountain of Goodness, Peace and Bliss—what is He not? He is the LIFE of life, the SELF.

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The perusal of Scriptures—regular daily study of books of wisdom is a matter of *ānanda*. Spiritual instruction, the teaching of the *Śāstras*, whatever has been disclosed of spiritual experience in Scriptures for the sake of undoing the knots (*granthi*)\* of the heart—this is called "*Gurugrantha*". There the Guru manifests as Scripture. The reading of books of wisdom and the singing of God's name—the cream of the *Kaliyuga*—are the expedients by which to cross over the ocean of becoming (*bhavasāgara*). So many times have you undertaken the pilgrimage to death, over and over again have you experienced happiness and pain. Now become a pilgrim to immortality: retrace your steps and proceed to your real Home.

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In order to return to one's own Home determination is needed as well as the Grace of the Guru. There are two possibilities: gradual revelation, and revelation due to Grace, just as when a dark room is suddenly flooded by light. The *sādhana*s for gradual revelation are of infinite variety. The intense yearning for one's true Wealth (*svadhana*) is in fact the *sādhana*. Entreat Him, "take me, accept me!"—this is all that is necessary. He Himself

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\* A play upon words that cannot be rendered into English: *granthi* knot and--*grantha* book, scripture. The knots (*granthi*) that constitute the ego are at the root of ignorance. When the knots are dissolved, Knowledge of Reality dawns. The sacred scripture of the Sikhs is called "*Guru Granth Sahib*."

appears as infinite *sādhana*s. In action His grace manifests step by step : By continuous friction fire is kindled, the way to Enlightenment opens up. On the other hand there is Grace without any cause or reason. In this there is no method, no gradual development. That is why it is said, there is no knowing where and how He will be found. Thus, Grace is needed. Pray for His compassion !

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The purer the mind becomes by the remembrance of Him in everything, the more excellent will your work be. As action also none but He manifests. In one's work one must cultivate purity and sincerity. Having chosen the spiritual path, one should never at all covet anyone's affection or respect, or wish to be helped in one's tasks. At all times practise patience and self-discipline. Just as when a drop of acid falls into a large quantity of milk, all of it turns sour, so even if a little attachment or anger steals into one's work or service, it is very harmful—remember this !

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# From the Life of Mataji

**Bitika Mukerji**

Pilgrimage to Mount Kailash

( Continued from the last issue )

**Sunday, July 11th 1937 :**

We started on our way back at about 12.00 noon. The descent is always more difficult than the climb. It is not possible to remain on horseback. We stumbled down the snowy path as best as we could and were thankful to our guide Sendel Singh for pitching camp near a spring at 2.30 p. m. Everyone had been fasting. The exigencies of this journey do not allow the travellers to start or continue as they like. We had not been able to stop at Gaurikunda to break our fast. It was more necessary to negotiate the descent as quickly as possible and find a suitable place for the overnight camp. We partook of some light refreshments at the first camp and then covered a few more miles for the night's camp at Didipo.

We were amazed to see a strange phenomenon here : two men prostrating themselves on the path continuously. After lying prone on the ground they would gather themselves up to stand where the tips of their fingers had touched the ground. Then they would lie prone again. We were told that they were pilgrims who chose to perform the *parikraman* in this fashion. I was impressed by their zeal

and devotion. Some of us gave them money as we were given to understand that they need this kind of help from fellow pilgrims. Later on Sendel Singh informed us that these men were robbers and behaved in this fashion to gather information about parties of pilgrims : This truly was astounding news. It only shows that all manner of things are possible just about anywhere.

We are a bit concerned about Bhaiji. Father seems to have come through the ordeal quite well. It is a relief to know that the dandee will be available again tomorrow.

**Monday, July 12th :**

We collected our left-over luggage from Boond and camped at a place called Barkha. The wind is cold but the sun is hot. From here we had a clear view of the top of the holy mountain. The snow-covered peak shining in the sunlight looked beautiful.

**Tuesday, July 13th :**

We were happy to see a strong sun today. Everybody laid out clothes to get them thoroughly aired and dried. We purchased some fresh milk and butter from the villagers. The people store their butter in receptacles of lambs' skin. We travelled about five miles and pitched camp near the lake Rakshas Talao. After many days Ma once more could sit in the dandee. For the past few days Ma was riding on horseback persuading first father and then Bhaiji to use the dandee.

