

**Eternally Inspiring Recollections
of our Divine Mother**

**Sahaja Yogis' stories of
Her Holiness Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi**

**Volume 7
1998 - 2011**



**This book is humbly dedicated to
our Divine Mother, Her Holiness Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi
that Your name may be ever more glorified, praised and worshipped**

Thank You, Shri Mataji, for allowing us to collect these beautiful recollections of Your care. Thank You for the warmth and simplicity and all the many ways in which You showered Your love upon us. And thank You for the great play of Shri Mahamaya that helps seekers to love and trust You, often without yet understanding the Truth that You are.

The heart of this book is to remind us of the magic of Sahaja Yoga. The spirit of this book is to help our brothers and sisters all over the world, and also in the future, to know a small part of the beauty and glory of You, Shri Mataji as a loving, caring Mother whose wonderful power of divine love dispels all our uncertainties.

Sift now through the words that we found when we tried to remember. What follows is our collective memory, our story together. We ask Your forgiveness if our memories are less than perfect, but our desire is to share with others the love that You have given us, as best we can.

Acknowledgements

The editor would like to humbly thank all the people who have made this book possible. First and foremost we bow to Her Holiness Shri Mataji, who is the source and fulfilment of all, and who graciously encouraged the collection of these stories.

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Chapter 1

1998 January to June

India, Dubai, Cabella and Russia

Shri Mataji joined India and Mexico

In 1998, I went to Delhi for the Birthday Puja, and afterwards went to the International Sahaja Hospital at Belapur. We asked Dr Rai, the Director, about the possibility of having a conference on Sahaja Yoga and Health in Mexico. I asked him to please talk to our Holy Mother and request Her blessing. Shri Mataji authorized the conference, and as soon as I came back from India, I began to organize it.

Dr Rai came to Mexico in September. Sahaja medical doctors from Spain, India and Colombia also came and the Chief of the Department of History and Philosophy of Medicine from the National University of Mexico was our host. The conference was a complete success.

Graciela Vázquez-Díaz

Dubai

For some years I lived in Dubai. I was there when Shri Mataji visited in April 1998. I did not know the Dubai Sahaja Yogis and it was my first time to meet Shri Mataji, at the airport. There were two arrival gates, and I went to the second gate. Everyone else was waiting at the first gate. So I was the person to actually greet Shri Mataji and took blessings from Her. (The narrator is in flowery shirt behind car door). She asked me where our coordinator was and I told Her that they were coming, but I didn't know for sure. Then we reached Her car, and the driver and everyone came there.



On the same day one of my work colleagues, a Mr Singh, (seen behind in blue) heard that I was going to meet Shri Mataji and that She was coming to the airport, and he came behind me to see what was happening, because he had been quite critical of my involvement with Sahaja Yoga. He waited a long time at the airport, and was very late for his work. But he wanted to see Shri Mataji, and he saw Her when She arrived. He started following Shri Mataji's car on his motor bike. The car stopped at the traffic light, and his bike drew level with Shri Mataji's car. She looked at him, and did namaskar to him, and he was so surprised and his eyes became wet with tears. He got to work nearly three hours late, but no one was worried there. And from that day he started to do the puja of Shri Mataji and became a good Sahaja Yogi.

My friends and I got in a taxi and followed, and when we got to a traffic light we saw Shri Mataji's car and told the taxi to follow, because we did not know where

the programme was to be. Then we went upstairs and got to the apartment, and there was just Shri Mataji, the centre leader and myself. Soon there were quite a few people in the big meeting room there. Shri Mataji called me over to Her chair and first She asked me what language She should use for the Dubai Sahaja Yogis. I said English, because there were Shri Lankans and other foreigners who would not understand Hindi. Then She told me how nice the Dubai collectivity was, and how She really enjoyed them.

‘I am very joyful here, and I have seen never such a nice collectivity, and such love anywhere,’ She told me in Hindi.



Shri Mataji at the Dubai Centre

The next day Shri Mataji came to our Shahjah centre. Shri Mataji gave a speech which was not taped. There were about twenty-five people there on the previous day and She had given almost the same speech, but at the centre more people could hear it. One lady came to the centre, and came in front of Shri Mataji.

‘You are the daughter-in-law of Mr Shankar of Lucknow,’ Shri Mataji said, even though She had not met this lady before (the lady in blue in the photo). The lady was surprised that Shri Mataji knew her father-in-law, but Shri Mataji said She knew him because he sang bhajans in Lucknow.



There were some Sahaja Yogis from Shri Lanka and Shri Mataji told us that Shri Lanka is your younger brother and you from India are like elder brothers and

it is your duty to help them. At that time there was a problem in Shri Lanka with terrorism.

‘Don’t worry, this problem will soon be solved, within two or three years,’ Shri Mataji said to them.

‘You have to follow Sahaja Yoga and then Shri Lanka will become free of terrorism,’ She said, and that they should open Sahaja centres, and through Sahaja Yoga one day Shri Lanka will change.

Rajesh Yadav

Play the sarod

In 1998 and 1999 during the Easter Pujas I had the privilege to play the jumbush, a Turkish instrument, for Shri Mataji. She was very pleased and spoke to me while we were carrying Her on the palanquin. To carry Mother from Her car to the stage and back on that palanquin was one of our delights at Easter Pujas in Istanbul.

This repeated itself in both years. Shri Mataji told me to go to the academy and learn sarod three times, but I did not do what She said. My job and my worldly responsibilities prevented me, but after the third time in 1999 my wife Bistra supported me and I took an incredible leave of three months and stayed in Nagpur from January 2000 to the closing of Nagpur Academy in March after the passing away of our dear Baba Mama. When I first arrived, Baba Mama suggested that I learn the sitar, but my mind was already set on sarod.

‘I will play the sarod because Mother said so,’ I said to him.

‘If that is what She said you should do so,’ he replied.

When I started to learn, I realised why they say the sarod is the most difficult instrument, and it was only Shri Mataji’s command that kept my faith alive that at some point I would be able to play it. Now when I look back I realise more what an important step it was to take the challenge and I cannot imagine how my life would be without my sarod.

Selim Ergen

A beautiful hand painted ceramic vase

I went to Istanbul with the Romanians to Easter Puja, in 1998. There were only myself and one other Australian girl who were given the honour of buying a present on behalf of Australia. We had never done anything like that before, and went to a shop and chose a beautiful hand painted ceramic vase. When we went on the stage to give it, we were waiting in the line and weren’t sure if it was going to be appropriate. There were two people in front of us who gave a vase.

‘Oh good! I need more vases!’ Shri Mataji said, in a very loud voice, so we felt comfortable that we were doing the right thing.

After I had given Shri Mataji a vase at Easter Puja in Istanbul, in 1998, we went to Cabella for Shri Ganesha Puja, and stayed for a month, between that puja and Navaratri Puja, helping at the castle. I had been helping in the kitchen and after about a week I got to go inside to the main rooms where Shri Mataji lived. I walked in and just at the bottom of the landing, in the dining room, was the vase that we had given. My heart just felt so open, it was as if Mother knew we were there and had put out the gift we had given Her and was using it.

Although I helped in the castle for another three weeks and went in all the rooms, I never saw that vase again. It was just on that first day – Mother made

those connections between Her heart and yours, and you knew that She knew you were there.

Anna Chicos



Easter Puja, Istanbul, 1998

I have My own plan, you will see

It was in Istanbul, for an Easter Puja. I was in Mother's room and told Her I could not wait for Her to be on the front page of Time magazine and Newsweek.

'Do you want Me to be at the same level as (a well known Tibetan)?'* She answered. 'I have My own plan, you will see.'

Ruth Eleanore

**Editor's note: name deleted*

It was not the right thing to miss the programme

On the occasion of the Sahasrara Day Puja in 1998, we European Sahaja Yogis formed an orchestra and put together a programme of a number of European composers including a full piano concerto by Mozart. We so wanted it to be well done, but the darshan of Shri Mataji was more important than anything.

On Friday night, Shri Mataji was attending the programme, but we, the orchestra rehearsed in one of the hotels of Cabella because we wanted the music to be as perfect as possible. The rehearsal didn't go well, and after this I saw my national leader.

'What? You didn't attend Shri Mataji's programme? It was so important to be there in Her presence,' he said.

So we played in front of Shri Mataji the next evening and the concert was of a pretty high standard. It was videotaped, as all the programmes were, but the video didn't work. It confirmed what my leader said, that it was not the right thing to do to miss the programme the previous evening.

Siddheshvara Barbier

A few simple stories which show how Shri Mataji cares

These are a few simple stories which show how Shri Mataji cared for Her children and noticed small things. It was my first Sahasrara Puja at Cabella in 1998. I was there to make the food as part of the kitchen team and we made all the food for the puja. We worked day and night and it was so joyous; we did not feel

we did anything because everything was so smooth and spontaneous. We felt - I am not the doer, Shri Mataji does everything.

After the puja was over the kitchen team had the chance to have Shri Mataji's darshan. I was able to take flowers to Her and a Sahaja Yogini introduced me to Her.

'She is new in Austria,' the yogini said, and Shri Mataji looked at me.

'Aren't you from Calcutta?' (Which I am) She said. Shri Mataji knew everything, as She had never met me personally before. Then She said, 'How are you? Are you happy?' This was the best moment of my life. Then Shri Mataji saw Purnima, another Austrian Sahaja Yogini, and she was almost seven months pregnant. Shri Mataji was so happy to see her pregnant because she had been married for eight years and no baby had come until then. At that moment a desire came to me that I would also like a baby and as soon as I returned from the puja I also became pregnant.

A few years later we again got an opportunity for Shri Mataji's darshan, and went inside Her room with flowers to bow down to Her. This time Shri Mataji spoke for a long time in Marathi with Mrs Koli.

'Is there anyone here who cannot understand Marathi?' Shri Mataji asked. I was the only person who couldn't so I raised my hand. Shri Mataji asked me where I came from and I told Her that I was from Calcutta, and She said that my eyes showed that I came from there.

Another time I got an opportunity to work in Shri Mataji's kitchen at Sahasrara Puja. It was very nice to work there, washing dishes, cutting vegetables, serving – wonderful experiences. As I came from Calcutta, where fish is the Bengalis' favourite food, I always had a desire to cook fish for Shri Mataji. That day, when I was in the kitchen, there was no plan to cook fish. The ladies who always did the cooking there asked me to write down some Bengali fish recipes so they could cook them, and I was happy to hear that.

'Why not cook fish today?' a lady said to me out of the blue, in the evening. She asked me to cook fish Bengali style, which I did. It was an example of the fact that Shri Mataji knew everything that was on Her children's mind.

Soma Kuma

My biggest smile

Once in 1998, I had the opportunity to meet Shri Mataji. Upon seeing Her, my tears started flowing uncontrollably. She looked at me and asked why I was crying. I had no idea why, but managed to say that it was because I was feeling tremendous joy. She lifted Her finger and said to everyone present 'Khushi hona bahut jaroori hain. (It is very important to feel joyous.)

That night, I felt quite silly to have cried like that in front of Shri Mataji, and promised myself that when I next saw Her, I would smile my biggest smile to let Her know that I was extremely joyous under Her protection. I had that chance in Cabella in 2004 when Shri Mataji was taking a stroll in Her garden. I was beaming from ear to ear upon seeing Her, and remembered my promise to give Mother a huge smile. Suddenly She turned to me and smiled so much, Her eyes grew bigger and sparkled. And Her smile was so big, it seemed to encompass me and the whole world in it. That was the sweetest day of my life.

Sonalika Sanas

Shri Mataji wanted an inventory

One day, in the castle at Cabella, Shri Mataji decided that She wanted to see all the paintings which had been presented to Her. She asked somebody to go and find where they all were and he discovered that they were stored all over the place. Shri Mataji wanted an inventory. We went up into the attic, took the paintings out, showed them to Her and then She would comment on them. I remember there was a really nice one that had the shape of Africa, and it was a mother and child.

‘Ah, Africa, the mother,’ Shri Mataji was saying. There was a Sahaja Yogi who’d done a painting and he hadn’t presented it to Shri Mataji.

‘Shri Mataji’s looking at paintings. This may be your opportunity,’ I said to him. So he quickly brought his painting and managed to present it to Shri Mataji and She made a comment that it was nice.

One thing I remember Her talking about — there were some paintings done by the Russians and She was saying how different they were, and very professional. She wanted to send the Russians the paintings which were damaged, to be repaired, because they were very good repairers.

So over a period of time, Shri Mataji would sit in a chair — it must have happened over nearly a week, they took the paintings to Her. Then we had to wrap up some of the ones that were proper, and number them and then itemize them, and then there were several numbers on them, and finally we had to put them back. Everything was done systematically and with no confusion.

Everyone asks what happens to all these presents. Quite a few times Shri Mataji would send the things to India or give them back to different people. Every now and again people would have to go out and buy suitcases and load them up with all manner of things to be taken to various places.

Derek Ferguson

It was amazing to see him walk out

My husband Michele had a bad problem in his back, but we were not living in the castle in Cabella at that time. We were living in Albera, where the puja hangar is now. He couldn’t move at all and was lying in his bed.

At that time, Shri Mataji said we should never go to the hospital without telling Her, so Rosario asked Shri Mataji and She said to bring him to see Her. Rosario came and even though he is very strong, he and Mauro, another man, couldn’t move Michele at all. So Rosario asked Shri Mataji again and this time he came with six men and they put him on a door and took him into the dining room of the castle. Shri Mataji came and he couldn’t even move to do namaskar.

‘Oh, my God,’ She said a few times, and put Her Foot on his side and started working on him.

‘Just put your hand out and tell Me what you feel,’ She said to me, but I was nervous and didn’t feel anything. She was touching him with Her Feet and telling another Sahaja Yogi which chakra to work on with the candle. After about twenty minutes, She said to Michele, ‘Now turn.’

‘Shri Mataji, I cannot turn,’ he said.

‘You have to turn,’ She insisted. So he turned and She was pressing and pressing with Her Feet. She went on giving him vibrations and, after one hour She said, ‘You get up now.’ Slowly he got up; he stood up and walked out.

She said he had to work with the candle two hours a day. She said it was like a chain, the left Swadishthan pulling on the right. So he walked out and no one could believe it. He had a hernia. The men worked on him for some months and after

three or four months he did have the operation. It was amazing to see him come in carried on a door and then after one hour to walk out.

Roxana Sindici



Programme in Moscow, 9th June 1998

Boundless love and care

On the 7th of June 1998 I turned fifty. Half a year before that day I had been living with a dream that Shri Mataji might arrive in Russia on my birthday. In my heart I was asking, 'Oh, Mother, please make such a present for me. It's such a happiness to see You! The very fact of Your arrival will strengthen my faith in myself,' and immediately another thought came to my mind, 'Oh, Mother, please forgive me for such a request. Who am I to receive such a gift from the Goddess?'

Shri Mataji did come to Russia on the 7th of June 1998, but it happened that we were told Shri Mataji's arrival to Moscow would be on the 8th of June. We came to Moscow early in the morning from Murom. My heart was fluttering with joy: it had happened! As soon as I got off the train, my Kundalini rose. I immediately understood that Shri Mataji was already in Moscow and that very minute I asked Her to forgive me for not coming on the 7th of June.

The arrival of Shri Mataji at the stadium, for the presentation of Shri Mataji's book, *Meta Modern Era*, was to happen on the 9th of June at 5pm. A self realisation programme was also going to take place on that day. It was supposed to be held near the covered stadium. I sat in one place, then changed it for another one, then again for some other ones until I finished up sitting at the entrance, near the fence. The car of Shri Mataji appeared and stopped right opposite the place where I was sitting. She was looking through the window of the car. I saw Her eyes, shining like stars. She was smiling. I didn't know if I should do namaste or not – would it be according to the protocol? Is it allowed to attract the attention of the Goddess onto yourself when there are so many Sahaja Yogis around? I wanted to hold the door of the car for Her, but dared neither to hold the door nor to fall down. I made namaste mentally not to distract attention of Holy Mother onto myself.

A stage was set in the stadium and Shri Mataji conducted the self realisation programme after which there was a concert. There were many people there. I was standing in the place where it was difficult to see Shri Mataji on the stage, and it

was getting dark. Gradually Sahaja Yogis began to move to the place where Shri Mataji was to leave the stage, in order to see Her better.

After the concert Shri Mataji was taken to Her room for a rest. All our Sahaja Yogis from Murom left for the railway station, and I thought, 'How many lives did I dream of the meeting with God! And there She is in the person of Shri Mataji here in Moscow. I am standing on the ground which She has stepped on and my feet feel the vibrations which the ground is filled with. I breathe the air sodden with the vibrations of the Holy Spirit. And I dissolve in the ocean of love of Adi Shakti which has filled all of us.'

There was a beautiful moon in a rainbow bandhan in the sky. The colour of the moon was neither yellow, nor orange, nor pink. All the colours merged in one and that magic colour exhaled extraordinary tenderness for the Goddess of the universe and Her children.

Isn't it happiness? Why should one hurry anywhere if Shri Mataji is still here, with us? Many Sahaja Yogis had missed the suburban train and returned. We all, who had stayed, were enjoying the divine presence. Some hours passed and then Shri Mataji was taken to the car. Sahaja Yogis surrounded Her in several circles. She is getting into the car. I could not see Her and thought, sadly, 'So, I have been waiting for this moment to see Holy Mother once again but I do not see Her beautiful face,' and suddenly a light was turned on in the car and our Holy Mother looked in my direction, so different and so beloved, a smile of love. She was shining. I even saw a crown on Her divine head. My heart said, 'O, Shri Mataji! How beautiful You are! How much I love You! Thank You for the present to see You once again.' It lasted a minute and then the light was turned off. The car left. It was after midnight but I did not want to sleep. We were enjoying the state until the morning.

Sisters from Kolomna treated me to the water which Shri Mataji had drunk (it was my old dream). The first rays of the sun appeared from above the horizon. We settled in meditation. Overfilled with love of Shri Adi Shakti we left the place for our home cities in the morning.

Tatyana Lyubomirskaya



Public programme, Moscow, 1998

That unusual and unforgettable meeting

Shri Mataji was in Moscow from 8th until the 11th June 1998. We, Sahaja Yogis from Russia and other countries, were with Her. In the Culture House of the ZIL Factory the presentation of Mother's book *Meta Modern Era* was held.

Before going back home I went to Kazansky Railway Station. I felt a little sad because I couldn't accompany Mother to the airport. I left some petals from the puja flowers at the station, sat there for a while and read *Meta Modern Era*. Then I

went to one of Moscow biggest stores, Moskovsky Univermag, not far from the station. I bought something then went outside and sat nearby to have a snack and oh! Miracle!

Shri Mataji is there, looking at me! People were everywhere and a policeman was standing nearby to make sure it was all in order. At first I couldn't believe my eyes, but then I felt a strong desire to fall in front of Shri Mataji's Feet, but remembered that She had asked us not to do this. I was looking at Her. She was laughing and constantly speaking. Our Sahaja brother Aleksey was pushing Her in a wheelchair and Mother's tall and handsome grandson was walking by Her left side, also laughing.

'I wish you happiness and health,' I said, and did namaste to our beloved Mother when they reached me. She made namaste to me, too, smiling all the time.

Shri Mataji went to the store. I went back home as if on wings and wanted to share the joy which our beloved dear Mother had given to me. Now, when I write about it I feel the same emotions - no matter that more than seven years have passed. One year after that meeting and I again met Aleksey at a Sahaja Festival.

'What was Shri Mataji speaking about when you passed by?' I asked him.

'I was in such a state that I couldn't remember what She was saying,' he answered.

I am very grateful to our great beloved Mother for that unusual and unforgettable meeting. After some time Kazansky Railway Station was renovated and the station became quite modern. Mother's flowers helped.

Zinaida Kozlova



Shri Mataji in Moscow, 1998

It's good your husband lost his job

I lived in Russia from 1997 to 2005. When I went to join my husband in Russia he had a very good job but after about six months he lost it. I felt bad about this, that maybe I was a bad Gruha Lakshmi or something.

In 1998 I came in front of Shri Mataji, because we were looking after Her in a hotel when She came to Russia. I did not say anything to Her, but She suddenly spoke to me, out of nowhere.

'It's good your husband lost his job, because those people were bad, so it is good he is not working there any more.' My husband had been working in the oil industry.

'Thank You, Shri Mataji,' I said. I was so relieved.

Anonymous Canadian Yogi

Chapter 2

1998 July to December

UK, Cabella and India

Advice at the Royal Albert Hall

At one of the Royal Albert Hall programmes in London there was a message from Shri Mataji requesting the Sahaja Yogis to sit evenly all over the hall, and not to all sit together at the back. In other words, the front row seats should be taken by Sahaja Yogis in alternate seats, so that each new person could sit flanked on both sides by a Sahaja Yogi. As much as possible the same was to be done throughout the middle and back rows. The same message explained that this made it easier for the vibrations to permeate through the crowd.

Luis Garrido

Will you hold these?

It was after the Albert Hall programme in 1998. There was a follow-up meeting nearby in the Holland Park School, which Shri Mataji attended. Having felt that I was going to be late, I rushed past the abundant flower stall at the train station without getting flowers for Her. I reached the school after Shri Mataji's arrival and found a seat in the big, full hall. She talked at length and answered plenty of questions. Afterwards, I went and stood near the doorway that Mother would go through on Her way out of the school. Very few of us were inside as most had gone outside to wait and see Her off.

I was getting a little anxious as I really wanted to give a flower to Our Holy Mother but there were none to give. Through the glass double doors, where Shri Mataji's room was, there were a couple of yogis in the corridor, each holding a beautiful single rose. I wished that I had one of those for Mother. Then the doors opened and Shri Mataji was pushed through in Her wheelchair. As She passed close to me She asked to stop.

'Will you hold these?' She said to me. She looked up at me and gave me the beautiful roses that had just been given to Her.

'Certainly,' I replied.

Shri Mataji knew everything about us and responded beyond our imaginings to our pure desires!

Cythare Cooper

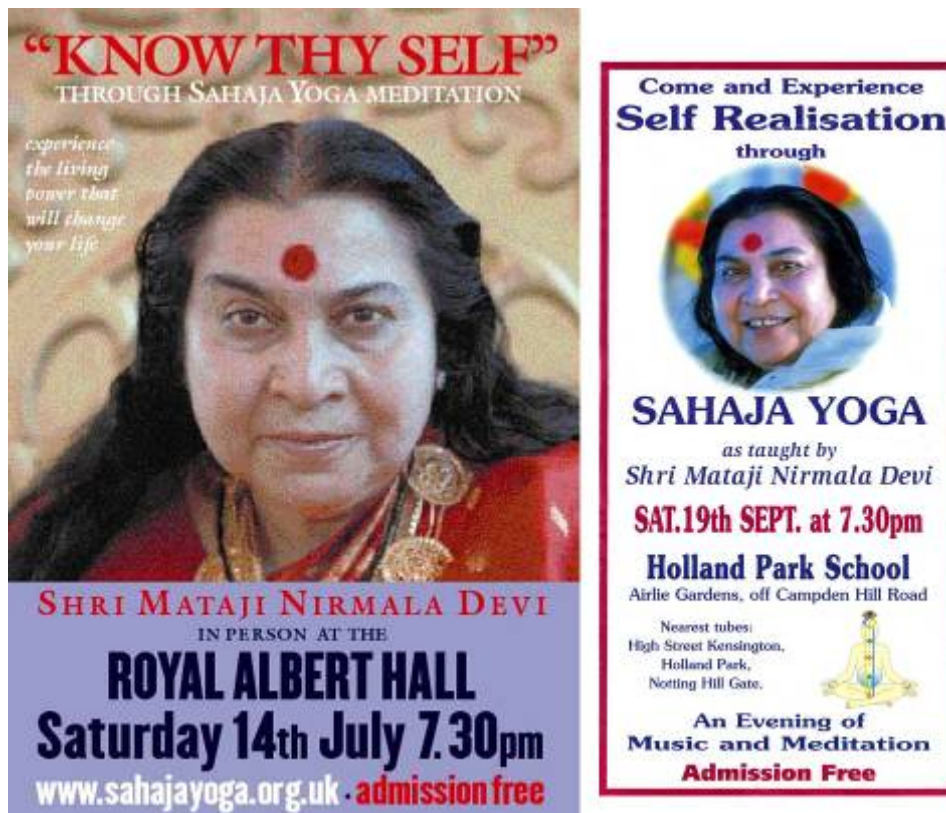
The Holland Park programme

Just before the Royal Albert Hall in 1998 Shri Mataji requested that we do a follow up and we found Holland Park School, situated in the park, in Central London. We printed lots of leaflets, which were given to everyone attending the programme in the Royal Albert Hall and also some posters, which we quickly put up in shops and libraries. I remember leafleting all around the area the previous day by putting leaflets on every car parked in the streets.

Shri Mataji came to the programme and liked the place very much, though it was not nearly as grand as the Albert Hall. She said that it was informal and relaxed and the vibrations could flow with more ease. Many people came and the atmosphere was really wonderful, there was a family like atmosphere felt and enjoyed. Shri Mataji asked that the recording of Her talk should be made

available to new people for a very low price. We had several meetings in the school afterwards and the leaflet refers to one of them.

Grazyna Anslow



A poster for an Albert Hall programme and a handout for a follow up

Shri Mataji on alcohol

My wife Lioudmila and I met Shri Mataji in Her house in Ealing, West London, on July 4th, 1998. Among other subjects, She talked about the effect of alcohol on the human body. She explained that every cell in the body contains a quantity of phosphorous and that when phosphorous is exposed to air, which happens when one drinks alcohol, the cells become dehydrated and one experiences stress on the liver and other related problems.

Alan Wherry

The ganas will do everything

Shri Mataji told me to study ayurvedic medicine because She said it is very close to the subtle system. She also told me that ayurvedic medicine is not only a medicine, but a science about life. In ayurveda, they have described about daily life, body exercise, how we should behave according to the day, month, season, etc.

These are natural medicines, so they don't have any side effects and Shri Mataji said that they also affect our chakras. Shri Mataji says that ayurvedic medicines also affect the subtle system. It means a person who is doing Sahaja Yoga takes ayurvedic medicine, it acts much more effectively and quickly.

In Verona, Italy, they organized a conference about Sahaja Yoga and ayurveda: its history, its relation with yoga and then Sahaja Yoga. I came out of university

and I never knew how to speak in front of people. They were doing very big advertisements on radio and in newspapers and invited all the doctors in Verona. I didn't know what to do because I had to prepare something. Shri Mataji called me and I told Her that they had organized this.

'You are going to speak in front of people, and what are you going to speak about?' She asked.

'There's this conference and, really, Shri Mataji, I don't know what to say.'

'You don't have to worry. You just go and stand there. The ganas will do everything,' She said. 'You will spread Sahaja Yoga and ayurveda together because people get attracted because of medicine. Then when you describe Sahaja Yoga, it is much more effective because you don't say anything. It's not like a hypothesis. But if one doctor tells about the medicinal effect on the physiology of the body, it becomes more effective.'

Then we went all over Italy. Also they invited me on national television in Italy twice. It was a medical programme with doctors of allopathic medicine. They agreed with me about ayurveda and were so impressed that they invited me. We spoke about stress, the first time.

'This seems so good. You tell us the real technique that you have,' they said, so we spoke about Sahaja Yoga and it was very nice. Also Shri Mataji liked it very much, because, She said, for the first time we spoke about Sahaja Yoga and medicine on Italian television.

'It was wonderful,' Shri Mataji said. 'You spoke very well and it was very impressive because it was on the medical programme.'

Susharda Tommasi

Shri Mataji made all the cells in my body laugh

It was my first puja to go on stage to perform puja to Shri Mataji, Guru Puja in 1998, at Cabella. I had no idea what was to be done and was worried about stumbling in my sari and where to sit and everything. I sat next to a Sahaja brother who understood the situation and he smiled calmly to me, so I would not worry. I sat as far back as I could and put my sari over my head to try to hide and caught myself wondering if the other yogis there were without any thought, because in my head there had never been so many thoughts.

At one moment I felt the attention of Shri Mataji coming my way and looked down. When I thought it was over I looked up and She looked at me laughing, really laughing and it felt like She made all the cells in my body laugh as well. She made me feel completely comfortable in the situation.

As we got the hint to come to perform the puja by putting kumkum on Her Feet, I went with my brother and we put kumkum on one Foot each. I caught myself thinking, 'Whatever you do, do not look up.' And just as that thought came I could feel my head turn up, like a puppet on a string, and faced Shri Mataji, who looked down. It was clear that She was my Guru and it was like I saw the whole universe turning in the void, and She settled something fundamental in me at that moment.

Sidsel Mugford

Shri Mataji cared enough to put me right

Mother once said I should put Her, my Guru, in my heart. I was always amazed and humbled by Her first words at every public programme.

'I bow to all the seekers of truth,' and even more by, 'You are all saints.'

Reading all of these stories of deep recognition and gratitude proves that Shri Mataji's essence lives in all of us, conferring the power to awaken others to Her presence within.

But now a memory, and for the sake of variety, it's about a telling off. My wife Purna, myself and my sons had the privilege of living in Cabella in the glorious '90s. Mother was always so gracious to us, but deep inside I always had this niggling apprehension of being told off one day, getting a right and proper 'papatch'.

One day She had just returned from the UK and sat majestically in the reception hall of the castle. About two hundred yogis squeezed in and being a privileged resident I decided to stay at the back - outside the main doorway, but close enough to have oblique intermittent glimpses of Shri Mataji. She started telling off one of the English yogis and his wife, at which point I suddenly felt conveniently more Italian than ever (I have dual nationality).

'Why are you English so bumptious, what is so great about you... and, where is he, is Victor here?'

'Yes Mother he is,' came the diligent reply from one of my dearest Italian brothers, 'he's over there.' All eyes turned to me.

'Come, come here,' She said.

My brother beckoned in an insistent fashion - in case I hadn't quite got the idea. I waded through to the front and sat before Shri Mataji, literally inches from Her Lotus Feet; from which I could barely lift my eyes.

She scolded me for my Englishness, but I knew it was for my ego. As She blasted me, I slowly raised my eyes and head and gazed up at Her, because Her every word, Her face, Her eyes and Her mouth, radiated love. I felt the wave of Her attention overwhelm me with love and cool vibrations and I also adored Her more than ever because She cared enough to put me right. I drank it all in, I could not resist it. I was blessed and blissed. When it ceased, I bowed and as I turned back, amazingly, I wasn't struggling to get through the sea of yogis again - the waves rapidly parted before me.

The tears of shame had become tears of gratitude. Thank You Mother, again and again.

Victor Vertunni

She enjoyed them very much

I sell pendants of Shri Mataji. I have given the pendants to Her many times and Shri Mataji once said something nice. She enjoyed them very much. She said they were perfect, and She enjoyed the photos very much, especially the one where She was a young girl. That was the first photograph, when She was sixteen years old. Two years before, I gave Her many brooches with Her Feet, and She spoke a lot to me and all the time had Her Right Nabhi finger in contact with my Right Nabhi finger. I wanted it to go on for eternity!

Patricia Wolfmeyer



Shri Mataji as a young girl

It is often sunny

Sometimes, Shri Mataji goes out almost every day and the children love it, because they can give flowers. It is often sunny, somehow. My son asked Her if She liked his flower.

‘Oh yes, it was really nice, really beautiful,’ She said. Sometimes She will give some advice to the mother about her child when She takes a flower.

Henriette Hagrazman

To discuss some project

One time Shri Mataji was in Cabella. She asked me to go there to discuss something about some project, or the house. I saw that She did not want to talk about the project, but She wanted to call me there. After that She started talking about a man very far away, in India or somewhere, who was doing wrong things that should not have been done. She was describing exactly what I had done the day before. So I realised She knew exactly what I had done, but didn’t want to hurt me.

‘I suggest, that if he wants to correct himself, he can do like this,’ She then said, and gave a suggestion of how to cure his problem.

Once in the summer my family and I went to Croatia for a holiday for some days. As soon as I arrived there I received a phone call from someone at the castle at Cabella.

‘Shri Mataji wants to see you,’ he said, ‘because She wants to discuss some project.’ So I turned the car round and came running to Cabella, and presented myself to Her, but again She did not say anything about this project. She was telling me about another Indian man who was always compelled to go on holidays with his wife, spoke about people who go so far away and take the car, just to rest, and it is better to stay here. It was the same thing again, as this was exactly what I had done but She was talking about this Indian Sahaja Yogi, but She was talking about me.

The next year I hadn't learned the lesson and I again went on a holiday. I went to London with my family, and I didn't tell anyone I had gone there. As soon as I crossed the channel the phone rang again and I looked at my wife.

'I know this is Sandeep,' I said, and it was! 'Shri Mataji wants to see you, to discuss some project,' and again I turned my car, and went back to Cabella, from London. Again this time She didn't discuss any project but spoke of many different things. It is the proof that Shri Mataji knew exactly what each one of us was doing and where we were.

Duilio Cartocci

This one is really a pearl

I was in Shri Mataji's apartment at Cabella with another Sahaja Yogi. We were gossiping about a Sahaja Yogi, not very bad gossip but gossip. After about half an hour we went into Shri Mataji's room and She started talking about the world economy. Then from this subject She went to another and talked on many subjects. At the end She talked about England and about this Sahaja Yogi who we had been gossiping about before.

'This one is really a pearl,' She said.

Giorgio Rovina

Waves of vibrations

At Cabella on one occasion, Shri Mataji asked to look at the gold jewellery She used for the puja.

'This is okay,' She might say, or 'Let's see if this needs changing or mending.' She looked at the toe rings that She needed for the puja and said, 'No, put them away, just too many vibrations. It's too strong.' She was bowled over by the vibrations from Herself — like a mirror. It was wonderful.

Sometimes Shri Mataji would just stop when She was talking and you felt these waves of vibrations coming out, when She put Her attention on something particular.

Jeremy Lamaison

They know Me

We used to sit with Shri Mataji at Cabella sometimes. One time She had been sent a cassette tape by Hemlata and Ravindra Jain and Hemlata were singing a bhajan, a poem that Shri Mataji had composed, and tears came to Her eyes when She heard it.

'See, they know Me,' She said. She had called us to meditate and She had said, 'Come, you have to meditate in front of Adi Shakti now.'

Shri Mataji called the ladies first and then afterwards the men because there were about a hundred people working here at that time and we could not all get in the big room. She put this tape on and that was when Her eyes were full of tears of joy.

'You are very lucky,' She said. 'You have Me as your Mother. The Adi Shakti is correcting you and you are in front of Shri Adi Shakti and you have to rise.' One by one, She would correct us, like 'Put a hand on the liver,' and so on. We would all go up to Her.

Shri Mataji told us how to do namaskar properly. We were all in front of Her and the meditation was finished and everyone was doing namaskar. Some people were putting their hands in front of them and raising their hands and their hands

were very close together and so on. She said that they should open their hands and put them further apart on the ground and the forehead should actually be touching the floor.

Nanda Tagliabue

It becomes prasad

I went a few times with Shri Mataji when She went out to a restaurant with Her family. Naturally the family spoke Hindi together, but Shri Mataji made sure you felt comfortable and part of the family, by speaking English to you quite often during the meal. Also She tasted each part of the meal so it became prasad, and then She gave it to us and we ate prasad. It was a big maya actually, because you felt you were with your mum or grandmum and you forgot who She was.

Rajeshwara from Italy

The day of the puja

I was living at Cabella, and one thing happened when I was in the hospital when my daughter, Puja, was born. Shri Mataji asked after me and asked when the child was born. She gave the name Puja because it had been the day of a puja. She sent me a present for the baby — a little dress.

Roxana Sindici

You are all part of My body

Once when I was quite young, about twenty-one, Shri Mataji was asking me a lot about young people.

‘Yes, I remember when you were telling Me all about young people,’ She told me years later, ‘and how I had to vomit after you had told Me all those things.’ I never realised it at the time. I felt so bad and realised that you’d got to be really careful what you said and how you behaved and how your vibrations are when you were with Mother.

I’ve seen that at Cabella. Shri Mataji would speak to someone and then be awake all night. She wouldn’t sleep at all. She’d ask you in there and work all night because of this person. She would take that particular problem of that person on Herself. Mother was receiving people all the time and dealing with problems and that had a direct consequence on Her physical being. She didn’t sleep or She was up all night being worked on because She spoke to someone who came to see Her with a problem or wrote Her a letter. She took it on Herself and never said anything to anyone.

Occasionally in the puja, She might mention how, ‘You are all part of My body,’ but She never complained or made you feel bad about it, whereas I have often seen how the physical effect people have on Her could be quite devastating.

It tells you so much about the compassion She had for us and is so important to understand.

Robert Hunter

She really spoiled us

We lived in Cabella at the beginning. We were quite nervous to begin with, to think we were living like in an ashram, with Mother there upstairs, but when She came, She really spoiled us. We were always up there. We would prepare food for Her and take it to Her and stay while She was eating. When She went to bed, we used to turn down the cover and everything. It was like a family life. She would

come down in the kitchen and teach us some recipes and cook with us. We would bring the children upstairs.

Purna Vertunni

Shri Mataji asked me

I had only been in Cabella for one month and the father of my husband died. My husband was working in the castle and we went to Sicily for the funeral. We were not able to see Shri Mataji before we went but when we came back, She called my husband, so he went inside and was in Shri Mataji's room and I was asked to go in too. Shri Mataji talked to my husband for a long time, but I did not understand very much. He did not want to accept money from Her, even though he was working there.

'You have to tell him he has to accept My money. I want to give him money for this,' Shri Mataji said to me.

'No, no, no,' he was saying. This went on for a while and then She talked about other things.

She gave me a necklace and then asked me which country I had come from and I told Her - Argentina. She asked me about my job there and I told Her that I had been working with children who had problems at school. She told me that this was not a very good job for me and it would be better if I learnt Indian cooking.

Roxana Sindici

How Shri Mataji cared

I was living in Shri Mataji's castle at Cabella. When I was in the presence of Shri Mataji, not in the puja, but in the castle or wherever, it was quite difficult to think. I will tell some little stories to show how She cared. My wife was pregnant with our first son.

'Don't climb stairs and don't lift bags,' Shri Mataji said to her. Two days after She said this, we went to the doctor for a routine visit and the doctor said exactly the same words to my wife.

Usually I feel vibrations much better on the right side than on the left. Once I was with Shri Mataji at Her Feet, concentrating on Her Feet. Suddenly I felt such fresh strong vibrations on both hands, perfectly balanced. Shri Mataji was talking about other things and did not seem to have Her attention on me. At that point I raised my head and looked at Her face.

'Can you feel now?' She said to me.

Once I had to sleep in Milan because of my work and had done something which was wrong for my vibrations. The next day I came back to Cabella and before I had time to do any meditation or have a footsoak, Shri Mataji called me in Her room. I really didn't want to go because I hadn't meditated yet, but I had to. She started talking to me and touching Her fingers, then called someone to massage Her Feet and started talking in Marathi with this person. I felt bad because I had done something wrong the day before and it was obvious that She was not feeling well, and She needed someone to massage Her Feet because I was not feeling well. After a while I felt better vibrations and Shri Mataji turned to me

'Do you feel better now?' She said. I really wanted to disappear at that point, but it was not finished. Shri Mataji, in Her love and compassion, said She was feeling bad because of a problem on the leg, because some doctor did not treat Her very well. It was obvious that She was not well because I was not well, but She was so full of love that She called me just to work on me.

Giorgio Rovina

In my heart I had a huge bouquet for Her

It was my first summer in Cabella, 1998. Before I went for pujas but never stayed longer than one weekend. I had a very strong desire to see Shri Mataji. She had just come back from the USA and we were all invited into the living room with Her for a while. She spoke to us very, sweetly and in a very motherly fashion. At that time, everything was new for me, so I did not know about protocol and such things. Suddenly everybody was asked to give flowers to Her and do namaskar. I had no flowers, I did not know what to do, but in my heart I had a huge bouquet for Her with my love and thankfulness, because She has taken care of my very difficult life, that started to change in a way I never expected. So I just felt the joy in me, like a child running to her Mother. I stood up and moved towards Her like a child full of happiness.

‘Hello,’ She said to me, smiling. She looked at me with Her beautiful smile and with Her shining eyes. I could not control my eyes and they just got connected with Her eyes looked dark blue. I felt completely lost in them, and even forgot to do namaskar. I did not know at that time that I saw the Virata in Her eyes.

After this event, She allowed me to do namaskar so many times, I can’t even count them, and I’m still lost in Her eyes for ever!

Meera Szegvary



Pieces of sugar

I was not doing the aarti to Shri Mataji myself, but I saw this happen. It was during a Guru Puja in the late nineties. Two ladies went to do the welcoming aarti, when Shri Mataji arrived. One lady, after having offered the rice, kumkum and perfume, wanted to light up the camphor lamp to do the aarti to Shri Mataji. She was busy with the lighter trying to light the camphor up but it was not working. The camphor was not just going on fire. This took quite a while and was quite embarrassing for her. Finally Shri Mataji took a piece of camphor, looked at it and said that it was not camphor at all, but pieces of sugar!

The ladies were quite surprised and a little embarrassed, although they had not prepared the aarti tray.

Trupta de Graaf

Rosaria's roses

One year before I started Sahaja Yoga the doctors said I had a disease called multiple sclerosis. I started Sahaja Yoga and worked on myself with three candles. Some time later I went to the doctors for a check-up. I had an MRI scan to see if my brain had lesions, and they told me that the disease had stopped for the moment. I came back and was so happy. At that time I didn't understand the importance of Sahaja Yoga, so I didn't meditate and didn't do the treatments or go to the programmes at the centre. After four or five months I again went to Sahaja Yoga but did not do the treatments because I thought I was all right.

About five years later I again started to have the same problem. But I felt sure Shri Mataji would help me. We came to Cabella and it was the turn of the Italians to help in Shri Mataji's kitchen, and I was also helping to tidy up Her bedroom and make Her bed. I felt such strong vibrations there, coming from the sheets which were still warm from where Shri Mataji had been in them. After the (Guru Puja) weekend programme I was asked to wait because I was to take some Indian visitors, friends of mine, to Rome in my car. They saw Shri Mataji and gave Her a rose from me – and made some sort of a poem as they gave it because my name is Rosaria. They said that of all the flowers given, Mother picked out my rose and smelled it and seemed so satisfied with it. I started to cry, when they told me this, because I knew Mother was helping me to get well. Then I did the three candle treatment again, seriously.

Some time later I again went for an MRI and they said it had again stopped, and a year after that when I had another scan they said that even the lesions in the brain could not be seen any more.

Rosaria Tagliacia

I already knew Who it was

It was a Sunday visit to the ashram in New Jersey, in about July/August 1998. My two sons David, then thirteen, and Phillip, then eleven, were playing outside with Jay, who was sixteen. They wanted to go swimming and I said it was OK. Jay asked his father who also agreed. My children were well adapted to water. The kids were in the pool about thirty to forty-five minutes, when I saw an Indian woman race through the room and out of the door, and then we all followed her.

Jay was at the bottom of the pool motionless and my sons were still swimming, because they thought Jay was playing and holding his breath under the water after jumping off the diving board. I yelled for David to go down to the bottom of the pool and pull Jay up, which he did. When he got him to the edge of the pool more people realised something was wrong, and came out to help. Two people jumped in the water to pull Jay out. 911 (the emergency number) was called. I saw Jay's face, his eyes were rolling back and he was vomiting but no movement. I went into the meditation room and started to give bandhans.

'I know we get boons for doing good deeds but right now I don't need any boons because I am alive so please, give Jay all my boons,' I said strongly. About two minutes went by and the phone rang. I already knew who it was. It was Shri Mataji who, quite spontaneously, called from Cabella to say that the boy would be alright.

The ambulance came, and he was in the hospital for about two weeks. Two Sundays after the accident Jay and his parents came back to the ashram for meditation. Jay looked better after then before. His face was gleaming.

Maryanne Berman

Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, an excerpt from the Navaratri Puja talk in 1998, Cabella Ligure, Italy:

There are a lot of miracles which have taken place, about Sahaja Yoga, I must say; and in that you should see that the wisdom helps you. Of course, My attention is there always, no doubt, but still you should not take it for granted. You have to ask. One day you see, I was just sitting. I just thought that I should telephone somebody in the ashram of New York. I never telephone there. So I found out the number. We telephoned and asked if, I said, 'Is the child all right?' So the leader there was surprised because that boy had fallen in the water and was in the water for quite some time, and he was all filled with water, even his brain was filled with water.

As usual, there were some doctors who said that he cannot survive, and even if he survives his brain has so much water that he cannot be normal. So, I just said that, 'don't worry,' – I didn't know, nobody told Me – 'Don't worry. The boy will be all right, completely.'

So, they were surprised how I said so. Firstly, how I knew that the boy had fallen, that there was some boy like that, and then they didn't know how I said that he'll be all right, and he was all right – perfectly all right. So they were surprised at My knowing about it, that how is it that Mother knows that there is a boy who is so sick?

Here I will say that it is pure knowledge. You see, My attention is always around you people, always dealing with you people, and how I know is this: that this attention of Mine is global.

So, anything happens to you, any upsetting takes place, any, I should say, deviation takes place, My attention is there and immediately I know that there is something wrong somewhere. And I don't know how My attention goes to particular places, which makes life better – it helps people in need.

Bulgarians are simple people

It was Shri Ganesha Puja 1998, and there was a performance of a traditional Bulgarian folk dance group. They were dancing traditional dance and Shri Mataji was watching the programme and afterwards She said that they were so fast and dynamic. She said this was because they had good Mooladharas. One time Shri Mataji mentioned that Bulgarians, like all the Slavic peoples, are simple people. Last year (2001) at the Leader's Meeting at the Guru Puja in Cabella, Shri Mataji said Shri Lakshmi will soon come to Bulgaria and Russia.

Gary Bolneva

Shri Ganesha statues

Once in Cabella the couples got presented with little silver Shri Ganesha statues at a Shri Ganesha Puja before the marriages. I heard Shri Mataji saying to the couples:

'Keep the Ganesha, but please don't worship it.' (meaning the statue)

In another talk Shri Mataji said we should have a Shri Ganesha statue in our house, so children can see Shri Ganesha, how He looks, what are His qualities etc, as a role model.

Arno Krimmer

Prasad

At one puja, the country I live in was part of the organising countries and we were preparing prasad. A yogini and I were enjoying ourselves tremendously, putting all the treats on plates, and were talking about all sorts of prasad like the little white balls with coconut and skimmed milk and the large orange balls. I pulled my ears, knowing it was prasad for Shri Ganesha, and said I was not very fond of them. We laughed and hoped we would be given different prasad.

The puja took place and somehow we ended up in front of the stage just before Shri Mataji. The prasad came and we both got a huge orange ball. We looked at each other and started laughing, and then a yogi came to sit next to us and he had not received any prasad, so very mischievously we gave him one of our balls. He looked a bit puzzled, so we took that he was not fond of them either. Tears were rolling down our cheeks. Then one of Shri Mataji's dogs came to sit beside us, we gave him a bit and he sniffed it and decided it was no food for a dog.

We did not dare look at each other, so we looked at Shri Mataji, who was looking in our direction - smiling, nodding, knowing. I pulled my ears again. Needless to say we ate the orange balls and they were lovely.

Irene Hoogmoed

Icelandic people are very wise

In the summer of 1998, after a year and a half of doing Sahaja programmes in Bergen, Norway, I thought of trying out Sahaja Yoga in Iceland. I had the opportunity to ask Shri Mataji personally about this.

'Iceland is such a cold country,' She said. 'I knew an Icelandic man who married a lady from Calcutta. He moved there, and as it is so hot he had to stay inside. Because of the fan he got pneumonia and moved back to Iceland. But Icelandic people are very wise. They have Sanskrit in their language.' Mother mentioned that the word for 'sugar' in Icelandic is the same as in Sanskrit. So I understood that I should stay in Norway, and the following year Sahaja Yoga worked out nicely there.

My desire to go to Iceland lived on and in 2002 a friend and I took a plane to Reykjavik (Iceland) and spent ten days there, and we did two Sahaja programmes. The Belgian leader, told Shri Mataji about this. He asked Mother if it would be positive to start Sahaja Yoga in Iceland.

'Iceland is such a cold country,' Shri Mataji said again.

'But there are people living there,' replied Bernard.

'Of course, of course,' She then answered, and was quiet for a few seconds then said, 'I would be very happy.'

Meetings started on 5th September 2003.

Rita Defruyt

Dogs

Speaking of the dogs at Cabella, Shri Mataji once told the yogis/yoginis living in the castle that the three dogs used to be human at the time of Shri Krishna and they belonged to a royal family. They wanted to serve the goddess, but were punished because they murdered someone, and were not allowed to incarnate as humans again until after they had come as dogs in the home of the Adi Shakti. Life is truly stranger than fiction!

Edward Saugstad

More about dogs

At one time the dogs at Cabella were joined by a stray dog that somebody had brought to the castle, but you could tell the dog was trouble because he would lead the other dogs astray and attempt to bite you if you tried to stroke it. He went and attacked the birds that belonged to the house down the drive as you come up to the castle from the village. After trying many things somebody took him very far away to help the situation. While it was going on I was the foreman of the work and it was mentioned to Shri Mataji what was going on. She said to control the dogs we should put name tags on them and that would help, which we did.

Derek Ferguson

Our faces were completely changed

The year I got married, I was in India and Mother had matched me to a man from the Czech Republic. As he came on the stage my face was on the big screen, and all the people in the hangar were laughing – so the arrangement was immediately cancelled! The Czech leader went to Shri Mataji, and I thought I would not marry that year, but She told me to wait on the stage. She asked me where I was from. I told Her, and She was laughing. She asked a German man to come on the stage. The lady he was proposed for had not arrived, and was the best friend of my best friend. He was suggested for me. So it worked out.

Once I had a big question to ask Mother in my heart. The day before I came to Cabella I wrote a birthday card to my husband, whose birthday it was – ‘I wish to be a rose in his heart, where forever Mother will sit.’

That night we were waiting for Mother to return to the castle from Genoa, where she had been for the day. There were just a few of us waiting for Her in the late evening. It was very intimate. The car arrived and everybody was so happy, like little children. In fact the little children were all dancing in the courtyard outside the castle, where the car comes. We were all silent, and were waiting in the hallway of the castle. The joy was like the first time you see Mother. A lot of purity and joy like a little child has, in the heart. Finally when She is about to arrive, something moves inside you, in your heart and your Sahasrara, and you feel connected with Her before you can see Her.

She arrived, and we were waiting, and some of the men carried Her in on Her chair, that is like a throne. There were roses decorating it, just like the ones I had put in the card which I had left for my husband. She came in and as She passed us all waiting in the hall.

‘May God bless you,’ She said, and there were such a lot of vibrations. She seemed to be very big, as if Her face was like the universe for that moment. They put Her chair down in the living room and She talked with one yogi in a very loving way. You could feel the power of Her love. Finally She said thank you and went into Her bedroom.

Our faces were completely changed. We were shining in our hearts and it came out through our faces. One yogi gave me a rose, and it was the rose which had been on Shri Mataji’s chair when they carried Her in.

Rosaria Tagliacia

In any age and in any place

I passed through a very memorable experience, my wedding — in my case, a re-marriage — in Sahaja Yoga. The whole day was very special. It began in the morning with the haldi ceremony in the river. There I got the impression that I was taking part in something much bigger and I noticed that time was not real. We

could be living in any age and in any place. I passed a great part of the time in the witness state. It is very complicated to translate in words, the bond, the communication between us when the brides were being prepared.

Later, when we got ready, we sat for a few hours on the steps inside the castle in Cabella, which led to a room where Shri Mataji was seated. We could not see Her, but could hear Her. We stayed there until the last yogini achieved the meditative state. Shri Mataji received us two by two for a little puja. Then I was absolutely sure that I was in the presence of the great Goddess because only She could grant us this experience of the absolute.

Adriana Pennido

Whatever you do with your heart is alright

Just before Navaratri Puja 1998, I was working in the castle at Cabella. This very clear, nice young yuva shakti girl came in and wanted to help in the kitchen. She was to prepare the fruit that Shri Mataji was to have, and it was time to take it in.

‘Oh no, that is no good. We never leave the peel on the apple for Shri Mataji; She must have a peeled apple!’ the lady in charge of the cooking said. She quickly peeled another apple and it was sent in, and the yuva shakti girl looked a bit downcast. But then the next thing that happened was that the plate of fruit came back to the kitchen.

Shri Mataji always had an apple without the peel, but on that day, She asked for an apple with the peel still on. So the young girl smiled, and realised that whatever you do with your heart is alright, and her apple, with the peel still on, was sent in for Shri Mataji.

Anna Chicos



The musician Nishat Khan bowing to Shri Mataji, Cabella 1998

Get married

I remember listening to Mother giving personal attention to the seekers after the open-air public programme in Pietrasanta. A karate instructor told Shri Mataji how he always injured his left knee; Mother’s advice was that he must get married.

George Barberton

Bring the suitcase over to Me

One time, before leaving Cabella for India, Shri Mataji called some of us to do some packing. We were in one of the bedrooms filling up suitcases. Shri Mataji

asked us to close a certain one, but it was over full, and the things were spilling out everywhere. We could not close it.

‘Stand on the suitcase, and Sandeep will close it,’ She said to me. Now I am almost a hundred kilos. But we still could not close it.

‘Bring the suitcase over to Me, close to Me,’ Shri Mataji smiled, and put Her right foot on the case, and after that we could close the case without any effort at all.

Rajeshwara from Italy

A programme of Muslim qawwalis

My experience with Shri Mataji at Pune was really excellent. I was at the Nagpur Academy and one of the seven students invited to Pratishthan. It was a great honour to be there as part of the music group. I had a desire to sit at Shri Mataji’s Lotus Feet, and the next minute She called me, and there I was, sitting at Her Feet. All the other music students were also called to sit there, and enjoy the programme of Muslim qawwalis. After that I went to Noida, Delhi, and was able to help cook for Her and all the guests in the house.

In 1998 all the Nagpur Academy students were to perform in front of Shri Mataji at Ganapatipule. There were about seventy of us. We were seated on the stage, and I was not by any means at the front. Some people sat in front of me so I could no longer see Shri Mataji. At that moment, Baba Mama asked me to take a bhajan book to Shri Mataji so again I was able to see Her.

‘God bless you,’ She said when I took it to Her. It meant so much to me.

Manjuri from Malaysia

I’ll turn it down

We were at Nagpur, at the Music Academy, and Baba Mama told us this story. On one occasion he was with Shri Mataji.

‘I want you to work on Me,’ She asked him.

‘You want me to work on You?’ he replied, surprised.

‘Yes, I want you to work on Me. Can you raise My Kundalini?’ So he went to raise Her Kundalini, and he got an electric shock.

‘I can’t,’ he said, ‘it’s too powerful.’

‘OK,’ She went on. ‘I’ll turn it down.’

He explained that we couldn’t actually take all the power. She could control it, at any time that She wanted, how many vibrations were going out.

Glenn Pattison

Shri Mataji could write a book on flowers

Shri Mataji could write a book on flowers. Her knowledge of flowers was tremendous. She loved flowers and I’ve never seen flowers respond so beautifully with anyone. She is Adi Shakti, and it was amazing how the flowers responded to Her. In Mumbai it is difficult to get good flowers but somehow we managed to find one of the few good flower shops that sell lilies and so on. We would often carry two or three buckets of flowers for Shri Mataji when She came to Mumbai.

She told us that you must put a bit of vibrated water and a bit of sugar so that they will live longer. The moment She touched a flower, even one that had drooped, it again stood up with dignity. She loved them and automatically they bloomed.

We were at Vashi in the late nineties and bought some very good flowers. Mother didn't like Indian marigolds. She loved those good flowers we got. That time, I gave flowers to all the leaders to give to Shri Mataji. There was one man who gave a rose to Shri Mataji and She took it.

'There is not a single rose like this,' She said, meaning this man was very good. That evening, I gave my flowers and bowed down and Shri Mataji asked me where I got them from. She said they were very beautiful. We had got so many varieties, but She could name each and every flower and even where they were grown and found, whether in India or elsewhere. If anyone wants to make the Devi really happy — and the vibrations only flow when the Devi is happy — they should give Her flowers especially ones with fragrance. She always said the Indian flowers are good because they all have fragrance.

Anonymous



Shri Mataji in Her garden at Pratishthan

Some more Sahaja Yogis

Some Sahaja Yogis presented some dogs to Shri Mataji and She sent them to Pratishthan, where they grew up quickly. Once we were sitting in the garden at the back of the house with Shri Mataji. There were just a few of us, and the three dogs came.

'Here are some more Sahaja Yogis coming,' Mother said in a humorous way. One dog sat next to Shri Mataji in a meditative mood, the second was troubling the other Sahaja Yogis who were sitting nearby 'He'll still have to grow,' Mother said, or something like that. She said they would get human bodies and be Sahaja Yogis in their next lifetime.

Another time Shri Mataji came into the garden at Pratishthan and a big flow of wind came.

'Look how the whole of nature responds to Me,' She said. Then She sat on the chair facing the city of Pune, and explained how at night the city looked like an ocean when they turned on the lights. The wind that flowed through the structure of the walls with holes in them, which were in the garden there, sounded like the waves of an ocean.

Ravindranath Saundankar

Dogs and cats

I also heard about the dog Deepak from Pratishtan, who was biting some people and even attacked a government official. Mother said that this dog was doing it for a reason. Once a cat was sitting at Mother's left shoulder and Mother said that Russians have a Left Vishuddhi problem. It was in the 1990's in Moscow.

Maxim Belyanin

Long nights watching music and dance programmes

At Ganapatipule Shri Mataji spent many long nights with us watching the wonderful dance programmes and listening to remarkable concerts, but above all working on our vibrations through the sound of the music. Early on the morning of the 29th of December 1998, the programme ended with a masterly Bharat Natyam dance and then bhajans sung by Arun Apte and his group of the Academy. It was around 4.30 am and many of us had difficulties to keep awake but of course Shri Mataji was on top form and She gave a beautiful speech saying that we had to spread this music, this art. If so many young people were taking drugs, it was because they could not express themselves and have the satisfaction to put their talents into practice. It was because they did not have any satisfaction.

Christophe Rivaud

I must come to your house

It was at Ganapatipule, in 1998. I took a present up after the puja for South Africa, and also two miracle photos taken by one of our Sahaja Yogis from Port Elizabeth, where I was living at that time. It was of the photo, offerings and flowers after a little Shri Krishna Puja we had done. The first photo showed the picture of Shri Mataji and on the Her left is a full moon. In the next photo, on the right of Her picture, are a lot of sun rays coming down.

'Is this taken in Johannesburg?' Shri Mataji asked.

'No Mother,' I replied.

'Cape Town?'

'No Mother.'

'Then where?'

'In my little house in Port Elizabeth.'

'I must come to your house,' Shri Mataji said. She never did, in Her physical form, but we felt Her there all the same.

Linda Williams



The two miracle photos

Chapter 3

1999 January to November

India, Europe, America

Looking so fresh

It was my first time to go on the India tour in the late nineties. I was so sleepy to begin with, but as the trip progressed, even after a long evening music programme, although I would still doze off occasionally, I would wake up and see Shri Mataji looking so fresh, as if She had just arrived, even at four in the morning. Her face would look so different to when She first came in, like a little child.

Selvi Naidoo

Come, sit at My Feet

In 1999 I offered two small paintings of Shri Ganesha to Shri Mataji at Shri Shivaratri Puja. When I went to Shri Mataji's Feet, I was the last to give a gift.

'Come, sit at My Feet,' She said.

The next time, in 2000, I brought Her a picture of Shri Ardhanishwara, Shri Shiva as half Shri Shiva and half Shri Adi Shakti.

In 2001 I put an exhibition on at Ganapatipule. First I showed Shri Mataji all those paintings, and then exhibited them. Someone took me to Shri Mataji and for half an hour I was sitting on the ground there.

'From My Feet, vibrations are flowing,' She said. Shri Mataji explained that the white spot in one of my paintings represented the Kundalini coming down and spreading the vibrations.

In Delhi She called me to Her house in Palam Vihar to do some paintings there: the ceilings, all golden work. Shri Mataji liked those golden paintings. She said I should teach this style of painting to people.

Sachin Dev

Shri Mataji blesses you - in style

In April 1999 I had just spent the winter in Delhi, India studying sarod. My ticket was booked from Mumbai through Dubai to London. I had a vague idea that Shri Mataji was also travelling to the West at that time but I wasn't sure of Her schedule. When I arrived in Dubai I found out that my flight was delayed for six or seven hours. I had the number of the Dubai leader so I gave him a call. He informed me that Shri Mataji was soon to arrive in Dubai for a two day visit. He suggested I change my ticket and stay, so I did.

We spent an incredible time together. The first day was spent in a small puja with Shri Mataji. I remember Shri Mataji drinking tea and spilling a little bit onto Her sari. A yogi looked up in disbelief thinking, 'How could something like this happen to the Goddess? She is perfect'. She smiled, looked at him, looked at the teacup and commented, 'What an odd shaped tea cup!'

The Dubai collective had rented a boat, so I watched the full moon reflect over the water running through the surrounding desert as we listened to the sweet collective presentations of music and dance. There was something extremely magical about being in Shri Mataji's presence in the Middle East, where spiritual roots run very deep.

The next puja was Easter Puja in Turkey and I was dying to go but couldn't change my ticket. I was able to reserve a seat by phone but couldn't change the ticket and didn't have the money to buy another one. I decided to go to the airport on the same morning as Shri Mataji's departure just to see what could be done.

I went to the ticket counter, to check into the flight that Shri Mataji was on and to my surprise the agent said, checking the computer, 'No problem'. I bandhaned and watched as Shri Mataji passed behind me to check in at the First Class ticket counter.

'But sir, this ticket is to London.' The agent said to me.

'Yes, but it has been changed,' I replied.

'Oh OK, one moment,' she went on, and proceeded to change the ticket on the spot. 'But sir,' she said, and I thought this was going to be the end of it, 'We don't have seats in Economy, you'll have to travel in First Class.'

What a flight, what a time! But it was not over. When I arrived in Istanbul I saw many intrigued faces of yogis as I got off the plane with Shri Mataji. Someone then pointed out that I would need a visa, as an American going to Turkey. Big problem? Not when you are travelling with Shri Mataji. Somehow or other I just followed through in the wind tunnel of love right on through customs without being checked. Miracles, miracles, miracles.

Stephen Day

Such a rapid recovery

In March 1999, our younger son, nineteen years of age at that time, suddenly felt ill and was taken to hospital with the diagnosis of leukaemia, where they started chemotherapy. My wife, our elder son and I hugged each other and said, 'We are in a war, we will not think, fight only!' The yogis did a great job, doing workshops at the hospital and at home, but unfortunately the first chemo was not successful.

When Shri Mataji came to Turkey to have a public programme and the Easter Puja, our son had to go the hospital for the second chemo. After the public programme, the leader called me, and told Shri Mataji that our son had leukaemia. Looking directly into my eyes, She asked what he was doing. I replied he was preparing for the exams to enter the university.

'That's it! Too much thinking and worry,' She said, and explained that we should carry on with the candle treatment. She asked for a photo of our son. In the next few days I prepared a file with all the articles in the media about leukaemia in the last ten days. I took this and went to the hotel where Shri Mataji was staying. I was allowed to see Her and it was like being in heaven, Shri Mataji and I in the room alone. First She paid some attention to the file, then began to speak to me as if She was my own mother, asking very softly what I was doing and how I could improve my business etc. On the same day the doctor was checking the results of the chemo in the hospital.

'During all the years of my career I never observed such a rapid recovery!' he said several times to my wife.

We cried a lot, thanking Shri Mataji. Until today we always have tears in our eyes when we tell this miracle story.

Saffet Cicekdag

You may go now

In the year 1999 while in Turkey, I asked Shri Mataji for permission to leave Romania and live with the rest of my family, who were in the United States.

'You may go now, Sahaja Yoga is established in Romania,' She smiled at me and said.

Dan Costian

I just felt so happy, feeling the cool breeze

My first meeting with Shri Mataji was in the public programme in Istanbul, Turkey. I had been in Sahaja Yoga for only six months. We had a lovely puja, Easter Puja 1999 and after that we had a public programme. When Shri Mataji arrived in the room I couldn't stop myself, when I saw Her I cried and my heart realised and I couldn't stop my crying. After the public programme they said that all the new people could go near to Shri Mataji and talk to Her and ask questions. Some very new people went to Her and kissed Her hands, and they asked Her everything. My friend from Anatolia pushed me, because they didn't want the Sahaja Yogis to go, only the new people.

'You go because you are new,' my friend said. So although I knew Shri Mataji would know, I went. As I went close to Her I felt the cool wind coming from Her. I was so happy, I didn't have any question and just felt so happy, feeling the cool breeze. She smiled at me.

'She's all right,' Shri Mataji said after some minutes, and nodded Her head. Then they announced, 'No Sahaja Yogis!'

Oslem Lamaison

Music

I was at the evening programme before the Sahasrara Puja 1999. Shri Mataji had been in Turkey just two weeks before this, and I had had the chance to play for Her the raga *Jaijaiwanti* on the Turkish folk instrument, the jumbush. She was pleased with it. When I arrived at the pendal in Cabella on the Friday evening, the programme had already started and Shri Mataji was there. When I entered through the door near the stage, She saw me and called me near Her. I was quite thrilled that She noticed me and wondered what would be coming. When I got near Her chair facing the stage, and did my pranams, She started talking to Sir CP about my playing the raga on the jumbush.

'Is your instrument with you?' She said, when they finished talking, and asked me to play.

Unfortunately I had not brought it with me. I was lost in two opposite feelings, one the gratitude that Mother had enjoyed and shown interest in my music, and the second a feeling of collapsing as I was not able to fulfil what She wanted from me. She realised that and consoled me saying that it was alright, and made me sit close to Her chair. I did not remember anything about the programme except an intense desire to have my instrument there.

When the programme finished, late in the night, I noticed with surprise that my mobile telephone had coverage at the pendal. This was a new thing at that time. I phoned my wife in Istanbul, told her what had happened and that she had to take my jumbush in the middle of the night to one of the yogis who were coming to the puja on the Saturday. So the next day my instrument arrived in Cabella and I was called on the stage when Mother arrived. When She saw me with the instrument, She had that big warm smile which we are all in love with. I was just enveloped in that and told the audience that through Mother's blessings it had reached Cabella.

When I played I had not practiced, but I had no thoughts, and whatever came out was spontaneous and Shri Mataji was pleased.

Selim Ergen

I am your Mother, you know

At Shri Adi Shakti Puja 1999 and I was blessed by being able to put perfume on Shri Mataji's Feet and hands. It was an amazing moment of bliss and when I was to put the perfume on to Her hand, time stood still and for some reason my hand did not move either. Then She pulled Her hand gently away from me so that the perfume would go onto Her hand. What came to my attention was the She did it just like my own mother would give me a hug on my cheek. It was just the same movement as if to say, I am your Mother, you know.

Sidsel Mugford

I am freezing, mummy!

I got my self realisation in the end of January 1999 in Bangalore, India, although, I live in New York. At that particular time I was into a system which unfortunately turned out to be very damaging and for which I had paid a lot of money. I had just given up my career as a surgeon, because of a problem with my lower back and neck.

Prior to the public programme of New York in June 1999, Vishwa Nirmala Dharma (the American Sahaja Yoga organisation) had arranged a reception for dignitaries and newspaper reporters at the Nirvana Restaurant on 59th Street in Manhattan. I managed to pick up an invitation I had given to a friend who owns a television studio.

Shri Mataji had just arrived at the venue when I reached there with my nineteen year old daughter Sheethal. Andrea Cousins introduced Shri Mataji and She gave a small introductory talk.

'I am freezing, mummy!' my daughter kept saying the whole time. I was very surprised she was saying that because I was sweating. We were very privileged to shake Shri Mataji's hand at the end of the reception. Shri Mataji shook my hand and then my daughter's hand.

'She is already realised,' She said.

I kept wondering about my daughter, who had not done any affirmations - how could she be realised?

Pushpa Rao

Editor's note: A lot of the children who are born to seekers are born realised, that is they got their realisation in past lives, and also people can easily get realisation just by seeing Shri Mataji's photo.

A special moment

A few years before my realisation, at an exhibition, someone told me that one day I will be known internationally as an artist, but in a special moment, to someone special! I forgot it. However, some years after my realisation, Shri Mataji bought the land at Canajoharie. In the summer of 1999 we had a beautiful puja on the land, we left around sunset time to come back home, and the sky was so beautiful we were stunned to see something so bright and full of colour. Two days after, at home, one night, I couldn't sleep so I when in my studio, took a big

canvas and started to paint these beautiful memories of the sunset all through the night.



I knew I couldn't keep the painting, because it was of Mother's land, so the Sahaja Yogis of the Montreal Collective suggested that we should give it to Shri Mataji at the next international puja as a gift. After the puja I brought the painting to Mother, with another yogi, and when we took it out, in front of Mother, Her eyes were full of joy.

'Show it to Sir CP,' She said.

He was sitting with the yogis. It was very silent and suddenly Sir CP started clapping and everyone else did too. It was a special moment.

Louise Ruelland

An email for volunteers

We received an email for volunteers to go and help at the Canajoharie puja in 1999. I had a very strong desire to go and help - in the email it said that we were needed to help with Shri Mataji's needs, but I was a new yogi. Soon after I arrived I was asked if I would like to help in Shri Mataji's kitchen. That night I was invited to go to the station to receive Her, and we were two cars full of people. When She arrived She was looking radiant. She arrived with Her granddaughter, and it was quite a family scene. They all got into the car and were talking to each other. I thought that was it - I had seen Shri Mataji so close, I could not ask for anything more.

The next evening was the music programme, and I was about to go to the tent to get ready when a yogini came running up.

'Rani, you have to go and do aarti to Shri Mataji,' she said.

I couldn't believe it! They told me what to do, and Shri Mataji sat down. I started doing the aarti, the wrong way, and not coordinating with the other yogini who was holding the thali. Shri Mataji looked at me, and I apologised to Her for not doing it quite right.

The next day I was helping in Shri Mataji's kitchen, and She was staying in the next cottage. The door opened and Shri Mataji walked in and looked at me directly. The rest of the time She was sitting in the living room with the family, and I could hear Her singing to Her great grandchild Anant. Like a great grandmother, not the Goddess, but the vibrations were so strong, that one could not doubt that it was the Goddess in the next room.

Later on that day I was washing dishes, and suddenly I turned my head and saw Shri Mataji had walked into the kitchen. She was standing with Her back to me with Her hand on the door jamb and the other hand holding the door open. She was just a few yards from me and I immediately turned to Her and started

praying, thanking Her for this wonderful opportunity I had been given to see Her every day so close and to feel such strong vibrations. I must have been there with my head down for at least a minute, and when I looked up She was still there - almost as if She was listening to my prayer.

When I looked up She went into another room and shut the door. At that moment I panicked, because I knew Shri Mataji would come out again and would look at me. I didn't know what the correct protocol was and everyone else had disappeared. I apologised in my heart if I was doing the wrong thing, then went on washing the dishes. As soon as I started washing the dishes, Shri Mataji opened the door and there She was looking at me directly, with an amazingly radiant smile on Her face. I could not look at Her directly but bowed down to Her to thank Her again for this tremendous blessing. When I got up Shri Mataji had already walked into the other room, but that was a smile I will never forget - it went straight to the heart.

The next day was the puja, and at one point they asked for seven married ladies. I thought there would be a lot of yoginis getting up to go so I didn't bother but a lady from Colombia nudged me and persuaded me to go, so up I ran. We had to sit on the stage for a good twenty minutes while the leaders washed Her Feet. It was as if time stood still; the vibrations were so strong up there. My hands were cold, and after that we held the sari. I kept looking at Shri Mataji and kept my attention either on Her face or Her Lotus Feet. After the puja She was there for a very long time, giving gifts to everybody.

The next day again a yogi came when we were having breakfast.

'Come with me,' he said. We followed him and he took us in a car to Shri Mataji's house. It was like a dream, every day going to Her house and seeing Her so close. This time he needed us to move some things out of the house. We spent a lot of time clearing up and packing Shri Mataji's things, and She was in the next room. When She left there were about six of us and we all stood outside and we bowed down to Shri Mataji individually, as She sat in the car, and then She left.

Rani Varde



Shri Mataji in Washington in 1999

How blessed I was!

We left Canajoharie for Washington, in 1999, where Shri Mataji was having a public programme. She was to stay in a hotel and they had to get a lot of things organised. In New York I had been helping out in the kitchen so I saw what they gave Her for breakfast, and the other yogis did not know what to do, so I told them what I had seen. Immediately they asked me to help set up Shri Mataji's room,

and that night She arrived. There were a lot of us sitting outside Her room meditating, and I had started feeling very sleepy. Finally one yogi came out.

‘Is there anybody here who has done aarti to Shri Mataji before?’ he said, because they wanted someone who had done it before to be with the others who had not. So they called me in, when I said I had done aarti before. They gave me the incense, but somehow when I tried to blow out the fire on the sticks, it wouldn’t go out, even though I kept shaking the incense. So finally I had to give the incense to someone else, but Shri Mataji looked at me.

‘Take the incense away before the fire alarm goes off,’ She said.

We went back to our room in the same hotel, and then the phone rang and Shri Mataji sent a message that She wanted to see the Indian girl. They sent me up and I was nervous because I didn’t know what She wanted to see me about. I went into Her room, and She didn’t say anything so I sat down and started meditating.

‘Where is the light? Where is the door for the bathroom?’ She asked me.

I felt She was making general conversation to make me comfortable because She could sense how nervous I was. Shri Mataji asked me to take some cream out of Her bag and massage Her fingers and hand. She made me massage all the fingers individually, and also asked me to massage Her back, over all the chakras, from the heart down to the Swadishthan. She was directing me, and then asked me for another cream.

While I was massaging Her hand She talked to me and asked me where I was from. At that point there were very few yogis in Aruba (an island in the Caribbean) and She had not yet appointed my husband as the leader.

‘So, your husband is the leader of Aruba?’ Shri Mataji said.

I just nodded. Shri Mataji asked how we came to Aruba, what we were doing and a lot about our life there - very general questions - and where we were working. Then Shri Mataji told me I could go, and as I was leaving, She told Manoj Kumar to wake Her up at seven or eight o’clock.

I went to my room and the yogis gave me Shri Mataji’s sari to iron. Sleep had vanished, and I was as wide awake as could be and there was not a thought in my head. While I was ironing I remembered that it was the time Shri Mataji wanted to be awakened, but people kept coming and saying She was still sleeping. I wondered why no one woke Her, but later learnt that you never woke Shri Mataji if She was sleeping.

In Washington I was in Her room and somebody had made some ladies’ fingers (okra) for Her, and I was frying it, but it took a very long time and I was so worried that they were not alright. Afterwards someone came back and said, ‘Oh, Shri Mataji loved the ladies’ fingers and said they were very good,’ so I got my answer!

The last day was the public programme and I had a desire for one more close up look at Shri Mataji before She left, but at the programme I was very far back. When we went up to Her room afterwards to tidy up, there She was, just coming out in Her wheelchair, and She passed just a metre or two away from me. What a wonderful time that was and how blessed I was!

Rani Varde

Shri Mataji graciously accepted the gift

I had the opportunity to meet with Shri Mataji during Her visit to Washington DC in 1999. It was my birthday, and I presented a cake to Her, and a heart shaped paper weight with an engraving of the serenity prayer. Shri Mataji graciously

accepted the cake and the gift and wished me a happy birthday. She also mentioned that because it was my birthday She should actually be giving me a gift and then just smiled. I didn't know what to say so just bowed my head, looking very embarrassed.

I never really thought much about this interaction but was very happy having met Her. It was only six years later that I found out that Shri Mataji asked Her personal caretaker to carry the gift to Cabella, and placed the paperweight right next to Her bed. I was astonished and pleased at the same time and can now relate how the gift given to Her from the heart had such an amazing significance, because a few years later Shri Mataji married me to someone from England - the Heart of the Universe

Trisha Pearce

In the cooling evening

The two different programmes I saw in Washington DC were really special. We enjoyed singing and playing the bhajans together beforehand. One of them took place outside in the cooling evening at a very important monument which always had lots of tourists. It was well attended, and when Shri Mataji gave realisation over a very powerful amplification system, it was said that every person in quite a large area received their realisation.

Elizabeth Singh



Shri Mataji at the Lincoln Memorial, Washington DC

Ice cream

We were assembled in Washington DC in 1999, to assist in organising public programmes and to look after Shri Mataji on the occasion of Her visit there. Mother was staying in a hotel and we were lodged in a room right across the hall. I served Her dinner, and at one stage She asked for ice cream, saying that Sir CP had suggested it to help to sooth Her voice. So at a fairly late hour, two yoginis were sent out on a mission to bring back some ice cream for the Adi Shakti.

Successful, we served Her two flavours of ice cream (vanilla and chocolate I think), and later when I came back in to collect Her plates, She said that CP was right – Her throat felt better! We were all intrigued to hear this having always believed that ice cream was not good for Vishuddhi; yet here Shri Mataji was, in the Vishuddhi – eating ice cream.

Kristine Kirby

Drenched with vibrations

At the end of Her stay in Washington, when Mother had vacated the room, I went in with another yogini, an Indian sister who was the wife of the then leader in Washington, to help clean up and close up the room. I had been aware that one must collect all of Shri Mataji's hair from the bathroom, dressers and pillows, which we did. Then we were about to collect Her sheets, and the Indian yogini said – wait – we must check the sheets carefully. So we knelt down close and sure enough, there were numerous hairs which we collected – and we were absolutely drenched with vibrations as we performed this privileged task.

Kristine Kirby

Editor's note: It has been said that there is as much power in one of Shri Mataji's hairs as in the whole of the solar system. However, unless She actually gave them to anyone, they had to be collected and returned to Her.

A very solid country

All around the world we met Shri Mataji at airports. It was such a rare moment when we could be there and just give Her flowers. Once in a while She would have something to say to us, or we would sit at Her Feet, and She would share beautiful words and pieces of advice, like, 'How is it going there?' and 'Do you have a good job?' and 'How are the children?' One time we were in Washington, and the economy was going down at that time, and the company my husband worked for went bankrupt, so Shri Mataji advised us to go back to Austria.

'Your husband will find a good job there. You are moving around too much,' Shri Mataji said, because we had moved twenty times. 'Your children need roots. It is not good that you move so much. If you go to Austria the children will get a good education because it is a very solid country. If you go there everything will work out for you.'

She emphasised that children must get a good education and they need to be qualified and it is important to study, and She elaborated quite a lot on this point. Sure enough the education system in Austria was wonderful, my husband had a good job at the UN and I was working out so many things in the strong and beautiful collective. It was such a blessing to get this advice from Shri Mataji.

Angela Reininger

I wanted you to work it out

I was at Cabella at Shri Ganesha Puja in 1999 and had the opportunity to see Shri Mataji because She wanted me to do a job for Her. When I was there I noticed my ego a lot, and was feeling some reaction from people and thought, 'Maybe I have an ego problem.'

'Shri Mataji, I think I have ego,' I said, as Shri Mataji was there.

'No, no,' She said.

'I know I have ego.'

'Do you think you know, or do you know you know?'

'I'm feeling the finger and can feel the reaction of some people. When I was sitting in Your room waiting to see You, I was putting my left to my right and noticed that my tone of thoughts changed from being quite analytical and intellectual and a little harsh to being gentle and sparse and compassionate. That was the difference between being in the right and being in the centre. So I must be in the right ordinarily.'

‘Very good, I could see it before, but I didn’t want to tell you because I wanted you to work it out,’ She said. I was very embarrassed.

‘Shri Mataji, it is so bad,’ I said. ‘You’re the Goddess and it is so bad to have ego in front of You. It’s very depressing.’

‘Don’t worry, all Australians have ego,’ She replied.

‘But what do I do? How do I treat it?’

‘You just put the ice here and the ice there and just humble down and try and help people. Because when you help people, when you subjugate yourself, you become humble like that.’

Then She went into meditation. She just sat there and went into a very deep meditation in front of me and I thought I must have put Her to sleep with my story. She meditated for quite some time and I didn’t know what to do, so I sat there and thought I’d better meditate as well, then She came out of the meditation.

‘It’ll be okay,’ She said. Then I went away.

That night, there was a fellow who I had had a confrontation with and he told me in no uncertain terms that I had a big ego. Normally, I would have been justifying, but suddenly, when the word ‘ego’ was mentioned, I went into this incredibly deep meditation, like ‘I’ wasn’t there at all. Even though he was speaking very harshly to me, I realised that was what Shri Mataji had been doing at that time when She went into meditation. She was projecting into that point, so She could pull me up, so I could absorb what this fellow was saying. I realised this was a very big blessing for Her to do that for me.

Mark Williams

A castle in France

In 1999, Shri Mataji wanted to buy a castle in France and create a centre for well-being where people would receive ayurvedic treatments and massages. This castle is remarkable and was in a famous French tourist guide, so I decided to show it to Shri Mataji if I had the opportunity. I did, and showed Her some books on the area. First I handed two other tourist guides and She looked at them a little while.

‘Where is the guide book with the photograph of the castle?’ She asked, but nobody had told Shri Mataji about this book.



A beautiful castle which was for sale was found in Jausier in the French Alps and Shri Mataji came all the way by car to see it. Two cars full of Yogis travelled to this remote place to welcome Her and bring food for lunch. When Shri Mataji arrived, She didn’t speak much but went to a room where the shutters were closed and while there She was concentrating intensely. We did not understand why at this time, but Shri Mataji finally bought the castle and then a strong negativity revealed itself in France, and tried to drive Sahaja Yoga out of the castle by illegal means. It ended up in the law courts, where we won all the cases.

Christophe Rivaud

Apollo is Shri Rama

The Diwali Puja 1999 in Delphi, Greece was the most blessed puja in my life. I had a chance to be with Shri Mataji for the whole week.

One of the best moments was the day after the puja, when it rained so much that the local people said that it had never rained like that before. We left from the villa in Delphi to go to Athens. As I was driving Shri Mataji's car, and we left Delphi village, a big beam of light shone on our car and another beam went up into the sky. We noticed that it was coming from the ancient site where there is an ancient Apollo temple, and a Shri Ganesha swayambhu is located there, just outside Delphi village.

'It's coming from the Apollo temple,' Shri Mataji said, or something similar, 'Apollo is Shri Rama.' We were so amazed by this.

It was raining and was dark. Delphi is located on a high hill, so there were lots of turns in the road. I noticed that whenever our car was coming near a turn, there was lightning without any sound, so it was very easy to drive, as if someone was helping me to see the road clearly in the dark night and the rain.

'It will happen a hundred and eight times, and when we will reach the bottom it will stop,' Shri Mataji said, when I mentioned it to Her.

She said this was happening because it was a Lakshmi Puja and we did not have good fireworks the day before, so the divine arranged it. When the lightning came, the whole mountain shone with different lights and the whole atmosphere was showing us that this was the place of God, the Dev Loka. When we came down from the mountain and joined the highway, there was no sign of any rain nor was there any more lightning, just as Mother said.

It was an amazing divine experience and the love of Mother had manifested in the entire atmosphere.

Vaibhav Khopade



Diwali Puja



Greece 1999

Public programme in Athens, 1999

A part of the history

For a few years, a number of us had been talking about the possibility of collecting our personal recollections of Shri Mataji, over the last twenty years or so, or even longer. In fact Shri Mataji had also asked some people to do this, unknown to those of us talking about this.

In December 1999, Shri Mataji unexpectedly called to see me at Her bungalow at MTDC, Ganapatipule. I did not say much during this meeting, which mainly concerned the other people in the room with Her, and I was mostly just looking at Her beautiful face, and bathing in Her heavenly vibrations, as She resolved a certain situation. Then I realised that although I hadn't noticed their departure, the other people had gone away, and I was alone with Shri Mataji.

'Mother may I ask You a question?' I said, because it seemed to be no accident that I had made the mistake of not noticing the others leaving.

'Yes,' She replied. I asked if we could make a book of our recollections of time spent with Her. She replied that it was the human side of Her incarnation and a part of the history and should be done. That was how it started, because we needed Mother's permission to go all out for this sort of a project.

Linda Williams

The new millennium

It was the last day of 1999 and we were at Ganapatipule. In the morning we had done a thousand name havan for the new millennium and in the evening Shri Mataji came and about ten thousand Sahaja Yogis were honoured to be in Her presence during a music programme. I noticed that at the very moment of midnight, the change of the millennium, some Turkish ladies were doing a dance for Her. It seemed very right, being as Turkey is the bridge between the West and the East, and the country where so many people from a Muslim background have recognised Shri Mataji.

Linda Williams

Chapter 4

2000 January to July

India, Europe and America

An inspiration

On 26th January, 2000 (Indian Republic Day), Mother gave statues of Shivaji and inspired the Pune Yuva Shakti with his great deeds of valour.

‘You must remember, you must become ideal Sahaja Yogis, because you have to transform the whole world. That is what your Mother expects from you,’ She said.

Anonymous

Shri Mataji really appreciated the place

In about 2000, Shri Mataji was in Australia with Sir CP, for the launch of his book *The Life of Shastri*. We were fortunate because Shri Mataji was staying at Palm Beach for about a month, and we were able to go up there and talk about the book launch. We would sit and ask him about various aspects of Shastri’s life. Having read the book a few times I was asking him a few questions about it. Shri Mataji was sitting in the other room and would sometimes make suggestions, as to how an incident happened.

We spent a lot of time just sitting with Her looking out over the water. Shri Mataji and Sir CP talked about their days when he was running a maritime organisation in India, and She said She really appreciated the place we had found because She could watch the boats and the harbour. We were a bit apologetic because we did not realise that next door there was a boat repair house and during the day there were always the sounds of men scraping boats, and working on them, so we pulled our ears. But Shri Mataji said She liked the sound of people working on boats, and it reminded Her of Her early married life.

We got to the day when we had the big launch. It was quite an event. It was held in a room of the parliament and we were met by the Deputy Premier and a number of dignitaries. At the end of it Shri Mataji wanted to take us all out for lunch to thank us for all the work we had done. We wanted to take Her for lunch, but She insisted on taking us, and about thirty of us went to The Rocks, a seafood restaurant.

So there we were, about thirty of us all sitting round Shri Mataji, feeling very shy. The leaders were near Her, and those of us who had been involved in the book launch were at the bottom of the table. Shri Mataji told us to go and sit with Her, and that the leaders should take our places. So we sat down next to Her, and She started talking just like a mother – about health, jobs, children and family. It was very difficult not to get into a very chatty way with Her.

I had heard it said that you shouldn’t actually look directly at Her face, because in Shri Rama’s time Shri Laxshman always looked at Her Feet, so I was keeping my eyes down. She knocked Her napkin off the table with Her hand and my first impulse was to reach down and pick it up. But if I did I might brush Her sari, and I knew the protocol was that one shouldn’t touch Shri Mataji. I was very unsure, and I was about to move my hand, then did not.

‘You can pick it up if you want,’ Shri Mataji said eventually. I replied I was sorry, that I should have picked it up sooner, but She said it was very sweet that I had that protocol.

Shri Mataji was talking about all the things that are now in Sir CP's book *Corruption*. After lunch we went down onto Palm Beach and watched the sun coming down. Shri Mataji spoke in beautiful terms about Australia and how blessed we were to be in this country. She said something about Shri Shankara's story of the Southern Cross and how all the stars came down there.

We would go and stay at Shri Mataji's house. We would go and work, so we would leave in the night and when we drove back together, we saw that the time you spent with Shri Mataji, She gave you little things, and encouragement that you can take with you in your life. We have this desire to try to pay Her back in some way, by what we have to do in this life. Shri Mataji spoke about that in a puja at Kalve, India.