**Wednesday, July 14th :**

We have now descended to a more easily negotiable

terrain. We can still glimpse Mount Kailash from time to time. From one vantage point we had a clear view of the lake Manas.

It will be another couple of days before we reach Taklakote. The horses are showing signs of extreme fatigue. After travelling about ten miles we again camped at the shore of Rakshas Talao.

**Thursday, July 15th :**

Ma again had to come on horseback today. I suffered a sudden pain and could not sit up so was obliged to take Ma's dandee. We camped near the ridge called Mandhata. The legend is that King Mandhata retired to this remote region to perform austerities. We seem finally to have lost sight of the Holy Mountain or the Ravana Hrad.

**Friday, July 16th :**

At Ma's insistence I came in the dandee today also. Our stock of provisions is almost exhausted. Sometimes we hear the reverberating roar of mountain streams, adding to the impression of vast spaces and solitude.

**Saturday, July 17th :**

Making an early start we arrived in Taklakote at noon. Randra Devi's uncle was there and made us welcome. Taklakote is a trading post of some importance. Randra Devi's brother had brought letters for us from Garbyang. After a long time we again established contact with the world we seemed to have left behind. The local people, men, women and children watched our camping arrange-



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ments with great interest. The temperature seemed mild to us. With sighs of relief we resumed our normal mode of dress discarding trousers and coats. The relief, however, was shortlived as we had to put them on again as soon as the sun went down.

In the evening Ma brought out her pair of *kartals*\* and invited the women and children clustering round her to sing to the beat of its melodious sound. The grooms obligingly translated for her. The women delightedly joined hands and formed a ring. They sang and danced for some time. At Ma's suggestion I distributed to them our stock of dry fruits, almonds, raisins, cashew nuts etc. They were very happy with these. The people of the mountains are very simple and not at all shy or self-conscious.

We had noticed that some of the grooms had brought away fish from the holy lake Manas. We were interested to know if they were carrying the dried fish home for food. They said that nobody would eat the fish from Manas Sarovar but it had another use for them. These shepherds are troubled by marauding wild animals who deplete their flocks. The smell of the burning dry fish has a paralysing effect on the attacking animal and then it can be killed easily. We don't know how far this is true but the faith of these people in the efficacy of the fish is implicit.

**Sunday, July 18th :**

At Parvati Devi's suggestion we went up the mountains a little to visit the caves of Buddhistic lamas. As the climb

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\* Cymbals.

was very steep we went on horseback to the very top. The caves are yellow and very spacious, the Governor's house is red. The public is under orders from the Government to provide food and sustenance for the lamas. We went up a rickety wooden staircase to visit the chief lama. We found him seated on a dais accompanied by a little dog. The cave was decorated with many holy symbols and a variety of ikons of Buddha and deities of the Buddhist pantheon. Bhaiji spoke to the lama on our behalf. He said, "Give us strength (to remain on the path to God)." This was translated by Parvati. The lama was very kind to us and gave us some *prasāda* and pieces of coloured cloth. We had taken with us offerings of some tea, dry fruit and money. Bhaiji became interested in some of the rolled up parchments in the caves. After much persuasion an old lama was prevailed upon to sell him one for a nominal price.

Leaving Taklakote at about 1 p. m., we encountered many groups of traders going up there. Trading is still done by barter in these regions. Sendel Singh pitched camp after six miles or so. Tomorrow we shall have the difficult job of crossing Lipu pass.

**Monday, July 19th :**

As written above, one has to climb to approximately 18,000 feet to cross Lipu. The ground on this side of the pass is, comparatively speaking, flat but on the other side there are hard and rocky inclines. The path is so rough and steep that even a little distance becomes most fatiguing. However we had to go through with it and prepared

ourselves for the journey carefully. Last time Keshav Singh had fainted due to dizziness. We made an early start without stopping for breakfast. At about 3.30 p. m. we could pitch camp for the night at Kalapani. After crossing Lipu we had halted briefly for some light refreshments. On our way to Kalapani, we had procured some potatoes that were half rotten and far from good but this vegetable seemed a delicacy to us now. We can still hear the rumbling sound of big waterfalls. All around us are rising ranges of snow-covered mountains. The moon riding a clear blue sky sheds a luminosity over the entire landscape.

**Tuesday, July 20th :**

We came to Garbyang some time in the afternoon after a most gruelling and terrifying journey. It is a source of constant marvel to me how the horses maintain foothold on a rocky and slippery incline. The slightest slip and rider and horse would fall down hundreds of feet to the river gorge. The grooms constantly stood by to help us negotiate the extra difficult stretches of this perilous path. Most of our people are from Garbyang and they were in a very good mood to be nearing home. Many of them broke out in songs and in spite of the difficult terrain there was a spirit of lightheartedness amongst them. We met groups of traders going up to Taklakote as this was the annual trading time. The sheep are laden with a vareity of merchandise. One piece of firewood is strapped to the load of every sheep because wood is not at all available beyond this point as we know to our cost. The narrow and difficult path was made quite hideous by our having to share it constantly with these

laden sheep. The only redeeming feature was some greenery which acted as balm to our eyes dazzled by the unrelieved whiteness of snow. The tall, green pine-trees were a welcome sight. We put up at the same school house we had stayed in on our way out. By Mataji's grace and with the help of Bholanath's undiminished enthusiasm we had indeed accomplished a most difficult pilgrimage.

Bhaiji went off to the post-office and fetched us a big bundle of mail. I tried to write as much I could to let people know about Ma's safe arrival at Garbyang.

Some Government officials are on their visit to Garbyang. There is great excitement and activity amongst the people. The officers came to visit us to have Mataji's *darśana*. The gentlemen kindly took upon themselves the task of making arrangements for the last lap of our journey. Our grooms bade farewell to us having accomplished their contract of the round trip from Garbyang. Word has to be sent to Dharchula from where the porters who will accompany us for the remaining journey, will come.

The weather being mild, we were relieved to be able to take off our tailored clothes and put on our own normal manner of dress.

**Wednesday, July 21st :**

We have decided to spend one day here for a much needed rest. Many people came to pay their respects to Ma, amongst them groups of pilgrims who were on their way to Mount Kailash. We were able to give them some information regarding the journey.

Thursday, July 22nd :

We made preparations for our trip and left Garbyang at about 11 o'clock in the morning. Partings are always sad and difficult. All those who had accompanied us on our pilgrimage and from whom we were now finally taking leave stood around with moist eyes. Bidding farewell to our friends and companions we climbed into the *dandees* and went once more on our way with a new set of porters and *dandeekulis*.

We travelled to the accompaniment of the incessant roar of the swiftly flowing Kaliganga. We were enthralled by the beauty of the turbulent river, cascading down thunderously sometimes near at hand, sometimes invisible but making its presence felt by the reverberating sound of water. The path is so narrow that it seems impossible that anyone can keep a foothold, let alone carry a *dandee* with passengers. At times I had to close my eyes, and I am sure the others also did the same, not to see the bottomless gorge yawning at almost every footstep. At places we were required to walk single file with the help of the porters. The porters were most kind and with great care they assisted us to negotiate the worst patches. The memory of the road we have taken today makes me shudder. Habit is indeed invaluable. The path which is so perilous for us is traversed easily by the local people.

Today we are camping at Malpa. It has started to rain a little. We are now quite used to these discomforts. It was not at all unusual for us to bundle ourselves in waterproof coats and prepare for a night's rest.

**Friday, July 23rd :**

We managed to start before sunrise. The sun is quite hot now. Much of today's journey had to be accomplished on foot. The scenic beauty is captivating but most of our energies are taken up by keeping steadily on the road and we cannot stop to enjoy the marvels of nature. We passed many mountain springs. The water pours down with such force that it raises a white screen around it. We got drenched a number of times from the sprays. At about 2 p. m. we arrived in Deepti and took shelter in a room in the village. There is a shop in this place. After a long time we could buy some green vegetables and fresh milk. Bholanath was tempted to try his hand at cooking some pulses. Everyone ate with great relish the *dal* and vegetables.