Chris Kyriacou

Asking Shri Mataji to open our hearts

I am from Romania and was at Shivaratri Puja in 2000 in Pune. I had been in Romania for two months and our leader gave me the present of a crystal bowl to take up on the stage. We had a card, which I wrote in, in Hindi. My handwriting in Hindi is very bad, but I wrote it in poetical Hindi asking Her to open our hearts. We had mixed feelings, because what can you give Shri Shiva? We had mixed feelings again when we went on the stage - are we capable of going in front of Shri Mataji?

The moment I stepped on the stage it was a vacuum - all the thoughts ceased and nothing was there. It felt like the Mother Divine was sitting there and I am sitting in front of Her, Her child. First of all I handed over the card and Mother started reading it, and I was feeling shy, because my Hindi writing is so bad.

'What poetical verses, what beautiful Hindi! Who wrote in Hindi from Romania? You?' Mother said, and I had no words because I was just watching Shri Mataji and there was nothing else coming in my mind - it was all blank. When Mother started speaking about the bowl which we had given Her - which had twelve petals - She praised Romanian art, but again She looked towards me.

'Beta (son) what are you doing there?' She said. 'What are you doing?' She said again, speaking Hindi.

'Mother, I am in computers,' I said.

'You are a computer engineer?' She said. I am just an operator, and I thought this to myself but couldn't speak out.

She changed the subject and asked me if I liked the food there. I was amazed, because we had gone with the gift, and I could feel something working in my heart. It was opening and Mother was transmitting very strong vibrations to just open the heart. She asked me if I had a house to live in, and whether I was doing Sahaja Yoga work there. I told Her that we had just bought some land in Romania, and asked if we could build an ashram there. Mother was impressed that I had done so much Sahaja work even though I had only been there for two months. She said I should do the work of Sahaja Yoga and all the rest would be solved. I felt I had not done that much, and anyway, She is the doer.

It was when I came down from the stage that I realised what I had got there. Before going I had so many emotions and feelings, and when I was there it was a vacuum, but coming down off the stage I felt something had been worked out in my heart and that state is still maintained. Deep detachment, deep within me, Shiva tattwa and that detachment was established then and has stayed with me ever since. Whenever there is a problem in my life, somehow Shri Mataji, in Her

nirakara form, takes me to that state of detachment, and again I become a detached witness.

Rajan Tomar

She was very happy

I was a cook at the International Sahaja Health Centre at Belapur. I worked there for four years. Shri Mataji came in 2000 and it was very nice when She entered. Professor Rai offered a flower to Shri Mataji and She smelled it.

‘Thank you,’ She said.

She went into the meditation hall and sat there for about two hours. The Sahaja trustees and some Sahaja Yogis were there. She was talking with everyone and afterwards went to the bathroom to refresh Herself. I was standing outside the bathroom and was alone there.

‘You have all decorated the whole meditation hall like the palace of the king,’ She said to me in Marathi. She was very happy. She sat about half an hour more and then left. After She left there were so many vibrations there, and when She was actually there we did not feel such strong vibrations as that. We were all very happy afterwards. Some people were serving the food to Shri Mataji and She was enjoying that food, and suddenly She put attention on us.

‘Is all this food for Me or is there some for the kitchen boys?’ She said.

Nilesh Rajguru

I have already cured his problem

Shortly after his birth, my second son manifested a bleeding disorder. He started vomiting small quantities of blood. He got medical treatment for a month and a half, but that did not help and he was weak. Shri Mataji was consulted before he could be admitted in the Vashi Sahaj Health Centre as he was a very tiny child, but She said he could. We came all the way from Delhi to Vashi and I spent twenty days with him there.

We both received vibratory treatment from Sahaj doctors during which period he was still vomiting, but somehow I was not afraid any more and had full faith in achieving the expected results. My brother, also a doctor, could not understand my decision and was worried about the baby being there rather than in a regular hospital. The baby could not digest milk. After twenty days of treatment with vibrations, he was cured and we went back home. Again after some time, he vomited a little bit of blood and I got worried.

‘No, no, she should not worry, I have already cured his problem in Vashi,’ Shri Mataji said, when it was reported to Her. Though She Herself was not physically there, the Sahaj doctors would be the instruments of Her vibrations on the patients. From that day on, the bleeding never happened again and the child is perfectly all right now.

Madhur Rai

So they would not be homeless

This is a story of Vaitarna, where the Music Academy is situated. About five or six years ago, in about 2000, we talked to Shri Mataji about some people who were occupying the land there. We did not know whether we were to make them leave, or what. Shri Mataji in Her compassion said not to, because they were all villagers and they may be doing some agricultural work there. She said that we should

demarcate some land on the side, on the border, and give it to them, and let them use that land so they would not be homeless or landless.

Hari Jalan

Sahaja Yogis do not need them

In the year 2000 I was confronted by an architecture student with an ardent desire to resolve the contentious issue of the use of Feng Shui and Vastu Shastra. In the same year I was present when Shri Mataji pronounced judgment on this issue. She declared that these principles do, to a certain extent, help to establish the Shri Ganesha principle, but the Sahaja Yogis do not need them.

Virendra Verma

Editor's note: Feng Shui is a Chinese philosophy which is involved with how and where buildings should be constructed. Vastu Shastra is similar, of Indian origin.

A letter replied

I had a statue of Shri Radha and Shri Krishna in the temple in my home. Earlier, I used to meditate in front of it every day and only took my meals after putting Bhog (offerings) in front of the statue. Somehow, I neglected this after becoming a Sahaja Yogi. This upset me and one night Shri Mataji appeared in my dream.

‘Son, I am your Mother and I am Radha Krishna,’ She said. ‘I am the Primordial Mother of the world.’ I was not convinced. The next day, when I went to the public programme where Shri Mataji was, I wrote a letter to Her.

‘You appeared in my dream and told me that You were Radha Krishna,’ I wrote. ‘Why do You not visit my place and prove to me that You are Radha Krishna?’ I took the letter with me.

‘A large number of people ask Me to visit their homes,’ Shri Mataji said in Her speech before I could tell anyone about the letter. ‘There are four thousand people here. If I start visiting every one of them and spend five minutes with each of them, you can imagine the time I will take. Meditate in front of My photograph and I will be with you in Nirakara. I am your Radha Krishna and your Sita Ram. You will always find Me as you perceive Me.’

Thus She replied to my letter without even looking at it. The next morning at 6.00am two Sahaja Yogis came to my house and gave me a photograph of Shri Mataji.

KK Agarwal

Dreams come true

All of us have a dream. When I heard about the construction of Shri Mataji's house in America in New Jersey in 2000, I had the feeling that this event was one of the great opportunities that happen just once in life. I was able to work there and then the time was coming to an end and I was supposed to go back in the middle of March, when Marcelo Peluso, another Yuva Shakti from Brazil, and I received the present from the Mother — a ticket to India to attend Birthday Puja. Amazing.

Shri Mataji gave us more. When we gave the present from Brazil, She knew that we were working on Her house, so She comforted us from all the suffering that we had in the hard, cold days of New Jersey, saying, ‘Are they working there? Must be very cold,’ She smiled.

Those were the simple words that just one Mother said to Her sons to give them the strength to continue on their way, now with fire in their hearts.

One powerful sound and many miracles

When our Holy Mother was here in Istanbul in 2000, She performed some miracles for the new people who came to the public programme. The programme was very successful. The hall for approximately fifteen hundred people was overfilled. People had to stand and sit wherever possible and we estimated the total number to be about two thousand.

As soon as Shri Mataji entered the hall, it started raining. We could hear the rain pouring outside, and it was raining almost till the end of the programme. We could not see what was going on, but one lady had to go out for some reason and what she saw was not just rain but a storm that is rarely seen in Istanbul. Then she turned back towards the hall, which was in fact a big tent and saw the following scene: there was like a huge invisible umbrella over the tent. The rain was pouring down, but not a single drop was falling on the tent!

Shri Mataji talked about inner peace and transformation, because the mechanism of Sahaja Yoga had been already explained by yogis. She gave realisation in a very simple way: She just asked people to put their hands towards Her, like in namaaz, and to feel vibrations, then asked us to check vibrations above our head.

While giving realisation, Shri Mataji, as always, was blowing in the microphone. As soon as She started, we heard a long and powerful sound of thunder and it lasted as long as She was blowing. The sound was very similar to the sound of the blowing, so they merged into one powerful sound. It was magnificent. I was filled with joy from witnessing what a wonderful thing Shri Mataji had done.

When Shri Mataji was giving realisation, some people saw that a black cloud formed over the audience. Then it slowly moved towards Shri Mataji and vanished. She extracted all the negativity from the people and just destroyed it.

The programme finished but the miracles didn't finish. Next day we had a follow-up programme. Shri Mataji did not come there and a yogi was leading it. After he had finished, he asked if somebody had any questions. One lady stood up immediately; obviously she was eagerly wanting to say something. Before the public programme she had been speaking on her mobile phone and the battery had finished, so the phone switched off automatically. After the programme she tried to switch it on, hoping that she would be able to speak at least for a few seconds. To her complete amazement the battery was fully charged! After she had shared that story with everybody, many people came to us and said that they had experienced the same thing. Shri Mataji's vibrations had charged many mobile phones on that day.



Public programme in Istanbul, 2000



A gift from the Israel collective, Easter Puja 2000

The owner was amazed

In Turkey we went to a silver shop and Shri Mataji bought almost the whole shop. The owner was amazed. She asked for a discount, but the shop owner himself gave one. This often happened. It was like the Mother of the universe out shopping — always big amounts and for lots of Sahaja Yogis or relatives.

Akbar Samii

More than I ever desired

At the Nagpur Academy 1999 and 2000 the very air was filled with inspiration. Baba Mama would sometimes come to tell us about Shri Mataji and deities. I would write poetry with a pen and sometimes go and type it using the Academy office computer in Baba Mama's house. While typing I felt my poetry changing and would not to only rewrite the entire collection but also to write many there on the spot.

At Sahasrara Day 2000 Shri Mataji granted me five minutes during the evening programme to read and gift *The Goddess* to Her. Having Her direct attention on you is completely overwhelming, and so subtle at the same time. Taking the form of Shri Mahamaya Our Divine Mother lifted us in the highest height without our even noticing it. I remember expecting some explosion-like sensation before and then sitting on the stage, thinking, 'Wow, this feels completely normal and natural. I wish I would always feel like that.'

'You are very deep, I have to say,' Shri Mataji said after reading my poems, and I did namaskar to Her Lotus Feet. While reading, I only saw Shri Mataji.

These five minutes were more than I ever desired.

Shri Mataji is not human

I had arrived in Cabella for Sahasrara Puja 2000 just after attending two evening programmes in Vienna. Though I had been seeking for long and had had self realisation for almost five years, I was still ignorant about puja in Sahaja Yoga, and Shri Mataji's identity.

On the day of the puja, I sat right in front, absolutely unprepared for what came next but nevertheless upright and joyous. Mother arrived in a burst of gold and took Her place on the stage. Then She spoke about the beginnings of Sahaja Yoga and it seemed to me that She was explaining personally to me, how this unexpected world of beauty contained in this industrial hangar somewhere in Italy actually came about. The people from many nationalities were all dressed in Indian festive clothes, looking so dignified and radiant, the music and everything.

She spoke about the kinds of people that She encountered as Sahaja Yoga developed: those who insisted on following their 'own path'. As She said these words She looked straight into my eyes and I was spontaneously sucked into those large dark orbs. Between the words 'own' and 'path', I floated in an endless and eternal dark space peopled by tiny sparks of which I was one. After an aeon I heard a thin voice calling from far off, my own, 'That is no human being, you can't stare at Her like that'. The shock pulled me back and I was there seated with all the others, Mother had looked away and spoke on. My consciousness was consumed, I was an outline. What was in me was outside and vice versa. I was in bliss.

Then the puja started. I am Indian by birth, so performing puja to Mother overawed me. After that the songs and the mantras, each a subtle explosion in my consciousness, gave me names for that which I experienced.

Next morning, when I left for Milan airport in a bus full of Russians, I wept because I was sure that I would never experience such beauty and depth again. Little did I know that we Sahaja Yogis are blessed to adore our Mother as often as we like and that She always abides with us.

Mandakini Pachauri

The blessings and pleasure are so intense

It is an amazing blessing, being a pujari. It is an extraordinary happening. In 2000 Shri Mataji turned to us during the puja when we were rubbing Her Feet, and She looked down.

'It really is quite hard work, isn't it?' She said, and as She did I felt it was wider. On that occasion we had been running around quite a lot – I don't remember which puja it was – it was the idea that it is a bit of a work, but the blessings and pleasure are so intense that the work aspect isn't important.

Often I would come and be a pujari on the Sunday evening and the puja would finish at 3.00 in the morning, and we would spend two hours washing up and then I would sleep for half an hour and catch the early flight back to Belgium, and work the next morning, Monday.

It started on Saturday when we cleaned the silver. While you were rushing about and thinking – do we have everything there? – all the right ingredients, all the things we needed - at that moment your whole attention went on the puja. So while doing a lot on the right side, in one sense you were not, because your attention was just on doing the puja. You wanted it to be nice and right.

Sunday arrived and the only thing on Sunday for me was the puja. We had to collect things and drive back and forth. The attention was always on the Sahasrara, and the minute it isn't something went wrong. You dropped or forgot something. We felt we had to be very careful.

This Anthony was never responsible for any part of it. He just helped and was part of it. But routinely Shri Mataji said, 'Why did you do this? Why is this like that? Why did this happen? Why didn't you feel the vibrations?' so for me the attention was completely in the Sahasrara.

The attention was there and we did everything with the attention, and we were trying to balance. We tried to stay in that moment, that same attention as when Shri Mataji was there, but it started on the Saturday. We wondered, and we checked – is this going to be the right size? And inside we knew that Shri Mataji would tell us what She wanted to happen and when. Things got faster and faster, and puja in Cabella was quite an efficient machine, yet there was always time.

Anthony Headlam

I know You know it's here

During the preparations for the Berkeley public programme in June 2000, I was asked to check the parlour facilities and make them nice for Shri Mataji's use. Several of us tried to go to the theatre early, but it was locked. The management had set a time when it would be opened for preparations, which was just shortly before the programme. The theatre was a little dilapidated, as it was a simple Community Arts Center.

We only had about forty-five minutes before the start of the programme, but we started to remove equipment, which was in the room, and clean it up. We were working relatively quickly because we had so little time. We placed the saris as we went around the room. As we finished circling the room, we had exactly the right number of saris and exactly the right number of tacks. A chair had been covered with a sari and a stand next to it had a flower arrangement. An oriental rug, a long runner, had been brought to cover the uneven walkway from the stage. The flowers filled the area with a lovely scent.

We went to the programme area just before Shri Mataji arrived. It was an incredible programme and She was so loving. The hall looked and felt like an intimate, cozy living room, especially interesting to those of us who had seen it beforehand, as a dilapidated theatre. Now we were sitting close to Shri Mataji.

'You all have been seeking for so long,' She said, as She leaned forward to share with such heart. 'You've been seeking so hard. Now you have to know that you have found what you were seeking. Now, you have to stop. You have found it. You've found the joy.' And at that moment, everybody was completely in joy.

After the programme, I went back to the parlour to take down the saris. Shri Mataji had never left the stage to go there, but when I opened the door, the room was so cool, full of the cool vibrations, the same cool that fills a room after She has left.

'Oh, thank You Shri Mataji. I know You know it's here.' I said to myself. It was still amazing to me to feel this cool from the room. It was so unique.

Heidi Zogorski

A programme that seemed unique

There were just three programmes in Berkeley, California: one very early one, one in 1997, and I was able to attend the last one a few years later in 2000.

We were a small group but everything worked out absolutely smoothly, and before we knew it Shri Mataji had landed and was settling in at the White Hotel in the hills. It had a lovely rose garden in front which looked like an arboretum and Her suite seemed very bright with natural light. Everyone took part in the preparations and many ladies got to help prepare food items, arrange flowers and prepare the hall. It was such an honour for such a tiny collective to host Her, and see Her with seekers from our town. I tried to stay out of the way, but I did get to see Shri Mataji when She arrived. Suddenly She was coming down the hall with just one person pushing Her wheelchair. There was just me and one small child to greet Her before She entered the suite.

‘How are you?’ Shri Mataji pointedly asked. I didn’t know that She was talking to me, but then I became alert and said I was well. The little girl and I gave Her flowers and She went inside.

Later we enjoyed a programme that seemed unique. The little hall was packed and those attending seemed very keen, and Shri Mataji was very pleased with the people who came. One lady had seen the website and taken her Realisation, and she stood up and spontaneously sang a very beautiful rendition of *Ave Maria*. Others asked very respectful questions. Shri Mataji seemed to like the intelligence, spiritual nature and sense of responsibility of the people in that academic town.

There is an interesting story about an artist, the father of one of the yoginis. Shri Mataji enjoyed his painting of tulips which had been placed in Her suite. She asked about the artist and mentioned the training at the Academy in India, and how one artist had applied his new skills with miniatures and was doing well painting on plates Europe. The painting was given to Shri Mataji, and since that time the artist has continued to paint many new and beautiful works, and many have sold or won awards.

Elizabeth Singh

Cooking with love

I didn’t learn cooking while growing up but when I was married tried a few dishes for my husband with guidance from my sister-in-law. I had no confidence in my cooking.

In 2000, I went to Los Angeles for the puja. I was taken to the house where Shri Mataji was and was given the responsibility of making a dish for Her. I didn’t want to but couldn’t get out of it, made Chicken Hariyali and prayed it would be edible.

I went back home after the puja. Then one day, I got a phone call and was told that Shri Mataji loved it and said that I had made it with lots of love. I cried. At that time of my life, I was going through a tough time and felt the need to be away from Her physical presence, as I thought I was just a source of disappointment. At the same time, I had such a strong desire to be loved. Love was missing in my life and that’s all I wanted. Shri Mataji gave me that at that moment.

Shruti Jalan Gupta

More!

People say I make good French fries – or potato chips as they are called in some countries – and they are one of the few things I know how to cook. One day I was serving Shri Mataji in Los Angeles, and seeing everyone cook with so much love for Her, I had a strong desire to make some French fries for Her. I went ahead and

made them despite the fact that they did not fit with any of the other Indian dishes prepared for that meal. I knew that She was eating very little from each dish at that point, and in fact She almost always wanted less than what we wanted to serve Her. So I served Her very small portions, and put very few French fries on Her plate.

To my surprise, She looked up and motioned to me that She wanted more! Such was the love of our Mother. She did so not because She needed them, but just to make me happy, because Our Mother knew everything, and above all what was in our hearts and minds.

Calin Costian

Shri Mataji knew everything

One time in Vancouver, I was helping in the hotel. One lady had the primary responsibility of helping Shri Mataji. I had a strong desire to help. One afternoon as Shri Mataji was napping, the yogini went to take a shower. She asked me to sit by the bedroom door in case Shri Mataji needed anything.

Ah, the delight! And then the mental battle began. I tried to meditate, but the thought kept coming, 'Oh, I wish Shri Mataji would wake so I could help with something.' The next moment I would tell my brain to shut up. 'If you desire things, the Goddess is listening and She will not be able to rest. Try to meditate.' Back and forth, back and forth, these thoughts bounced like a ping pong ball. With this small hurricane of thought and desire outside Her door, Shri Mataji came out, saying She was cold. I was delighted to be able to give Her a shawl. At last, I had been of help.

As Shri Mataji was looking out the window at the Vancouver harbour where the cruise ships were, She commented on how noisy it was. I said something like, 'Yes, the passengers are getting on the cruise ships.' As soon as the words left my lips, I felt the incredible stupidity of saying something so mundane and obvious to the Adi Shakti. Unable to speak in Her presence for years, and *this* is what I came up with? Then Shri Mataji further clarified to me that She does, in fact, know *everything*. She looked at my sari, one I had always doubted choosing and had therefore never felt quite happy about, and commented on how beautiful it was.

Pramod Shete

Receiving a name

For many years I had desired a name from Shri Mataji. One year I was helping another yogini in a hotel room in Vancouver. While she was rubbing Shri Mataji's Feet, Shri Mataji gave her a name. So my husband seized the moment and asked if Shri Mataji would give me a name as well. I was called in. I couldn't even enter the room, I was so nervous. I stood about a foot from the door with my hands open, trying to be in a state of meditation. As Shri Mataji put Her attention on me, I could feel my nadis vibrating like plucked guitar strings. I felt overwhelmed, burst into tears, then, embarrassed, ran out of the room! Immediately I told myself, 'You cannot run out on the Adi Shakti,' so I went right back in.

'Janaki. She was also very emotional,' Shri Mataji said, as I stood there helplessly weeping quietly.

Pramod Shete

A day with Shri Mataji

In the year 2000 I went shopping with Shri Mataji to downtown Toronto to buy tea sets and silver spoons. The leader was with us, and a few others, including one man from France. She was looking at the prices of the cutlery.

‘Why is it so cheap?’ Shri Mataji said. Everybody was giving reasons as to why it was so cheap, and then Shri Mataji repeated the question and everyone had different ideas.

‘Shri Mataji, it is so cheap because You want it to be cheap,’ somebody said, and She waved Her Vishuddhi finger.

‘That’s it, that’s why it is so cheap!’ She said.

The man from France who was with us was looking at some special pottery.

‘This is from France,’ said Shri Mataji.

‘Shri Mataji,’ he asked, ‘You once told me I had to fight the negativity in France, but I could not do this. What did You mean by this?’

‘Now I have sent you to Montreal,’ She said to him. ‘That is where you have to fight the negativity, and you can do it.’ It was very strong and everybody became very silent when She said that. It was in the middle of the store.

We drove Shri Mataji back to the hotel, and She had a flight back to New York that night. There were also two interviews booked, so one of the yogis asked Shri Mataji if She could stay a bit longer, another day. She looked at us.

‘I knew what you were up to,’ She said, but then said She would have to go back to New York. We didn’t know how we were going to manage this because we were stuck in rush hour traffic, as it was six o’clock. It started pouring with rain, which often happens when Shri Mataji is in America. When we got into the hotel there was a reporter there to interview Her and we heard that the flight had been delayed. He was a seeker and did a radio show, and had been to Tibet and done all those exotic things. His little daughter was with him, and Shri Mataji was fascinated by her. She kept on asking her name, but the little girl would not talk to Shri Mataji at all.

‘You are asking so many questions!’ Shri Mataji said to the interviewer at one point. She reached over and put Her Agnya finger on his forehead and everything slowed down. I watched his face just pause, and he stopped and for about forty seconds he just couldn’t say anything. He was completely silent.

‘That was really great,’ he said. ‘Can you do that again?’ Shri Mataji just started laughing; She was very pleased with him.

‘I am so glad I have met a real Canadian today,’ Shri Mataji said. Then we had to rush Her to the airport in the rain, and found that the person who had said the flight was delayed had got the time wrong. I had Her luggage and went to the check in counter, and the lady said there was no chance because the flight was closing. All of a sudden Shri Mataji arrived at the counter with a lot of Sahaja Yogis behind Her.

‘What’s the matter?’ She asked.

The check in lady picked up the phone and tried to stop the plane leaving. Shri Mataji was just looking at this lady, and sort of giving Her vibrations. We started running with Shri Mataji’s luggage, but She missed the flight. Shri Mataji got on the next plane, which was only forty-five minutes later, and which we didn’t know about earlier.

Mohan Gulati

Shri Mataji raised my Kundalini big time

My profession is a hairdresser and in the year 2000 I was asked to be ready to meet with Shri Mataji to cut Her hair, when She was to be interviewed by some press people concerning the medical benefits of Sahaja Yoga. It was about 7:30 pm when I finally went into Her bedroom. Shri Mataji sat in a wing-backed burgundy coloured chair and I proceeded to cut Her hair, being careful to catch any falling strands.* The haircut was soon finished and She began to speak to me, asking me simple questions. I was now facing Her, about two feet away.

‘Where are you from?’ She asked and, ‘How do you like your work?’ etc.

As She was asking this something profound was going on inside of me. It happened three times and each time I had to stop talking because it was so profound. There was intense pressure rising from my lower abdomen to the top of my clavicle area. It was only in the centre and from the bottom up, and I held my stomach. Shri Mataji was watching every move. After the third time of this pressure the conversation ended and I had finished helping the Goddess, although it was the Goddess who helped me. She very carefully raised my Kundalini big time.

Maryanne Berman

Editor’s note: Shri Mataji’s hair is very powerful and must be returned to Her if any strands are found.

Shri Mataji was laughing so much

It was at Canajoharie in 2000. Another lady and I were asked to go and help with the daily work at Shri Mataji’s house. Eventually someone took us in her car. It had been raining and there was a lot of mud - I even fell into a hole up to my knee and was dirty. I was wearing Western clothes, but had a sari to change into when I got there.

When we arrived we could see Shri Mataji was seated in the garden. We were going to have to pass just in front of Her, all dirty, and carrying our bags. We didn’t know what to do! So we went, trying to avoid Her. We put our hands on our hearts and passed into the house.

The lady with Shri Mataji was taking pictures, and later sent them to us, and once more we saw the human side of the Goddess. She was laughing so much at our worries and excessive concerns in this simple situation.

Valeria Ferreira





Valeria and her friends arriving to clean Shri Mataji's house

The heaven I had seen as a little girl

A special and unforgettable event was being in the same house as Shri Mataji — the Great Goddess. It happened in Canajoharie, USA, on the 1st of July, 2000, when, most unexpectedly, I was invited to help in the house where Shri Mataji was staying, and I was so happy.

During the years, seeing Her in Brazil or in Cabella, I'd seen a lot of sisters around Her and had never imagined myself being part of this group. But some questions used to pass through my mind: 'Do they offer to do it, or are they invited? Do they stay near Shri Mataji or are they chosen by someone?'

All of a sudden, I was there, in the kitchen, washing Her dishes and cutlery, in Her room doing Her bed, cleaning Her bathroom, looking at everything in that little divine universe within reach of my hands and eyes.

Always during these eight years in Sahaja Yoga, I had longed for a lengthy period of thoughtless awareness, but they used to come only in flashes. On this day, the first of July, I could experience what's really being the witness — for hours on end — and it was really simple, soft, although almost impossible to describe. I saw everything, registering the colours and forms, but there wasn't any sound, just a silence and coolness that I would love to have around me all my life.

I think the heaven I had seen as a little girl was like that — maternal.

Valeria Ferreira

Now that's emotional intelligence!

In 2000 I went to Canajoharie to the Shri Adi Shakti Puja. I had a nice present from South Africa, a colour etching of the words in Arabic 'Allah hu akbar' — in pink and green, very ornate and delicate, with a yellow six pointed star behind. It was also nicely framed. I also had another present we had bought at the puja. At the puja Shri Mataji spoke a bit about emotional intelligence. Afterwards I took the present up and explained to Mother that it had been made by one of my students, a Moslem girl who had had her realisation. Mother looked at it, seemed to like it.

'Now that's emotional intelligence!' She said.

Linda Williams

What can I say to Shri Adi Shakti?

Right from the beginning I recognised Shri Mataji as Shri Adi Shakti and was in awe of Her. I felt bad when in front of Her, because I would think, 'I am nothing, what can I say to Shri Adi Shakti?' Many times I offered a present to Shri Mataji

for Argentina, but felt very scared. Once, before going to Shri Adi Shakti Puja in America in 2000, I had a dream, and in the dream Shri Mataji was a little upset and said, 'I cannot understand why all the yogis cannot see Me like a mother, people see Me like Adi Shakti. Why can't you speak with Me like your mother?' It was a long dream and finally, in the dream, I talked to Her like a mother.

After this I had confidence. At Shri Adi Shakti Puja in America in 2000 there was no one to prepare the food for Shri Mataji and we from South America were asked to do it. So I prepared food and made the house nice like for a mother. I waited in the house for a long time, and felt I was in my mother's house. Then Shri Mataji came at about eleven o'clock at night. She took the food, and was really like a mother, not like Shri Adi Shakti. The house was very small and we waited outside while She ate. After dinner Shri Mataji came and saw us.

'What are you doing there? It is so cold!' She said, and I never felt scared again.

That time, at Shri Adi Shakti Puja, I went up with a present and could talk to Her.

Patricia Wolfmeyer

Chapter 5

2000 - July to December

Europe, America and India

Mother plays with time

In 2000, we arrived at Cabella about a week before the Guru Puja. We heard that Shri Mataji was arriving from America and we could go to the airport at Milan to wait in the early morning for Her. There was a wonderful atmosphere at the airport, and the Italian yogis had made a beautiful chair for Shri Mataji. We got flowers and She arrived with Her husband.

For me this was the first time I could wait for Shri Mataji at the airport. It was a really special moment, to receive your mother when She came. You could feel She was really looking at each of us, and as She passed I felt this tremendous loving smile. First we all went forward and gave flowers to Her, and then She talked and told us all what had happened in America. After that She got in the car and left for Cabella. We all waved and felt it was so many blessings for one day. We didn't go fast in our car, and stopped now and again, but we decided when we got to Cabella we would go up to the castle, which we did. We were outside the door, and we turned and saw the car of Shri Mataji was behind us. We asked someone who was in Mother's car, and she said Mother had driven fast and had not stopped anywhere. It was an absolute miracle – you know how Mother plays with time.

Then Shri Mataji invited us all into Her rooms in the castle and shared stories with us, and gave a chocolate to all the children.

Mukta Acruger

Meeting with Shri Mataji, Krishna Puja 2000

As soon as I joined the Madrid collective, I had had a great desire to speak with Shri Mataji or to be near Her. I had been to several pujas in Cabella, but I had never been near Her. There was a great desire in our collective that Mother would come to Spain as it would give a greater dynamism in the collective, but it seemed to me that such an attitude meant leaving the problems to Shri Mataji so that She would solve them during Her visit.

A possible chance for speaking with Shri Mataji was at a leaders' meeting, which used to take place before the pujas. Usually one of the leaders from Spain would go, but at the Krishna Puja, in August 2000, none of the leaders were there so I was able to attend it. Everyone sat in a semicircle around Shri Mataji's armchair in the big room at the castle. When the meeting started, Mother asked for a yogini who represented South Africa, and then asked who I was. The leader of Italy told Her I represented Spain.

'Are the Spanish still fighting each other?' Shri Mataji asked me. I shook my head, meaning 'No', but then I realised that She meant the situation with terrorism and said, with my mouth, 'Yes'. This made the other yogis laugh, for I had said no with my head and yes with my mouth.

Mother then asked me if those people wanted to split off from Spain to join France, or what did they want? I answered that they wanted to be independent. Shri Mataji explained that every time that this kind of situation arises, the side which wants to split off ends up suffering and with poverty, like Pakistan and Bangladesh. She asked us what we were doing about that situation, then said that the important thing was to work on the main land of the country, so that this

improvement would solve the situation of the other zones which wanted the separation.

She went on with the problems in the different places. The leader of Greece mentioned that the relationship between Greece and Turkey was improving. Mother said the cause of that problem was the competition for the petroleum, and what was the situation of the countries which have petroleum? It is a situation of decadence and an absence of spirituality, all caused by the desire to accumulate money.

A way to thwart the desire of money is art. The reason is that genuine artistic manifestation comes from the heart. In this sense, Shri Mataji spoke about the difficulty of knowing which were really artistic objects. She proved it with objects which were in the lounge where we were sitting, and also asked to bring some more. Shri Mataji started asking us in which country each object had been made. Those who said the names of countries were scarcely ever right, except when it was a plate and they could see the name at the back. Mother knew the country of every object and finally told us She knew more than all of us and we all smiled at hearing that.

She said that a money-based lifestyle makes countries lose their art, that some countries had already lost it and that some others could lose it as well. Shri Mataji said that in the USA, in the region of Los Angeles, it is not that bad, and that France had very important art, which, however, could be lost because of the orientation of the French to alcohol.

Also Shri Mataji explained that Spain had quite important art, but it could be lost because of the tendency of the Spanish to fight among themselves. She said that situation was making women become like that so there are even bullfighter-women and that what we Spaniards have to do is to fight the bull we carry inside. She also said that we Sahaja Yogis should have artistic objects from our country at home. This way, people who visit the house will see the beauty of these objects and appreciate art. Likewise, children, who will be in contact with these objects, will learn to appreciate them and develop this sensibility.

At another moment of the meeting, Shri Mataji spoke with the leader of Russia, who had invited an Indian yogi to visit Russia. She asked him why he had invited him, and told him that he had legs for walking and that he had to learn to solve his problems without waiting for an Indian to come and solve them. I was very attentive to these remarks, because a very curious thing was happening to me. Although Shri Mataji was speaking with the leader of Russia, I was feeling that She was addressing those remarks to me, saying that we Spaniards had to face our problems without waiting for Mother to come and solve them.

Mother also spoke with the leader of France about a carpenter who would come to work in the castle. Shri Mataji said She would like him to make doors with mirrors. I felt She was saying the doors with mirrors were a symbol: if we really see how we are, we will be able to open the door and enter a deeper level. When we prostrated ourselves after the meeting, She told us the way we prostrate ourselves is very important. We have to turn our palms upwards and extend them forwards with respect, not just near the head. She told us that we had to learn to do it that way and explain the rest of the yogis how to do it.

I went out after the meeting and felt as if I were floating. I spoke with some yogis and told them Shri Mataji's remarks, especially those about the Spanish. Then I went to the river to do foot-soaking and saw a big rose floating towards me. I had a deep sensation of energy in the environment, which was enveloping me,

and it seemed Shri Mataji was sending me that present after the meeting, that She knew me and knew perfectly what I was doing.

Five of us went up on the stage to give Mother the present and we were so lucky because right before us the Belgians were giving Her their present and had quite a long conversation, so we could bathe in vibrations. When we approached to put the present at Shri Mataji's Feet, She asked us about whether those people (in our country) wanted union with France or independence, and we all answered that they wanted independence. Then She asked why that was happening. None of us answered and Mother closed Her eyes for a while and then said that there was somebody who wanted to be the Prime Minister of the separated zone, and that the situation was due to a desire of power, and that these kinds of people always end up badly. She told us we should never join people with such ideas.

Roberto Sánchez-Labrador

Only a bandhan works

Shri Mataji also worked out things through bandhans. There was a public programme in Genoa in September 2000 and there were only two people on the stage. I was there holding the light because I was scared that it might fall. Genoa is very windy, maybe because it is on the sea, but it was so windy that if Shri Mataji were to give realisation, people would say the cool breeze was the wind. All the while the decoration was blowing around, and I noticed that under Her blanket She was making bandhans. I was wondering, 'Shri Mataji is Adi Shakti, why is She giving bandhans?' Just after She had given the bandhans, within two minutes, the entire place became still and not even a leaf was moving. She gave realisation and the people got realisation.

Months passed and I was with Her in the castle.

'This is not working, let us all give a bandhan,' Shri Mataji said about something. So we all gave a bandhan and She gave a bandhan, too. Shri Mataji looked at me because She knew I was having some doubt about this and She said, 'Only a bandhan works and everything can work through a bandhan.'

So if something is very difficult, keep on giving a bandhan until it works out.

Anonymous

The boy's first words

I found an old diary entry: it was at the Navaratri Puja in 2000 at Cabella. After the puja presents were offered to Shri Mataji and a Ukrainian couple went on the stage with their two or three year old boy who could not talk. Shri Mataji worked on the boy and the first thing the boy said immediately was: Mama, Papa.

Angi O'Rourke

Immersed in the divine

In October 2000, I was attending an international puja in Los Angeles, and we went to inform our Holy Mother on the Sahaja activities of our respective countries.

As Her children, we sat on the floor of the living room, which was for me a physical difficulty because of the hip prostheses I have had for the past eighteen years. Though our Holy Mother indicated for me to sit on a chair, I preferred to remain on the floor, changing position every half hour. After an hour, our Holy Mother asked me to go close to Her. I knelt down before Her, and She put Her

Lotus Foot on the upper part of my leg, where the prostheses are. Losing track of time, I became thoughtless and got immersed in the Divine, and was one with Her. Probably after ten, fifteen or twenty minutes I went back to my place among my brothers and sisters, and Shri Mataji went with all of us into a profound meditation. I remained floating in joy for at least fifteen more days.

Graciela Vázquez-Díaz

I just eat the vibrations

In LA in 2000, Shri Mataji came to visit, and for Diwali Puja. I was in the kitchen cooking for Her and I had never done that before in such full swing, so was pretty nervous.

That year was special as Sir CP was not visiting with Shri Mataji so all the ladies could go up to Her and serve Her and She too would ask us to sit with Her while She had lunch. One day I was asked to make bhakri, a roti made out of bajra flour. She loved it and in Maharashtra it is common, and very delicious if someone knows how to cook it. I had seen the ladies make it before and was also told how to make it, but perfection comes only by practice and I had never made it by myself. However, seeing how it was done, I just managed to do it.

I took it upstairs to Shri Mataji and offered it, not sure if it was alright. She asked me to sit while She ate it. I was shaking a bit while She did so, and asked Shri Mataji to forgive me for cooking the bhakri and told Her I had never made it before. I was sitting before Shri Mataji and She was eating the roti, and She smiled at me. I could never see Her face while She talked, I was just gazing Her Feet. She told me to look up and listen to Her.

‘Look, I am eating the roti you have made,’ She said. I asked Her to please tell me how to cook it.

‘I Myself do not know how to cook this roti, whatever you make, I eat,’ She replied.

I was very shy. All of a sudden She told me one thing that totally changed me.

‘You all think I eat the food you cook for Me as per taste and looks, but you do not understand, I just eat the vibrations. If the vibrations are good I will eat and if not good I leave it. I ask you to make enough dishes, as I know some of those will have good vibrations and I will eat and fill My stomach.’

As those words came out, I had a total change in my cooking, and until today when I cook at home, I remember those words. I know that to offer prasad or any little thing to Shri Mataji has to be full of vibrations, or else it is no use cooking.

Geetika Vasiiu

Wild horses

In Los Angeles in October 2000, one afternoon Shri Mataji was talking with Her granddaughter about raising kids. I had just gone up to Her room to serve Her roti, but when I heard Her talking did not find it appropriate to go and disturb Her. I waited outside when all of a sudden I heard Her tell Her granddaughter Sonalika to call me inside.

‘I want you to hear this and remember this always, as your daughter will grow too sooner or later,’ She said to me.

I sat and She explained that our realised kids, till twelve years of age are under the parents, and their immunity is not developed, so you should work on yourself if you find catches on kids of twelve and under. For a minute I thought, ‘I have read this before,’ and that I was smart enough.

‘Ji Shri Mataji,’ I said, ‘but can I go and get You a nice warm fresh roti.’

Just as I said that, I looked up and most of us have seen that glare. I knew I had said something stupid and will surely be asked to get out – but no.

‘I have to tell you about something more important,’ She said, and asked me to quietly sit and listen. She went on, ‘When our kids are between thirteen and eighteen, or even twenty years old, they are like wild horses, and I would like you as parents to be responsible in taming them. These horses, if not kept under proper control, or lagam (as She said in Hindi) will go haywire and do what all the other kids do. They are growing and they cannot understand how their body and mind are conflicting with the surroundings and meditation. I want you to be responsible and make them understand. After eighteen all these kids will become lotuses.

‘Now go and get the roti for Me.’

I went downstairs, not sure what had happened, not sure why I had to open my mouth or why when my daughter was just two, she was asked to hear all that. Of course today when she is turning thirteen, every morning I remind myself that I have to follow what Shri Mataji told me all those years back.

Geetika Vasu

Computers and jasmine oil

Back in 2000, we were a bunch of yuva shaktis in Shri Mataji’s house in Los Angeles and She was asking each one of us what we had studied and what we did. Most of us had studied computers or worked with computers and Shri Mataji talked about how mathematics and computers are connected.

‘Saraswati and Lakshmi are together,’ She then said, for the first time.

Shri Mataji was happy about it and how this was bringing more prosperity. On another occasion, She did mention that computers can give a Centre Heart catch, and suggested we should apply few drops of jasmine oil on the Centre Heart

Ajit Mohekar

Lifesaving career guidance

One thing that was useful to my career was that I could read a book and mostly know how many copies it would sell. This was apparently possible, because I was, in Sahaj parlance, right-sided.

Eventually I found a way to balance: Sahaja Yoga, and was more than happy to trade whatever it cost for self realisation. What I had before, affluent misery, was of no value to me. My career went into free fall. I’d started a small branch office in New York some years before and this proved to be my lucky break. It was a terrific experience and Shri Mataji married me to a phenomenal woman from Russia. Post fifty years of age, for the first time, I found completion, joy, even bliss and discovered the meaning of love.

In Shri Mataji’s house in Ealing She told me to go and live in the USA, in California, however as I couldn’t get a work visa for California but could get one for New York, in November 2000, at Diwali Puja at Lake Piru near LA, Shri Mataji said I should go to New York. By February 2001, we were living in the Bronx. When I arrived in the USA, aged 57, my new family doctor found out I’d never had a colonoscopy, done here as routine when someone is over 50. The specialist I saw found a pre-cancerous growth which he assured me would have killed me had I stayed in London. (Thank You Shri Mataji, again and again). Later, Shri Mataji

advised me to leave the firm I worked for. I did so, and had I stayed in London I'd have ended up dead rich, and dead. As it is, every day is a bonus.

There was something else extraordinary. The specialist kept finding polyps growing. Eventually he said, 'When we've analysed this latest polyps, if it's benign, you'll have to have major surgery. That'll be the good news. The bad news will be if it's malignant.'

I had two weeks waiting to find out which it was, and coincidentally went to see Shri Mataji at Her house in New Jersey the day before I was due to see the doctor. She was less than well Herself and although some suggested I tell Her about my condition, it just didn't feel right - after all since I have been lucky and blessed to recognize Her, what could I tell Her that She didn't know already? So I offered Her some money from Daisyamerica LLC and that was that.

Next day, the doctor told me that what he cut out it wasn't a polyps, in fact he wasn't sure what it was and said I was one lucky guy.

Alan Wherry

Concerning names

In 2000, while visiting our centre (Berkeley) Shri Mataji talked about names, as one little girl was having some problems and She asked her name. The parents said - Tamanna - which means desire in Hindi. Shri Mataji said this name was causing problems because its meaning was not good for ladies. She said that Devi names are good for girls, and gave the little girl the name Ananya.

Shri Mataji asked people not to use the name Rahul, because it was the name of Buddha's son. The legend tells he gave it with a bad meaning, it means 'obstacle', because Buddha wanted to detach himself from the new born baby. Shri Mataji changed several yogis' names from Rahul to Ram. Also the name Yogita was not recommended because it means 'the one who loves tapasya', so giving such a name means you'd like the person to have lots of tapasya. The name Gabriela was not recommended because Gabriel, Shri Hanuman, did not marry.

In the past Shri Mataji gave names to many babies, children and adults, then She asked yogis to select names for their kids on vibrations. Some Sahaja Yogis were still eager to get a name from Her, but She said She came to earth to give us the connection to the Divine - once it is achieved everything else should fall into place. Shri Mataji said Gyaneshwara gave a name to his sister that was beneficial for her spiritual ascent, and a realised soul can find a proper name on vibrations.

Shri Mataji had Her favourite names and there were some She did not recommend. On some occasions She gave a name based on the Hindu calendar or the Sahaj events when a child was born, such as a certain puja. Shri Mataji said on many occasions that the name is very important and influences a person's life significantly, including health and ascent. She changed the names of many people, which provided help with their problems. Shri Mataji asked not to use names starting with 'U' and changed the names of some yogis who had such names.

A couple asked Shri Mataji if the name Aashrith (one of Shri Ganesha's names) was good for their son, because it means 'dependent'; they were wondering if 'dependent' meant he would be a weak person.

'It is a good name to give a yogi child,' answered Shri Mataji, 'because all of you, Sahaja Yogis, are dependent on Me.'