**Saturday, July 24th :**

To-day's journey was comparatively easier. It was a blessing that we were not caught in rain so far. It rained during nights only. Kaliganga has receded to a distance. Since yesterday we seem to have left the view of snow ranges behind. We did not stop at Sirkha this time but came on to a place called Shasha. On the way we were met by Ruma Devi. She greeted us with great pleasure and told us that she had been waiting for Ma for the last three days. She had been constantly on the road in an agony of suspense that somehow she might miss us. She had already cleaned a room for us at Shasha, where we took up residence for the night. Ruma Devi procured some beautiful wild flowers and offered them at Ma's feet. She said that there was much work for her to do at her ashram

where many people were waiting for her, but she had no mind to leave Ma again. With great simplicity she said to Ma, "I had decided to spend my life in the service of others. Now that I am old I see that there is no end to this kind of work. I had thought that I would dedicate my life to social service, but this does not appeal to me anymore. I wish to carry on my work in solitude now. I should like to stay with Ma for the remaining days of my life"; We were impressed very much by Ruma Devi's devotion and dedication to her chosen way of life. We were also charmed by her gentle manners, her smiling good nature and her helpful attitude. It was agreed that she would come with us to Almora.

Bhaiji is not too well. He is suffering from fever. We are concerned about him, otherwise all would be well now. The local inhabitants came in groups to pay their respects to Ma. Within a short while Ma's room became crowded and there was a heap of many coloured flowers in front of her. We again saw sweet smelling roses and jasmines and were reminded of the plains we were approaching now.

**Sunday, July 15th :**

We arrived in Khela a little before sundown. Bhaiji is not at all well. It was decided that we would stay here for a day so that he may recover. The fever is due to fatigue no doubt. The porters that we had engaged in Garbyang were under contract to come with us up to Khela. We engaged another group of porters here who would go down with us right up to Almora, which is approximately ten days journey from here.

With the help of the local people all arrangements for our stay and journey were concluded smoothly, but for Bhaiji's indisposition there would be no major difficulty now.

**Tuesday, July 27th :**

After a day's rest at Khela we travelled to Dharchula today and took up residence at the Dak Bungalow. We had stopped at the District Board Dispensary so that the doctor could examine Bhaiji. We bought the medicines prescribed by the young doctor. Dharchula is a bigish place and it will be easy to get food and other necessities. We are hoping that with medical care and rest Bhaiji will recover soon.

**Saturday, July 31 st :**

Bhaiji is considerably better. We are planning to leave tomorrow. The porters are very restive because of this unexpected delay but we could not possibly leave earlier. Due to incessant rain the bridge over Kali river has been washed away we are told. The inhabitants of the area sling a pully-like arrangement on such occasions and cross the swift flowing mountain stream in this precarious fashion. We were very hesitant to subject Bhaiji to this form of travel but it is not feasible to wait here indefinitely. We have no idea when the bridge will be repaired and in any case it will be much better to arrive as soon as possible in Almora.

**Sunday, August 1st :**

We came to Baluakote in the evening. We had to cross the river by rope, a fearful experience. A stout rope is



stretched across the not too wide river. One has to sit on a plank which is attached to the rope with sliding knots. From the other side this rough contraption can be swung across the river by pulling the rope attached to it. We had brought a tent from Dharchula. This was pitched now in an open flat ground. I cooked a light meal in the open and everybody enjoyed eating under the clear skies. Tomorrow we shall leave for Askote. We are again passing through forest regions.

**Monday, August 2nd :**

Travelling has become much easier. We arrived in Askote at about 2p. m. The sun is quite hot now and Bhaiji was very uncomfortable in the heat. We took up residence in the dharamsāla. The members of the Raja of Askote's family came to pay their respects to Ma. They brought all manner of foodstuff. Other people came too. Ma talked to them for a while. Since the last four or five days Ma has been taking just one very light meal a day. Excepting water she does not eat or drink anything else for the rest of the day.

**Tuesday, August 3rd :**

We made an early start today to avoid the heat of the day. A little way out of Askote one of the dandees broke down. Bholanath and father walked back to Askote to engage another dandee. Our progress was necessarily slow because we did not want Bhaiji to sustain more than a minimum of strain. We arrived at the school house of Didihat after travelling seven miles. The teacher and the

students came running and made Ma welcome. Showing great care and concern for her comfort they made arrangements for her stay in the school. Some people came for Ma's *darśana*. She talked to them for a while.

**Wednesday, August 4th :**

Camp at a place called Thal. We are again suffering from the peculiar nuisance of this part of the country, the wood-termites. They are minute enough to be invisible and the clothes become so infested that there is no respite from them day and night. It is difficult to get a night's rest.

**Thursday August 5th :**

It generally rains in the evenings, so we have been travelling in the mornings rather than after an early lunch. Today it started to rain in the morning so we changed our timetable and finished with the business of cooking and eating. Starting a little before noon we came to Berinag before evening. The teacher at the school let off his class and made the room available to us. He requested Ma to stay in Berinag as long as possible saying he would hold school in some other place.

The doctor was requested to visit Bhaiji and prescribe some medicine for his relief. I went into the village to procure a pillow for him.

**Friday, August 6th :**

We could not continue today because it started raining heavily in the morning. The porters do not like to wait so Tunu, Dasuda and the Brahmachariji went on with some

of the porters carrying baggage which we are not likely to require now.

**Saturday, August 7th :**

Bholanath and I rode today as we have dismissed our dandees. It rained very heavily and we were all drenched to the skin. With extreme care we managed to protect only Bhaiji's dandee from the rain. On arrival at Ganoi around 2.00 p. m. I went to a shop and purchased some shawls so that father and Ma could change into dry clothes. The porters carrying baggage always arrive much later so that our own clothes were not available immediately. Father did discard his soaked clothes and wrapped himself into dry sheets but Ma did not change. She has been rather unusually quiet these last two days or so. The natural radiance of her countenance has been dimmed a little. This is one of the Forest Bungalows. We are nearing our journey's end but because of Bhaiji's indisposition we are feeling very impatient with delays and sorry that we cannot move any faster.

**Sunday, August 8th :**

We travelled a distance of about twelve miles and came to a place called Kanera. Here also we took up residence at the Bungalow. Ma has been advising me all along about taking care of Bhaiji. She has helped me with the invalid diets and has personally seen to Bhaiji's comforts in a hundred different ways. When not called upon to do something she has sat quietly near his bedside. During our journey today father noticed that Ma had not spoken at all.

We realized with saddened hearts that Ma had become *mouna*. It is a long time since she has observed silence and it is doubtly difficult for me because now I have to decide for myself how best to look after Bhaiji. However, we must abide by Ma's *kheyāla*.

**Monday, August 9th :**

Only five miles to Dhavalcheena. We are to stay overnight so that we can go down to Almora tomorrow in one lap. Almora is thirteen miles from here.

**Tuesday, August 10th :**

With a great sense of relief we have arrived in Almora. A newly built couse has been prepared for Ma's occupation. Juthika and Manik have been waiting at Almora for us for the last seven days. The joy of a difficult journey accomplished and of meeting devotees and friends was tempered by Bhaiji's illness and Ma's *mounam*.

**Wednesday, August 11th :**

We have to remain in Almora till Bhaiji recovers. There is no difficulty about medical help how. The local devotees are more than ready to render all manner of assistance. They are doing what they can. Bhaiji is greatly loved by these people and they are sad to see him so ill.

**Thursday, August 12th :**

It seemed to me that Bhaiji's condition had taken a turn for the worse. We were startled to hear the sound of Ma's joyous laughter when we were sitting in a dejected group near Bhaiji. Ma's cot has been placed near Bhaiji's

bed. Most of the time she is sitting near him. While still laughing she wiped the perspiration from his forehead. The doctor was in attendance. The patient seemed to improve a little at night.

**Friday, August 13th :**

We are still struggling with the patient. Bhaiji's family has been informed about his illness. Bhaiji's wife had not liked the idea of his going on this pilgrimage. Ma had tried to dissuade Bhaiji on learning of his wife's objection but he had insisted, saying he would write to his wife and explain everything so that she would not mind. We don't know if she was reconciled to the idea or not.