Another story is from a UK newsletter, when Mother changed a baby's name baby from Devi Shri (meaning the main Goddess) to Shridevi.

AK

Joy beyond all joy

While meditating in Ganapatipule in December of 2000, Mother Kundalini started relaxing my body. She was preparing me to receive Shri Mataji in my heart.

‘Mother has arrived!’ the call came.

Mother Kundalini jumped in alert and respect, the heart anticipating the arrival of the Divine Mother. She was coming. The moment we saw the car, our hearts rejoiced and tears were ready to fall. The heart started beating faster in anticipation of seeing Mother for the first time. Then slowly, very slowly, Mother stepped out of the car. At that moment we felt like running to Her already. She took small steps and walked to the chair. Though I could only see Her back, already all of us were in such tears of joy. The heart cried out, ‘Joy beyond all joy’ just to see Her. This feeling goes beyond any kind of love ever felt.

At that moment you just feel like hugging someone to your heart’s content. Shri Mataji turned and paid Her respects to all present. The music continued. With the joy of seeing Her, a new transformation took place.

Seetha Murugappan

Tremendous to see that light

I saw Shri Mataji at Ganapatipule and She was listening to Debu Chaudhuri playing classical Indian music. He was playing for hours and after that the vibrations were incredible.

After he had finished playing, Shri Mataji got up and embraced him. Somebody took a photograph that time with a Polaroid camera, so it came out immediately and in the photo all around were vibrations. Light could be seen all around them in the photo. It was tremendous to see that light in the photo, at that very moment.

Nirmal Gupta

My answer to my every question

At Ganapatipule in the year 2000, I had the great privilege to offer the garland to Shri Mataji when She arrived for one of the music programmes. I was waiting at the back, holding the garland in my hand, just meditating and hoping someone would tell me what to do. I was a bit worried because it looked like quite a small garland and I wasn’t sure how it was going to fit over Shri Mataji’s head. There were ten thousand people watching.

‘Just sit and meditate. Shri Mataji is doing everything,’ said someone who happened to be passing.

‘Shri Mataji, You do everything. I do nothing,’ I said to myself over and over again. Then the time came to go out. The other lady did aarti to Shri Mataji and then I went to try to put the garland over Shri Mataji’s head and then I heard this voice very close to me.

‘You can put it at My Feet only,’ She said very softly. With that, I almost fell at Her Feet and put the garland at Her Feet. So She must have known it wasn’t going to fit and that was Her way of working it out for me.

‘You can put it at My Feet only,’ She said, and those words are my answer to my every question.

Anna Chicos

The heart followed Her

On the last day in Ganapatipule, which was during the weddings, I was feeling a little under the weather caused by the clearing of the Vishuddhi. In my heart, I asked permission in my heart from Shri Mataji to go into the ladies' pendal to sleep, got ready for bed and slept. Suddenly, the voice of Sir CP giving a talk on the microphone woke me up with a jerk.

After that, Shri Mataji was about to leave Ganapatipule and go to Mumbai. I wanted to see Her before She left. Since I was not dressed properly, it seemed better just to stand outside the ladies hut and watch the car go by. Mother knows everything and She knew very well that Her child wanted to say goodbye to Her.

Before getting into the car, She stood holding the car door and She looked right at me. Oh, Divine Mother! I was a little surprised at first, but that feeling was taken over by the gratitude and love towards Her. I said my goodbyes to Her and thanked Shri Adi Shakti for such a great blessing. She smiled and entered into the car.

My heart followed Her in.

Seetha Murugappan

Chapter 6
2001
India, Europe and America

Shri Mataji is always with us when our attention is on Her

We were having a simple puja to celebrate the fifth birthday of International Sahaja Yoga Research and Health Centre near Vashi, India and we were all sitting in the meditation room saying the hundred and eight names of Shri Mataji. The phone rang and the gateman came in and spoke to Dr. Rai. It turned out that Shri Mataji had told someone to ring up from Pratishthan and give this message.

‘I felt such good vibrations coming from Vashi. Were you all doing My puja?’ She said.

Anna Chicos

Heavenly petals

At a Shiva Puja in Pune one year Shri Mataji said, ‘One day the world will be so beautiful that Shiva will close his third eye and flowers will fall from the heavens,’ and at the end of the puja She asked them to take apart all the petals from all the flowers on the stage and give them to us with the prasad (I still have mine in a book).

Anna Chicos

I felt like jumping and dancing with joy

A few days after the 2001 Birthday Puja in Delhi I had the blessing to find myself again at Shri Mataji’s Lotus Feet, with a bouquet of flowers and a proposal for four books related to Sahaja Yoga that my wife and I wanted to write. Shri Mataji smiled, took the flowers and started immediately to talk about a Texas project on which She had Her attention very much. I explained some difficulties we had run into, and although I felt hesitant doing it, I gave it a bandhan in Her presence knowing how powerful this can be. Shri Mataji took the matter seriously and further inquired about the matter in a very pointed way, and then She Herself gave a bandhan. Putting Her attention on the matter, She immediately told me what the root cause was. This very important guidance helped tremendously with furthering our efforts.

‘Paper burn’, Shri Mataji instructed, which I religiously did for a while afterwards until I felt that the situation had stabilized.

She noticed the folder I was holding on my lap rather hesitatingly.

‘What do you have there?’ She asked me with infinite sweetness. I then presented Her the proposals for the four books, and it was an amazing experience. She held each of the four groups of stapled pages in Her hands, putting Her attention very briefly on each one, but She knew everything about the proposal, the book, and all it was going to contain, even before I would open my mouth to explain. We all know how many times, as She is Shri Mahamaya, She lets us talk for a while and go on explaining – but this time it was not like that. Instantaneously She communicated to me the essence, the direction, the corrections and the guidance She had seen in each book proposal.

For example, one of the books was along the lines of a pretty far-fetched concept I had coined and was trying to link it to Sahaja Yoga in the hope it would ring a bell in the minds of the American public and maybe (in my dreams) become

another *Celestine Prophecy* bestseller. In doing so, I must have mixed in some things which were not exactly pure knowledge.

‘It’s good to write a book, but it should be honest, it should be something that you have experienced yourself,’ Shri Mataji very kindly advised. With hindsight I realized what a bunch of baloney was in (part of) that book, but how gently She had brought that up for me.

On another book, I had put all my devotion and emotion into it, and so it must have maybe gone a bit to the left. Shri Mataji corrected that in a single, most masterful remark. When I started to wave my hands in the air and explain how the Americans have forgotten what a mother’s love is, and how this book wants to...

‘It’s an energy,’ She gently nodded and said. These three words were enough for me to realize that I needed to add a bit more down to earth, possibly even scientific, substance, and not to make it into just poetry in prose.

While She sometimes changed the direction of an entire book with three words, on other occasions She went into the complete details of specific things She wanted to be mentioned in the book. For example, in a book that my wife was planning to write about how Sahaja Yogis received their self realization and what they felt (*Testimonials of Enlightenment*), Shri Mataji suggested, among many other things, that an explanation about Christ turning water into grape juice should be included in the introduction. I was stunned at the profoundness of all of Her guidance – as we sometimes get stunned when we continue to forget in front of Whom we are sitting.

‘I wrote *Meta Modern Era* in one month,’ She said and hinted at the fact that we, the Sahaja Yogis, can also write a book in that interval.

At times Shri Mataji looked at me very penetratingly, as if concerned that I might forget all the advice She gave. I had imprinted everything in my memory and jotted it down right after meeting with Her, but I also understood that it was important to have pen and paper ready when meeting Her on subsequent occasions.

I remembered how just before going to meet Her, I was waiting outside Her room in meditation together with other yogis, and was feeling my Centre Heart chakra that I had been feeling on several occasions during that trip. I was desperately trying to clear it out since I knew Shri Mataji would absorb it as soon as I faced Her and I didn’t want to trouble Her. I cleared it out as much as I could but it was still there when I walked in. Of course I had completely forgotten about it during those amazing fifteen minutes or so when I was with Her, but when I came out I realized that, by Her Grace, it was completely gone! I thanked Her in my heart while also feeling like pulling my ears for causing Her pain. But the vibrations really lifted me up so much that I felt like jumping and dancing with joy, which in fact I did when back at the camp, to the gentle amusement of another Sahaja Yogi who had accompanied me on that trip.

Calin Costian

Editor’s note: paper burning is a technique whereby the problem is written on a piece of paper, then one makes a bandhan on it and puts it in front of the photo of Shri Mataji for some time. Then one burns the piece of paper.

The source of all creativity

At Cabella, Mother wanted to see me about the cover of Sir CP’s book, *Corruption*. This book was inspired by Shri Mataji and Sir CP put it down on paper.

‘See, this is what this Western artist has done with the cover page,’ She said. It was a plain black colour background with some dirty roots and *Corruption, India’s Enemy Within* written on it. Although graphically it did mean something, it was very bland and very Western. Shri Mataji said it should be very poetic and in miniature style.

‘Sir CP has written a beautiful book, and I would like us to work out a nice cover for it. Can you think of an idea?’ She said.

‘What can I say in front of You? You are the source of all creativity. But corruption is something like roots being eaten under water,’ I said.

‘Show two lotuses and the roots underneath are being eaten by - these politicians are like crocodiles, so you must show the crocodiles eating away all the roots. I want you to show the night, and these two beautiful lotuses, called Kumudini lotuses, which only blossom in the moonlight. I want you to show a full moon and these beautiful lotuses. Then show a part of these roots under the water and the crocodiles trying to eat the roots. It should be very poetic. You should show some clouds and the reflection of the moon.’

See the creativity of Shri Mataji, how poetic She was! Then She started to suggest some stars and everything. I was very happy that Mother had suggested a beautiful composition. Although I’m not very good at doing realistic work, somehow I felt that I could do it because Shri Mataji was saying all this to me.

Then She talked about some posters I had made. She saw the Sahasrara chakra — there were nine posters of the subtle system, but each time She just saw the Sahasrara chakra — and looked at the Shri Chakra and the colours I had given.

‘These are the real colours of Sahasrara, all the rainbow colours,’ She said. Then She left for America and I had about a month to develop this picture. I somehow finished up doing the illustration: two beautiful lotuses, one red, one pink, with their roots being eaten by the crocodiles, and the moon, the reflection of the moonlight and everything as She had mentioned. I showed the picture to Shri Mataji at Guru Puja.

‘Oh, it is so beautiful,’ She said.

When She was going back after the puja, She said I had done exactly as She desired. Unfortunately it turned out we could not use it, because the lotus was the symbol of a certain political party. Then Shri Mataji asked me to go and see Her at the castle. She was in a green sari, like Shri Lakshmi. She wears pink as Shri Lakshmi, but when I see Her in green, I think of Shri Lakshmi.

‘You have done such a beautiful work of art, but we cannot use it,’ She said. ‘We have to do something which will really strike, but will avoid political conflicts.’ She went into meditation then said, ‘Do you know the story of the elephant who was caught by the crocodile?’ She explained that Shri Vishnu is in the Nabhi and if you don’t have a good Nabhi, corruption is born out of that. The story is of a king who was turned into an elephant and was then caught by a crocodile. The elephant prayed to Shri Vishnu and He came and destroyed the crocodile and saved the elephant. Shri Mataji recited some shlokas: ‘shankar chakra gada haste.’

‘Beta,’ (which means son) She said, ‘India is full of corrupt people and it needs an incarnation of Shri Vishnu. So you show this story and a crocodile and so on.’ I had just been reading an Amar Chitra Katha illustrated comic about this exact story, called *Tales of Vishnu*. As Shri Mataji was talking, I gave it to Her.

‘What a miracle!’ She said. ‘I am talking about this and you already have it in your bag!’

‘Shri Mataji, how did You know it was in my bag?’

‘This is what it is, the connection. They have shown a grey elephant and you must show a white elephant because white is the symbol of purity.’ So I painted it, with one leg of the elephant in the mouth of the crocodile and the elephant was terrified and pleading for someone to help it escape. Then Mother saw the painting and liked it very much.

‘Our country is full of crocodiles. Show crocodiles on all the four legs, not just on one leg,’ She said.

I quickly copied the crocodile on the computer and it came out beautifully because the publishers were in a hurry to print the book. But the publishers wouldn’t accept this book cover because it was against their code of colours.

Anonymous

I keep Shri Mataji in my heart

There were washing machines and drying machines in the basement of the Swiss Residence in 2001, at the Easter Puja in Istanbul. We were two ladies taking turns to wash Shri Mataji’s clothes down there, so we used to nicely wrap the clothes to be washed, take them down to the basement, first make sure that inside the machine is clean, place the clothes to be washed and mostly wait there until the programme was over. Then again we wrapped the clothes in a clean sheet, and took them upstairs to iron. To anyone who did not know Shri Mataji this could sound to be an ordinary task, but we were really in heaven to be there, and we knew it!

Once I was in the basement with another yogini. We were both absorbed in the silence. I was to go upstairs, so while the other yogini was still in the laundry I came to the elevators and pressed the call button. I had some clothes of Shri Mataji, wrapped nicely into a clean sheet. I was holding them next to my heart. I waited.

The elevator came, the doors opened, and to my astonishment Shri Mataji was in the elevator seated in Her wheelchair and surrounded by some Sahaja Yogis. At the first moment I felt, ‘Oh, I have brought Shri Mataji down to the basement!’ because She was supposed to go up to Her own apartment. I felt so ashamed! Immediately after, I understood that I could not have done this if She had not allowed it to happen. It was more like She had come to meet me in the basement. Then I felt so grateful, and so looked after. I received Her darshan, and did namaste. She was smiling. The doors closed and the elevator went up.

Much later, I had to move from Istanbul to Abu Dhabi where initially there was practically no collective. Normally I would have felt lonely. But no, I never ever felt lonely. I knew that wherever I am, even in the basement, or at the other end of the world, as long as I keep Her in my heart, She will come to me.

Bilge Celebi

A boat tour with Shri Mataji along the Bosphorus

After an auspicious Easter Puja in April 2001, Shri Mataji stayed a few more days along with Her family members. We were praying - She knows how many million times, ‘Shri Mataji to please stay longer.’ In fact we meant - ‘please do not go.’ The air we were breathing was full of Her heavenly fragrance, love, compassion and care. Every morning was another celebration for us because She was there! To see the divine Mother together with Her family gave us extra joy. The love, care, sweetness and respect were so meaningful as we watched them together.

One sweet day, Shri Mataji wanted to go on a boat tour along the Bosphorus. We were very excited and a small boat was arranged through a Sahaja Yogini. In a short time we were at the coast walking to the boat. The lucky people of Istanbul were watching Shri Mataji and receiving Her darshan. The weather was beautiful. She passed in front of the Rumeli Hisari, which is an old Ottoman castle whose shape is of the Arabic letters of Allah.

The boat was really small. Shri Mataji walked onto it and sat on Her seat, accompanied by Her family members. Including the leader we were three yogis and were sitting just in front of Her Lotus Feet because there was no other space. Her eyes were looking at us in such a lovely way and were engulfing us in Her compassion. The boat departed slowly and just then a huge group of birds flew towards Her, singing a beautiful melody. As soon as they got close they put on a dance show. It was amazing. She was looking and smiling at them.

We almost forgot to offer Her tea and other small things to eat. The boat went all the way along the European side of the Bosphorus and Shri Mataji put attention on everything.

‘Look at the sun!’ Shri Mataji said while the boat was turning from the European side to the Asian side. We all looked at the sun. ‘Wherever I go, the sun follows Me!’ She said. With Her right hand She pointed at the sun as it was rising over the sea towards us.

It was difficult to keep tears from our eyes. She was shining, the waters of the Bosphorus were very quiet, and our hearts and Istanbul together were saying inside, ‘Bolo Shri Ma - Adi Sakshat!’ After the Asian side was also completely blessed by Her, She returned to the car and to the residence.

Thank You Shri Mataji for all Your attention on Turkey and we pray that entire Turkey becomes Your pure instrument.

Sevgi Dorosinski



Easter Puja, Istanbul, 2001

Shri Mataji watched a Hindi movie

At the Easter Puja, on 22nd April 2001 in Istanbul, Shri Mataji was staying at a hotel six kilometres from the airport. On the Friday and Saturday evenings Shri Mataji attended the programmes at the puja campsite, three kilometres from the airport. During the day She met with the press and media that were interviewing

Her. The press officials all received their self realization and found it difficult to leave Her, lost in joy in a state they had never experienced before.

Shri Mataji moved to the Swiss Residence, which was located in the city centre a few kilometres from the hall where She would be having a public programme after the puja on 24th April. A group of Sahaja Yogis were busy preparing the Residence and dinner. We were bustling about, like birds learning how to fly through hotel corridors filled with Her divine fragrance. When at last the puja time arrived, She was ready in time, with Her breathtaking beauty, which seemed impossible for us - it might have been seconds.

Our puja tent was decorated with golden satin and the ceiling was covered in different blue satin. Thousands of small lights covered the ceiling. Everything started shining and carrying us to a higher state when Shri Mataji arrived.

Shri Mataji wanted to return to Her new hotel as soon as the incredible speech, Easter Puja and the gift ceremony were over. The Mercedes that was carrying Shri Mataji, and the car carrying the yogis who would be serving Her, departed immediately. The sky and sea, everything was bowing before Her as Her car glided through the streets. Different figures, colours and shapes were appearing in the sky.

We arrived at the door of the Residence and Shri Mataji entered the lift. As soon as the door closed we saw hotel officials running through the corridors screaming. Obviously something extraordinary was going on. Shri Mataji was there but the people running around seemed quite scared. We tried to catch hold of someone to find out what was happening. They told us to run because terrorists had raided the hotel. Turning our heads we saw fifteen to twenty armed men running towards the building.

Shri Mataji was here with us, we had just performed an incredible puja and Her vibrations had engulfed us so much that our hearts could not feel anything but love and peace for everyone. Carrying the bags with Shri Mataji's private belongings, we too got in the elevator and went up to Her suite. The police officers did not allow the other Sahaja Yogis who had followed us with their cars into the hotel. Even Shri Mataji's luggage and clothes were not allowed in. The leader did not say anything to Shri Mataji yet. Shri Mataji said She wanted to watch an Indian movie and started watching one that was similar to the picture outside - men who were surrounding buildings with their guns.

Shri Mataji's car was still in front of the Residence and had to be parked. Terrorists could have entered the Residence. Recalling what we had seen in action movies, we started listening for voices and went downstairs with the lift. We parked the cars while saying the Bhranti mantra. The entrance to the Residence was like a horror movie. The doors were wide open and not a single hotel official or security guard was in sight. We could see armed men running through the corridors on the monitors along the walls. *Jay Jagadambe Jay Jagadambe...*

We went back to the suite upstairs. Shri Mataji was still watching the movie. The people there had heard gunshots and two of the bullets had hit the room next to that of Shri Mataji, where the yogis were serving. Even more, one of the bullets had whizzed between two of the yogis and gone through the wall while the other got stuck in the ceiling. The fact that nobody was hurt was only one of the miracles. Nese, the Turkish leader, drew the curtains tightly in Shri Mataji's room so that nobody could see inside. After the bullet Shri Mataji had to be informed of what was going on outside. Nese explained the situation to Her.

‘It will be alright, I will stay here and it will be over tomorrow morning,’ She said, without any change on Her face, and She gave a bandhan. Then She asked for Her dinner. The leader and I served the food that had been prepared beforehand. Serving Shri Mataji was one of the most wonderful things and that night; this service gave us unprecedented peace, satisfaction and joy. We were practically swimming in vibrations.

Just then they called from the puja tent and said one of the tent’s pillars had collapsed shortly after Shri Mataji departed, and told us that the Sahaja Yogis had encountered much danger. Everything had happened at the same time that evening.

There was a knock on our door. The Hotel Manager had come to tell us that the hotel’s security was insufficient. He wanted us to quietly leave Residence. They were transferring everyone to another hotel. Shri Mataji said She wanted to stay at the Residence and continued watching Her movie. One of our friends who was also staying at the Swiss Hotel that evening, if you can call it a coincidence, called us, and told us the terrorists were trying to find out if there were any renowned people staying at the hotel. We were three women apart from Sadhana Didi, and there was only one man with us, but he had left us.

We locked the not-at-all safe door of the suite, put a couch behind it and started waiting. Shri Mataji went to Her room to sleep. We kept thinking of many different scenarios, but at the same time a power was wiping away our thoughts as they came. We do not know what it did to us but in the end deep sleep took over all of us and we spent the night between sleep and phone calls (Sir CP, the Indian Consulate General, etc).

The terrorists reached an agreement with the Turkish Minister as Shri Mataji was finishing Her breakfast the next morning, at around 11.30 am.

Sevgi Dorosinski



Public programme in Istanbul, 2001

Shri Mataji was covered in a kind of cloud

I was in a hotel in Istanbul in 2001. I was told that I would be serving Shri Mataji. I wore my sari and got ready in excitement. Before we entered, I was asked not to look at Shri Mataji directly, since She was with Her family members. While we were serving the food, I couldn’t keep myself and looked at Shri Mataji, but to my amazement, I couldn’t see Her. She was covered with a kind of cloud, and the rest was clear.

***Canan
Yasarcan***

Editor’s note: it was better to see Shri Mataji normally, but as She once said, if we did see Her in ways that were not normal, due to some slight imbalance within us, we did know a little more Who She was.

The roof plan is very important

One day, at the Easter Puja gathering in 2001, Shri Mataji was about to go out from the Swiss Residence. She was going to see some houses, and maybe to buy a house in Istanbul. I was holding the door of the elevator so that when She arrived She would not have to wait. The leader was pushing Her wheelchair, and when they were about to enter the elevator, somehow I told Shri Mataji that I was from Ankara, and am an architect.

‘Really?’ Shri Mataji said. In fact it so happened that, after that puja I never went back to Ankara, and for two years worked as financial advisor in a company having nothing to do with architecture. Now whenever I say I am something, I remember that ‘Really?’

Shri Mataji said that I could go with them to see the houses. I was very happy. I went in the car with the Sahaja Yogi who was running a real estate company, and had presented a selection of photographs of buildings to Shri Mataji. Our car was in front, showing the way, and Shri Mataji’s car followed. We went to a number of very nice looking buildings. Each time we stopped near a building the Sahaja Yogi showed Her the house from a distance and asked if She would like to see it. Each time Shri Mataji did not even get down from the car.

‘No, the vibrations are not good,’ She said each time. At last there were only a few left to see, when in front of one house Shri Mataji looked very pleased. She opened the door of the car, and told us to see the vibrations. She was smiling, and said the vibrations were very good. Then they sent us inside to see it. This one was an irregular building with slightly trapezoidal floor plan and non-parallel walls, organically built by some genuine down to earth family for their own use. It was not a very smart looking building according to the dry Western architecture education I had got in university.

I did not fully understand why Shri Mataji had refused all the other nice looking rectangular buildings and had chosen this humble one which did not even have the walls straight! But I was happy that She was pleased with it and tried to understand the real beauty of the building. I went round the whole house, looking at it, wondering what I could possibly tell Shri Mataji about it when I went downstairs. She asked if I saw the house.

‘Yes Shri Mataji,’ I said.

‘How is it?’ She asked me.

‘It’s very nice Shri Mataji,’ I said.

‘How many bathrooms does it have?’ She then asked. With all the nonsense in my mind about architectural style and all that, I had not even counted the bathrooms! I asked permission to go and count, and ran back into the building.

Eventually the house was to be bought, and I was given the task of drawing it. We took measurements with a couple of Sahaja Yogis, and I spent the night in a Sahaja Yogi’s house at their computer preparing the drawings. It was a three storey building, and there was a small plot of land as a garden. I drew the three floor plans and another ground floor plan showing the garden around it on a fourth sheet of paper. The drawings were taken to Shri Mataji along with some real estate documentation. Then we were called to go into the room, so we went in and sat in front of Shri Mataji. She was looking at the plans I had drawn, and they were talking. Someone said the house has three floors.

‘No, it has four,’ Shri Mataji said. They looked at me,

‘It has three floors,’ I said. She showed me the plans.

‘One, two, three, four,’ She was counting. Then I suddenly understood! In architectural practice the ‘site plan’ showing the garden should have the ‘roof plan’ on it, whereas I had drawn the ‘ground floor plan’ twice, one with the garden, and one without the garden. Naturally when She counted them, there appeared to be four floors! It was a moment to remember; here I was sitting in front of Shri Mataji, and learning how to draw a house from Her.

Bilge Celebi

More vibrations than the Himalayas

When Shri Mataji was in Genoa in 2001, She said there are more vibrations in Genoa than in the Himalayas.

Gian Carlo Fuente

I know how to drive

I live at Cabella, and I drove Shri Mataji’s car for a few years. The main thing I would say about that is after the trip with Shri Mataji, you realised that your attention was not clear enough and was not there enough. Somehow after every trip you realised that you could have put your attention on Her more, and could have taken the opportunity to put your attention on Her presence. But you realised that your attention was not strong and pure enough to take full advantage.

‘I know how to drive, but if I drove, no one would drive for Me,’ She once said to me. She was amazing, She knew each and every road, not only in London where She lived for some years, but also in Italy. I drove Her in London once for about two weeks, and sometimes She directed me - where to go and how to go, and how long it would take to go from one place to another place. She was always right.

Rajeshwara from Italy



Shri Mataji being driven along the driveway to the castle

Mother’s Day 2001

Once Mother mentioned that we should offer our prayers when we give Her flowers. We were all waiting outside the castle at Cabella to receive Her divine darshan on the auspicious occasion of Mother’s Day. I had a huge bouquet in the shape of a heart made of roses, from Austria. As Mother was still resting inside, we all started meditating and I felt to put all the prayers of the yogis from Austria into the bouquet.

‘Please Shri Mataji, accept all our love, devotion, dedication and surrender to Your Lotus Feet,’ I prayed.

Later when we went inside, Shri Mataji took the bouquet of roses in Her left hand and put Her right hand on the bouquet.

'I give all My blessings,' She said.

Shantanu Reinhold

Conversations at Cabella

In May 2001 Shri Mataji invited me to live at Cabella for some time. When I arrived I could hardly walk. The next day Shri Mataji was going out somewhere, and on Her way in She saw me at the door with all the other people, and a lot of us had a flower for Her. I was amazed at what She said – considering it was unbelievably kind of Her to invite me.

'I am so glad you could come', She said, and I felt like replying 'Mother, I'm the glad one, You are just totally gracious and wonderful.'

The next day Shri Mataji called me to Her room and talked to me for over an hour. I thought I would never be like this with Her again. I had to be more or less carried in. It was wonderful to be at Her Feet. Especially Her left Foot was very close to where I was sitting beneath Her. She talked about many things, and towards the end showed me photos of Her great grandchildren, like any proud great grand-mummy. It was indescribably sweet.

'Now get up and walk. Don't think about it, just walk. By the way, I have been working on you,' She said, and I got up and did.

She told me I didn't need to pay anything, because I was Her guest, but I insisted, because otherwise others finished up paying one's food and bills, which didn't seem right. I felt that if I did what was helpful to everyone then somehow the money would turn up from somewhere. So far it has.

'Where did we find this beautiful country with all these wonderful people in it?' Shri Mataji said about Italy and the Italians.

On the Foot and Mouth epidemic which was then raging in the UK. She said She didn't know whether it was worth Her while saying it in public, because who would listen? I replied that even if they didn't now they would in the future. She said the cause of this disease was quite simple. If one lets the animals out in the fields that are cold and damp and above all chalky or limey, (a lot of the UK is chalk and limestone) then this affects the animals' feet and mouths. So the solution is to keep the animals in barns, and to bring the food to the animals, not take the animals to the food.

I had a letter from Pat Anslow, thanking Mother for looking after and saving the life of their elder son who has been very seriously ill the year before. It was only when Maureen Rossi, his aunt, got on the phone to Shri Mataji that the doctors were able to stop resuscitating him in the hospital. Mother said that people who had known Her for years, like the Anslows, (two of the first few Sahaja Yogis in the Western world) should let Her know when something serious like this happened. This made me feel better, because I had contacted Mother when I kept getting iller, and She had asked me to come to Cabella, but I was a little unsure about the whole thing. When in England, Pat had told me he had been having the most phenomenal experiences of how the world would be when Sahaja Yoga is really working out. He said it would be so beautiful he really couldn't describe it – a totally different and transformed world. In the letter he alluded to these experiences, and I noticed that when Mother read that part She seemed to smile and slightly nod as if to say – yes, he's got it.

Linda Williams

You have to cure him

In May, 2001 the younger child, Varada, was sick and Shri Mataji told us to give him vibrations.

'You have to cure him,' She looked at me and said. She said 'you' in a way that She meant, 'You have the power to cure.' So I started working on him, but with a new awareness that somehow Shri Mataji had given me the responsibility and the power to accomplish this job, and in a very little time the child was much better. I really felt at that time how Shri Mataji's words go very much beyond the literal meaning. Her words have a power beyond imagination and even one word can penetrate deep inside ourselves.

On other occasions I had the privilege of carrying Her chair, with Shri Mataji sitting on it, inside and outside of Her house. On those occasions I always felt the honour of being able to carry Her, and being able to be so near Shri Mataji.

Marco Arciglio

Promise Me that you will not divide

There was a time when, for many years, Shri Mataji would regularly invite leaders and senior yogis to come and meet with Her to discuss various topics related to Sahaja Yoga. During one of these meetings - it was at one of the pujas in Cabella in the spring of 2001 - the following happened.

We, a group of about fifteen leaders, had been invited to meet with Shri Mataji in the castle. In a mood of silent expectation we were sitting in the living room, waiting for Shri Mataji to come from Her room. Normally at the beginning of such meetings Shri Mataji would greet us and perhaps inquire about our wellbeing, saying things like, 'How are you?' or 'How is your job?' but this time it was different.

After we had been waiting for some time, the door of Her room opened and Shri Mataji appeared, wearing a dark red sari. She greeted us briefly, walked to Her chair, sat down, and immediately started to talk to us in a very decisive manner. In clear words She addressed us, as follows:

'Now, you must all promise Me that you will not divide amongst yourselves, as you have done with all the others.'

Before we could wonder what She meant and who those 'others' were, Shri Mataji continued saying how, after the departure of each incarnation, the followers of that incarnation had invariably started to disagree with each other and started to create division. She explained how at the time of Christ, they had allowed someone like Paul to take hold of the teachings, or how, almost immediately after the demise of Mohammed, human beings took over and created a division. She talked about how in many religions, human beings would change and distort the legacy of that incarnation and create a system out of it.

'But you must promise Me that you will not do that to Me,' Shri Mataji said after a while, and, 'if I am the Adi Shakti, then the one thing you cannot do to Me is that later on you will create division amongst yourselves.'

Shri Mataji appeared very concerned about the prospect that this could happen. She explained how the solution is in the fact that we have vibrations. If we truly are in the state in which the vibrations are guiding our thoughts and deeds then such divisions cannot take place. She warned us that if division and discord do start to show up, it is a sign that we are not in tune with Her and the vibrations. She continued by saying that the other very important asset we have is collectivity. She stressed the importance of collectivity quite a lot, how - as

one body - we must stick together and that we really must preserve unity and not allow division to take place. She urged us that if we are Her children, we cannot allow this to happen to Her, and to Sahaja Yoga. That this is a responsibility we have towards creation itself.

Shri Mataji then made us make a promise to Her. With calm determination She looked around at each one of us in the room.

‘Now, will you promise to Me?’ She then asked.

‘Mother, we promise You...’ Each one of us, individually and as a group, vowed to our dearest holy Mother Shri Mataji.

Henno de Graaf

A piece of advice

Periodically Shri Mataji would talk to me about the recollections of Her that I had been collecting. One time She had been looking at the draft of the book, and noticed that I had put in what William Blake had said about Chelsham Road.

‘He didn’t only write about your house,’ She said, and I felt She was correcting my ego a bit. I then made sure that I found some other things Mother had told people about William Blake, especially about Her house at Brompton Square.

Later She very graciously said, ‘You have a fair idea of what stories should go in,’ and left the choice to my discretion.

Linda Williams

Presents

This may be a good place to try and remember some of the wonderful presents Shri Mataji gave me. Regrettably nearly all are no longer with me, because I have moved so many times and have rarely had anywhere safe to store my things.

The greatest present was three locks of Her hair, in a brown carved wooden box. She told me that Her hair is Lord Yama. When we first got realisation She said there were evil people trying to kill us, and that hair would protect me.

When Shri Mataji came to Crosscraig for the seminar, She gave me a beautiful brown silk sari, and an incredible ruby and gold necklace. Then when She came the second time, She gave me a statue of Lord Brahmadeva giving Shri Parvati to Shri Shiva in marriage. It was quite small, about eighteen inches high, and wood, and very old. Later She also gave me a ceramic statue of Lord Ganesha, about a foot high. It is brown and glazed and came from a village pottery She had started. She also gave me a wooden statue of Lord Shiva in meditation.

Shri Mataji gave me a blue and white cotton sari and told me to cut it up and give half to another lady, and to make it into a dress for my daughter.

When I was pregnant with my son, Shri Mataji gave me a cotton sari in blue and pink, Rajasthani style. When he was born Shri Mataji brought me a bunch of flowers in a copper vase and She insisted I kept the vase. She also gave me a beautiful emerald ring and a matching pair of earrings at this time.

Then another great present was a child’s dress, for my daughter. It was made of the sari which Shri Mataji wore in the classic photo, and it was pink and gold, not blue or orange as it is sometimes coloured. The dress had been made for Shri Mataji’s granddaughter, but she had grown out of it and Mother gave it to my daughter.

Then She gave me a pair of Her shoes – black leather with small heels.

Shri Mataji gave me a mangal sutra.

She gave me many saris, and one was from Her trousseau, She told me. It was purple with a real silver border. She also gave me a lovely yellow checked one, and a greenish one in a print silk. She gave me one which was yellow with a red border and She said it had started off white, and She had had it dyed. Shri Mataji wore it at a puja at Dhulia in 1980 or thereabouts.

Shri Mataji gave me one of pale grey silk with a design of flowers in purple and green, and it had a purple border. She said the flower design had been put on later.

The first time we went on the India tour, in 1983, She gave us all Madhubani pictures. I had one of Shri Bhairava and one of Shri Adi Shakti. She also gave me some children's paintings of the Three Magi, which She herself had worked on to touch them up, and a blue wall hanging of Lord Krishna.

She gave me a set of handmade pottery plates, that was a Christmas present. Then, one year we had the Christmas Puja on Christmas Day at Chelsham Road and I gave Her, on behalf of all of us, a pair of gold earrings in the shape of lilies, but She said that it was too soon to offer Her gold, so She gave them back to me and told me to keep them.

In 1982 She gave me a beautiful red sari – Banares style – and wrapped me up in it. She said it was the colour of the right heart chakra and represented Lord Rama, who would always protect me.

When I was briefly back in London in 1986, Shri Mataji gave me a lovely red and white dress for my daughter and a little suit for my son.

In India She gave the children a little toy cooking set in brass – cooker, spoons, a little tava for making miniature chapattis etc.

India tour presents included many beautiful handloom cotton saris, four per year, many mats to sit on while on the tour and then to take home, a large white woollen shawl, almost a blanket, little Ganeshas, and on two different occasions copper plates for puja.

When I lived at Shudy Camps in 1988-9, She gave me a blue and white cotton sari with a design of little six pointed chakras on it, just before I went to South Africa. When I was about to go, She told me to help myself to anything I might need to start a centre from the attic of Shudy Camps, where all the things from ashrams which had closed down were stored. I took some videos, puja utensils, pictures and so on. She later gave us a silver gilt lamp for oil, very large, and a little tray for kumkum and oil.

A few months after I started the centre in Cape Town Shri Mataji gave me a beautiful sari, and the blouse to go with it, which She had worn at the Mahalakshmi Puja at Mechelen.

She also gave me a beautiful red and gold shawl at the Navaratri Puja in Margate, in 1989, after I had been doing Sahaja Yoga in Cape Town for some months.

When I was at the Diwali Puja at Novi Ligure in 1998 She insisted I took a bigger present than the earrings on offer for the hosting country present, and handed me a necklace.

At Cabella, in 2001, She did the same thing, and gave me a costume gold necklace, very pretty, from the Far East. The next puja I was up on the stage giving a present and Shri Mataji said, 'What a nice necklace. Where did you get it?'

I am only one of thousands of people She gave presents to, so it shows how many presents Mother gave to us, Her children!

Linda Williams

The two people must talk to each other

When Shri Mataji was in Genoa in 2001 She talked about Princess Diana. She said she was a realised soul, and did not grasp her role as a Gruha Lakshmi. Shri Mataji said that she did not talk to Prince Charles enough. Shri Mataji said that in a Sahaja marriage the two people who are married must talk to each other, and that the Sahaja Yogis don't talk to each other enough.

Gian Carlo Fuente

The ceasefire lasted seven weeks

It was the beginning of June 2001 at the Shri Adi Shakti Puja in Cabella, Italy. It was a weekend when there was a suicide attack in a discothèque in Tel Aviv, Israel, and things were looking very grim. In the leader's meeting Mother said She was very concerned about Israel. In the puja talk She spoke of all the wars in the world and how serious things were in all the parts of the world where there was conflict.

I went up with flowers on behalf of Israel after the puja, and felt really bad and weak at the knees, I could barely stand. It was as if Mother knew because She looked at me.

'How are you?' She said, as if She was aware that I was not ok.

'Please save Israel,' I said, I don't know where from. 'Please save Israel,' I repeated.

'Write it down,' Mother smiled and said, so I thought She meant to make a bandhan.

'To write it down?' I said, to make sure, and She looked at me.

'Write down what you want Me to do,' She repeated. I stepped off the stage, quite perplexed, not really knowing what She meant. Next to me were some ladies who suggested I write a letter to Mother expressing my prayers and wishes. So I wrote there and then, actually sitting in the puja hangar. I wrote from my heart, asking Mother to save the children of both the Palestinians and the Israelis before they should be got hold of by this hatred.

When I finished writing, I put my hand down, and felt a strong cool breeze tumbling from the stage where Mother was sitting; it washed over the writing paper and my hand as if She was reading what I had written.

Following this incident, there was an unexpected and unprecedented ceasefire, which lasted seven weeks.

Michal Gal

It just flows without thought

People ask what it is like to do the puja, to be the pujari. Doing puja to Mother was a wonderful thing, fantastic. It's like you were not really doing it, just helping. Things just flowed so fast, and somehow you knew what to do at the right time - you knew what to get. Maybe you forgot something, but it didn't matter. Maybe that was meant to be forgotten. Some people did panic, but Shri Mataji told you and She did say what She wanted all the time.

'Give Me this,' or 'Give Me that,' She would say, if something was not right. It just flowed without thought and sometimes it was so fast, but you didn't worry. And everything worked out.

Antonio Scialo



Some Sahaja Yogis in front of Shri Mataji at Cabella, 2001

A wonderful level we can all attain

The first time I saw Shri Mataji was in 2001 at the Royal Albert Hall, and I had a wonderful experience. We were sitting in the hall, which was nearly full, waiting for Shri Mataji, and suddenly the wind started to blow, very gently, soft and fresh, and I asked myself what was going on, because it was not possible that the wind could blow like that in this hall. Suddenly I understood that maybe Shri Mataji must have arrived. Just a few moments after this happened, someone come to announce that She had arrived. It was the cool vibrations that were blowing.

A few minutes after Shri Mataji arrived and sat in front of us, I felt something like energy but it was very cool and strong, coming from the sky and passing into the whole of my left side, like a big tube. My head was moving towards my right side to let this energy pass through me, and it was as if I was unconscious. This energy was aware of everything in me.

After a short time it stopped and I was feeling very nice. At that moment I didn't really realise what had happened, but the day after the programme, I was in total thoughtless awareness, and had no doubts at all. This remained for three days. I understood that Shri Mataji wanted to make me feel and experience the level we can attain. It was wonderful. So far I haven't reach this level, but I hope one day we will all be there.

Gérald Sohn

Meeting the nice lady

I wanted to share a story that took place with my daughter during the public programme in the Albert Hall in 2001. Before the programme, my daughter had been persistently difficult, causing me to give her a stern telling off – something I rarely did. Shaking with indignance and rage she cried herself to sleep, missing the whole programme and subsequent realisation that Mother gave to the thousands gathered below us. As I looked lovingly at my daughter sleeping peacefully, Mother started to invite all the children onto the stage.

'Daddy, I want to go onto the stage and meet the nice lady,' were Louisa's first waking words, as if by some pre-arranged divine plan. However as we were on the top floor balconies I couldn't see any way that I could get there in time, and tried to discourage her, but she was having none of it. 'Daddy, I really want to meet Her!' and sweeping her up, the crowds parted as fellow brothers and sisters parted in a wave of encouragement, ushering her onto the stage where she ran up and was cuddled and kissed by Mother.

Climbing down off the stage, one was struck by the serenity that had overcome the hyper-active little five year old girl, and indeed she sat and slept peacefully in the car on the two hour drive home, not waking until mid-day on the morrow, when she still radiated that atypical peace and stillness.

Mark Daniel

A pair of silver chappals

In July 2001 Shri Mataji was in England for the Albert Hall Programme, and I was helping look after Her in Her house at Ealing. I always thought, over the years, that maybe Mother didn't know me any more, because although She had spoken a lot to my family She hadn't spoken to me since I was a little girl. A silly human thought, but I had the chance to go down into Mother's dining room at Ealing with my oldest friend in Sahaja Yoga, and I was to give Shri Mataji a pair of silver padukar, chappals for puja. My father wanted me to ask Shri Mataji to vibrate them for Scotland.

There was just my friend and myself in the dining room at Shri Mataji's Feet. My friend started to introduce me, and Shri Mataji interrupted her.

'I've known her since she was a little girl,' She said. At this point my mouth nearly hit the floor, as I couldn't believe it. She asked all about my family, and how they all were, and She knew every detail.

Alexandra Fuente

I felt completely awestruck

Shri Mataji took the padukar (chappals) and looked at them closely. She laughed and told us that the jeweller always made the bit at the front too big for Her toes! When Shri Mataji put Her Feet onto the silver I suddenly felt an immense rush of power that was being pulled towards the silver at Shri Mataji's Feet. She was silent for a short time, then the power dissipated and then said that the padukar were ready. It was as though a huge amount of vibrations had been put into the silver, perhaps charging up every single part of the molecular structure so that in perpetuity they would resonate with Shri Mataji's presence.

At that time I was in the first year of my PhD, the subject of which was the effect of antibiotics on the immune response of healthy human cells. Mother asked me how it was going and then spoke to Alexandra and myself for some time about antibiotics, saying that on the whole they were very bad as they prevented the body from doing its job properly, but that in severe cases they were necessary. She did say that modern medication was a gift from God and we should use it to protect ourselves from illness and disease. Shri Mataji also told us that the drug companies were not good as they held back drugs that would help people so that the companies could make more money out of their older drugs.

As always when in Shri Mataji's presence I felt completely awestruck. Whenever I was blessed to be in Her presence and She spoke to me personally I always felt Her great love not only as the Goddess but also on a more personal note.

Auriol Purdie

You are all just Her children (written in 2001)

It's quite confusing sometimes when you go to Mother. You walk into the room and there may be some people there already. They may be leaders and they may be talking about something. She will start speaking to you about something connected to Sahaja Yoga. Maybe someone comes out of the room and they are

being very secretive about it. Then you go in and Mother speaks to you as if you are completely in the know and She will just turn to you and talk to you about the problem, as if you are completely involved in it. She doesn't have this thing where She talks about this thing with one person and another thing with another person. You are just all Her children and, if you are there, She will bring you in and will talk to you about it. Sometimes it is very difficult because She will assume you know everything, when, in fact, you don't.

Shri Mataji might, for example, be talking about the house in Genoa and there are all kinds of problems — getting permission to do this, how things work there, organizing the food, paying the bills or whatever. You may walk into the room and She will be talking to someone about this, and then She will start speaking to you about this. To begin with, this dumbfounds you, but after a while I realize that it is this attitude of — She isn't going to treat this person in a special way and that person in another way.

One example of this was a beautiful experience I had with Shri Mataji in Her apartment in Cabella. She had just washed Her hair and She wanted to dry it, so She sat in the big windows which look out over the valley. It was a beautiful sunny day and She sat on the chair with Her hair towards the sun — and asked me to sit at Her Feet and massage them.

I sat there and massaged Her Feet and that itself would have been enough, and then She started telling jokes. She had us in fits of hysterics and was telling these really funny stories. She was really making me laugh, again symptomatic of this way She had of just bringing everyone in, irrespective of who you were or where you came from.

Robert Hunter

A very devotional dance

Four months before the Guru Puja 2001 I dreamed that I was with a lot of ladies, and we were following Shri Mataji, who was a young teacher of dance. She was turning and dancing so fast. We were wearing saris and were on the stage at Cabella.

Then a lady from Como asked me to be in a very devotional dance to do in front of Shri Mataji at the puja. It was to the song *Vande Mataram*. During the practices we felt very good, almost crying with devotion. When we were in front of Shri Mataji it was totally different, I was very emotional my heart was very open, and the movements were like offering all my love and devotion to Her. I felt the energy went from my heart to Her, full of gratitude to dance for Her.

Daniella from Milan

A havan to clear the house

There was a period when we had some negativity in the house, in Italy, and I had a chance to speak to Shri Mataji about it. She suggested that we should do a havan in the house, just me and my wife, to get rid of the negativity. So we did a havan in the middle of the lounge, and put a little fire there, and the negativity was destroyed.

Anthony Visconti

Immediately my toothache was gone

I was at Cabella, at a Guru Puja, and was watching Shri Mataji on the big screen in the hangar during the puja, as She was giving the talk. However, because of the

pain in my tooth I couldn't concentrate much and was just holding my head. As I watched the screen Shri Mataji suddenly made a gesture as to flick a little piece of dust off Her face, and immediately my toothache was gone.

Glenn Pattison

A slightly different flavour

Each puja had a slightly different flavour and atmosphere, and we could never predict what that would be. This is because, for example, in Guru Puja 2001, Shri Mataji was like a mother. I didn't feel any element of the distant guru, but in another puja after that, I felt that completely. There was a distance, a withdrawn feeling – not involved in the mundane, not involved in the humans around there.

Anthony Headlam



Photo: Guru Puja 2001



Havan in the courtyard, Guru Puja 2001

The part where you make a mistake (written in 2001)

There is traditionally a part of the puja where you have to make a mistake. Inevitably, you can never expect the unexpected because Shri Mataji never does the same thing twice. Very often She will ask you what is to be done next and She will ask you what song should be sung or She will point to something and you have to guess what has to be done, which is a test, in a way, to see if you are on the ball.

Very often Shri Mataji is quite strict on the stage and She doesn't like to waste time. There is a race to get everything done fast enough. That is probably why we

share the job between three or four people. When She starts, She doesn't like to be there too long.

There is often something wrong with the elements. For instance, the water may be too cold or too hot. If it is too hot, you have to have cold water to cool it down and if it is too cold you must have hot water to warm it and you have to quickly mix it to sort it out.

Shri Mataji might ask for something which we haven't got. For example, one time She asked for kumkum, so we brought Her the powdered kumkum, which She normally uses for the bindi.

'No, no,' Shri Mataji said, so we brought Her the liquid kumkum, which She has us put on Her Feet. She looked at us and we could see we had misunderstood Her. What She meant was She wanted powdered kumkum to put on Her Feet instead of the elements. We hadn't prepared anything of this sort, so we had to rush round and find something. Luckily, we did find some, which we had there, but not so much.

Jeremy Lamaison

Like a party for them (written 2001)

When Shri Mataji comes in and goes out from the castle, She always takes the flowers from the children. When She arrives, She always takes the flowers from them, even if She goes out two or three days running. One day in 2001, She went out and the children were not there because they were in the school.

'The children are not here,' She said. When She came back from Genoa at night, She was so happy to see them and said, 'Ah, here they are.'

Shri Mataji is so patient because sometimes it is too much to receive all the children — at least twelve — and their flowers and their drawings. Last year, I was in Shri Mataji's kitchen cooking and my daughter was there doing her homework and also Bibi, Rosario's son.

'Come, Shri Mataji wants to see the children,' someone said.

'How are you? Sit down,' She said to them. She gave them sweeties and asked them if they liked the school. My daughter said she did, but Bibi said he didn't very much. 'Maybe we can make a school here in the castle,' She said.

She also asked my daughter, Radhika, about her little sister, Puja, and Radhika told Shri Mataji that Puja was in the kindergarten. They stayed with Her for a while, meditating, and then they came out. It was very nice.

When Shri Mataji comes back from India, they normally sing songs for Her or do something like that. The children see Shri Mataji all the time and they are very happy because it is like a party for them to go and give the flowers.

Roxana Sindici

Pictures for Shri Mataji

In 2001 there was a lovely evening when all the children had drawn pictures for Shri Mataji. My children had done that, and She took them in the big salone. They had all drawn something — one little girl had done something with a lot of colour.

'There is a horse here,' Shri Mataji said — we couldn't see a horse, just colour. My son had done some round things like a Kundalini, and most of them had drawn swans.

'They are like hamsa, swans, all of you have drawn hamsa,' Mother said. The children were from two to ten years of age.

We often had a chance to give Her flowers, and She told us how the mothers should be. She said we should be sweet to them and ask them where their attention is. Once when Shri Mataji came from America She said how the children are left alone there and the parents don't look after them at all. She also said that in Italy people are too attached to their families and children – but in one way it is good because the Italian mothers are strong. She said children have very good attention, so they should learn computers, and if the attention is good then they are good at computers. We must always have loving attention on the children.

Shoma Arciglio

The cleansing that was beginning in Colombia

Six years ago we had a great experience which helped us to spread Sahaja Yoga. It was because we met Shri Mataji that we started to look for all the possibilities to go to all the different places: schools, government ministries, the army, universities, government secretaries and even the President's office, because there is a great strength that allows us to communicate Sahaja Yoga.

In the village of Canajoharie, the Colombian ladies prepared for the arrival of Shri Mataji to America and decorated the house for Her. It was on the occasion of the Shri Krishna Puja in 2001 and we had the great opportunity to be near Her. The night Shri Mataji came, we saw how our leader, in the company of other yoginis, welcomed Shri Mataji with the aarti, garlands, flowers and perfumes.



Shri Mataji and the ladies from Colombia

Our leader felt that it was a good moment to explain to Shri Mataji the violent situation that existed in Colombia at that moment. While Mother was looking at the newspaper where all that news appeared, I bowed my head towards Her Lotus Feet and not even for a single moment did I stop asking forgiveness for all the Colombian men and women. That moment I felt something like a powerful ray of energy inside, that flowed through all my chakras and that went in different directions – up and down - horizontally and in every direction, within me. My face was full of heat, and I went on asking for forgiveness. I did not feel fear, because I said to myself, 'I am in front of the Goddess and anything that happens has to happen.'

The next day Shri Mataji went out to drink tea in the garden of the house. We were my friend Sonia and I, and Shri Mataji asked us to pour water onto Her Feet, that were on the green grass. As the water ran over Her Feet, the earth absorbed it with such power that we felt it. For us, this had the meaning of a puja. With all our beings we experienced the cleansing that was beginning to happen in Colombia at

that time. When Shri Mataji fixed Her eyes, and glanced in a penetrating way towards me I have never seen such big eyes, while She was talking to me.

We went back to the hangar, where we were sleeping, full of joy. Everything was love and happiness. We had had the biggest gift, smiles and answers from our Divine Mother.

When we went back to Colombia this desire to transmit Shri Mataji's teachings with great compassion in our hearts was awakened within us, and from this moment we were able to go to people in important and responsible positions to give realisation.

Doris Méndez



Shri Mataji and Sir CP drinking tea in the garden

Welcome to America

When I arrived in America it was the spring of 2001. The same year, I attended the Shri Krishna Puja at Canajoharie in the presence of Shri Mataji. At the end, She offered presents to the American leaders. I was also called on the stage, and Mother gave me a wonderful painting by Roybal.

'I know you appreciate arts,' She said. To me, this was a kind of, 'Welcome to America.'

Dan Costian

To feel as a part of Shri Mataji

More than twelve years ago, before coming into Sahaja, I suffered a hip fracture and prosthesis was placed in my hip after a painful accident, which to my good fortune brought me into Sahaja Yoga. For that reason, I cannot sit in lotus position and is not easy for me to sit on the floor.

In July 2001 at Canajoharie, we were at a leaders meeting with Shri Mataji and sitting at Her Feet for several hours. I had to change positions because of the prosthesis. Our Holy Mother asked me to come closer to Her and I was blessed that She put Her Divine Foot on my leg. I surrendered completely and went immediately into thoughtless awareness. Shri Adi Shakti gave me the privilege to feel as a part of Her.

It was a unique, timeless and joyful experience of feeling one with the Divine.

Graciela Vasquez-Diaz

Shri Mataji understands

We were down in Genoa, in August 2001. Shri Mataji bought a villa there and She was sorting it out and looking after it. There was work to be done and She had a furniture exhibition there and we were all helping.

In the afternoon, a lady came in, a Sahaja Yogini, and asked if she could do some cooking for the yogis, but because Shri Mataji had a room next to the kitchen, they didn't want to disturb Her. So they wanted to get Her permission. The people said this lady had taken three weeks off work to come and cook for everybody.

'Yes, of course, you can go in the kitchen. After all, I was the housewife and I know about these things,' said Shri Mataji. She understands.

Antonio Scialo



The view from Shri Mataji's villa in Genoa

My dream became a reality

I had a dream that I wanted to see whales. I was with Shri Mataji in Her house in Genoa, Italy in September 2001 and one evening She invited us to watch the TV with Her. I sat next to Her and was surprised at the amazing pictures of nature from around the world that we saw. Suddenly, beautiful pictures came from Newfoundland and, of course, with a lot of whales.

I got my desire and was overjoyed to watch these beautiful whales together with Shri Mataji. So my dream became a reality, in one way.

Meera Szegvary



The hallway of Shri Mataji's Genoa villa

Every desire is taken care of

I'll never forget the first time I went to Caxton Hall in the summer of 1982, and Shri Mataji took my fringe out of my eyes and stroked my cheek. I'd always secretly longed for Her to stroke my cheek again and just after I was married and Mother came to Genoa, we met Her and leant into Her car to give Her some flowers - and to my utter joy and surprise She reached out and stroked my cheek in just the same way as when I was a child. Amazing how every detail of our lives and our desires and our needs is taken care of.

Alexandra Fuente

The attention of Shri Mataji (written in 2001)

I was lucky enough to go to Cabella, because my husband was helping with the villa in Genoa. So it was just he and I went to talk to Shri Mataji. I thought I would be waiting in the kitchen, but I was asked to go in too and we were with Her for three hours. Mother was very sweet and said She had known me since I was very little. She asked if I was happy with my marriage and if my parents were happy with the marriage, and how my brother was. She had never spoken to my brother because he came to Sahaja Yoga much later than the rest of us.

'Oh, he's a sweetie pie, I know him,' She said. She was so caring and asked if I was learning Italian, and said not to worry, it would come.

All the time I was there, She had Her Foot out of Her sari. I was sitting right in front of Her Foot, and for the whole conversation Her Left Nabhi toe was pointing at me and She was moving it at me and I kept being blasted by vibrations. I knew this was because I needed it - it was a blessing because of various situations which had to be resolved at that time.

When we eventually left She said to please send Her love to all my family, and She said my mother and father were very good people, and that my husband was very saintly. She looked me very strongly in the face and said this. That was enough for my lifetime, my present for the whole of this life and all the lives before. But I realise that whether She talks to a person or not, the attention She has when She does talk to you is the same attention as She has for everybody, and the attention that She put on my marriage is the attention She puts on all the marriages.

Alexandra Fuente

Shri Mataji's energy working through us

One of the first times Shri Mataji received us at the castle, She invited us to talk to Her because we were looking for a place to make an Indian restaurant in Genoa. Another time which was very nice was when Shri Mataji was at the villa in Genoa one evening. It was two o'clock in the night and everyone was unpacking ceramics and things for the exhibition we were to have there. These were all handmade ceramics which had come in a container from India, and were to be sold there. We were preparing something for Shri Mataji and Her cook was also there.

We had been very busy because Mother had asked us to put a lot of cow dung on the ground in the front of the villa there. At first we didn't take it seriously, when Shri Mataji asked us to bring the cow dung from Cabella. Then she asked us to mix it with water and put it on the ground. She said that cow dung has very cool vibrations because the cow is the first incarnation of the Goddess.

We all enjoyed this special evening. It was nice to see how Shri Mataji managed all these people and how they could work so well together and with such energy. We really felt it was Shri Mataji's energy working through us.

Simona Bruzzoni

Do Jihad with yourself

I was in Shri Mataji's room, and She started talking about the happenings of those days (September 11th 2001).

'Do you know what the meaning of Jihad is? It means purification,' She said. You have to do Jihad with yourself. Everyone has to do Jihad with the six enemies which are inside us.

Akbar Samii

They are all protected

Shri Mataji spoke to my husband and me in 2001. Among other things She spoke about America, because it was soon after the September 11th disaster. She spoke about George Bush and said he was a real gem, and that She was communicating with him all the time. She said how pleased She was to hear that all the Sahaja Yogis that worked in those two towers (The World Trade Centre) got out all right. She looked so proud of Sahaja Yoga and so proud of the vibrations; proud of the protection of the divine.

'See, they are all protected,' She said. She looked away into the distance with such an expression on Her face – you can't describe that face of Mother – but Her expression seemed to express that world of divine justice, where it really is just. The divine justice is there as a complete rock, just a paradise if we can jump into this world.

Alexandra Fuente

A letter to the President of the USA

Concerning a letter Shri Mataji sent to George Bush:

'Did you see the letter which was sent to the President?' Shri Mataji said. After that his speech was so good.

Anonymous

The Irish peace process

Seamus Harten went to a puja with some new people from Ireland and a conversation took place between Shri Mataji and one of the new ladies.

'We need peace,' Shri Mataji said.

Very soon after that the peace process started in Northern Ireland. It seemed impossible that this could happen but it did and it was a complete miracle.

It gets better. At the Navaratri Puja in Greece in 2001, we went on stage with a gift from Ireland. At that time the peace process was in some trouble and Mother asked how it was in Ireland. I was still quite new in Sahaj, and excited to be in Her presence,

'It's not going well,' I blurted out, and mentioned Tony Blair and some other leader too.

'Ah, it's gone to their heads,' Shri Mataji replied, and lifted Her hand and touched Her head. It was very powerful, the way She said it and waved Her hand. This was amazing, it was as if She had been following the process and knew everything.

I cannot forget those words, but the miracle was that the next day even the Greek newspapers had big headlines that the IRA had agreed to decommission their weapons. This had been a huge sticking point in the negotiations as the IRA always saw themselves as an army, but now an Ulster Unionist leader and his sworn enemy of the IRA share power, and they are traveling to other conflict areas in the world now to show people how these differences can be overcome for the sake of peace.

Liam O'Moore

Mother's message for Ireland

After Navaratri Puja in Greece in 2001 I went up to the stage along with the rest of the Irish collective to offer the national gift to Mother.

When we had offered the gift to Her, She said this. It is not an exact quote but very close to what Mother said, as I remember.

'Any island which moves away from the main land has always had problems. I know the English have been difficult to you in the past but they have always been good to Me. You can be great too, why not! But first you have to go back, to get your powers.'

After this experience I felt amazing, it felt like a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders. Years of conditionings had been removed in an instant.

Alan Fitzgerald

The human behaviour of the Goddess

I call this story the human behaviour of the Goddess. It happened at a Navaratri Puja, in Greece in 2001. I went to this puja with another Brazilian yogini, Francisca, one of the first yogis in Brazil.

I used to have long hair and decided to cut it very short. Then, I had the idea that women in Sahaja Yoga were supposed to have long hair as a sign of femininity. So I felt a bit shy and guilty with my short hair when I went up on the stage to offer the gift after the puja, for Brazil. The moment arrived to give the gift, a very nicely carved bird, made from wood, with flowers around it, made by a Brazilian artist. We were very well dressed, in beautiful saris, and with many jewels to be in Shri Mataji's presence.

We did namaskar, and I showed Her the present, but She did not look at it. She looked very fixedly at both of us. I tried to explain about the carving – but She continued looking at us.

'Where are you from?' She asked.

'Brazil, Shri Mataji,' I answered.

'Oh, but you look like Indians!' She continued.

At that moment I felt She was reacting to my hair, in a simple, compassionate and human way. As if to say, 'I do not mind about the hair, I love you.'

Valeria Ferreira

A lesson

At Navaratri Puja 2001, I was one of two American yogis fortunate enough to come to Greece after the tragedy of September 11th. I was very overwhelmed to be able to go to Mother's Feet and offer the present from USA to Mother.

I was with a very good, very sensible yogini. We were waiting to give the gift, and then there was a big commotion. One by one, the former World Leaders

approached us, telling us that we needed to protect Shri Mataji from a horrible Greek woman who wanted to approach Her.

The sensible, mature USA yogi by my side showed great dignity and discretion by ignoring these requests, maintaining neutrality, whereas I, all of 23, newly married in Sahaja Yoga, and sadly quite stupid, was caught up in an illusory idea that I could in fact protect Shri Mataji from anything.

So after some weak efforts to stand between the woman and Mother, the woman ultimately prevailed. She spent some time at Mother's Feet, and I watched closely for signs that she was being troublesome, but I didn't see any; she was certainly very passionate but Mother seemed to be enjoying her company.

Afterwards, Mother blasted the leaders for trying to prevent the woman from seeing Her. She really told them off, and then invited the woman to stand and voice her grievances. I still remember the woman's trembling voice as she explained how she had been marginalized in her collective.

Just when I thought it was over, and that perhaps somehow my complicity had escaped detection, Mother turned and smiled directly at me. I was only a few metres away, She smiled straight into my face, and in that moment, I felt so much shame that I nearly left the pendal. She knew that I had blindly followed again, instead of using the discrimination She was trying to develop in me. I have never felt so diminished.

It is very hard to be a leader and I am glad it is a test I have not had on my shoulders. I admire the great work that leaders of the past have done to build the foundations of Sahaja Yoga. But I hope that I will not follow anyone blindly, ever again, because I cannot forget the weight of Mother's smile.

On a lighter note, also in that experience Mother asked me if I was a dancer. Until that point, I was a secret dancer, every day. I used to put on bhajans and dance joyfully and innocently around the kitchen when no one was there. And She knew.

Also, while I was at Her Feet, there was a moment when She asked me, 'Are you pregnant yet?'

I don't know if She asked me out loud or in some separate dimension, because when I glanced at the other yogini she didn't seem to hear anything. Within two months of returning from Greece, I was pregnant with our first son. I didn't realise that it had happened until I stood up before Mother in Lake Piru at Diwali Puja in 2001 and felt a sudden faintness. Then suddenly I knew without a doubt that my son was coming.

Meg Merga

I could help the Adi Shakti

It was in Athens, after the Navaratri Puja 2001. Shri Mataji was about to leave the stage. There was a little step at the side, and it would have been easy not to see it and fall. Shri Mataji could not see the step.

'It is here, it is there,' the people near Her said, and so on. So I put my hand on the step so She could see it, how it was a different height from the stage.

'Now it is all right,' She said. She took some time to move, and when She moved Her Feet She said something about not falling. I was there with my hand, and She put Her hand on my hand for support. At that moment my hand was so strong, that it did not move at all, and gave Her time to regain Her balance. Then She went to the car.

I know that the moments after the puja are important and one should not go too near to Shri Mataji, at least on the stage, but I had the feeling that She had fulfilled my desire to greet Her, in a very beautiful manner, giving me the feeling that small as I am, I could help the Adi Shakti.

Sandra Castelli



Navaratri Puja Athens, 2001

The air-conditioning was not on

We were in Athens in October 2001. It was a warm evening and Shri Mataji was giving a public programme in a hotel there. At the end of the programme, Shri Mataji gave the experience of self realisation. Nearly all the people who had come for the first time said they had indeed felt a cool breeze, on their hands and above their heads, but some insisted it was the air conditioning.

Someone went to find the hotel staff to ask them to please turn it off, and the staff, when found, said it was not on in the first place.

Meera Szegvary

The transformation of humanity

When Shri Mataji returned from Navaratri Puja in Greece, in 2001, it was very late at night, but nevertheless, our compassionate and ever caring Mother invited all of us staying at Cabella into the big room. She looked out across the valley, out of the big windows of the large reception room and one could see the lights of the village outside. One amazing thing I recall was this.

‘The transformation of humanity has to take place in My lifetime,’ Shri Mataji said at one point.

Linda Williams

A love attack

In November 2001, Shri Mataji expressed a desire, after the 9/11 attacks, that a minimum of 800 yogis should come to America for the Diwali Puja. A big group came from Austria and we were split on two flights, one on Alitalia, the other on Swissair. Two days before the departure we came to know that Shri Mataji would be on the Alitalia flight and – of course – I was booked on the

other one. I desperately wanted to be on the same flight as Shri Mataji and eventually and miraculously managed it.

I arrived, shining and with a singing heart, with a big group of Austrian yogis at Milan Airport, where we waited for Shri Mataji.

‘Now I am going to America with all my astras,’ She looked at us and said when She arrived. Austria is the land of the astras, the weapons of the Devi. Then She said something like ‘This is a love attack on America.’

Angi O'Rourke

An ancient swayambhu

At the Diwali Puja in 2001 I had the opportunity to ask Shri Mataji about the Ale Stenar (Ale's Stones) which are situated at a forty minute drive from Malmö in the south of Sweden.

I asked Shri Mataji what it was. She answered that She had to go there to decide what it was. Then I asked if it is a swayambhu.

‘Yes,’ She answered clearly.

‘It is too perfect to be manmade,’ I continued.

Then She compared it with Stonehenge, which is also a swayambhu with very nice vibrations.

Shri Mataji continued regarding the Ale Stenar saying that they are very old.

‘How old?’ I asked.

‘Very old,’ She answered, ‘the people who lived there were very spiritual but then there was a gap until now.’

Göran Frölén

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Chapter 7
2002
The Middle East, Europe, America and India

She is so caring

I am from Dubai. I would like to share a story from April 2002, where Shri Mataji was so caring and She notices and observed each and every one of us. She had millions of children, but She noticed each one of us. We were travelling from Dubai to Turkey with Shri Mataji. When we reached Turkey, there were so many people to receive Her, Sahaja Yogis as well as people from the press. Shri Mataji noticed such a simple thing – that the temperature outside was very low. We had come from Dubai, no shawl, no warm clothes. Immediately She looked at me.

‘Where is your shawl? Why aren’t you carrying one? It is so cold outside,’ She said. I was really amazed, because so many people were asking Her questions, and the press people were taking photographs, and in the midst of that, She noticed that there was someone who might catch a cold.

Sandya from Dubai



Easter Puja 2002 in Istanbul

Instructions

After some years of being in Sahaja Yoga I got married to the then leader of Milan, and again had a chance to meet Mother, after the Easter Puja in Istanbul, in the house where She was staying. I was so excited that I didn’t think I could talk to Her, and She must have felt this because She was talking with me through my husband. She asked what I was doing and he said I was a doctor. Shri Mataji said I should come to Milan because we needed doctors in Milan. He explained that I would have to learn Italian first and it would take time. Shri Mataji said maybe I could work as an archaeologist because I had trained in that, and I would not need Italian for that.

There was a lady there who was in pain, and Shri Mataji held my hand and asked me to put my hand to the other lady who was suffering. I felt the vibrations coming through my body to this lady from Shri Mataji, and then going to my feet, into the earth.

At that time Shri Mataji decided I should go to Italy, but then that night She decided that my husband should go to Turkey. This was at Easter Puja. Later I was at the Guru Puja and my sister and I gave a present to Shri Mataji. We went to the stage, and at that moment Shri Mataji told me that my husband would go to Turkey.

Oslem Lamaison

My beautiful shawl

Once during Shri Mataji's 2002 Easter Puja visit I accompanied Her daughters when they went out for dinner to meet a Sahaja Yogini who owned a restaurant in Istanbul. The weather was cool and they were wearing beautiful shawls. They started talking about shawls, and complimented each other that their shawls were very beautiful. They both told me that my shawl was also very beautiful, but my shawl was the plainest thing you can imagine, light brown, plain and of the most ordinary fabric. I thanked them, but thought, 'They are too kind, how can my shawl be beautiful?'

The next day, when Shri Mataji was about to go out I got talking to a Sahaja Yogi about how the car would stop in front of the house. The previous time Shri Mataji went out She had stepped on the concrete ground without shoes and Her Feet could have got hurt. The Sahaja Yogi suggested I spread something on the ground for Her to step on. I said I would have liked to, but wasn't it against our protocol to come to the front and do such a thing? I was just serving in the house and who was I to do that?

'No, it's ok, many Sahaja Yogis have done that in different places,' he replied. Then Shri Mataji came out, and when She was getting down from Her wheelchair to enter the car, She was without shoes. I did not think, but just took a step forward and spread my shawl under Her Feet. She stepped on it and went in the car. I took the shawl from the ground, still in disbelief that I had the courage to do that. We went inside the house. Then I realised that this was the same shawl I had been wearing at dinner. I knew then that my shawl was beautiful, much more beautiful than any other.

Bilge Celebi



Shri Mataji at Istanbul Airport in 2002

Again Shri Mataji called me

I'd just come to live in Genoa, in 2002. I married at Ganesha Puja the previous year to Giancarlo Fuente, who lives in Genoa. Shri Mataji came to Genoa, and the few of us there all greeted Her with a flower. I was at the back, but She called me forward.

'How are you?' She said. 'How are your mother- and father-in-law?' and then She said how friendly the Italian people are, and I really felt Her care.

Shri Mataji had bought a villa in Genoa, and we thought that She would go home after talking to us, because it was quite late. We had prepared it for Her to come, and She came up to the villa. There were candles all the way up the drive and we had prepared a tent in the garden for Her, and covered everything in yellow robes

and saris and made it look like an Indian palace. Shri Mataji came and sat down and took everybody's flowers – about twenty of us – and again She asked me if I was happy.

Alexandra Fuente

Shri Mataji always had Her attention on the children

In 2002, when Shri Mataji went out from the castle, She liked to see us as She left. Before that we would stay out of sight in the kitchen. For the past two or three years, every time She went out, we were always outside, and the children gave Her flowers. They ran to Her, She accepted the flowers from everyone. And She thanked the children so they learnt these things from Her.

'What did Shri Mataji say?' I asked one little girl.

'She said: Thank you very much,' the child said, or 'She said goodbye!' Shri Mataji always had Her attention on the children, and sometimes picked up a child.

'Oh he has liver,' She might say, or whatever it was. One time She vibrated some sugar for the children. If there was something wrong She had Her attention on them and spoke to them.

Shoma Arciglio

On being a pujari (written 2004)

Everything just goes with the flow and sometimes I am conscious of it. At Sahasrara Puja 2002, I had Shri Mataji's left Foot in my left hand for a while and was rubbing with the right hand, and then we were pressing it – I was aware that this went on for some considerable time. At a certain moment we were no longer taking kumkum off Shri Mataji's Feet, but we were trying to help the vibrations come out. At that puja She wanted kumkum poured on Her Feet, not water, at the beginning, by the children. We had used kumkum not water for the puja because Shri Mataji had said She didn't want any water near Her, because of the problems with the right side. It was a message which came, and we had kumkum prepared, but I am not clear what the relationship between the water and the right side would have been. Technically Shri Mataji had been retaining water in Her Feet and legs. We have to keep moving because otherwise the vibrations get stuck in us and don't flow properly. Anyway I was just pressing, rather than rubbing Her Feet – which we do when Her Feet are wet, and numerous times I would press on the ankle or the Foot.

'Ha, yes!' Shri Mataji would say and make comments, as if hopefully things were working out in some way.

Shri Mataji's attention was different, and we were just there. You just do what needs to be done, and then it carries on. It has its own flow. There is an amazing bond within the team – Jeremy, Antonio, Pascuale, with Massimo from Rome and Shridara from France. Some of the others have been asked to be pujaris, but I have never been formally invited, and have had to learn that detachment, but each time I have been on the stage: we do namaskar, or touch the stage, before we go up, and each time Shri Mataji has looked around and nodded – and that has always been the moment when in my heart I have been asking if I should be there to help.

At one of my first pujas, Devi Puja in Margate 1989, I saw all the children going to Shri Mataji, and they could all give Her a hug, and I wanted to be a little child so much. I wanted to be small enough to go and give Her a hug and a kiss. But then

afterwards I saw people with Her during the puja, and again at Sahasrara Puja, at Fiuggi in Italy in 1990, and I so wanted to be there with them. Shri Mataji has given me that opportunity – often at Cabella.

Anthony Headlam

Mother's Day (email report)

Today, Sunday 12th May 2002, was Mother's Day in Italy. Last year Mother received people on this day, and a lot of people, over a hundred, appeared from all over north Italy and even from as far away as Austria. We congregated in the castle in the afternoon and sat around, drank tea, talked in the mezzanine where everyone lives, or downstairs in the old kitchen or even outside the downstairs door in the spring sunshine, and generally enjoyed each other's company. Then about half past six we all went upstairs and started singing bhajans and songs – some in Italian and English – in the hallway outside Mother's salone. We heard that Mother had been sleeping earlier, but I felt Her working on us all, especially our right sides, which She said were very strong over the previous weekend at the Sahasrara Puja.

After a few more songs, someone came and said that the big door was open and we could go into the salone, where Mother was waiting for us all. She was wearing a red sari and sitting in a white armchair. We went in via the dining room, so were standing to the side and behind Her, by the window.

One by one people came in and gave their flowers, first the centres and countries – lovely bunches. Mother had nice words for everyone, and commented on the Austrians' beautiful cook book and they had also brought another book, of photos of the recent pujas in India – Shivaratri and Birthday Puja. Mother looked all through the book and liked it very much. A lady gave her flower and someone said 'Bulgaria' and Mother seemed pleased to meet her. Then a couple gave some very large flowers, on behalf of America. To begin with, when each person or people came up, Sandeep Gadkary said 'Torino' or 'Milan', or wherever they came from. We all squashed into corners to make room for more people and the children sat in front.

The whole room seemed to be bathed in light even though someone had pulled the curtain to keep out the strong afternoon sun. There were flowers all over the room, from the puja, in vases, and as always the whole room looked so beautiful, with the oil paintings on the walls – one of the Virgin Mary behind Mother, the lovely furniture, large ceramic pieces, and ornaments on the tables. The ceiling is frescoed – very high, and a lot of light coming in from the tall windows. Mother said She particularly liked the large windows in the castle and that was one reason She bought it.

When everyone had given their flowers to Mother She asked for a song, so a man took out his guitar and we all sang *Sitting in the Heart of the Universe*, which about summed it up. Mother had Her eyes closed, and one could feel Her radiating Her divine love to each and every one of us – the perfect Mother. After that we left, feeling totally in bliss. We shared prasad as we passed through the kitchen.

Linda Williams



Mother's Day at Cabella

Attention on every individual

In 2002, our national leader sent the word around that Shri Mataji needed Sahaja Yogis to do some work on Her new house in Genoa. I took two weeks off and travelled to Genoa with a French brother. Upon arrival, we were told that Shri Mataji wanted only to keep the ones who had a specific building skill. I am quite sturdy, but I am a social worker, so was asked to leave. On the morning of our departure, Shri Mataji made the point to meet with us. This was, for me, the perfect occasion to offer to Her in person the biscuits called Tuiles, a local speciality from Normandy that my wife Laxshmi had purchased to be offered to our Divine Mother, as the vibrations were very cool. Shri Mataji was extremely kind. She wanted to know us better, and was delighted to receive the Tuiles. She tasted one.

‘These are delicious, it would be nice to have more,’ She said.

Such solicitude and attention on every individual made my heart completely open up. In the following months, I made sure that the same biscuits were taken to Shri Mataji in Cabella on the occasion of international pujas.

Thierry Rohr

Her eyes were sparkling (written 2004)

I’ve been in Sahaja Yoga for eight years and I’m from Canada. I had presented gifts to Shri Mataji a couple of times and was close to Her on a few occasions, but there was one occasion specifically that Shri Mataji asked to see me. I had just finished one year of teaching in Cali, Colombia, but there were no yogis there. Then one yogini moved down to Cali from Bogotá. We gave realisation to a number of people there but I decided to go back home.

I went to help at Shri Mataji’s house in New Jersey in August 2001 and was working in the garden. I was walking to the ashram one day and had been praying to Mother to meet Her. I said to myself that I knew it is a maya, this physical form, and You are always with us, and I do feel You in my heart but it was a very strong and sincere desire. I heard footsteps behind me and it was the leader, and he had been looking for me.

‘Mary, don’t be afraid, this is the greatest day of your life, because Shri Mataji wants to see you,’ he said. I felt such joy and felt humbled that Mother had heard my request. I had to change out of my work clothes, and was given a punjabi to

wear, went up to the kitchen, pushed open the door, and Shri Mataji was at the table. She was drinking tea, and Sir CP was on Her right so his back was to me. Her little great grandson was playing in the next room and Her grandson was also there.

‘Hello!’ She said.

‘Jai Shri Mataji,’ I replied. She was very sweet, and it was like talking to my grandmother. She had glasses on, Her eyes were sparkling, She was very sweet and calm, and I had a very serene feeling. I walked up to Her.

‘You’re Mary from Canada,’ She said. ‘What are you doing here?’

‘I’m helping Lothar with the house right now,’ I said.

‘But what do you do?’ She asked. Before I went to Colombia I had been a university student, and a tree planter for years. I thought that I didn’t want to say that, because it was not very feminine!

‘I was a teacher,’ I said. The leader was behind me and asked me what I did in Canada and I said I was a university student, but that I had just completed a year teaching. Shri Mataji asked where I had done this, and I told Her it was in Colombia. Her eyes were very wide.

‘Colombia!’ She said, and shook Her head. ‘Will you go back there?’

‘No, I don’t think so,’ I replied, and She looked at me very sweetly and just smiled and nodded slowly. She asked me a couple of other things, and it was just a very short time, and then She was looking at the leader and speaking in Hindi or Marathi. Then She turned back to me.

‘It was very nice, meeting you,’ She said. I don’t know how to describe those six words, how that amazing grace has many times filled my heart with joy and helped me through hard times. I slowly backed out of the room.

In fact I did go back to Colombia twice, because the vibrations indicated to go. On Shri Mataji’s eightieth birthday I was with Marie-Laure and was able to offer Her a gift on behalf of Colombia.

‘This is Mary and She is in Colombia again,’ Marie-Laure said to Mother.

‘Yes, I think this is a very good idea,’ Mother replied.

Mary Downey



Shri Mataji shopping in New Jersey, August 2002

A shooting star

At Canajoharie, USA, at the Shri Kubera Puja in 2002 I was invited to do the aarti and was standing next to the stage when Shri Mataji entered the pendal. She was walking, slowly escorted by two yogis holding Her arms.

The entrance was in an L shape to the stage with a slight slope (15 - 20 feet long and 2 feet down) towards the angle of the L, exactly where I was standing. To my astonishment, Shri Mataji came down the slope so fast that the yogis were almost running to follow Her. I opened my arms to hold Her in case She might fall, turning the corner at that speed. But contrary to my expectation, She passed in front of me very slowly and went up the three stairs to the stage with the help of the two yogis.

I could not explain anything, I was thoughtless. I had the impression Shri Mataji was like a shooting star, passing in front of me, like in another time, in another space. It was too sudden and too fast. It seemed I was the only one to witness this; no other yogi standing nearby commented about what had just manifested to me.

Some time later, I remembered more details. Shri Mataji was not touching the floor but flying about a foot in the air when She was going fast. It lasted the time of a lightning flash. It was as if She opened a window to show me an aspect of Her divine nature where time and space didn't exist.

Diane Ruelland

Editor's note: other people have reported the same phenomenon.

Just what they needed (email report)

On September 5th, 2002, Shri Mataji returned to Cabella from America. Mother arrived late, at about twelve thirty in the night. There were about thirty of us – mostly the Sahaja Yogis who lived at the castle, Centrassi or in the village. Earlier in the evening flowers were given out, mainly for the children to give Mother. When they ran down to the car to greet Her, She told them to go into the big salone, as it was damp and spotting with rain, and a bit cold. We waited in the hall, and Mother came, sitting on Her red chair and carried by about eight strong men. As She passed by, very close She smiled at us.

Shri Mataji went into the big room and two ladies did the aarti to Her. Then the children crowded round and gave their drawings and flowers and She was so happy to see them. We went inside, some of us hovering in the doorway watching the children, but didn't expect to be allowed to give our flowers as it was so late. Often the adults' flowers were collected and put in vases, either in Mother's bedroom or the big room. I was looking at the back of Her head – a wonderful chance to meditate on Her back Agnya, and to feel very strongly and devotionally the presence of the power and love of God Almighty.

Mother talked to various people, and gave some advice to a father about his son's health. One little girl had done a nice drawing for Mother, who complimented her, because she looked joyful and bashful and shy in front of Mother. But then surprisingly, the call came – bring flowers to Mother. So we went up one by one and She took our flowers and greeted us. Then Mother left us.

'May God bless you all,' She said, and turned and went into Her room. When Mother went in and out the castle, She gave every single person there just what they needed, in those few short minutes.

Linda Williams

Love itself is only pleased by love

Sometimes I find it takes some event to establish in your heart something you take for granted in your brain. The day after Navaratri Puja in 2002 at Lake Piru, USA, I received a message from Shri Mataji saying that She had enjoyed my singing in the puja. I knew instantly that the song Shri Mataji referred to was the *Devi Stotram – Ya Devi Sarva Bhuteshu*, because I felt such an intense feeling of bhakti and rapport with Shri Mataji during this song.

What only occurred to me at that moment was that during that song I had sung without a microphone, so ‘scientifically’ speaking, in any ordinary sense, Shri Mataji could not have heard me. She was listening in a completely different way, a divine way, and was responding to the vibrations and to bhakti.

It made it clear to me the need to sing to Shri Mataji fully from the heart and that by Her most compassionate nature She was in a way ‘bound’ to respond to the love of Her devotees, as love itself is only pleased by love.

Tim Bruce

The nature of America adores Shri Mataji

Some of the recent pujas at Lake Piru were blessed with messages from nature. There was the night of amazing meteorite showers – never have I seen so many shooting stars, like a fireworks display, perfectly timed for the dark hours just after puja. There was another puja there in which the tent was pelted by extremely heavy rain and I felt the skies and the earth were sobbing with gratitude that Shri Mataji had come at last. The park ranger was frightened because he’d never ever seen so much water in that place.

Elizabeth Singh

Gifts to one and all (written 2005)

Shri Mataji is so unbelievably generous. She does not need to bring any gifts for us because seeing Her has always been more than enough to keep a soul feeling incredibly lucky for many years. Yet after so many pujas there was a pin, or earrings, or a necklace for each of the ladies, ties or pens or watches for the men. Many yogis have been given saris or jewellery, even sets of clothing when they worked on special projects. The wedding saris, kurtas, jewellery, Shri Ganeshas and silver puja trays were handpicked by Shri Mataji and She often presented them to each of the couples Herself.

While in northern California, we could attend many functions with Shri Mataji in Los Angeles. These included the birthdays for Her great grandson, who was very young at the time. Always, there were excellent gifts for every child who attended, carefully chosen and age appropriate. Those visits, where fewer than a hundred of us crowded around Shri Mataji in the Los Angeles ashram, were extremely special opportunities. Sometimes there would be little performances which we would all enjoy, and then again, She would hand out gifts, once pendants for each of us, once stunning silver rings with a bright coloured cubic zirconium the centre and exquisite marquises all around. They were gorgeous and full of vibrations, because Shri Mataji selected the ring then handed it to each person. They all fitted perfectly.

Once She gave the ladies who had been helping out amazing sets of delicate earrings and bracelets with emerald, ruby or sapphire accents. The night I was there, Shri Mataji ran out of the sets, because several ladies had joined afterwards. She took back the ones She had distributed and gave them to those

who were from far cities. The next night She had new sets for those ladies who had returned theirs and those ladies were very contented. The amazing thing was that identical looking boxes were moving all around without being opened. The one that She sent for me turned out to have my birthstone, which I'd always liked very much. I treasure all those gifts that I have received and hope they can carry blessings to future generations.

I was lucky to give Shri Mataji a few tiny gifts. I was like a child without even a penny, scrambling to find some small token to express my affection for my mother. Once we returned a handkerchief which was left behind inside a beautiful Russian box with a miniature of some fairy tale castle. We thanked Her for Canajoharie, which is more beautiful than any fairy tale. Once a golden bangle of the perfect size had been brought from India, and we had to give it, because the first time Shri Mataji came to America, She sold Her gold bangles to pay for the passage.

But no gift has ever been enough to tell Her how much I needed Her, nor how grateful I was to be rescued, nor how Shri Mataji has enriched my life every day, nor how amazing it was that She could be so kind to an ordinary human being full of shortcomings, ignorance and stubbornness. I hope that any reader will know that the gifts She has given to one, She has actually given to all.

Elizabeth Singh

Water for the yogis to drink

Our firstborn son Mehdi unfortunately turned out to be autistic. In our desperation we were looking for a cure or something to help him and this is how we discovered Sahaja Yoga. For us Mehdi, although disabled, brought us into the divine company.

In 2002 we went to Los Angeles, where two pujas were organised back to back. One week before the Navaratri Puja I had a dream. I was asking Mother what was wrong with our son and She told me two things, firstly the Hamsa Chakra was blocked and secondly there was a problem with the absorption of the salt in his stomach. These were the exact words of Shri Mataji. Thus we went to Los Angeles, and the children did the puja with water. Shri Mataji said that at the Shri Ganesha Puja the water had been salty.

'Again in this puja the water is salty! Therefore you should give the water to the yogis to drink,' She added. I was amazed! Then, during the following week while walking among the tents at the puja site, I suddenly heard my son saying a mantra 'Om twameva...' he hardly could speak, even in English.

Gariela and Essi

The lamp of love

On 10th of December 2002 I had a chance meeting with Shri Mataji.

'One day even I will have to leave this mortal being and it is you people, the Sahaja Yogis, who will have to keep this lamp of love glowing in everyone's hearts. You will have to take the responsibility to lead all seekers of truth to their ultimate fulfillment through your own self-awakening,' She said.

Her words left a great impact on me. I was spellbound and a great sense of urgency engulfed me. I shared with Her my dream to bring all the poetry and music She had nurtured in me and the sweetness She had endowed to my Vishuddhi, to collectively reach out to the whole world.

‘Mother, please do something so unique that Your vibrations from these bhajans will provide instant meditation to all,’ I implored Her. She told me that my work was already done and reminded me of Her golden words when, in 1989, She had predicted this would happen.

‘Now, the time has come and nothing can stop it from happening. So go ahead. You have My anant ashirwaad (eternal blessings),’ She said.

Sanjay Talwar

You are merely an instrument, surrendered to this power

There were many occasions when Shri Mataji would ask me if I had written something new. So every time when I would go to meet Her, I would make sure I had a new song ready and She would ask me to sing it. She would ask all the yogis present to listen and then She would explain its meaning. What intrigued me most was Her asking me to sing my new song before Her each time it was freshly written and composed. It used to happen very spontaneously with me - the words would just begin to flow – at times, words of which I myself did not know the meaning. Yet Shri Mataji always knew when the song was ready for Her to listen to and I happened to be around Her just at those moments. Mother once commented that my Swadishthan chakra had opened and pure knowledge was flowing through me.