**Saturday, August 14th :**

There is a change in Ma's demeanour. All along I have had the reassurance of Ma's indications regarding the patient's diet and nursing. Since yesterday Ma has become absolutely still and uncommunicative. She is sitting or lying quietly on her cot but Bhaiji cannot see her. At the end of the day he enquired about her and was told that she was sitting near him. Maharatan and others who had not had the occasion to observe Ma in her various aspects were a little taken aback, saying wonderingly. "How can Ma be so indifferent to Bhaiji, she who has been more concerned about him than a mother about her son." We see oddity in her behaviour only because we ascribe our own feelings to her. It is our good fortune that she has the *kheyāla* to allow her actions to arise out of our needs for her guidance and help. Her great compassion for our many

weaknesses and limitations makes us forget this fact again and again. For our frail understanding this withdrawal is oppressive and darkens our horizon. I tried to evoke a response by reporting Bhaiji's condition but she did not seem to hear what I said. Hariram Joshi arrived from Dehra Dun to see Bhaiji. Harirambhai is greatly devoted to Bhaiji.

**Sunday, August 15th**

The doctors are struggling with illness. In the evening we were considerably relieved to see Ma again resuming her position near Bhaiji's bed.

**Monday, August 16th :**

We are loosing heart about Bhaiji's recovery. The doctors do not hold out any hope. Ma is as before sitting near him almost the entire time and giving suggestions and advice regarding nursing and diet. Bholanath was overcome by grief and sobbed like a child. None of us had dry eyes. Ma looking round at us again laughed. She also placed her hand on the patient's head for a while.

**Tuesday, August 17th :**

The whole day has been a struggle between life and death. Bhaiji is fully conscious and quite aware of his condition. He expressed his unwillingness to have any more injections. But the doctors naturally could not accede to his request and tried all measures at their command. At night Bhaiji looked at me and said clearly, "Khukuni; finish,"

**Wednesd, August 18th :**

The great soul departed from this world today at 3-30 p. m. leaving us with sense of irreparable loss.

The doctors had tried again in the morning to stem the tide of the ebbing energies but acknowledged themselves defeated. Our last resort was Ma. Harirambhai and I prayed to Ma to bring her *kheyāla* to Bhaiji's recovery. Ma made a negative gesture implying that she did not have any positive *kheyāla* at the time. We relinquished hope after that. Ma sat quietly near the bed of the patient wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

Bhaiji appeared to be quite in his normal consciousness. He began to repeat the names of the Lord and then continued to repeat "Ma, Ma !" After a little while he said, "How beautiful !" Then again in a tone of great conviction, "There is One only. There is nought else except the One."

Harirambhai in a tear-choked voice called, "Bhaiji?" He immediately answered, saying, "Remember always, friend, that all are One, there is only One.

"Ma and I are One, Baba (Bholanath) and I are One, all of us are One, there is nought else but the One."

After some time we heard him enunciate clearly the *sannyāsa-mantra*. A few minutes before the end Ma signalled all of us out of the room and recalled us after a minute. As we came back Bhaiji said to us, "Ma has asked me to go to sleep. I shall sleep now." In this serene and calm manner this great-hearted man left us to attain to a higher state in his quest for Truth.

( End of the narration from Gurupriya Devi's diary ).

After a while, Mataji breaking her silence of many days, spoke to the stunned group of people in a soft and indistinct voice. She said, "Arrangements will have to be made for a *samādhi* for him. He is to be regarded as an *avadhūta*. Since he has made the renunciation required for *sannyāsa*, he is to be given the same position as a *sannyāsi*". Mataji now related to them the incidents which had led up to Bhaiji's *sannyāsa*. She said, "You will remember that on our way to Manas Sarovar we were separated into groups. I asked Khukuni, Bholanath and Bhaiji to go ahead while I waited for Swamiji. When I arrived at the shore of the lake, I was met by Bholanath who told me in great agitation that Jyotish had already bathed and on coming out of the Lake had spoken to him saying :

"Baba, I have a great yearning to go away like an *avadhūta sannyāsi*. Please give me permission to do so, immediately, now !" Bholanath was perturbed by Jyotish's manner which manifested an urgency as if he could not brook any delay. Bholanath thus resorted to admonition, saying, 'What is all this you are saying ?...Get up and put on your clothes ! Your Ma is not here. What will everybody say ?' "Jyotish, recalled to a sense of his obligations, resumed his warm clothes and waited near the tent for the rest of the party.

"Do you recall that I, Swamiji and others arrived at the camp-site after almost two hours. Then some of us went along to the shores of the lake. A few became busy with their own methods of worship at this holy place and went about their several tasks according to their wishes,