‘Now you know there is some power working in you,’ She said. ‘Actually you are not the doer. It is that power that is awakened in you that is doing all this through you. You are merely an instrument, surrendered to this power. And I have authorized it to happen, so do not worry about making mistakes, as none will happen. This power is absolutely pure and it is flowing for the benevolence of mankind at large, so never stop its flow. Just keep writing. You must record it all and make it available for all the Sahaja Yogis. It will be a collection worth having for anyone because it has the vibrations. It is eternal music of love.’

Sanjay Talwar

The loving smile of Mother

In 2002 we went to Ganapatipule with a group of Turks. One evening there was going to be a musical programme and it was announced that Shri Mataji could come. I was with a group of ladies, we were ready to get dressed and I saw a Sahaja Yogi coming near to us. He told that he was supposed to find a married foreign Sahaja Yogini to do the aarti for Shri Mataji. I was the only married one among the ladies and I hurried to get dressed. On the way I was crying, overwhelmed with a feeling of happiness and gratitude. This was like a sign from Mother that She is aware of me and my prayers.

I went to the apartment which was prepared for Shri Mataji. After a while She arrived and we did the aarti with an Indian lady. During the aarti I felt that She was looking inside me. I felt much joy the following days and an immense love for Mother.

Next day there was puja and the national present was going to be offered to Shri Mataji. I had carried the present from Turkey. After the puja when it was our turn we went to the stage with a group of Turks. I stayed in the back and I said inside, ‘It’s enough for me the honour of carrying Your present Mother.’ However Mother was looking at me, smiling and pointing at me.

‘Is she a Turk?’ She said.

‘Yes, Mother,’ the other yogis replied.

‘She doesn’t look like a Turk,’ Mother said. She said, showing another yogini with a darker skin. ‘I can see that she is a Turk, but she cannot be Turkish!’ She said, looking at me again. We all laughed and enjoyed this beautiful moment. I always remember this moment and the loving smile of Mother.

Ebru Corches

Chapter 8
2003
India, Europe and America

India Tour 2002/3 email report

I went to Ganapatipule but just for the puja. That was the only night of the whole week Shri Mataji came. She was ill and also a lot of other people – upset stomachs. Of course the puja was great and Mother talked about generosity and how we must all be generous. I felt She was talking about world economics as well as individuals although She spoke as if to individuals. And about fundamentalism – She said, ‘Christ never converted anyone from any religion.’

We went on to Vaitarna, where Shri Mataji began by speaking about the late Baba Mama and said what a pity he wasn’t there to see the new Music Academy, and suddenly there was a loud noise of some people quarelling on the other hillside where the cars were parked. Mother switched to Marathi and said the Maharastrians only know how to quarrel and argue. Then She spoke in Hindi about how sweet and nice Baba Mama was and briefly switched back to English, and said, ‘Unless you stop quarelling it won’t work out,’ or something like that.

The following night was the inauguration, and Mother gave a wonderful short talk about how the academy is to spread Indian music to foreigners and to use music to spread Sahaja Yoga. She also said that She learnt English and Hindi largely by reading books and it is good to read good books.

Mother seemed to be trying to break our conditioning. She did not come on Christmas Eve at Ganapatipule, but in the puja the next day She asked for carols to be sung – quite a lot of them. I have never heard Her ask for carols actually in a puja before. Then at Vaitarna She began the New Year’s Eve puja early, at about seven thirty and it was finished by about ten. A lot of people arrived too late and missed it, assuming that it would go on until midnight. The music programme the next night was late – Mother came about nine and it went on until about three. Wonderful music and vibrations, but a lot of the people left or went to sleep before the end.

Linda Williams

Music programme for Shri Mataji and Sir CP on their 56th wedding anniversary, April 2003

The function was held at Sophia Hall, in the centre of Mumbai. Shri Mataji looked radiant in a red sari with a design of little gold stars. She was sitting on the throne that usually lives at the Belapur Sahaja Treatment Centre, and many people had brought flowers, some of which were put on the stage as decorations. Sahaja Yogis came from all over India - some had flown in for the evening, and there were a few foreigners, but mostly it was Sahaja Yogis from Mumbai and Maharashtra.

Firstly, seven ladies from Mumbai did aarti to Shri Mataji to welcome Her. Then children, members of local Sahaja Yoga groups came in pairs to give flowers to Shri Mataji and Sir CP. Each pair was dressed as a deity and his shakti. For example, a young person covered in bluish white powder and the traditional hair style took the part of Lord Shiva. A little girl who was dressed charmingly in a white sari and holding a musical instrument, represented Shri Saraswati, and another small person, in a white gown, had on a false beard and longish hair to

represent Lord Jesus. They were very sweet and innocent, but also symbolic, as they came in, and knelt before our Divine Mother.

This auspicious day, April 7th, was traditionally also the wedding day of Shri Sita and Shri Rama. At one point fairly near the beginning Shri Mataji asked for the lights in the auditorium to be switched on. She said to someone close to Her on the stage that She wanted to see who was there. Many of us felt Her Divine attention working on us during the music. This consisted mostly of a group of musicians and a man who sang forcibly and joyfully in praise of Shri Mataji in some of Her many forms - bhajans of Shri Sita Rama and Shri Radha Krishna. At times he encouraged us to join in the choruses. It was a very light and joyful evening.

Below is a transcript of the short talk given by Shri Mataji. Later a large cake was brought in and together Sir CP and Shri Mataji cut it. At the end representatives from the different states of India, and various foreigners came and presented flowers and gifts. After Shri Mataji had left, all thousand or so of us were offered a delicious meal, served in the gardens of the college where the function was held. Every one of us present was given a bit of the cake as prasad.

Linda Williams

Shri Mataji's talk

'I just want to thank you all from My heart for coming to celebrate this anniversary with your love. I can't do more than to thank you really - how you people have appreciated My humble work. Moreover it is a work of just love. Love is the greatest quality of human beings. And if you have developed that then you will forget all other things, because love has its own reward. And the reward is here - I can see it. I am nothing special, except that I love everyone very much. And I don't think anybody is to be condemned, because I have seen people coming out of all their problems, their smaller minds into a bigger area in which they are capable of giving love. I must say that whatever was My faith (word unclear) has worked very well. And it is very, very nice thing to see how many of you have understood My love and have spread love among yourselves.

Our human problem is one, and that is that we don't know how to love each other. If we could understand that then we would understand all this love. We really enjoy this love. You don't have to sacrifice anything. Don't have to give away anything. It is all there and you enjoy, it is reciprocal. You enjoy giving love to others. Maybe some of your experiences may not be that good, but most of the people who are human beings are a special temperament of loving each other, and this is to be shared and this is to be enjoyed. I have enjoyed it, and you all have also enjoyed it. So I have said, continue to do that, and spread your love all over.'

This was a miracle

A few years ago, in 2003, we went to receive Shri Mataji on Her arrival at Milan airport. After having received the flowers, Shri Mataji left quite quickly in Her car, to go to Cabella. We knew there was no way we could follow Her with our car as we were in a parking lot, and had first to pay and then fetch our car, whereas Shri Mataji had already left, straight away. Because of this, we took our time to enjoy ourselves with the other yogis, at this joyful time after having received the darshan of our Mother. Finally we left, drove off at a normal speed, stopped to fill up with petrol and then went slowly on to Cabella.

When we reached Cabella we went first to the hangar. Nobody was there so we decided to go to the castle, two kilometres further on, because we thought everybody must be there, including Shri Mataji. However, when we arrived at the castle, to our surprise Shri Mataji had not yet arrived and there were very few people, and most of them had not been to the airport. After few minutes we heard that Shri Mataji was arriving.

We could again receive Shri Mataji, and be in the living room for Her reception. Afterwards, we asked somebody who had come with Shri Mataji from the airport at Milan in Her car, if they had been driving slowly, because we had arrived before them. They said that they had driven extremely fast and had not stopped at all. This was a miracle, as we had left after them, stopped on the way, and also drove slowly. Thank you, Shri Hanuman.

Trupta de Graaf

I've been waiting to see this lady for a hundred years

My daughter Megan (aged 5 in 2003) saw a picture of Shri Mataji which was given to me in the hallway of my house by a Sahaja Yogini. Megan grabbed the photograph from me, went deep into meditation and said, 'I've been waiting to see this lady for a hundred years'. Then she ran upstairs and put the photo by her bed. I called to her to bring it back but the yogini simply said that she recognised Mother and there were plenty more photos.

Soon after I had my self realisation, I went with Megan to the airport to meet Shri Mataji. We dressed up and took flowers. It was a special occasion and we were there in good time. Before we saw Mother, I could feel a cool breeze approaching and my injured left knee felt better, and has been fine ever since. We saw Mother and gave our flowers. Then we left. My daughter was a little concerned, because she thought Shri Mataji would still be as young as She was in the photos we had been given, but later was alright.

Philippa Benson

She understands everything

When I first arrived at Cabella in 2003 Shri Mataji took a Romanian nurse and me into Her bedroom for massage. She taught us how to do it. We didn't feel any tiredness, even though we often did not get more than two or three hours sleep. The nurse did not know English, and was using words from different languages to express herself.

'She doesn't know English,' Shri Mataji said, 'but she understands everything.'

Luminita Fratila

Who is your greatest painter?

I remember some very sweet moments when Shri Mataji was talking about art, in 2003, especially about painting. She had been given a very nice painted plate at Cabella.

'Come and see this, how beautiful it is,' She said to me. 'You have such beautiful things in your country, who is your greatest painter?' I realised that She was doing this to show that She knew that I was living in a little town in Romania where the greatest Romanian painter, Nicolae Grigorescu was living for a while, in the nineteenth century. His memorial house was in this town. When I returned to Cabella I offered an album of photographs of this painter's works to Shri Mataji, and She wanted to see his self-portrait.

‘Nice man,’ She said. She explored every part of my being and I was feeling Her deep love all the time. She was very natural and full of innocence. When I arrived at Cabella for the first time, Shri Mataji asked me how I had come.

‘I came by bus, Shri Mataji,’ I said.

‘Such a long way to come by bus!’ She said. I felt great love in these words, as if She was impressed by the so called effort of us to go there.

Luminita Fratila

Shri Mataji laughed

I always had the feeling to be as discreet as possible in Shri Mataji’s presence so as not to disturb Her peace. One day I entered Her bedroom and She was looking somewhere very far away. I looked at Her very briefly, and then went in the corner of the room, so as not to disturb Her. Immediately She showed me that She knew that I was there, putting Her attention on me and pumping vibrations through me. Almost all the time I had the feeling that we don’t know how to behave in front of Her. I asked inside my heart to be guided.

One evening I was with Shri Mataji and some nurses. Shri Mataji asked for something and being close to the door I went to get it, and came back very quickly, and didn’t knock on the door. The nurses were not there, only Shri Mataji and Sir CP, and I was just in front of them, without saying anything. I was delighted, and forgot to excuse myself. But Mother was very sweet.

‘Thank you,’ She said, and let me go.

The next evening She called me, for some reason and I was upset somehow that still I was a bit too speedy in my actions. I was also sad about some problems of the west. I lay on my bed and some tears came. Suddenly someone announced that Shri Mataji was calling me and the Romanian nurse. It was such a magical evening

‘Did I disturb your rest?’ Shri Mataji asked me and began to say that She was very sad because there had been a terrorist attack and a woman from India and her children were involved. She said that as a Mother it was very painful.

‘How are the Romanian people?’ She asked me.

‘Very simple,’ I replied.

‘And mild,’ She added.

‘But they must learn how to behave from You,’ I said to Her, referring to what had happened the day before. It was somehow a kind of excuse for my behaviour, and Shri Mataji laughed.

Luminita Fratila

I am different from you human beings

The moments spent in the physical presence of Shri Mataji made me feel some of the aspects of God’s realisation in this human aspect. Even though She looked human, She was so different. About this aspect I remember that one day Shri Mataji felt heat on the right and She was complaining of some pain on Her right knee. She asked for a warm water bottle to be put on the right knee.

‘Shri Mataji, isn’t an ice bag better?’ I asked, a little bit surprised at Her decision.

‘But you know, I am different from you human beings,’ She answered with a smile.

Luminita Fratila

She slowly exposed what I had to work out

One night Shri Mataji was sleeping, so called, because Her attention was alert at that time, and I was near Her bed and looking at Her. She immediately started to move Her fingers, showing me how my attention was working. I noticed that if there were some thoughts when I was near Her, She immediately had a bit of a reaction, as something was catching Her attention.

About this concentrated attention I remembered that one day I was giving some massage to Her, and during this time I tried to keep my attention in the best manner on the subtle body to feel how She was working.

‘Look what concentrated attention she has,’ Shri Mataji said, to an Indian Sahaja Yogi.

All this time spent near Her, I discovered myself better and She slowly exposed what I had to work out. I also noticed that if our ego does not recognise the mistakes by itself She may expose in the mistake in a very evident manner, but if we realise the mistake and put our attention in a humble manner this exposure is only for us.

Luminita Fratila

She wanted to buy some toys

In every situation Shri Mataji expressed Her divine love for us. Once some yogis and I were with Shri Mataji and we were shopping. She wanted to buy some toys for Her great-grandchildren. I felt to take the wheelchair and go with Her to choose the toys, and I was told to do this. Shri Mataji bought only what we chose for them.

Luminita Fratila

It sounded really different

In Cabella at the castle in July 2003, we were many Sahaja Yogis, from different countries. Shri Mataji invited all of us from the castle and from Cabella to sing bhajans to Her. Shri Mataji was sitting in the living room and around Her were about twenty yogis from all over the world. She asked us to sing *Jogawa, Brahma Shodile, Guru Ashtakam* and others. When we were singing bhajans like *Bhaiya Kaya Taya* She stopped us and asked us to sing the song again so we could sing the meaning, and not only the meaning but also what the words meant. Then we sang it again and it sounded really different, so She was very happy.

She told us that if we sing it just by the melody it is not the same and we have to know what we are singing and that makes a big difference. It is also better if we know the songs without reading, so we have to learn what we are singing. Finally we were able to do a small puja to Her Lotus Feet and we, Her blessed children present, did aarti, and could meditate in Her presence. It was like heaven.

The next night, just before the Guru Puja, She invited us again. We were around forty yogis and again we sang bhajans. She liked *Bhaiya Kaya Taya* very much, and spoke about when She was a child and She had sorrow, and She always sang this song. The meaning is, when we belong to God, why do we have to have fear?

After that we had prasad, which was some nice chocolate from Switzerland. Again it was like sitting in heaven around God, angels!

Meera Szegvary

They're just innocence

At one Guru Puja in Cabella, possibly 2003, we waited in the hanger for nearly two hours for Mother to arrive. Upon taking Her seat, the children were invited to sit at Her Feet. Being only two or three years old, and it getting dark outside, usually time to snuggle up with mummy, our daughter was a bit reluctant, but was persuaded, a little forcefully, to accompany another child. Of course we, her parents, were quite proud to see her there though, sitting quietly at Shri Mataji's Feet.

The music played for some time as the pujaris got everything ready and Mother's needs were taken care of, but then, during a long lull in the music, our daughter got up of her own accord and walked off the stage, wailing loudly, 'I'm tired, I'm tired...I want my mummy....'

Shri Mataji just gazed at her lovingly, with the usual faraway expression She had when observing children, and said, with nectar dripping from Her words, 'They're just innocence, they can't hide anything.'

Shri Mataji then began telling us that She felt it is not possible to be a parent and a Sahaja Yogi at the same time, Her reasoning being that She Herself had just had a terrible experience, the reason why She had been so late, that Her grand-daughter had not turned up and nobody knew where she was until they checked the hospitals and found she had been in a car accident, hence the whole family, including Shri Mataji, had been worried.

She then sent all the children off the stage and suggested we send them outside with some aunties to play, at which point no one stirred and the children remained with the parents, quietly, and we had a short but very sweet puja, with Mother radiating kindness throughout.

Clive Bates

Paris, July 2003 (email report)

I would like to share my personal account of Shri Mataji's visit to Paris in July 2003. I had just finished a training course in the office when I received a call from a Sahaja Yogi that Shri Mataji was arriving and would be staying at the Hilton. One of our technical support men had received realisation recently and was very sensitive to the vibrations.



'You know the lady you have been meditating on for the past few weeks?' I said to him. 'Well, She's arriving at the airport tonight.' He was very excited at the chance of meeting Shri Mataji.

'I think that plane landed a few minutes early,' he said to me while we were standing in arrivals. He was right. Shri Mataji had landed.

We saw Her from the window and She waved lovingly at all the yogis, making sure that She waved at the yogis in each window as She passed by. She received flowers from everyone and all the yogis gathered around in a sea of divine love.

A smaller group of yogis then received Shri Mataji at the hotel and She was always graciously smiling and offering namaste to us. The next day I was giving a training course and heard that Shri Mataji was going shopping. I asked an Austrian yogi who works for the same company, to signal me on his mobile phone when She was leaving. I was in the middle of my training course and told the trainees that I had to go out for fifteen minutes and that they should continue with

the exercises. I raced to the Hilton Hotel, only five minutes away, and as I walked in Shri Mataji was in the reception hall with the leader, who was pushing the wheelchair. Shri Mataji gave me a big smile and offered namaste and I felt so blessed to have received Her darshan. After She left I raced back to my trainees feeling bathed in vibrations. It was quite a bizarre adjustment from having the darshan of the Goddess to going straight back into explaining our software product.

Later we heard there would be bhajans and some yogis went back to the ashram for instruments. We were ushered into Shri Mataji's room expecting bhajans but She wanted to talk to us about the hotel - why the seats were so low and why the hotel was uncomfortable, especially for elderly people. We had never realised this but as Shri Mataji spoke it became obvious. She said it had been a positive experience since She now could see what the problem was - that She needed to build a hotel that catered for people's comfort.

After the talk was over we left the room. We then heard that Shri Mataji wanted to go for a car ride with all the yogis! So we all rushed out and drove off behind Shri Mataji with no idea of where we were going. We arrived in this beautiful hotel in the countryside. The Sahaja Yogis had considered this hotel but unfortunately it didn't have showers - only sinks and baths.

Shri Mataji toured the hotel and Her eye fell on some crystal horses, upstairs. I was downstairs but heard a lot of laughter. Shri Mataji then came down and as She was being wheeled out She stopped by another glass cabinet and bought virtually all the antiques inside. Earlier someone had asked me if I had ever gone shopping with Shri Mataji. I said no, but thought I would really like to. Two hours later my desire had been fulfilled!

My Sahaja Yogi work colleague and I made an appointment the next day with Sir CP to write down the list of complaints. He was very diplomatic and stressed that we accentuate the positive as well as the negative. He was happy with the staff and other features of the hotel.

After Shri Mataji had left my colleague and I tried to upgrade our rooms to the Presidential Suite and managed to arrange it. The manager was a bit confused. He asked if we needed some extra beds since there was only one bed. My friend said we would sleep on the floor.* Many French yogis came to meditate in the suite and we had a beautiful evening discussing the day's events, talking about the only thing that really matters in this world - Shri Mataji and Sahaja Yoga.

I was thinking about getting some sleep when about eight of us walked into Shri Mataji's bedroom. The vibrations were so strong that we couldn't talk any more and we fell into deep meditation. At this point in my meditation I had this deep sense of what Shri Mataji really means about being the Spirit. That within us there is a deep ocean of blissful consciousness, beyond space, time and death: Her divine world.

Steve Jones

Editor's note: it was customary not to use the bed Shri Mataji slept in for a few days after She left.

The photo of Shri Shirdi Sainath

At one point Shri Mataji was coming to France and the question arose of what to put in Her hotel room since it felt bare and I offered my photo of Sai Baba of Shirdi. Shri Mataji was surprised that a photo put in Her room at the hotel at Paris Airport was emitting so many vibrations. She asked a yogi to

bring Her the photo. Shri Mataji then realized that it was a photo of Sai Baba of Shirdi. She put that photo of Her Sahasrara and declared that in future all the photos of Sai Baba of Shirdi would emit even more vibrations than before.

Gwen Verez

A visit to Paris

Shri Mataji came to Paris in 2003 and stayed at the Hilton Hotel.

‘If you have a desire,’ the leader had said two days before, ‘just surrender it with full heart and faith, without limitations, at the Lotus Feet of Shri Mataji.’ I had one and followed his advice. After the meditation, I was with two yoginis on the terrace of Montfermeil, Mother’s House in Paris.

‘I would like so much to serve Shri Mataji,’ one started to say, and the second one said, ‘Me too,’ and I said, ‘Me too.’

The following Tuesday, I received a call at my office.

‘Mother is coming to Paris tonight,’ a yogini said. Then the leader called, and told me to go to the Hilton Hotel as soon as possible. After this, I had the feeling that I was completely in Mother’s hands. At work we were very busy and it was difficult to leave, but I went to my boss.

‘I have to go, family emergency.’

He said it was ok but I had to be back the next morning, and I promised I would. I reached the Hilton and saw the two yoginis. We got the bedroom ready for Shri Mataji and prepared ourselves to welcome Her. We were asked to stay in the room but couldn’t resist watching Her arrival and getting Her darshan. We were behind the window and when Mother arrived, She looked in our direction. Her visit had started, it was our first experience, and what an experience! The first day, we served the food. I remember the plates going past us, and our empty stomachs, and we eventually got one plate for four of us girls, but it was so joyful and taught us that as Lakshmis, we have to give priority to others even if we are hungry.

I was supposed to only stay for the first night, but called my boss and told him I would only be back at 11am on Thursday. He was furious, but after bandhans slowly cooled down, but warned me to expect problems when I returned.

After that Shri Mataji went out shopping. We were standing outside and She looked at us with a smile.

‘I will come back tonight,’ She said. I felt completely blessed as if She had said, ‘You can stay here, don’t worry.’

These words of our Divine Mother reached directly to my heart, I felt completely protected, and trusted She would work out the situation at my office. On Wednesday night, Shri Mataji called us into Her room. This moment was indescribable - you are in front of Shri Adi Shakti! So powerful! We sat behind in the corner.

‘No, come in front,’ She said. We felt so shy. Mother spoke about the lack of comfort in the hotel, for the rate it was not so elegant and the service was not good enough. ‘What do you think?’ She asked.

‘When we are with You, we feel comfortable anywhere,’ one yogi said.

‘Oh yes, I know you are great people, we are old and always complaining,’ Shri Mataji said, laughing. She was so sweet, so near, so beautiful, just love was flowing. Then She asked us to make a complaint and said, ‘Maybe you should ask Sir CP to help you,’ and then, ‘No, as a diplomat, he will confuse you.’ We stayed

about an hour with Her – an amazing experience. Then again Mother went out to visit the surrounding area, to see the castle.

The day after, Mother left. We all went down to say goodbye to Her, one yogini and I hid behind a column so as not to disturb Her. While Mother's car was leaving She put Her head towards us and waved, it was an explosion in our hearts. We bid Her goodbye with tears in our eyes. How to express such joy and bliss and how to thank our Holy Mother for these eternally holy times? In three days we slept only about five hours.

I reached my office at 11am on Thursday and my boss was furious. I said I had to be near my mother and wept a little.

'Now I understand.' he said, very gently.

Virginie Patil

Algeria

In 2003, at Canajoharie, I was with Mother in the living room. She asked me questions concerning Algeria. In my ignorance, I answered obvious things, but my understanding was that all human's attempts seemed in vain.

'Mother, they simply need You. Without You, they won't make it!' I told Her from the bottom of my heart and with tears in my eyes.

'Yes, I know, and every day I put My attention on them!' She replied, looking at me with a grave, but deep and caring tone.

Without being capable of receiving more love than Her Motherly look was transmitting, I stood up and with my soul bowing in adoration, I left Her. That was the last time I saw Her, and still to today, my soul is in reverence, probably until we meet again.

Hamza Belgourari

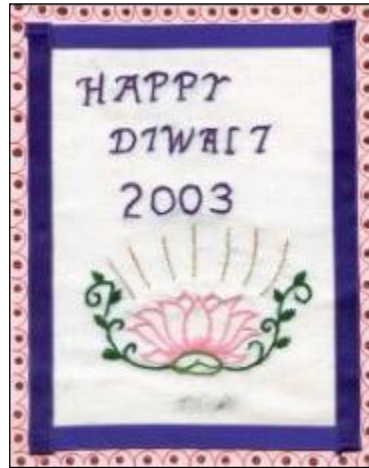


Diwali Puja, Los Angeles, 2003

Moments with Shri Mataji

I have been quite fortunate to see Shri Mataji in person several times. The very first time I saw Her was in LA as She arrived for Diwali Puja in 2003. The yuva shakti had decorated the outside of the hotel with designs made from lit candles, and just inside we were on both sides of the hallway each holding a candle. As Shri Mataji entered and passed by we just had tears in our eyes from the emotions of seeing Her.

Adam Cortese



Yuva Shakti gift, Diwali 2003

Her deep love was waiting for us

I had a feeling that Shri Mataji was waiting for us to make a great step when She moved to Genoa. It was a manifestation of the elements – a big storm. Suddenly the sky became dark, and the sea was one with the sky, complete darkness, even though it was during the day. Shri Vishnumaya was there with a lot of thunder and lightning and rain. Then there was silence and the light. It was the same when Shri Mataji left Genoa for America in 2003.

Luminita Fratila

She named her sweets khajur

When I was a little girl, my grandmother used to make special sweets of her own creation on Shri Krishna's birthday every year. She named her sweets 'khajur' which also means dates, but they had nothing to do with dates at all. In fact, you will never find anyone in India who knows a sweet called khajur, except in our family.

Some days after Shri Krishna's birthday in 2003, a yogi from England was to go and see Shri Mataji at Pratishthan in Pune. Some people at the Vashi Sahaja Health Centre, where I live, took the opportunity to offer Her flowers and other things through that yogi. I decided to make some khajur sweets for Shri Mataji. While preparing them, I had the strong desire, that if She ate a little bit of them it would be a great blessing. I also wrote a letter to the lady who was attending Shri Mataji, asking her to offer Her the sweets. On the yogi's arrival at Shri Mataji's house, he did not find the lady and left the basket of flowers, dried fruit, khajur and other things in the kitchen. Then he was invited to meet Shri Mataji. She talked for a little while.

'Bring me the khajur (dates) from the Health Centre!' She said suddenly. One of the boys in Her house started to look for what he thought were dates in the kitchen, but could not find any and brought the whole basket to Shri Mataji. She Herself picked one piece of the khajur.

'This is a very nice sweet!' Shri Mataji declared. It was only after he returned to Vashi Sahaja Health Centre that I could explain to the yogi the mystery of these dates.

Lily Rai

She relieved me without having to talk

I was in Shri Mataji's house in Pune in 2003 and started feeling the Left Agnya chakra in Her presence. She was sitting on a chair sleeping, as it may happen sometimes when She works on the Left Side channel, but on several occasions one has experienced that She remains fully aware of things around Her though She looks as if She were asleep.

At some stage, with closed eyes, Shri Mataji removed the two rings She was wearing from Her left Agnya finger and put them both on Her right finger. Then, She asked a lady to put some powder and rub Her left finger while it seemed She was still asleep. Soon afterwards, I realised my Left Agnya pressure had completely gone. She had relieved me that way, through massage with some powder, without having to talk to me.

Madhur Rai

Shri Mataji remembered, after twenty-five years

I live in France but was working for my bank, which has a branch in Mumbai. After I had been here for about five months, in mid-December 2003, I had a very strong desire to pay my respects to Shri Mataji before leaving India. It came to me that the best thing was to phone Her daughter Kalpana, who was at Pratishthan with Shri Mataji. So I phoned, and when Kalpana came on the line, she was sitting next to Shri Mataji and asked if I could come and see Her, and Shri Mataji asked me to come the next day. At that moment I felt my Kundalini come up so strongly, and could feel the Kundalini very happy inside me.

I went up to Pune, and got some flowers from a place next door. It was the first time I had seen Pratishthan and it seemed very beautiful, much more beautiful than the pictures. After about ten minutes I was invited in. Shri Mataji was sitting there with Sir CP. She was looking so beautiful and had obviously had Her afternoon sleep.

Shri Mataji asked me what I was doing in Mumbai. I explained that I had been sent by my work, but it was Her blessing that I had this chance to be in Mumbai. and Shri Mataji said She remembered when I first came to Mumbai, in September 1978 for just a couple of weeks. She had sent for me then. At that time I worked for an airline and had a free ticket. I remembered going to all the pujas then and meeting the Sahaja leaders of Mumbai and it had been a wonderful experience. But more wonderful was to know that our Mother remembered such details, that twenty-five years ago I had been there.

We also talked about England. I talked about all the help and support I had got from Sir CP then, when I had gone through some difficult patches, and I wanted to thank him.

'It is all thanks to Shri Mataji,' he said.

Djamel Metouri



Shri Mataji at Ganapatipule for the last time, 2003

Chapter 9
2004
India and Europe

A letter

I was at Pratishthan. In August 2003, my daughter had gone to the USA for higher studies and probably, in my heart, there was a concern about that, and suddenly, Shri Mataji mentioned that She had been to the beautiful city of Shiraz in Iran. Again, without thinking, I said that my daughter's name was Shiraz and that recently she had gone to the USA. Also, that at first she resented my coming to Sahaja but was now happy about it. Just a few days before this, my daughter had told me on the phone that she had written to Shri Mataji about this and had given the letter to a Sahaja Yogi friend to give it to Her at the puja. Shri Mataji told me that She remembered reading the letter and that it was my daughter's innocence which had made her write it. However, in fact the letter never went as the Sahaja Yogi could not make it to the puja.

I asked Shri Mataji when Zarathustra had incarnated in Persia, as the dates varied, putting it anywhere between 3000 and 8000 BC. She told me that Zarathustra incarnated three or four times in Persia.

Armaity Bhabha

Shri Mataji likes everything (written 2005)

The second time I met Shri Mataji was at Kalpana Didi's house in the early 2000's, and I was called there as assistant cook. For three days I did not go in front of Shri Mataji. I was very afraid, and did not know how to go in front of Her. At last, the other servants forced me to go in front of Shri Mataji with the tray of food. She was sitting on the chair, and looked at me, because I had the tray in my hand and could not do pranams to Her. So I lent my head forward a bit.

'Jai Shri Mataji', I said, and She smiled at me. Then I put the tray in front of Her and went back to the kitchen.

The next day, at about one o'clock in the night, Shri Mataji was watching the TV. We were about to go to sleep. Shri Mataji's attendant came there and said that She wanted a Diet Coke. So I served it in a glass, and took it to Her. When I went to Her room the TV was on very loud and She looked at me.

'Keep it, keep it,' She said. 'You are not yet sleeping. All right, you go and sleep now.' Then I went back to the kitchen.

So every time I had the opportunity to cook and go in front of Shri Mataji with chapattis and so on, and was able to serve tea to Her, I felt so much joy. Shri Mataji likes everything, but in the morning She likes chilna, which is made of moong dal. She also likes Diet Coke and bindi (ladies' fingers) and eats non-veg food, like mutton and chicken. She also likes shemi (mutton) kebab. She likes everything!

Shri Mataji always takes Her food late at night. One day the cook had gone out with Sir CP. I was alone cooking in the kitchen and one of the vegetables was ready, and I was cooking another one and suddenly She asked for the food. She said She was hungry and wanted to be served the food. So Shri Mataji's younger daughter Sadhana Didi came into the kitchen and said that She wanted the food then. The food was not completely ready, but I could not refuse. I was in the middle of cooking a dish with chickpea flour, called pitla. Shri Mataji had asked for food three or four times and time was passing.

‘Quickly, serve the food!’ She said. The pitla was not completely cooked but I had to serve the half cooked pitla to Her.

‘Where is Sahib?’ (meaning Sir CP) She asked, just as She was going to sit at the table and eat.

‘Perhaps they have gone out shopping,’ said a Sahaja Yogi.

‘Then why are we eating the food now, so early? We will eat together, with Sahib,’ Shri Mataji replied. It was like a miracle that She knew the food was not properly cooked, so She said She would eat later with Sahib. It was a test for me as to what I would do. I was happy, because after that I was able to cook the pitla nicely and after one and a half hours Shri Mataji again called for the food.

‘Today the food was nice - tasty food!’ She said.

Nilesh Rajguru

‘Anant ashyavaad’ (endless blessings)

I was with Shri Mataji for about nine to ten days. On the 24th or 25th April, Shri Mataji was going to Cabella at about 11.30 in the night. She was sitting in the hall and we were all doing pranams to Her. There were some trustees around Her and all the staff were there around me. Shri Mataji called all of us.

‘Anant ashiyavad,’ (endless blessings) She said to all of us. I was also standing there.

‘Give a thousand rupees each to all the staff,’ Shri Mataji said to Sir CP. After that, I went down with the flowers which had been given to Her to put them in the car. Again I was going back to the flat, but Shri Mataji was coming down in Her wheelchair in the same lift as I was trying to go up in. Suddenly She was there in front of me. There were a few steps, and someone had put some planks so Shri Mataji’s wheelchair could come down. Her son-in-law and some Sahaja Yogis were there, and there were four of us and we were trying to get the wheelchair down slowly. I was behind the wheelchair, supporting the chair and Shri Mataji’s face was the other way from me - I was behind Her. When we got the wheelchair down, Shri Mataji turned around and smiled.

‘Are you there?’ She said. There were two more steps to go down and Shri Mataji called me to the front and I had to put my hand just where Her Foot was, and then at that moment, She lifted Her sari a little bit so I could see Her Foot. Then She got in the car.

‘Anant ashiyavad,’ She said again to all of us. She was very happy and we were all very happy too.

Nilesh Rajguru

My Spirit immediately recognised Her

I went to my first puja in Cabella some five or six years ago, in the early 2000’s. I had received my self realisation in Ireland and was very curious about Shri Mataji, especially as I had been told She is the Holy Spirit. The leader said the next step would be to go to a puja in Cabella, so I went.

On the first evening a lot of arranging was being done, for the puja. I was so excited at having the chance to see Shri Mataji, and had strong feelings that She was on Her way. I told one of the Yoginis, who explained that Mother never came on the first two days, but would come on the third day, the Sunday.

‘Mother is coming tonight - I am sure of it!’ I repeated. The Yogini explained that She was ill and the chance of Her coming was remote.

‘Please take your positions everyone, Mother is on the way,’ was suddenly announced.

I will never forget when Shri Mataji walked in. Tears flowed and my heart was filled with such joy. I sat very close to the stage and was able to put my full attention on Mother. I was truly blessed under the circumstances, in particular because of Shri Mataji’s poor health at that time. She had come into my heart and my Spirit had immediately recognised Her.

Kevin Meehan



Sahasrara Puja 2004, at Cabella

Almost miraculously

In the early 2000’s, at Cabella, when the ladies from the organising countries were invited to perform puja, I was so eager to do it that I arrived first at the foot of the stage and then felt a bit awkward for having rushed thus, and was consequently standing there by myself. Shri Mataji looked at me with a very loving glance and encouraged me to come closer. She seemed to know me and know of everything I was going thorough at the moment. Although circumstances in my life at that time were concurring to help me become more humble, sometimes to the expense of my self-confidence, meeting Shri Mataji that year in Cabella helped restore my confidence and hope.

Almost miraculously, my son, who was then two and half and would not normally sleep unless there was perfect silence around, had fallen asleep, so I could entrust him to the Italian ladies sitting nearby, while performing the puja. Everything seemed looked after and organized by the Divine.

Alexandra Dumitrescu

They are from Bolivia

I’ll never forget the balmy summer’s day in Barcelona when the phone rang. The NGO worker on the other end spoke of three siblings who had been living in an orphanage in Bolivia since the youngest was a few months old. The lady asked if my husband Enzo and I would consider being their parents? Almost nine months after that, we were able to hold our Cochabambinos to our hearts - and of course they took to Sahaj life like ducks to water.

It was 2004, not long after Shri Mataji had ‘withdrawn’ and She was not speaking at all. We were at the airport waiting with our flowers till we saw Shri Mataji’s entourage emerge with the Goddess sitting regally in Her chair.

The children, who had been standing calmly with me and Enzo, suddenly disappeared - they’d managed to slip underneath the barrier and were now running towards Her as if their lives depended on it. They sweetly gave Mother

their flowers and even planted a number of kisses on Her tender cheeks. I saw a glimmer of a smile on Her lips.

‘Shri Mataji, these are Danya and Enzo’s children from Columbia!’ a lady announced. I bit my tongue - whilst bowing down I thought: ‘You know everything Mother, they are Your children - You know they are from Bolivia!’

Shri Mataji and Her family were whisked off in the car, leaving us all shinier and more peaceful, wrapped up in Her sparkling loving chaitanya.

Months later, during a chance conversation with Mother’s driver, he mentioned that there had been some discussion of the children in Shri Mataji’s car that day. Sadhana Didi had commented on their sweetness, also saying something about them coming from Columbia. Shri Mataji until then had not uttered a word.

‘They are from Bolivia, not Columbia,’ She said simply.

Danya Martoglio

Christmas Puja in Pune, 2004

Christmas Puja time was set on the 25th of December for 7.00 pm.

‘Come with me, take your belongings and come with me. Where are you from? Just follow me,’ a young Indian man said to me. Slowly I followed him, wondering where he would take me. As he was walking towards the stage and he asked me to wait there, I slowly started to wonder. More ladies had arrived, mostly Indian Sahaja Yoginis, and by the time we were seven, we were asked to sit on the edge of the red carpet, leading from the side to the stage, where Shri Mataji’s chair was. I started to realize why we were here, and at that moment of realization a rush of vibrations came over me, through my hands, body, my whole being and I felt myself totally in the real presence of silence and love of our Most Holy Mother, Shri Mataji.

We did not know at all and did not dare to expect that Our Holy Mother would grace us with Her physical presence that evening. Around 7.00 pm, the conch indeed announced Her arrival. At the sight of Our Mother, quite a few of us were struggling to hold back tears, tears of emotion, of being overwhelmed. But some deeper strength came up very quickly from within, pushing those tears away.

We were asked to go on stage. With a gentle and silent namaskar we greeted Shri Mataji. Sadhana Didi, with an expression of total sweetness and great dignity, unfolded a beautiful sari and gave it to all us to hold in a half circle around Mother. Shri Mataji was sitting on Her beautifully decorated chair, absolutely silent, still without any movement, Her skin glowing, soft as silk and almost transparent. Her eyes were for a long time looking at each of us, a look of the strongest kind I have ever felt or experienced before. She was penetrating completely, penetrating into our beings, touching the deepest centre point within myself. Eventually there were also slightly ‘other things’ besides that centre point becoming apparent, and I wished that they would not have been there, especially at that moment. But there was nothing I could do about it.

Mother’s strong, almost laser sharp and stern look did not move, and looking up to Her, I felt the strongest plea in Her eyes and whole expression of Her face, that ‘She needs us. She needs us to be there in the centre.’ It was a plea of such overwhelming strength, accompanied by a feeling of urgency: ‘I do need you, I need you to be at this centre point, without any compromise or failure.’



Christmas Puja in Pune, 2004

Her penetrating look did not stop, but my eyes had to bow down to Her Holy Lotus Feet, where the swastika was painted on at that moment, and with all my desire from that 'centre point' I joined into the song *Mahishasura Mardini*. In that way I humbly joined the collective request to the Goddess to please destroy the negativity, which endlessly disturbs and troubles the purity, balance and harmony.

Although I have been part of and witnessed many celebrations of pujas over the years, I could not recount at all any detail of the procedure of this puja. All I remember in my most inner core of being and heart is Mother's overwhelming plea: 'I need you. I need you all. I need you to be at this centre point.' This impression is strong enough to stay with me for the rest of my life. Also it seemed compulsory to share this experience with all children and devotees of Shri Mataji, as I was just only one drop out of the whole, out of all of us, being asked to be on stage.

Brigitte Shehovych

Shri Mataji did, and does, hear our prayers

It was 2004, the Christmas Puja at the sports stadium outside Pune. I was sitting at a café having a cup of tea before the puja, and saw Mr Saundankar, the great Sahaja Yogi from Nasik, who composed the words and music of *Namostute* and *Teri hi Gune Gate hai* – and some other wonderful bhajans. I called him over and we had more tea. Then I noticed Djamel Metouri, another old Sahaja Yogi. He joined our little party and I introduced him to Mr Saundankar, explaining that it was he who had given the Sahaja world these beautiful bhajans which praised Mother so profoundly. Djamel agreed that they were a great gift to us, and Mr Saundankar mentioned that although when they were first created they were often sung at pujas, for the last ten years, in India, neither of them had once been sung at any of the pujas in Mother's physical presence.

Some time later the puja started and I was sitting at the front, from where I could see what was going on. After the Shri Ganesha Puja part, it moved on to the Devi Puja section, and I noticed Shri Mataji gave a message to someone to tell the musicians something. They immediately stopped the introduction to whatever bhajan they were about to play and lo and behold! for the first time in many years, instead of *Jago Savere aya hai*, for the hundred and eight names of the Goddess, they played, and many thousands sang, *Teri hi Gune Gathe hai*. Then they went back to their obviously prearranged programme, but again Mother gave an

instruction, and within moments we were all singing *Namostute*. I saw Mr Saundankar later and he was overwhelmed and overjoyed.

A few months later I saw the Saundankars as they were registering for the Birthday Puja in Delhi, and laughingly asked if these bhajans might again be requested – but we doubted it because the Delhi (Noida) group had some excellent ones including the delightful and stirring *Jago Savere*. However, much to our surprise, and also that of the musicians and everyone else, the same thing happened as had at Pune. There were at least fifteen thousand people at these pujas and on each occasion the Saundankar family were sitting way back, where Mother could not have seen them, in normal terms.

Linda Williams

Chapter 10
2005
Europe, America and India

The power of the bandhan

In 2005 I was living at Belapur, the Sahaja Health Centre, beginning to wonder what I was supposed to do with all the recollections stories I had collected over the previous five years. Shri Mataji's last words to me at Cabella, in 2002, were an instruction to write books, so I kept working on them. I decided to give out the stories I had on a disc and this soon got all round the Sahaja world. This was my intention, in the hope of getting more stories as a result, which I did.

But I was not getting anywhere with actual publication. One day two very good Indian Sahaja Yogis were in my room and I was explaining this to them and they said, 'Give it a bandhan,' which we did.

The next day Dr Sandeep Rai, who had just been in Delhi with Shri Mataji and Her family, came into my room with his mobile phone and said there was a call for me. It was Shri Mataji's grandson Anand. He told me he was sitting next to Shri Mataji reading a printout of the stories from the disc I had sent round, and She was saying that he was really enjoying them and they should be printed in book form, by NITL the Sahaja printers. That year, 2005, Shri Mataji was hardly talking to anyone except Her family. It showed very clearly the power of the bandhan.

Linda Williams

Country flowers for Shri Mataji

It must have been in 2005 when Mother visited England and I was enjoying the beautiful summer in this area, the Cotswolds, I got a call that I might want to say farewell to Shri Mataji at terminal 4, Heathrow Airport, so I went out in the early morning to our beautiful country garden and gathered a lovely bouquet of roses and country looking flowers still covered in dew. I wrapped it in a purple silk paper and jumped in my car to be on time at the airport. I hadn't seen Shri Mataji from close up for quite a while and suddenly I found myself just close to Her wheelchair with my flowers.

'How are you?' She said, looking up at me and in a very loving way.

'Shri Mataji I am very moved to be here!' I replied.

She took my flowers and smelled them.

'From where are these beautiful flowers? You can't find flowers like these in the shops,' She said, and asked the country leader next to Her to name the flowers for Her. All the time She was holding the flowers I described the area they were coming from.

'Yes, I have been there,' She paused and said.

I was melting with joy to have been living for all this time with my family in a village just half a mile from these blessed places and understood why the vibrations were always so strong, with an open Sahasrara in this area!

Antoinette

Wells

Editor's note: Shi Mataji visited the Seven Springs and had a seminar near there at Cowley Manor in 1982.

Shri Adi Shakti Puja, Cabella Ligure, 19th June 2005

I was sitting on a chair at the side, and watched most of the puja on the big screen because I couldn't see Shri Mataji. Children placed flowers at Mother's Feet and then Her Feet were decorated with the kumkum. It was all very quick and, at the same time, done with meticulous attention and love.

When the ladies who had been holding the sari went back to their places, I became aware that there was a clear path in front of me. All the ladies sitting there had moved. There was a straight line, like a path of moonlight on the ocean. I stood up and walked forward, took a step to the left and found myself kneeling almost at Shri Mataji's Feet. I had moved without thought, like being drawn by a magnet. Now I had a full, unimpeded view, so close, so clear.

I marveled at this gift. I was before the Lotus Feet of God, my Mother. And I could feel She knew I was there. The singing was raising the roof and She was in joy, hearing the joyful voices of Her children. She wiped tears from Her cheeks. Behind Her seemingly impassive face, I could feel Her huge loving smile.



Shri Adi Shakti Puja 2005

As I watched Her, I suddenly felt tremendous compassion. With it came the thought, 'Oh Mother, what You do for us!' And straight away, I knew that the compassion was Hers, that compassion is one. Instantly that recognition became inexpressible experience. It began as a sudden feeling of expansion, emanating from Her. I could almost see it, but it wasn't seeing. Then it was of me, too. A huge expansion – and I was inside it. My eyes stayed open, watching Mother, and I knew I was inside, inside the body of the Adi Shakti. For the first time, I experienced the absolute knowledge of what that meant. At least, I glimpsed it. I was feeling the oneness, the drop becoming the ocean, where 'there is not the other.' For the first time, after all these years, I touched it. It was a gift from Her to me, kneeling before Her. I was kneeling at the Feet of God, feeling the power, feeling the vastness of it. It was not physical. There was no surge of energy. It was pure feeling, deep stillness, complete peace and a kind of knowingness. One Power, One Whole. And this is what I am. It was stunning.

The next day, we drove up to the castle, the magnificent front entrance, and looked out over the valley. It was there. Then we went down to the river and it was there.

I close my eyes now, as I write, and it's there. Not like at the puja, but it exists.

It's come into my experience. For years I have been asking and hoping for just one more chance to see Mother. Just once and I'd be satisfied. It happened. Jai Shri Mataji!



The entrance to the castle

Shri Mataji's place in my heart

I got my realisation three years ago, in The Bronx, from some yogis who were giving realisation on the streets.

I had always wanted to know what it is like to be in Shri Mataji's presence and eventually went to the Shri Ganesha Puja in 2005, in New Jersey. The whole weekend was blissful and by the time the night of the puja came around, I was in such a state of joy, from the weddings, the meditation and being with the collective. Before it was announced that Shri Mataji was on the road, we started to sing bhajans and I started getting teary-eyed.

I made my way closer to the stage so I could take some photographs, and found a spot near the stage. Then the yogis began offering the puja and I started to cry non-stop for about five minutes.

There was a plant to my right which I hid myself behind. For some reason, I didn't want Shri Mataji to see me crying. However I knew that She knew that I was there, and She looked at me for about thirty seconds. It didn't feel like She was looking at me though, it felt like She was looking through me. Every time She looked in my direction, I couldn't look up at Her at all. Instead, I could only put my head down and keep my eyes to the earth.

As Shri Mataji was accepting the gifts, I began thanking Her for everything from my heart, and asking for Her blessings. That's when my crying stopped. It was, by far the best experience I've ever had in my life. Being in Shri Mataji's presence made me feel like I was so close to God! It wasn't until then that I finally felt that there was some being much greater and more powerful than me, and that being is Her Holiness Shri Adi Shakti Mataji Nirmala Devi. It was an incredibly humbling feeling but I was filled with such joy and peace, like I was a child at the feet of my mother who loved and accepted me just as much as everyone else.

After the puja, a few other sisters and I were discussing our experiences concerning Shri Mataji and Sahaja Yoga. All of them said that they cried like I did when they were in Shri Mataji's presence for the first time. Since then, I'm finding that She not only has a place in my heart, but that that place is getting bigger and bigger, and the collective has become a part and parcel of my being. Now I know how much She loves all of us, I can feel that more and more every day of my life.

Kristen Tomaino

Shri Mataji knew everything and everyone

In early October 2005, I dreamed of Shri Mataji and She somehow stood high in the sky, which was full of sunshine. I moved a step forward and felt very strong vibrations on my palms and my whole body. I was very peaceful with this silence of the universe. Simultaneously, rain started falling from the sunny sky but it was raining rice instead of water. When I woke up, I felt very joyful. I remembered that rice was used in pujas and felt it was Shri Mataji calling me, so decided to take leave from my busy work schedule and attend the Navaratri Puja in Delhi.

We did not expect to have a chance to present our country gift to Shri Mataji on stage until it was announced at the end of puja. We were four yogis to present two puja gifts, on behalf of the Hong Kong and China collectives. When we stood beside the stage, I could feel my heartbeat speed up to the extent that I heard only my heartbeat, because I never believed we could have chance to be so close to Shri Mataji. One yogi and I presented the gift of a Quan Yin, with a thousand hands, and I held a wooden stand for the statue. I followed the yogi and did namaskar to Shri Mataji. She looked at it, and also at the yogi next to me, then glanced far away, at the open sky.

At that moment, I kept looking at Mother and asking in my heart, 'Did You call me to come here?' and She turned Her face and looked into me deeply. I knew She was answering my question and I again did namaskar, as I felt it was not polite to look directly at Her. During the time we had eye contact for a second, I could feel the emptiness of the universe in my Agnya chakra.

We left the stage after presenting the gift and I knew from my heart that She knew everything and every one of us. Later on, I learnt from a book of puja protocol that rice offering means blessings of prosperity and good fortune, so I understood the meaning of my dream and how Shri Mataji is always with us and takes care of us.

Gigi Chung

Two leaves

During the last three months of 2005, while we were in Pratishthan, Shri Mataji was silent most of the time. Her sentences were very few but so meaningful, whether it was a brief comment on a cricket match, or on a movie seen on TV, or guidance for the way we, the people serving Her, were doing things. In Her silence there was a love that took many expressions; a glance, a smile, a touch of the hand.

I remember that one day Mother wished to take Her lunch on one of the two balconies outside Her bedroom; one with a magnificent view over the garden. She asked on which side a particular shrub was growing that had been planted by divine hands some time ago, and chose to seat Herself by this plant. As soon as She was seated two leaves from the bush, carried by the wind, touched Her Lotus Feet, gently paying respects to the Holy Mother. The vibrations were beyond words.

Cristina Harabour

Our main priority

I was leading the meditation at the Vaitarna Music Academy on the day before New Year's Eve 2005. At one point I prayed to Shri Ganesha that He may fill us with pure divine music, and lead us to the Feet of Shri Adi Shakti. Within an hour Arun Apte arrived back from Pune. As he stepped out of his car he received a

phone call asking him to come back to Pratishthan and sing for Shri Mataji for the New Year celebrations the next day.

Rather than sing by himself he decided to take six singers from the academy – three women and three men. We travelled by jeep to the Pune ashram, rehearsed, freshened up and arrived at Pratishthan around 8.30 pm on New Year's Eve. I had never been there before and was amazed at its stylish grandeur and feeling of deep peace. We passed through some decorated marble corridors with fine carpets, meditated and prepared some songs for Shri Mataji.

After about an hour we were led into a reception room and waited for Shri Mataji to arrive. When She came She looked extremely powerful, yet quiet and contained, intently looking at all the fifty or so yogis gathered before Her. A local man performed a raga and two Yuva Shaktis sang a beautiful Kabir song. When the Vaitarna group began with *Mahamaya*, *Mahakali*, the whole room seemed to reverberate with everyone clapping and joining in. The vibrations completely opened the heart and Shri Mataji put a lot of attention on the singers. She enjoyed the performance very much and asked us to sing more, so we offered two more bhajans.

Tim, and Ronald from Germany offered a garland at Shri Adi Shakti's Feet, and after we had bowed down, Sir CP asked us to perform again. He addressed the meeting and conveyed Shri Mataji's message that Sahaja Yoga has to be our main priority now, our main job, to spread it all over and go all out, so that in the coming year we would double the number of Sahaja Yogis in the world. He added that we should do it through our music, that music is very important in spreading Sahaja Yoga.

As we filed out we were completely in another state of bliss, smiling unstopably, with huge grins on our faces – such was the feeling of joy bubbling up from inside. About fifteen minutes before midnight we were hurriedly directed to Shri Mataji's room. We sang to Her again, this time 'We wish You a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' No one had thought to bring a songbook, so we sang some more bhajans from memory, ending with Shri Ganesha's names. Just as we finished singing the names, Sir CP wished everyone a Happy New Year on behalf of Shri Mataji, and added that She had promised to stay with us all (on this earth) until every human being had become a Sahaja Yogi. Shri Mataji nodded Her head in agreement with this, then cut a very large cake.

The atmosphere was extremely joyful and vibrated, and again, as I did namaskar I felt a great sense of surrender and devotion – nearly forgetting to get up again!

As we left, the sky lit up with fireworks announcing the New Year 2006.

Tim Bruce

Chapter 11
2006
Australia, India, Europe and America

Shri Mataji's open window

On the Saturday night of 11th March 2006, Sahaja Yogis, devotees of Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, the Creator of the Universe and World Saviour, were gathered in Burwood, next door to Mother's house, for their weekly gathering and collective meditation. At that time they did not know that the Goddess was going to bless them with Her divine presence.

When we arrived, the pre-school was locked, so we decided to sit on the front lawn and enjoy the collective singing. We were sitting in the garden near the fence facing Mother's bedroom. After some time we stopped to meditate. At this point someone came over and quietly told a few of us that Shri Mataji's window was open and that She was listening to the music and that we should keep singing. A bit later, another yogi passed a written message saying, 'Shri Mataji is having tea in the bedroom and listening'. No more encouragement was needed to devotees, who get great joy from offering songs at the Lotus Feet of their Guru.

At one stage, a yogi from inside the pre-school wished to play Shri Mataji's talk for the weekly programme, not realising what was going on outside. When it was explained by one of the musicians what was happening, there was a twinkling smile on that yogi's face, when he realised that this was the only communion/communication that was necessary. We were also aware that if Mother wanted to sleep, we would have to stop singing. John, who was watching Mother's window, said, 'As long as Mother keeps Her window open we can sing.' This feeling of being very close to Shri Mataji multiplied our enthusiasm and devotion. Our hearts were bubbling with joy.

This seemed to be just a continuation of the previous night, our weekly bhajan night. During the first bhajans, I felt my attention somehow flat, lost on its way, not established in the Sahasrara. Then it started to relax and settle itself. By the tenth song, I could feel myself glorified, established in Sahasrara, with no more efforts or fears. At that point we were all one, one with Her, one with Her eternal glory of God.

A few moments later, a Sahaja Yogi who was looking after Mother came to the fence to tell us that Mother was inviting us to come to Her place to sing more bhajans. We went and all sat in Her courtyard in awe, in auspicious silence. We started singing with unusual power and intensity, while Mother was getting prepared to welcome us in.

Then the curtains opened. We were all invited inside and witnessed the most beautiful and auspicious event. Mother was sitting with Her daughters and instantly I felt a strong power of auspiciousness and love. I felt as the Mother power was multiplied. They were holding Mother's hands, sometimes looking at Her and talking to Her and requesting another bhajan or qawwali. They were the expression of Mother's love. They were very happy and Mother closed Her eyes in meditation at times.

We could feel we were in Mother's full attention and instruments to spread Her love to the whole world. I witnessed my attention going around the world at times. Mother, once again, blessed the whole world with Her love, Her mercy, Her unending compassion. Let us all uphold Her expectations and put all efforts to discipline and respect ourselves truly, as Her children.

John Smiley and Jean-Michel Huet

I felt I was being pulled

In 2006, in Sydney, we were lucky enough to be sitting at the end of the hall almost directly opposite it. When they drew the curtains back Shri Mataji was sitting on the stage. I felt like I was being pulled, pulled towards Shri Mataji. You almost had to force yourself backwards or you'd just go flying forwards. So strong, particularly when you namaskared.

Katy Mankar

The whole universe was in the room

In February 2006, in Sydney, when we entered Shri Mataji's room to offer flowers from Turkey, I felt that the whole universe and each planet was in the room, hanging in the ether, but Shri Mataji's attention was on the earth and She is here for us and is working for us. But our attention is on trivial things and we are not doing our job properly. I felt that everything in the world; the lights in the streets, the traffic, the noise, was in the room. It seemed that there was a fight in the ether with swords and other weapons.

When I experienced this I realised that it happens all the time in my daily life as well, but the experience in the room was much stronger. When I feel it now, I know that it is Shri Mataji working in me, which I didn't know before. Shri Mataji showed me Her power, and that everything is under Her control.

Thank You, Shri Mataji, for this incredible experience.

Melike Nadarajah

Celebration of Holi

'Wish fulfilling' was the over-riding feeling of our joyful Holi celebrations with Shri Mataji and Her family at Burwood in 2006. It began when Shri Mataji was noticed reading a book and we got to glimpse Her doing so. Then progressively we were all invited to sit inside with Her. Always Sahaja Yogis feel close to our Divine Mother yet rarely indeed this close, so intimate and so all encompassing. So began this night of music, joy and complete integration. Our children and the collective danced ecstatically in front of Her, music rising to almost frenzied enthusiasm, and intense gratitude at the acceptance of us all as we collectively dissolved into the unity of this completely beautiful experience. We are Her family and Her joy of many colours is our heritage.

Pavan Keetley

Midnight birthday, 2006

Our pretext was that our beloved brothers from Japan were wishing to present flowers and pranams to Shri Mataji and so we were at Burwood the night before Her birthday. We played some bhajans beforehand and then Bagus was asked to play first keyboard, outside, and then solo piano inside the ashram, with dulcet subtle versions of Western songs like *It's a wonderful world*.

It was truly memorable. Later that evening I was asked to barbecue some things for our Mother's dinner, a small but immensely satisfying task. Then not long before midnight we were ushered again into Shri Mataji's family presence as She and Sir CP were congratulated and sung to at midnight. Then in the most intimate of family settings we shared the birthday cake and subtle nourishments

of being beside Her, and we were absolutely happy, in this most perfect of birthdays.

Pavan Keetley

What a time to be alive!

On April 7th, 2006 the collective arranged a very big party in celebration of Shri Mataji and Sir CP's 59th wedding anniversary at Burwood. It turned out to be a most magical and unforgettable evening, which can only be summed up by the words of a new song written at the time: *What a sight, what a life, what a time to be alive!* This we sang, as the complete blessings of param chaitanya poured down on all of us. Shri Mataji looked so radiant, I could not think of a more perfect gathering - it was indeed like a gathering in heaven itself.

Just as everything was in this state of perfection, Shri Mataji and Sir CP began showering everyone with gifts; gifts for the cooking team of many completely fulfilled ladies, gifts for the organizers of the many events of this most unforgettable time. Our joy and gratitude overwhelmed us.

Lene Jeffrey

A sign that I needed to stay on the stage longer

In 2006 I attended Shri Ganesha Puja in Australia. I had such a strong desire to get married, so I filled out my application with the idea in mind that it would happen then.

After arriving on the camp site, a yogi announced that if there was anyone who wanted to get married at this puja, that there was a bus leaving for Shri Mataji's house in thirty minutes. All of us ladies got dressed up in our best saris, arrived at Her house in Burwood and stayed until 12 midnight. As the evening progressed, the ladies waiting to be matched moved into the kitchen to help with the cooking. When the talent portion of the night started, we watched it on the internet. In the middle of the programme, a yogi who was looking after Shri Mataji came into the kitchen and asked if there was anyone present from the USA. I was the only one in the room from there, so I felt it was my duty to speak up.

'Yes sir, I'm from the USA,' I raised my hand and said.

'Do you know anything about the tennis?' he asked.

'I'm sorry but I don't,' I replied.

Then he ran back upstairs to Shri Mataji. The US Open was just finishing and I remembered that Shri Mataji likes to watch tennis, so I realised who that question was coming from. As it turned out I was not matched, and was rather upset, although later got over it.

The next day was the puja. There was a series of gifts for Shri Mataji and I was asked to go on stage with the other brothers and sisters from the USA to present one. I was to present a set of clay wind chimes. The time came after the puja for everyone to line up with their gifts. When it was our turn, we approached Her individually and did namaskar. When I did namaskar, I felt that I wanted to keep my head to the earth but also had to remember not to be greedy with my time near Shri Mataji, for there were so many other yogis waiting to give their gifts. As I lifted my head after doing namaskar, to my surprise Shri Mataji looked up at me and gave me the biggest, sweetest, and brightest smile that I've ever seen.

The last time that I was near Her during a puja I had cried and hidden behind a plant. This time, it was very joyous because I was balanced and in the present. For those thirty seconds, which felt like eternity, I was in thoughtless awareness. I did

namaskar again and then stood up to leave the stage, but I was unable to because the auntie who was presenting the next gift was kneeling on my sari by accident, so I could not get up until she did. Maybe that was a sign that I needed to stay on the stage longer!

When I returned to my seat I learned from an auntie who I sat next to, that Shri Mataji kept Her attention on me while I was doing namaskar to Her. I came away from the puja feeling extremely satisfied spiritually, healed and very joyful.

Kristen Tomaino

Sydney Airport, 2006

While we sat in the Kingsford Smith Room yesterday, 14th April, waiting to farewell Shri Mataji, the memories came flooding back. How many times over the last two and a half decades – since that first visit in March 1981 – have we yogis travelled to the airport with excitement and anticipation in our hearts: for our Beloved Mother was coming to see Her children in the Great South Land of red earth and Shri Ganesha's swayambhu.

In the first decade the yogis – a small group of about forty – would gather near the exit doors with heart-filled expectation for that initial glimpse, that comforting glance, the divine darshan of their most compassionate Mother. How graciously She moved along the line of eager yogis, accepting each and every offering of flowers with bright greetings!

‘Hello, how are you?’ She would say.

With Her encouraging smile She dissolved all our fears and diffidence. We truly felt there were no obstacles – all that was mere illusion, like clouds becoming more and more wispy and then disappearing to reveal a clear blue sky.

In the impersonal and public domain of the airport, Shri Mataji would sit down and talk to us. And, suddenly and spontaneously, the airport lounge would be transformed into heaven-on-earth, with the Queen of both enthroned before Her devoted subjects, sitting quietly on the ground around Her. Some airport employees – drawn perhaps by curiosity, more probably by vibrations – would hover close by in a bemused state. Many were given their realisation personally by our Mother. As She talked and laughed with us – even on occasion naming our children – the ordinary world seemed to fade and instead we were all enveloped in a light-filled bubble of timelessness.

Yesterday, farewelling our Mother, after the blessing of three months in Australia, was as special and moving an experience: the table laden with beautiful bouquets; the huge chocolate Easter eggs; the room crowded with two hundred or more yogis; our brother Chris's words of gratitude which spoke for us all; the songs of joy; Sir CP's sweetest and kindest words that made tears well up in our eyes from overfull hearts. One can only take a deep breath to absorb such abundance.

Yet, much has changed for our collective in over two and a half decades. Before us on the dais sat Shri Mataji, so much more to us now than a Great Queenly Mother at Whose Feet we were once supplicants. She has indeed ‘given us more than we could ask for’. Increasingly, now, I feel, She is becoming the witness of Her own creation. As She recedes from interaction with us on an everyday level, She seems to call us more and more to surrender to the formless, to recognize that God is both immanent and transcendent in the vastness of the universe. We may still wish at times for the words, the smiles, the acknowledgement. Yet, in Her silence She now speaks more directly to our spirits. No longer can we glide along

all the streams and tributaries, it is the strong river of eternal life we must flow in now.

I pray for the awareness and clarity to understand that silence, that interior wordless language, and to be able to imbibe it fully into my heart – because it is in the heart that the Divine will need to reside for all the Sahaja generations to come.

Bogunia Bensaude



Sydney Airport, 2006

A divine glance

In April 2006 after a long wait for Shri Mataji to return to Pratishthan, Pune from Australia I got my first ever opportunity to stay in Mother's house to help with chores. During this short period of seven days we were blessed with some pujas including the Easter one.

The evening Shri Mataji was leaving for London, She sat in Her car and we were only a few people present at that moment surrounding it. I was standing very close and could clearly see Shri Mataji. She was looking so glorious as usual. As I wanted to thank Her for allowing me to spend those seven unforgettable days in Her holy presence, looking at Her I said in my heart, 'Shri Mataji, I love You,' while She was looking at me. All of sudden She looked straight at me and again as I repeated the same words in my heart Mother again looked at me. I was completely drenched in joy as it was a great blessing for me that Adi Shakti Herself responded to my prayers and blessed me with Her divine glance.

Anshul Bansal

The net of heaven is cast wide

My first ever puja was when Shri Mataji came to England for Adi Shakti Puja in 2006. I was drawn to attend by a sense I had never felt before. At the puja I met many yogis and got such a view of Sahaja Yoga as I never had previously - a total sense of community. Lao Tse says it best: 'The net of heaven is cast wide. Though the mesh is loose, nothing ever slips through,' The Anglican Prayer book also has a term that comes close: 'the communion of saints.'

We were singing before the puja, all wearing white kurtas and many coloured saris - though I didn't know the words it didn't matter, I clapped like crazy! And then we heard that Mother has left Her home to come and immediately vibrations came, so much. We were dancing with the angels.

When She came into the tent everything settled right down. She was only a speck in my vision as I was towards the back. A small, clear Italian gentleman next to me started quietly crying - face aglow - smiling the widest smile I'd ever seen. Then an ache started in my right heart and grew in ferocity until it felt like a physical affliction. It was as if I became aware of a wound I had had for ages. It felt like my chest was pierced by a spear or sword and that it was slowly being pulled at. At the same time there was such a clear, cool spring coursing through my void, an unstoppable tide rising to my spirit. The experience was all-consuming.

As Shri Mataji left the experience faded and the tent was awash with cool vibrations. I went to bed. The next morning there was a clearly perceptible brilliance coming out of the earth around the stage where Mother sat. What kind of a person, I thought, is surrounded by so much power?

Michiel Wood



Shri Adi Shakti Puja, 2006

Something very beautiful happened

Something very beautiful happened two days ago (in June 2006). I was at Shri Mataji's house, where She is staying while She is here, and I had made a card on which I drew Shri Ganesha's head in pencil, and had written a message inside. I also brought a bunch of roses from me, and one from another Yuva Shakti, which had together been made into a lovely little pink and white bouquet to offer to Mother. Around 1.00 pm, just before Mother's meal, I was allowed to go in. There was only Mother and a few nurses.

To begin with Mother was looking at one of the nurses and then She turned Her head and saw me, and I lit up with love from Her. I knelt down at Her Feet, and gave Her the card, which She took and held in Her hands. She looked at the Shri Ganesha on it, and at me several times with such softness.

'Did you do it?' Shri Mataji said in Marathi or Hindi, but I understood what She said.

'Yes,' I said. I was so overwhelmed with love and the attention of Mother that I was nearly in tears throughout my time there. I felt Her enveloping me and holding me safe, it felt like there was nothing but Her, and my love for Her as Her little child. I was with Her there but part of Her. She was holding me so lovingly with Her attention, glance and Motherly love.

Sadhana Didi came in and translated what Shri Mataji was saying, explaining that She was saying that the drawing was 'beautiful'.

'Thank You, Thank You Shri Mataji,' I humbly said many times, fighting back the tears, and I did namaskar. Then I gave Her the flowers, which She smelled.

‘Ganapati,’ She said strongly, but so gently and smoothly, and looked at me. The word penetrated into me. I felt like Her small child, and was lost in Mother’s presence, love and attention. The bond from my heart to Hers was so strong that I never want to forget or not feel that.

I then opened the card again and gave it back to Mother to read, and She held it and read it for some time, and then looked at me with love.

‘To the most Holy Mother,’ it said. ‘Thank You for saving me from the evil forces, from Your innocent, loving, eternally dedicated child, with love...’ I stayed for a bit longer with Mother in that bond with each other, and the card and flowers were put on the mantelpiece in front of Her chair. I did namaskar again and thanked Her again, then left to go through to the kitchen to wash up Her dishes. I felt so full of joy and sweetness, like a toddler again.

Amy Gordon

Mother is with us, always

Sahaja Yoga has changed over the years, and Shri Mataji has withdrawn much more in a physical sense. But to me it is just so simple now. I always used to suffer from the Western disease of analysing everything and trying to work things out on a mental level. Now it just seems so simple to accept the beautiful vibrations that Mother pours out on us each day and let them do the work.

Although I only saw Shri Mataji from a distance at the two national pujas we were blessed to host in England in 2006, I am far more aware of Her presence than I used to be. It is wonderful to have time with Shri Mataji and I feel so fortunate for all the experiences She has given me over the years but I realise now just how close Mother is *all* the time no matter where Her physical presence is. It is we that sometimes move away from Her: She is always there, the unchanging source of comfort, fulfilment and love.

Joanne Moore

Paradise

After a marvellous tour of Morocco when Sahaja Yogis from various countries held programmes in Casablanca, Marrakech and Rabat, we were invited to meet Shri Mataji in London, in 2006. When we were there we showed Her a DVD of the tour.

‘Are they all Muslims?’ Shri Mataji asked.

‘Yes,’ we replied.

Later Shri Mataji observed that they were true Muslims, good hearted people, and they deserved it. She also said they are very creative and write some wonderful poems. In the DVD we put a saying of Mohammed Sahib, from the Hadith: ‘Paradise is under the Feet of the Mother.’ Shri Mataji read it on the screen.

‘Really?’ She said. ‘Mohammed said this?’ Then, She was looking with a different view, through the eyes of the Virata, ‘Yes,’ She said, ‘Fatima is that Mother.’

Earlier, in 1995, Shri Mataji had asked Wolfgang from Austria to take care of Sahaja Yoga in Morocco. I did not know this, but I am from Austria, and by chance went there on business and did give realisation to some people. We met Shri Mataji at Cabella in 1996, after arranging several public programmes there, and told Her that it was very difficult.

‘As long as they have fear, I cannot help them,’ She said at that time.

A month with Shri Mataji

It was such a blessing for me to cook for Shri Mataji for more than a month. It was the most precious time of my life.

On the 5th of May another Sahaja Yogini and I left the puja site to cook in Mother's house. As soon as we reached the house, Aunty Saxena from India, in charge of the kitchen, said that today was Sahasrara Day, so make every possible nice thing for the Devi's bhog (enjoyment). We made lots of things from our heart. In the evening, along with some other Austrian brothers and sisters, we had the opportunity to attend a small puja in the presence of Shri Mataji and sang bhajans. It was always my desire to sing in front of Shri Mataji and it happened that I could sing on Sahasrara Day with the bhajan group. We also sang *Mata ka karam*, which Shri Mataji liked very much.

On the 7th, the day of the Sahasrara Puja, I again went there and we made different types of sweets for prasad. Some sweets I made for the first time and they all turned out very nicely. I felt as if I was not doing anything and Shri Mataji was doing it all.

The next day when I came to Shri Mataji's house, an English Sahaja Yogi asked where the boy was who sang *Mata ka karam* so nicely. The person who sang flew back again from Austria to London and sang it again at the beautiful Shri Buddha Puja on Buddha Purnima day in the house.

The day after was Mother's Day. There were offerings from different countries. The Austrians also brought beautiful cakes and flowers. On that day an amazing thing happened: around 12 o'clock in the night Shri Mataji asked for aarti, so we all ran up to the living room and sang it. It was like a puja and Shri Mataji was wearing the Austrian shawl which was a collective effort of the ladies in Austria.



Shri Mataji wearing the shawl presented by the Austrian ladies

Shri Mataji liked the shawl very much. This shawl and scarf was worn by Her quite a few times, whenever She went out. The Austrian Mother's Day card was always in Shri Mataji's bedroom, just opposite Her chair.

Once Shri Mataji was sitting at the dining table just in front of the kitchen door and we were all busy preparing breakfast. She looked at all of us. We did namaskar, it was a very nice darshan. Kalpana Didi was there for some days and we had opportunity to cook with her. We cooked akhni pulao, Kashmiri chicken, keema, egg curry, moong dal vada. She told us that most of them were from Shri Mataji's recipes.

We often sat in the corridor while Shri Mataji was sitting in the living room watching something on the TV. We watched a few Hindi films together: *Lagaan*, *Mugal-E-Azam* and *Dil Chahata Hai*. Once we watched the Sahasrara Puja 2006 and

and sang the aarti; it was very nice. Often when we were free we would meditate on the lawn facing Shri Mataji's bedroom window, or just in front of Her room. Such deep meditations we had.

Once Shri Mataji played harmonium Herself. We all ran up from the kitchen to see that; it was a wonderful scene. It was such a wonderful evening, just like a music programme in heaven.

Before Kalpana Didi left she gave valuable gifts to everybody in the house. She called me into her room and opened her hand: a pair of very beautiful golden earrings with rubies. I said it was too much. She said it was Mother's blessings. I was in tears.

Once the French Yuva Shaktis came to give gifts on the occasion of their Mother's Day and they sang a very soft and sweet song which was very touching. We were sitting in Shri Mataji's dining area and watching. It was very nice. On the 6th of June the Yuva Shaktis came to sing bhajans. They sang very beautifully and the whole house was full of joy and charged with vibrations. They presented pictures of the Yuva Shakti ashram. It was a wonderful evening.

Suddenly Shri Mataji said She did not want to go in the wheel chair and She wanted to walk, and She walked from the living room to the bedroom. It was the most extraordinary event. The whole house was bubbling with joy, everybody was saying that Shri Mataji was walking. Since then She always walked from the bedroom to the living room and back.

On the 7th of June we, the kitchen team, went to offer flowers to Shri Mataji. We all did pranams. It was such a nice moment.

'You all cook so many things, nice food and you are spoiling us,' Sir CP said.

On the 8th of June we watched the Austrian bhajan DVD for the first time, together with Shri Mataji. We sat in the corridor and She was in the living room and liked the bhajans. I was sitting and singing, and felt that I was singing with the other Austrians. It was an amazing moment. I was so proud to be Austrian. After that many times Shri Mataji watched that DVD and specially the song *Mata ka karam*. Even on the second day of the evening programme of Shri Adi Shakti Puja She watched *Mata ka karam*, and again when She came back after the puja.

On the day of Shri Adi Shakti Puja, we had the Foot washing ceremony of Mother in the morning. It was like a small puja. Then they asked five ladies of the house to bring the Lakshmi baskets to Shri Mataji. I was one of them. Another lady and I were carrying beautiful Cranberry glass sets. We offered them to Shri Mataji and did pranams. She was very happy. I felt it was the most precious moment of my life. When we came out another lady was asking me about the shopping list and we both said we couldn't think any more! After some time we started to make the shopping list, cook and so on again. On the puja day, together with some Indian food, I could make Austrian schnitzel.

After Shri Mataji had lunch we all got ready for the puja and waited outside, so that when She went in the car we also jumped in the van. When Shri Mataji was going in the car we all did namaskar and She raised Her hand for blessings. She was very happy during the puja and afterwards, when we were dancing the qawwali in front of Her, She was smiling at us. So sweet. We came back home and made the dinner. When Shri Mataji had finished dinner, I said goodbye to everybody. I was in tears and felt that I was going away from my parent's house.

For more than a month I had the opportunity to serve God Herself. It was the most precious time of my life. I could make breakfast, lunch, dinner, chai and everything - whatever was in my heart and whatever Shri Mataji wanted. Working

there I felt that as if I was not doing anything. She was giving the ideas and I was just moving my hands. There were many things which I made there for the first time, but everything turned out nicely. Once we had to get the dinner ready in forty-five minutes, which is normally quite impossible, but everything was finished at the right time. So, She does it all.

When I came back to Austria I felt that I had come back from heaven to earth. It was really a different world there with Shri Mataji. The birds were always singing, and beautiful blossoms were everywhere. Everything was beyond time. Sometimes dinner was finished at four in the morning, sometimes half past two or three. Everything was so beautiful. We were always full with joy and vibrations. What more can a Sahaja Yogi want?

Soma Kuna

We are very close

I hesitate to write about the house in Chiswick because for me it was a deeply personal and difficult experience. We had recently seen Shri Mataji for the first time since Her illness, at Chiswick Town Hall, when She arrived in England, and it was a big shock to see Her completely withdrawn.

Some time later I was asked to come to the house in Chiswick because it had been decided that some old yogis should offer Mother a garland for some Sahaja anniversary. I was there with my sister Maureen and Douglas Fry, and my brother Finbar was there too, together with our spouses. We arrived at the house and it seemed a pretty exclusive affair. There was a certain amount of excitement going on because Mother was rumoured to have been interacting with people more than usual that day.

When the time came, the 'old yogis' were summoned to offer a garland at Mother's Feet, which we did although She paid us no attention. Just afterwards however, Mother looked up and caught sight of my brother Finbar.

'Where is Pat?' She said, and I was hurriedly summoned back again, while Mother also said, 'Where is Pat's wife?'

I made my way back to Mother and knelt on the floor in front of Her. She looked intently at me and I looked into Her eyes. I could not see the Goddess there, something I had previously had a lot of experience of when interacting with Her personally, only Mother's human personality looking at me as if through a deep mist. I could see that She recognised me.

'I remember, from the very beginning,' She said. 'The only thing that matters is that we are very close,' (or all very close) and I felt She meant we were very close to the final manifestation of the divine within us.

At one point Mother asked Sir CP a question in Marathi and he asked me what job I was doing. I replied that I was working as a building surveyor, although I was nearing the end of a temporary contract and was uncertain what I was going to do next. Soon afterwards I was surprised to get a great job as a project manager in a multi-million pound Local Authority building renovation programme.

Pat Anslow

A visit to Kew Gardens

In June 2006 we went to Kew Gardens with Shri Mataji. I went too, because I used to work there. Shri Mataji asked to see the rose garden, so we walked from the main gate to the rose garden. When we reached there Mother asked whether

we were allowed to pick a rose. Somebody picked a white or cream coloured one for Her, but it didn't have a fragrance. Then a couple of Sahaja Yogis ran around the rose garden looking for a rose with a scent, and found a very fragrant red one and Mother smelled it.

'Ah!' Shri Mataji said, and after this She was concerned about the children. 'It is too big for the children,' She said, and when we went near the pond Mother did not want them to go near the water, but to be near Her. Mother stayed by the pond for a while, watching the birds, and then we started walking back to the gate.

As we were walking back, I had a feeling that Mother was in every tree and leaf and flower, but there She was in front of me!

Heli Fitzgerald



Shri Mataji visiting Kew Gardens

Sitting near the Feet of God Almighty

I had recently become very interested in photography and was learning almost from scratch at a very fast rate. There was a reason for this, which I was soon to discover.

Two months later Shri Mataji came to London for four days on Her way to Pune, in October 2006. By sheer chance I was in the right place at the right time with my camera and it worked out that I got some really nice shots of Her. The feedback about the pictures was good and the next day I found myself taking pictures of Shri Mataji again. I took the pictures for four days in total. I had been in Sahaja Yoga for sixteen years and never had the chance to be this close to Her. I found myself at Her Feet every day for four days in a row. I had always had a strong desire to have had some time where I could experience what it was like to be close to Shri Mataji, so those four days were like a dream come true.

I found that while I was taking pictures my attention was focused very much on the job at hand. I felt blessed the whole time but there were two moments I remember well. One time I was sitting on the floor at Mother's Feet and took a short break from the camera. I became overwhelmed by the moment - the thought that I was sitting three feet away from the Feet of God Almighty. I felt totally blessed. This sublime experience occurred in a shop on a busy shopping day in the centre of London! On the last day at the airport when Shri Mataji was leaving, at one point She looked into the camera and smiled, I took a few shots and made a gesture of thanks to Shri Mataji. My Kundalini came up really strongly and my head was tingling all over. It was a great time that I will never forget.

The picture on the next page was taken at St Georges House in Chiswick, West London. The ladies were performing the welcoming aarti and are decorating Shri Mataji's Feet.



Beautiful flowers

We lived the Cotswolds from 1997 to 2007, near the Seven Springs where there was a gathering in 1982 (Cowley Manor Seminar). In 2006 when Mother visited England I was enjoying the beautiful summer in this area, and got a call that I might want to say farewell to Her at Heathrow Airport, so I went in the early morning in our beautiful country garden, gathered a lovely bouquet of roses and country looking flowers still covered in dew, wrapped it in a silk purple paper and jumped in my car to be on time at the airport. I hadn't seen Shri Mataji from close for quite a while and suddenly found myself just by Her wheelchair with my flowers. She looked up at me in a very loving way.

'How are you?' She said.

'Shri Mataji I am very moved to be here,' I replied. She took my flowers and smelled them.

'From where are these beautiful flowers? You can't find flowers like these in the shops.' She asked the person next to Her to name the flowers for Her. All the time She was holding the flowers whilst I described the area they were coming from. She paused and said, 'Yes I have been there.'

I was melting with joy to have been living for all this time with my family in a village just half a mile from these blessed places and understood why the vibrations were always so strong with an open Sahasrara in this area!

Antoinette Wells

This dream is so fresh in my memory

I once dreamed about Shri Mataji in Genoa, in about 2005. In the dream She took me for a walk and was very dynamic, fresh and young as eternity. She was very close, without any barrier.

'Look at the sky, at the trees, at the small birds,' She said to me, and pointed out all the beauty of the surrounding nature. Then She went on, 'You have to say to all the Sahaja Yogis that I am at the source of all this creation and I am behind everything.'

It was the time when Mother didn't receive anybody. Nobody was allowed inside. Everybody was saying that these times were finished and that Mother would not receive Her children again.

In the dream, it started in the living room of the castle full of yogis, so full that we had to be outside. When I woke up, a thought came, 'How it could be? Mother doesn't receive anyone any more.'

The next year, 2006, I stayed in the castle for one and a half months. Every two days we were around Mother in Her living room, singing bhajans, such as Jago Savera, Namostute, etc, exactly as in the dream!

Virginie Patil

The Guru Puja cake

Every puja, we used to offer on nice decorated cake to Shri Mataji. So, one Guru Puja, in 2006, we made a nice cake decorated with fresh rose petals, with candles at the sides and one on the top. During the dinner, the electricity failed and our brothers were a little bit panicked to find the cause and put it on again. It took a little time and meanwhile Mother's apartment was lit with candles. While our brothers were a little tense, Mother was enjoying Herself and happy.

'Oh, look at such a romantic and soothing atmosphere,' She said and was laughing.

While sending in the cake, it was still same situation and they asked what the name of this cake was, and one of our sisters said, 'No special name, it is a Guru Puja cake.' Then the cake came in and Sir CP, surprised by the candles, asked whose birthday it was.

'No, it is a Guru Puja cake,' Mother said. It was such a joy. Many times, our brothers who were serving Mother came back with nice little stories like this which enlightened our hearts and drenched us in an ocean of love and joy.

Virginie Patil

Saris

During the second year of my working in Shri Mataji's kitchen, we were ten girls sleeping in the mezzanine room in the castle. The ones who had the last shift used to come back at three or four o'clock in the morning and wake us up when they returned, which made me a bit upset. Eventually I asked them to be quieter. The night after, it was around two o'clock and I was trying to sleep. Some people came in and spoke very loudly.

'Wake up, get ready fast, Mother is calling us into Her room!' they said.

In one moment all the girls woke up. Within five minutes we were ready and three minutes after, we were sitting in Mother's room. It was just incredible, a first experience for me, so sudden, so miraculous! One by one, we received a sari from the holy hands of the Goddess at three o'clock in the night. We were there next to Her for quite a long time and the man there asked, 'Is it finished? Are there any girls remaining?'

'Three more,' Shri Mataji said, and three girls came in and each one received a nice sari. After bowing to Mother's Lotus Feet, we went all downstairs and a big party started. We were all very fresh, laughing and enjoying ourselves, and of course looking at the nice saris which we had been given.

For myself, I promised inside to Mother that I would never complain anymore, even if I did not get any sleep at all.

Virginie Patil

Serving Shri Mataji

In 2006 the Sahaja Yogis greeted Shri Mataji as She arrived in the Los Angeles airport. Everyone was dressed beautifully and eager to receive Her and we were all able to offer a flower to Her individually. I was in the line and feeling lots of joy

in anticipation of giving Her a flower. We were all like angels there to receive our Divine Mother.

After the Realise America Tour in 2006 on the West Coast, the yuva shaktis had the opportunity to go the LA house where Shri Mataji was staying to wash the dishes and serve food in the night. I went along with two other yuva shaktis to the house around 10.00 pm. Shri Mataji was upstairs and the yuva shakti washed the dishes while the uncles and aunties cooked food for Her. One interesting thing that happened while washing dishes was as that there is a little soap dish with a sponge used only for Shri Mataji's dishes. When I picked up Her sponge, I felt a lot of energy in my body.

The uncles told us the protocol how to offer food to Shri Mataji. We were to carry the plates upstairs to the room and arrange them on the tray. Then we were to serve the food onto the plates with one knee on the ground. When the food was ready we took turns to bring everything upstairs and serve them. I was trying to show as much respect and protocol (and not drop anything). To be that close to Shri Mataji and see Her, it was somewhat unusual, because this was Shri Mataji there right in front of you. Later on in the night we were able to eat the prasad left over from dinner.

Adam Cortese

A shiny watch

When I joined the Realize America Tour in 2006 all the yuva shakti who were participating had the opportunity to meet Shri Mataji. I had the privilege to offer the bouquet of the tour, and the second time everyone went to offer some rose petals on Her Feet and do namaskar, all of us got beautiful presents. Mother gave me a beautiful diamond-like decorated watch, and at the beginning I wasn't sure if I could really wear it, because I wasn't used to wearing diamond-like shiny things.

I was so fortunate I could meet Her a third time, when we offered Her a CD and other material from the tour, and Mother offered me another watch. At that time I wasn't sure if it was right, but I said, 'Thank You Mother, but I've already got one.'

That watch reminds me of Mother and I wear it very often and everyone notices it and always finds it very beautiful and exquisite.

Maria Rosenqvist

Shri Mataji's subtle messages

My wife Ekta and I got our lifetime opportunity to serve Shri Mataji during Her stay at Her Los Angeles residence in 2006. We went there for one week along with five other members of the Chicago collective. This year the new concept of various centres collectively helping with Shri Mataji's stay started.

On the last day of our stay, we went to seek blessings from Mother and got gifts from Her. We were about to serve the last dinner from us, when Shri Mataji asked for 'Sindhi Papad', a special Indian dish from the Sindhi community in India. My wife is a Sindhi but no one knew that there. There was no Sindhi Papad in the house and we could not provide what Mother asked, but later we realised that Mother perhaps indicated about spreading Sahaja Yoga among the Sindhi community. With Her subtle message, when Ekta visited her parents two months later in India, they adopted Sahaja Yoga and have been practising sincerely since then, and are spreading the word in the community.

Nischal Kapoor

A great treat to see Shri Mataji

In 2006, when Shri Mataji was leaving America, we barely arrived at LA airport in time; any extra traffic would have caused us to miss all of it. Mother pulled up right after we reached the gate. It was so nice that everyone present was allowed to offer flowers again - Shri Mataji looked well and was so animated. She seemed relaxed, and lingered for many minutes at the top of the Food Court.

Shri Mataji bought French fries and soda for all of us and I saw Her take a French fry Herself. People in that Food Court were spontaneously asking about Her and receiving self realisation. It was a really a great treat to see Her.

Elizabeth Singh

Chapter 12
2007
Australia, India, Asia and Europe

Puja at Nirmal Nagari, Pune

This was my first international puja during which three events would coincide on the 19th of March followed by our beloved Mother's birthday on the 21st of March. The 19th marked the Shri Shivaratri Puja, also the first day of Ram Navaratri as well as the Gudhi Padwa celebrations in Maharashtra. My desire and anticipation to be blessed by the darshan of our beloved Mother began to grow. I overheard that Shri Mataji might not be attending the puja in person, so I closed my eyes in prayer and asked, 'Please bless us with Your holy darshan as this is my first international puja.'

Soon, Mother arrived and brought with Her an element of serenity that those present could feel pervading all around us.

Chinghooi Ong



Burwood, Sydney 2007

Flowers from Africa

In the above photo, I am behind Rajen Moodley, and dressed in the same colours, red and black, behind the little boy in yellow, but when it came time to offer the flowers from Africa, I was holding them, not him.



‘Shri Mataji, Rajen has played a trick on me and given me the flowers to offer to You,’ I said.

‘Thank you! Are you from Sierra Leone?’ Her Holiness looked at him and said.

‘No Shri Mother, I am from South Africa,’ he replied.

Peter Corden

The same shop

In 2007 I spent some time in Australia. Shri Mataji once commented that English men should go and spend time there and Australian women should spend time in the UK. What a wonderful time I had there with the collective. I arrived at the airport to see so many yogis waiting to welcome Shri Mataji to their country as my flight happened to arrive one hour before Hers.

One day I went into the Queen Victoria Building in Sydney to buy a teapot in a shop there. On my return to the ashram I discovered that they had all gone out that evening with Shri Mataji to the same shop to buy lots of ceramic chinaware.

Colin Heinsen

A wonderful gift

Since I was young, I had always wanted to go to Australia, as if the magnetic property of the Mooladhara chakra was magically drawing me there. Upon hearing that the Ganesha Puja would be held there and that Mother would be present, I thought it would be nice to go and two weeks before the puja, I found out that both my grandmother and cousin were going and I had my ticket to Australia within twenty-four hours. Upon reaching Australia, it was like coming home.

The scale of the puja was something I had never seen before, since it was held in the same area as the 2000 Olympics. As was customary before any puja began, musicians were singing bhajans in avid anticipation of our Mother. I don’t know how long we waited but it was one of the most beautiful and deep meditations that I have ever had; as if time and space melted away and I could just sit there for hours on end enjoying the bliss. Even more amazing was when the puja started, somehow miraculously I was selected to come up and offer the garland to Mother! The gratitude I felt for Mother at that time was just immeasurable.

Thank You Shri Mataji, for giving me such a wonderful gift and letting me have my realisation. After coming back home things were definitely different and I came back a changed person.

Nanak Chugh

14th to 16th September, Homebush, Sydney

I was already in a state of bliss from the previous musical night and the marriage ceremony, especially as I was holding some vibrated rice which was emitting strong vibrations. I got the chance to help in the kitchen on the evening of the Shri Ganesha Puja, the 16th September, 2007. Despite being told that I might miss the puja, I went ahead to Burwood.

As the evening progressed Shri Mataji took Her time to rest. We all settled into deep meditation in the garden of Burwood to prepare for puja. Soon Shri Mataji was ready for it.

I went back in the kitchen to return the apron. One yogini asked me to represent Romania and to present a Lakshmi basket. What a privilege to offer the Lakshmi basket to the Divine!

While we were waiting in line to receive Shri Mataji in the hall She was staring at our direction. Her eyes were so powerful and pierced into my subtle system. She had granted my desire to have a glance of our Mother, and I could feel the silence and peacefulness within. No words can describe Her divine look with such power and the face of Goddess looked so divine. This was my closest encounter with Shri Adi Shakti.

Chinghooi Ong

Email from Pratishthan, March 2007

Jai Shri Mataji!

Dear family,

Here in Pratishthan everything is going according to the Divine Will, and Shri Mataji is blessing Her children every moment with waves of love and sweetness. Last Saturday we had Holi Puja in Mother's presence and She was very pleased with the bhajans performed by the Pune group, She even asked for one more at the end. A few of Her children were blessed to receive some red powder on their Sahasraras after the puja from Shri Adi Shakti Herself.

Something very nice happened the other day when it was really hot outside. Shri Mataji started fanning Herself and that triggered a gust of wind that opened all the unlocked doors and windows in Pratishthan. It cooled down the atmosphere and our livers too...

All the best,

Cristina Harabour

The day of resurrection - Email

Dear Sahaja Yogis,

Easter Sunday 2007 - the day of resurrection, if ever there was a truer reflection of a day of great spiritual import, a day lived out in events, each with its own true meaning, it was to be this day. We were coming to the end of an incredible weekend in Pune, Shri Mataji and Sir CP's 60th Wedding Anniversary celebrations.

Today was an incredible day. We were meeting with Sir CP, discussing ISPS, plans, buildings, and the future, then word came that Shri Mataji wanted to see us. When we entered the room Our Mother was sitting in Her chair with a broad smile beaming and we were ushered in and we began discussing the ISPS plans.

Shri Mataji was incredible, She was asking about the buildings, their sizes, where the children would be playing, safety issues with heights, teachers and staff accommodation. Then She said to come the next day with larger plans and to have a think about the size of the buildings, which She said were too small. Many of us came out of the room with tears of joy in our eyes, the emotions were such. Sir CP said it was probably the longest conversation in five years.

We met a few hours later for an impromptu Easter Puja. We were fortunate to perform puja to Shri Mataji; the auspicious offerings were made and the vibrations were incredible. Then a moment for all the true believers gathered, and all those in every corner of the world, in every home, and collective house, a moment to silence all doubters, and those who seek to follow paths not in keeping with the Sahaja collective, a day to spread that word that Our Most Holy Mother once more addressed us all with a message of hope and salvation.

Shri Mataji asked for the microphone, smiled at us all and for the first time in many years spoke in a clear lucid tones: words of power, awakening the

Kundalini, affirming, reassuring, joyous revelation. Tears of joy again began to flow around the room, and through many water filled eyes were we privileged to again sit as humble devotees before the Feet of our Guru, and listen to the Easter Puja discourse.

Shri Mataji began by saying that it is a very important day, the day of Christ's resurrection. He resurrected so that he could transform people but now we can do that work and we should not be afraid, and have no doubts about yourself and your self realisation, you should respect your self realisation as it is something very special, something unique. Shri Mataji said if anyone had any doubts then they should come in front, in fact come now and talk to Her.

'You should not have any doubts, for you are all special beautiful people, when I look out I see so many beautiful faces in front of me, you are all so beautiful.'

She said that we have to confirm our realisation; we have to respect our realisation and we have to pass on what we have received to the world; we have to give what we have achieved in Sahaja Yoga to many more people who are waiting, and we have to take up this work.

'You should all go out and take a lead, spread Sahaja Yoga,' Shri Mataji said, 'there is nothing more important to do. There are many good people in the world who have not received their self realisation and the world is in chaos - there is a lot of chaos, the world needs this. Sahaja Yoga is the only solution.'

'I am sorry if I have not helped you all enough to finish this job. In many things perhaps I have not finished off what I have started so far.'

That was the moment, the beaming smile, the words of encouragement, the tear filled eyes, all around faces were wet with tears of joy. Shri Mataji looked around at us all and asked if there was anything wrong, we should all be happy. We answered we were not sad, just very, very, happy to again hear Her voice.

We then performed aarti and the music began. Some gifts were given, one being a silver chariot drawn by seven horses. Shri Mataji said the seven horses and the chariot was very symbolic, but the horses were not drawing a chariot, they were pulling the Sahaja Yogis, and everywhere the Sahaja Yogis are being helped. When we presented the Australian gift She commented that Australia is a very cut off place, geographically, and it was good that Her children had not forgotten Her, to which we responded not only Her Australian children, but all Her children all over the world had never left Her side, and had certainly not forgotten Her.

Shri Mataji left but said there should be music and dancing and that we should be in joy, the music played and we all danced and danced and danced.

Chris Kyriacou

A momentous time

Today, at Cabella, some representatives of the Italian collective had the chance to offer two bouquets of flowers to our beloved Mother. Another was offered on behalf of the American Sahaja Yogis. Shri Mataji received us with a radiant smile and was full of Her usual humour. She was delighted by the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers, and wanted to know what they were called and where they were from. She wanted to know if it was a special occasion, but we responded it was simply that we wanted to express our love for Her.

Some photos of one of Her previous visits to Como in Italy were presented to Her; the photos showed Her together with Her family and also together with some yogis. Shri Mataji observed them very carefully, recognising and remembering everything and everyone. She was struck by the beauty and quality of the photos.

She was full of compliments for the photographer and would not accept any credit for their beauty, even though the photographer insisted it is She who does everything and that his talent emanates from Her.

Shri Mataji told us that She has worked hard over the years travelling everywhere. She said that people make plans for Her and She just goes; Mother commented She has been to so many places that She didn't even remember them all.

She said that Her message is that all religions are one; and that all the incarnations are the same person. People don't understand this. It seems they prefer to fight. She said She has done it so many times but they don't want to come and they don't listen. Shri Mataji said the problem is that the people who fight in the name of religion have only read one book and people should read the other books - at least two books and then they would not fight, and would realise it's the same thing. She said we should tell people this.

'I've done My best,' Shri Mataji remarked many times.

She then said the young people are much better; because they are more open and they listen. A representative of the Italian yuva shakti was introduced to Shri Mataji; and with Her radiant smile She showered all the young people with Her grace and blessings and with sustained attention. We all thanked Shri Mataji and bowed to Her once again, as we were leaving.

'Look at these beautiful flowers. They are all different but they don't fight,' She commented.

We all joined Shri Mataji in a burst of cheerful laughter which expressed our delight at the simplicity, beauty and sweetness with which our Mother can get Her message across. It was a unique moment to feel so much love and see Mother so radiant.

This is our humble attempt to recall the magical and moving moments we spent at our Divine Mother's Lotus Feet.

Italian Sahaja Yogis

Email from Cabella

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I write with great joy the following account of an event that occurred in Cabella on May 5th Monday at 7.00 am. I am in Cabella as part of the nurse's team serving Her Holiness Shri Mataji. She began the day asking about America and I took the opportunity to present the book '2007 and Beyond', that the American yogis had prepared to document what has and will be done to spread Sahaja Yoga in the USA in the coming year, along with baskets of gifts that the New York and Los Angeles collectives had made. What happened then is truly momentous for this great country of ours that so many of us have come to love.

Mother asked for Her glasses, leaned forward and started reading the book. She read and read and read! For almost two hours She read every page and therefore every state in the USA received Her divine and loving attention. I have tried to include most of Her comments on the country while viewing the book, but do forgive me, as most of it was in Marathi and I am translating them as I write this.

'Very poetic,' She said, on the preface of the book.

The map got the most attention, as Mother could graphically see in one glance which states had given realisation and the numbers of seekers that had received

it. Shri Mataji with great child-like innocence started adding the numbers and Her joy grew and grew. At some point I lost count.

'It is the quality that matters and not quantity,' She said.

'I am so happy with this,' She said about the national projects. 'I am overjoyed to see this effort.' Mother read the Permanent Center Project and the Sahaja Yoga Growth Project in great detail and blessed it with a joyful, **'Anant ashirwaad!'** All the other projects were also read and She kept beaming and smiling...it was absolutely incredible. Then we began to look at all the states' reports with photos of yogis giving realisation. Photo after photo got comments.

'Very professional photos.'

'I know him/her.'

'He/she is an old yogi.'

'I have been there.'(Houston, DC, Seattle etc.)

Shri Mataji always read the numbers of seekers loudly and so we referred to the map of the USA constantly. States like Utah and Indiana and others were located on the map, with Mother commenting that She had not been there, so She was keen to see them on the map. She noticed that the photos had people of all kinds, white Americans, African Americans and Hispanic seekers as well. The Mariachi band got Her attention, and She said that the Spanish are good people.

'I am happy to see Americans in these photos and not just Indians,' She commented. 'I am overjoyed to see that it is working out.'

Canada and Mexico also got considerable attention and blessings with Mother saying that both these countries are a lot easier than the USA. Shri Mataji read the prayer at the end and asked who wrote it, and said it was very poetic. She then made the following observations that lasted about ten minutes.

'America is a very difficult place. It has democracy but this democracy is based on materialism. The people at the helm of affairs and the government are steeped in materialism and that has seeped from the top down into the mind-set of average Americans. Americans love money more than their children or their aging parents and even less their Spirit. The root of the problem is their greed for money.'

Then came this profound promise:

'I will find the key to dissolve this love for money in the Americans,' She said, with an extremely compassionate expression of love pouring from those beautiful eyes that had filled with tears. 'I will find that trick. I have to do this Myself. I have to do it, because if their desire for money is dissolved, automatically as a by-product their desire for their Spirit will increase. They will respect their families and love their children and old parents and if America works out, the rest of the world will follow.'

Dear brothers and sisters, I cannot even begin to describe the vibrations that were flowing. It was like a torrential waterfall! I simply bowed down and then She asked that I convey the following to all of you.

'Please tell them, thank you for spreading My message. Thank you for giving Me such hopeful news from all over the country. Anant ashirwaad to all of you. May God bless you! I am so happy today that this is the best news you could give Me.'

I then left the room so filled with joy and emotion that words fail me. So please enjoy this message as I am just a messenger hoping to convey this joyful event that I know will stay with me forever.

In all our Mother's love, always your sister,

Shri Adi Shakti Puja 2007

The phone rings. Our leader calls with fantastic news: France will help to prepare Shri Adi Shakti Puja in Cabella. Tears come to my eyes and immediately my Kundalini starts to vibrate! whoaw! For many years, we have participated in the Diwali Puja, but these last years it was in India, or in America, Turkey, Greece, etc, and we can't even remember when it was in Cabella. A puja at Cabella means you can cook for your sisters and brothers, and help with all the different aspects. The other countries which are usually in charge of this puja know much better than us how to organise it and we felt like beginners. After this announcement, my Kundalini was vibrating non-stop for two or three days.

One day while I was meditating, the feeling that the children should also give a present to Shri Mataji came to me very strongly. I was convinced that one way or another they should all come in front of Mother on this occasion. So the idea of a big card with the photos of all the faces of the French children came, and an album of the children in nature from all the organising countries as well. The photos arrived from the four corners of France and Europe. The card was a big tree, and each heart-shaped leaf of the tree was a child's face. We finished the card and album with the children in Cabella on the week-end of the Adi Shakti Puja. While I was finishing the card in the back of the hangar, someone said to me, 'Hey, Indu, look at the stage!' The decoration of the stage, made in Belgium, was nearly the same as the card. Some ladies were preparing the corner of the hangar where all the prasad was to be put. They made decorations from nature: leaves, flowers and branches. The front of the stage was also decorated with flowers, fruit, butterflies, etc, as if we were in nature.

When Shri Mataji came, She talked mostly of love, perfume and nature. After Her talk while I was looking at Her, I suddenly realised the poem we had written on the children's card had exactly the same words as She had just used: love, perfume and nature. That was magical and tears of love rolled on my face. I felt we were completely wrapped and immersed in Her love and Her vision.

Then we offered the presents. To the great surprise of every one, Shri Mataji looked carefully at each present. Our turn came. The children presented first the album and then the card. She took time to look at each photo, commented on them and spoke with the children. When She saw the card, She asked how many children were there on it, and if they were all Sahaja Yogis. She asked three or four times and finally said they were all Sahaja Yogis. That very moment was so beautiful because all the children from France and organising countries were finally in front of Her through these photos, and She was looking at all of them. They were all in Her attention. She concluded this card was a good idea, but I knew this idea was Hers and came through Her power of inspiration, and that She had taken all of us in this ocean of God the Mother

Indumati Patil

Shri Mataji cleared the Vishuddhi

At Guru Puja, in Cabella, 2007, the Canada Council members blessed me with my first opportunity to be with Shri Mataji. This opportunity came in the form of representing Canada with a gift to our Divine Mother. This event came doubly marked with auspiciousness. Dr Wolfgang Hackl, and some other yogis I did not know personally, presented their gift to Shri Mataji ahead of me. As I awaited my

opportunity in awe of God before me, I entered into a witness state. As is customary during international pujas, a yogi will describe over the PA system what gift each nation is giving to Shri Mataji. As Dr Hackl leaned towards the Goddess, he presented Her with a book. As the book opened, Shri Mataji instantaneously released a powerful sneeze.

What many of us know from Mother's teachings, is that a sneeze is a clearing of the Vishuddhi. We also know that Shri Mataji often clears Her throat when She speaks, and that this congestion in Her throat is the result of the vibrational state of the Americas, the land of the Vishuddhi. Immediately after Mother sneezed, the announcement came through as to what was presented our Mother: plans to create a programme of self realisation for corporate business executives, throughout the world, and of course within the United States.

This reminds me of something that took place over Guru Puja and Krishna Puja in 2007.

'You have no idea how much power is behind you,' Shri Mataji told the leaders of America when She met them.

Chad Danyluck



Shri Mataji receiving gifts at the Guru Puja 2007



Miracle photos at Changi Airport, Singapore, 2007

From The New Paper 27th October 2007

A crowd of about a hundred had assembled, their cameras were ready, and many had bouquets in hand, waiting anxiously outside a formidable fence set up by security at Changi Airport for an arriving star. About fifty had even come all the way from Malaysia. They weren't there for the Rock, the former wrestler-turned-actor, who flew in from Sydney last evening to promote his new movie.

They were waiting for Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, the founder of Sahaja Yoga, 'Divine Mother' to her followers, who was on the same plane. Singapore was a transit stop on her way home to India.

Yes, there was a barrage of flashes from onlookers when Dwayne Johnson (The Rock's real name), strode into the arrival hall wearing a black T-shirt and jeans and walked briskly to his waiting car.

The main event was when Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, a benevolent-looking woman in her 80s, who was pushed out in a wheelchair, a few minutes after the Rock made his exit.

Hushed silence took over as devotees crossed the now-open barricades to present her with flowers and ask for blessings. Others held out their hands, as if holding a book, towards her to 'receive energy'. Her followers believe that her teachings can help them achieve enlightenment and release spiritual energy or 'kundalini'.

The distance to the white taxi waiting for her couldn't have been more than 20 metres yet it took her 15 minutes to reach it as she received her followers patiently. They surrounded her like a swarm of quiet bees.

For them, she was the real star.



The New Paper, 27th October 2007. Singapore

Vishwa Nirmal Prem Ashram, Greater Noida, India

On Thursday 22nd November 2007 the children of the NGO, Vishwa Nirmal Prem Ashram, at Greater Noida, Delhi - the home for destitute women and orphan children - and the Sahaja Yogis were once again blessed by a visit of our most holy Mother Shri Mataji

The holy arrival of Shri Mataji was welcomed and greeted by the children, the teachers, the authorities, a few Sahaja Yogis and the organizers from the society, with the chorus of the welcome bhajan *Swagatam*, *Swagatam* followed by the aarti.



Shri Mataji arrives at Vishwa Nirmal Prem Ashram

The entrance hall of the Vishwa Nirmal Prem Ashram was beautifully decorated with the colourful rangoli (designs made on the floor with coloured powder) and flowers. Rose petals carpeted the pathway of Shri Mataji as She was escorted to the Centre Hall. It was as if myriads of fountain of love suddenly sprang to life with Her holy visit. This place and was founded by Her a few years ago, where the destitute women and orphan girl children seek shelter, and are helped to grow to become beautiful flowers by the grace, love and compassion of Shri Mataji.

She was wearing a white sari with a light coloured shawl and She appeared as a Divine Mother full of compassion for all Her children in the Vishwa Nirmal Prem Ashram. A beautiful wall painting in the hall depicted Shri Krishna playing his flute and Radha along with all the gopis watching him.



Shri Mataji in front of the painting

The inmate children could be seen with brightly shining faces, reflecting Mother's love. They, under the supervision of their elders, were seen moving in a disciplined fashion, while watching everything playfully, yet trying their best to be as close as possible to Shri Mataji's compassionate attention. Amidst a collectivity of around 80-100 yogis, Mother enjoyed the bhajans sung by the children and Yuva Shakti choir. Shri Mataji applauded after each bhajan rendered, and highly appreciated the singing.

'Who has taught these children singing so well?' She even asked. Her compassion was overflowing. Also Shri Mataji expressed Her extreme joy on the group performance of a dance rendered by the children.



Gisela Matzer, the Director, making an offering

Shri Mataji was then escorted around the ashram on a quick tour and was explained the functioning of the institution, the entire management and the mechanisms adopted for the children. Later, She expressed Her pleasure and happiness and praised the organizer and the authorities who tirelessly look after all the needs of the inmates. During Her short tour Shri Mataji, in Her compassionate and loving tone, enquired personally from the little children regarding what best that they liked in the ashram. Everyone was so amazed to listen to a little one who innocently replied with spontaneity, ‘The food, Mother!’ This comment had not only opened the hearts of all but also those present witnessed Mother’s compassionate gesture, and the blessings that were over pouring. Shri Mataji was smiling as if at last the dream has come true.

Beautiful handmade gifts were offered by the children while the Sahaja Yogis came up to offer bouquets to Her in between. Shri Mataji was presented with the recently created Vishwa Nirmal Prem website, designed by the SITA India team, to receive Her blessings prior to hosting it for public domain. Shri Mataji acknowledged the efforts undertaken by the team, after examining a few of the pages of the printouts of the site offered to Her, and She blessed the people for creating the site.

When Shri Mataji went through the inside garden She saw the pond.

‘Oh, there are fishes - oh, they have a house!’ She said in a joyful tone, and when She saw the bird cage said, ‘There are many birds, I also have them on My roof.’

Those present witnessed yet another down-to-earth innocence exhibited by the little children. They were carrying six cute puppies in their laps, and surrounded Shri Mataji. She was amused at such an intimate moment as She smiled and enjoyed the children that had come to meet Her, holding the puppies so affectionately.



Shri Mataji, the children and the puppies

Later Shri Mataji expressed Her desire for a similar ashram to be set up in Pune, but on a larger scale. Initially Shri Mataji suggested it should be in Mumbai, and later decided on Pune. She left the ashram hall around 4 pm. A few of the children were still carrying the puppies with them while they surrounded Shri Mataji. She seemed so filled with love and compassion that asked that two of the puppies should accompany Her to Pratishtan. It was such a touching sight, the children rushed to offer their best to the Mother who had desired for something from them.

Shri Mataji spent a few more minutes with the Sahaja Yogis surrounding Her while She was in the car. A Sahaja Yogi with a month old baby asked for Her blessings, and a name for the child. Shri Mataji promptly named the child as Sahaj. This was followed by cheers and joy as everyone thanked Shri Mataji for this wonderful opportunity, and the blessings showered upon the Vishwa Nirmal Prem Ashram.

Gisela Matzer and the SITA India Team

Some presents to Delhi

In December 2007 we brought some presents from Australia in order to say thank You to Shri Mataji, after She had visited us. I had the chance to deliver some presents to Her. These were offered during Her mona, or resting cycle, in the evening. We had some toy cars – an all-terrain vehicle that could also float on water, and move in any direction, and there was also a toy Ferrari. Both cars were operated by remote control. There were also some board games and a magnetic puzzle.

Finally there were five Aboriginal paintings, done in a pattern based style. These had been done by Aboriginal ladies who lived on cooperatives in central Australia. They were for Rommel Sahib, Shri Mataji's son-in-law, never for Shri Mataji, and were meant to be family presents. Rommel had been interested in this art, but Shri Mataji had previously had mixed reactions to Aboriginal art. However Rommel insisted that we present them to Shri Mataji and he would accompany me.

Shri Mataji was resting so we did not show Her the paintings or presents and they were distributed around the big house at Noida. However the next evening Shri Mataji asked to see the presents again, and we searched around and found all the gifts. We thought it would be a very brief encounter, but Shri Mataji was wide eyed, and was very intrigued with the design of the cars, saying that the Australians are very clever at design. I mentioned that these particular cars were designed in Italy and made up in China. She then asked how they worked, and warned that they were very noisy.

'Good, show Me,' She insisted, and signalled for me to hand Her the controls. She moved them forwards and backwards, and from side to side. The engines revved and we played with both vehicles. She laughed with absolute glee. Shri Mataji then lamented that Her generation was dying, and with it many skills such as crafting, and many other attributes.

Shri Mataji continued to laugh, and spoke a lot. By this time most of the other yogis had left, and She asked me who I was married to, and I pointed to Shravani, my wife, my gift of the Goddess, who was sitting next to me, and glowing. Shri Mataji said she was a very good girl, excellent, and asked if I was happy. I could only thank Her. Shri Mataji was very happy.

Then we started to present the Aboriginal paintings. I was very nervous. First I presented a very large landscape and then a smaller one. Shri Mataji looked closely and long at each one – contemplating and absorbing, with Her eyes wide open. The room was still and resounding, and awe inspiring, because there were only one or two other yogis there. The first painting was about a metre and a half long and about half a metre high, and had a black background with a greenish yellow circle, like water, as if flickering from the centre of a flower, at the right side. Shri Mataji seemed energised by this one. The next one was smaller, about half a metre long by a quarter of a metre high. This had three overlapping circles

in the middle and a lot of smaller dots all over the rest of it. Shri Mataji looked long and hard at it, and it reminded me of those dots which are placed as makeup on the brides' foreheads before a wedding – the same symmetry. Shri Mataji ran Her hands over the design, and seemed to be absorbing it through all Her senses. She looked straight through me.

‘This is the Agnya chakra,’ She said.

After looking at two or three of the designs, She commented that these were the patterns of Her ancestors, because how else could anyone ever put together these ancient patterns. She spent a long time looking at the paintings, and then asked if I could leave them under Her bed. I agreed instantly.

‘I have something to work out,’ She said.

About two months later, in February 2008, the Prime Minister of Australia, Kevin Rudd, did something monumental. He officially apologised to the Aborigines for all the mistakes caused by the white settlers in Australia. This was an absolute landmark in Australian history.

Rob Hutcheon

Everybody felt amazing vibrations

Today, the 23rd December 2007, Shri Mataji blessed the Belapur Sahaja Health Centre (Vashi hospital) with a short visit. When She arrived She greeted members of the staff with a beautiful smile as She arrived in the courtyard, which was decorated with rangoli. In the hallway were flowers and there were more flowers to welcome our Holy Mother.

Shri Mataji wanted to go straight into the large meditation room. It was initially very hot, and we were singing a bhajan. She was offered something to drink, and She looked at the ceiling and asked people to turn off the fans. Then everyone was asked to go back a bit to give Shri Mataji some air.



Shri Mataji was asked if She would like to go upstairs to rest in Her apartment and said no, and looked at the room, asked if people wanted vibrations, and then asked everyone to put their hands out. Everyone in the room did and She did too. Then Shri Mataji looked at the room with Her love and everybody felt amazing vibrations.

‘Do you feel cool vibrations on your palms?’ Shri Mataji asked.

‘Yes,’ everybody answered, and raised their hands.

‘Say louder if you felt them,’ Dr Sandeep Rai asked again.

‘Yes,’ the whole room replied.

‘Thank you,’ Shri Mataji said.

Shri Mataji asked what diseases the patient had, and Dr Madhur Rai told Shri Mataji about all the different ones which had been cured. Shri Mataji asked what treatment was given for epilepsy. She asked how many patients were there and Dr Madhur said about 75. Dr Sandeep was talking about the possible extension to the building. Then Shri Mataji asked from where the patients were from and Dr Sandeep Rai turned and asked what countries the people were from and people started calling out their countries – Ukraine, Bulgaria, Finland, USA, Turkey etc.

Shri Mataji asked that all the staff should be presented to Her. All the Sahaja doctors who work at the Health Centre were presented to Shri Mataji, and She praised all the people working there for their good work. The doctors presented Shri Mataji with an photo album of all the work which has been done by, at and through the Health Centre, starting from the inauguration of the centre in 1996, by Shri Mataji Herself and a documentary movie of the daily activities at the Health Centre. Shri Mataji was very happy to see all the records.

She enquired whether all the patients coming to the Health Centre get cured, and said that everybody should get cured because it was their own energy working.

After some time Shri Mataji left for Pune and we all felt that bubbling joy and peace that Shri Mataji always blesses us with when in Her presence, and tremendous gratitude to Her for coming to see us.

Linda Williams and others

All My children

We would like to share a beautiful message that Shri Mataji gave to all of us during Her divine visit to Vashi Health Centre in December 2007. Shri Mataji arrived and was soon seated in the Meditation Hall of Vashi Health Centre with all the yogis, around a hundred and fifty, seated in front of Her divine swarupa. On the first floor of Vashi Health Centre, we have Shri Mataji's apartment, which was very well decorated to welcome our beloved Mother.

'Mother, please be kind and bless all of us by coming up on the first floor to Your apartment, the yogis have worked day and night to beautifully decorate it,' Dr Sandeep invited Shri Mataji.

'Will all these yogis (who were present in the Meditation Hall) also come up?' Shri Mataji asked.

'No, no, Shri Mataji, they will continue to be seated here (as all of them could not be accommodated in Mother's apartment). Only You and Sir CP will be there. Shri Mataji, nobody will disturb You in Your apartment,' Dr Sandeep replied.

'If they (the Yogis who were seated in the Meditation Hall) remain seated here, then I will also stay here,' Shri Mataji: said. The next moment She spread Her divine hands towards all the yogis and asked them, 'Do you feel the cool breeze?'

'Yes Mother,' all the yogis replied, and raised their hands.

It was very clear that our divine Mother wished to be with Her children where we could all be together. She did not wish to go to where all Her children could not be with Her.

Madhur and Sandeep Rai

Mother's greatest blessings

We would like to share with all of you the experience we had during the planning stage of the construction of the extension building of Vashi Health Centre. In December 2007, the architects involved had submitted the drawings to the authorities and were to receive permission (Commencement Certificate) to start work the next day. The night prior to this Shri Mataji had the following conversation in Pratishthan with Dr Madhur Rai (who was blessed to be part of the medical team at that time). Shri Mataji had chosen to be silent, was generally not conversing with yogis and was keeping quiet for last few months; however on this particular night, to every one's surprise and delight She called Dr Madhur to Her room.

'You have not shown Me the drawings of the new extension building of Vashi Hospital,' Shri Mataji said.

'Shri Mataji, the drawings and plan were shown to Sir CP and Kalpana didi and the concerned trustees, and the accepted plans have now been submitted to the government officials for approval,' Dr Madhur replied.

'But you have not shown them to Me!'

'Shri Mataji, I am really very sorry. I will get the plans and show them to You tomorrow positively.'

The architects were then requested overnight to stop taking the official commencement certificate, which was to be received by them the next day, and send a copy of the drawings urgently to Pratishthan. The next morning, after Shri Mataji had had Her breakfast, the architectural drawings were shown to Her. She had just one divine glance at them.

'This is not right,' She said, then suggested the necessary changes.

We spoke to the architects and requested them to re-do the drawings as per Shri Mataji's instructions. The revised drawings were presented to Shri Mataji and She was satisfied with them. She blessed the architects for re-doing them so quickly and to Her entire satisfaction, and gave Her blessings to this divine project.

Mother's greatest blessings were revealed a little later when the structural engineer for the project, who is very well-known in his field and also on the Board of Consultants for Mumbai High Rise Buildings, later confided in us that had the first plan been executed, there was a danger of the existing Health Centre Building collapsing. He humbly confessed that his junior consultant had made a tactical mistake, that he had inadvertently overlooked. He profusely thanked Shri Mataji for the last minute corrections that saved a very big mishap.

Madhur and Sandeep Rai

Chapter 13
2008
India, Dubai and Cabella

Nursing Shri Mataji

This is the experience of Mrs Supria Kadam, one of the nurses who was fortunate to serve Her Holiness Shri Mataji. She was first asked to report to Pratishthan on the 31st Dec, 2007, in the evening. The next day, New Year's Day of 2008, she began her work along with two other sisters, three sisters in the day and three at night, as was scheduled by the doctors, for personal care. In Pune while serving Shri Mataji Mrs Kadam was assigned duty for about three months, she was on duty for one and half months on the day shift, and the rest of the period she was serving at night. She was amazed with the fact that Divine Mother did not take any rest, sometimes not winking Her eyes for more than three days and nights.

Most of the doctors were of Italian origin. Sometimes, when Mother wished it, Mrs Kadam would make some Maharashtran dishes for Her, like puran poli and surli cha vada, but this didn't go well with the doctors, who had quite stringent diet restrictions.

Kalpana didi called Mrs Kadam to come to Italy in August 2009, and she was at Cabella for about a month, and also travelled with Shri Mataji to Rome and Genoa. During Navaratri, there was a puja on each of the nine days, and Shri Mataji would Herself select the sari that She wanted to wear each day.

Once, Mrs Kadam asked an Australian Sahaja Yogi to check her chakras, but the person was not able to then. The same night, when Mrs Kadam was with Shri Mataji, and She told her that all her chakras were OK and just the Swadisthan needed to be cleared by having lemon juice regularly. Whatever questions we had in our mind, Shri Mataji read them and knew them very aptly. She used to call Mrs Kadam (a Hindu name) a Mussalman, and by birth she was a Muslim and her maiden name was Mumtaz Inamdar. The Divine Mother knew everyone.

Supria Kadam

Birthday Puja at Chindwara

The 21st March 2008 was also Good Friday, Holi, the equinox, the Persian New Year, Prophet Mohammed's birthday, of course Shri Mataji's 85th birthday, and was celebrated in Chindwara.

It was amazing to see a small village in the middle of nowhere transformed into a huge well-facilitated campsite to accommodate thousands of yogis, in such a short time.

The most memorable experience for me was the visit to Shri Mataji's birth place in Chindwara. As soon as I set foot in the house, I was drawn towards the centre of the building, where Shri Mataji's shrine was. That is the little room where She was born 85 years ago. The vibrations were so amazing that everyone just wanted to sit down right then and there to meditate. I took a photo of the room where Shri Mataji was born and twice blue light emitted out from the photograph. So I took another photo of the Dhanvantari photograph in the same room and the same blue light emitted out from the picture. We meditated in the meditation hall for a long time and felt so peaceful that we didn't want to leave. The vibrations were so tremendous!

Another unforgettable incidence in Chindwara was on the night of the music programme, when rain started to pour so hard that the pendal was all wet. The

air immediately cooled down and it felt like a massive cleansing. We all had to get up and some started to sing and dance. What a unique experience.

Anonymous

Mumbai Airport, 2008

It was our fortunate privilege to present Her Holiness Shri Mataji with the list of programmes conducted in Mumbai during 2007/8, at the Mumbai airport lounge. When Shri Mataji was shown the book mention was made that during the year more than 65,000 seekers got their realisation.

‘Who did this?’ She remarked.

‘Shri Mataji, the Mumbai collectivity did it,’ I replied. Later I realised that it is only by Shri Mataji’s grace that self realisation programmes on such a scale are possible and I should have said, ‘Shri Mataji, You did it.’ However Her one sentence was like a mantra and enough for introspection. Later, in Europe, Shri Mataji asked list of programmes which each city has conducted.



Shri Mataji looking at the book

Anonymous Indian Sahaj Yogi

Phone call to a Bahrain Sahaja Yogi in 2008

Bahrain Sahaja Yogi: Jai Shri Mataji. Today evening Shri Mataji called a public programme in Dubai at 7.00 pm. We all went from Bahrain to attend. Yesterday evening Mother was very active, giving realisation to all the children there, and asked others to follow. Great things are happening.

Hala Sukarieh: Can you tell me more about it, please?

Bahrain Sahaja Yogi: We were there to attend and just came back from Dubai.

Hala: How was it in Dubai?

Bahrain Sahaja Yogi: Shri Mataji was very active and was very happy with the children.

Hala: What did you do in Dubai, meditate or do public programmes to spread Sahaja Yoga?

Bahrain Sahaja Yogi: Yesterday everything was ready for the programme, but at the last moment Mother said, ‘You all do the programme,’ and She called us all to meet Her in Her hotel room. When we reached there She was sleeping but we could see Her and had Her darshan and everyone was very happy. There were around a hundred new seekers (at the programme) and they all felt the cool breeze. Today morning Shri Mataji left for Italy.

Hala: How long and what happened exactly?

Bahrain Sahaja Yogi: It was all so good we just enjoyed it.

Hala: Did you give Her presents? Or flowers? Did you stay with Her, and for how long? Were any bhajans performed?

Bahrain Sahaja Yogi: Yes, we all gave flowers, and some gifts were also given to Her Lotus Feet. There were bhajans from the Dubai collective.

Hala Sukariah



Dubai Airport, 2008

At Dubai Airport in 2008, hundreds of Sahaja Yogis stood in a huge circle, and Shri Mataji blessed everyone with Her right hand lifted up from Her wheelchair, which was moving at slow speed. It was also a privilege to attend a small puja in Dubai, at the Grand Hyatt Hotel on April 20th, 2008.

Anonymous Indian Sahaja Yogi

A present from Shri Mataji

It was summer 2008 and I bought tickets for my two kids and me to go to Cabella to do some volunteer work after Adi Shakti Puja. We went every year but this time was different. From the day I told my children we were going, my daughter didn't think or talk about anything else except that she was going to meet Shri Mataji. She was nearly nine and was convinced that she could talk with Shri Mataji and ask for a boon; the boon of flying. She had been obsessed with flying like Shri Hanuman since she was small. She mentioned it about twenty times a day and I repeated the same answer:

'It's unlikely you'll meet Shri Mataji. She has withdrawn and doesn't receive visiting yogis.'

After the puja weekend I was sitting in Bar Italia when two of my friends passed by with a lovely bouquet of flowers, and asked me to give them a lift to the castle. We arrived, they asked if I wanted to offer the flowers with them. I declined, as I was in jeans and a t-shirt, but they took my daughter with them.

I started to chat with some ladies from Mother's kitchen, was suddenly filled with the strongest vibes and knew my daughter was with Mother. My friends came out and said Mrs Sadhana took my daughter and brought her with the flowers to Shri Mataji's living room. After a while my beaming daughter came out with a box of J'adore Bath Essentials by Dior. I'd never seen her so lost in vibrations. She couldn't even tell me straight away what had happened.

‘Shri Mataji was asking questions in ‘Indian’ language,’ she said later, ‘and Auntie Sadhana translated into English. She wanted to know my name, where I was from, how old I was, who my mom was and where she was from. Then She gave me a present.’

After many days I remembered the boon for flying, and asked my daughter if she asked for it. She looked at me, very surprised and said, ‘No,’ and since then has never mentioned it.

Eva Anedda

Chicken curry

During my stay at the Castle in Cabella in 2008 after Shri Ganesha Puja, I volunteered to cook one day for all the volunteers who were staying at the castle at that time. I started to cook a chicken curry that I know well. During the preparation, I was secretly wishing that it be offered to Shri Mataji and did express it to a yogini. She calmly said that if Sahaja Yogis and Yoginis eat it, it is as good as Shri Mataji eating it.

My recipe was the most basic and the smell was all over and was drawing people to the kitchen but an aunty said that the quantity I made would only be enough for half of the people. I got a bit concerned and decided to increase the quantity by adding tomato sauce and water. Then I started add different spices, grinding more of that and of this and somehow made the curry thick. It slowly became better and finally presentable.

A few days later, a yogini who was helping in Shri Mataji’s kitchen said, ‘You know, Shri Mataji came into the kitchen on Sunday?’

‘Really?’ I said.

‘Yes, She was showing us how to make chicken curry,’ she said.

I could not believe it! Mother actually took time to show the correct way to cook chicken curry. She made me realize that She knows everything - the mess up I did with the dish and my little desire that She tasted my chicken curry.

Ramji Srinivasulu.



In the kitchen at Cabella

Shri Gruha Lakshmi

Words are not adequate to express the beauty and sweetness with which Shri Mataji welcomed three local mayors as guests to Her house at Cabella on Friday 13th June 2008. In the way only She can, She made them feel very at ease. She explained what Sahaja Yoga is and the importance of self realisation. She did it in the same way She did in public programmes, still saying new things. She offered tea with many snacks, and talked of this and that, taking care of them as special

guests and going deeper into various topics She helped them, with immense love, to get their self realisation. Afterwards they enjoyed dinner with Shri Mataji in a completely relaxed atmosphere and finally received Her gifts.



Shri Mataji, Sir CP, some Sahaja Yogis and the mayors

These few words are an attempt to reproduce, aware of the limitations and the inaccuracies, some of the many things Shri Mataji said during the meeting that lasted about three hours. Shri Mataji explained what Sahaja Yoga is to Her guests and repeated how very important it is for the future of the world, saying that even though She is 85 years old She works every day from morning to evening for Sahaja Yoga and She desires to do so for the whole of Her life.

Then She talked of Her desire to go to Russia, because they need a lot and they must be saved. They solved a lot of problems, but deny the existence of God, and on this point they must be saved. In China, for example, as well as in other places in the world, where people say that God doesn't exist, terrible calamities occur, because the Earth reacts. Between saying that God is or is not, it is better to say: He is.

'What do you expect from the school in Vignole, where the children will go?' was asked. There is a plan to allow the children of Sahaja Yogis to attend school in Vignole, near Cabella, and they will live together in the house at Centrassi, close to Cabella. Shri Mataji said that She is going to start two schools. It is a wonderful thing that the children can go to an Italian public school and that they can follow the Italian school curriculum. She wanted to know everything about Vignole - where it is located, what people do for a living there, etc.

She said that one the major problems in America, as well as in England, is that boys and girls are left to themselves in too early an age and they are not adequately brought up by their parents. The parents do not take care of their children and then the children do not take care of parents. It is good that the children live their life and gain their independence, but they must always been loved and supported. Shri Mataji said that She has two daughters who have children, but She still keeps on taking care of them. One of consequences of the fact that the young people are left to themselves too early is an increase in the consumption of alcohol.

Afterwards Shri Mataji again expressed Her approval of Italy, saying that it is the best country in the world. Someone commented that Italy is appreciated a lot by foreigners for its beauty, its food, and for its clothing, but that Italians tend to complain that everything is no good and do not appreciate what they have, maybe because of a habit of dissatisfaction. Shri Mataji replied that they are like this because they are humble. Someone else said that not only is Italy beautiful, but all the world is.

'Yes, but Italy is more beautiful!' Shri Mataji replied.

Someone asked about Mahatma Gandhi and Shri Mataji said that She lived in his ashram, and he was extremely honest, of great ideals and a very hard worker. The problems arose when Pakistan separated from India and that provoked a mass migration of Muslims with whom it is difficult to find an agreement. But now, many of them are receiving self realisation and becoming Sahaja Yogis, and this is the only true solution to remove divisions and bring them to unity.

One of the guests asked if this means that it is possible to be Muslim and practice Sahaja Yoga, or be a Christian and practice Sahaja Yoga. Shri Mataji answered that without self realisation it is not possible to understand and realise the essence of the religion being followed. It is not possible to be a Christian in the true sense of the word if you first do not know yourself. Christ said that you must get your second birth. Shri Mataji gave the example of the Christians who came to India, and also went to other parts of the world. They said they were Christians, but they came to dominate, full of ego and aggression. Christ was the exact opposite, the personification of humility, to the extent that He even allowed Himself to be crucified for humanity. He was so powerful that He could have destroyed them all, but instead He forgave them.

‘First of all it is necessary to know ourselves, and be aware of ourselves, in order to be able to practice these teachings,’ added the person who asked the question.

They also asked questions about food or the importance of being a vegetarian. Mother replied that in Sahaja Yoga there are no rules and that we can eat everything, but that we prefer not to eat beef. She added that we consider the cow as our Primordial Mother, and for sure we do not drink alcohol.

At this point one of the Sahaja Yogis present suggested the guests should try for the experience, by putting their hands towards our beloved Mother, and all of them got their Self Realisation.

Antony Visconti and Duilio Cartocci

Even a broken foot can be a blessing

In the summer of 2008 I spent the most amazing time in my life, in the house of the Goddess at Cabella. After a month I was about to leave, to work, before the start of a new academic year at the university. Three days before my departure, I fell and broke my foot. I was taken to the emergency unit, and was told I wasn’t allowed to step on my foot for the next seven weeks. The most interesting thing was that I had no pain. I had to stay at the castle, and realized what a blessing my broken foot was. I could see Shri Mataji so many times and had a feeling Mother wanted to keep me there. I was alright just in time to enrol again at my university in Glasgow, UK.

At one point I thought it would be nice to offer to Mother some flowers from the United Kingdom, as I was almost the only person from there I bought a nice, but rather simple bouquet, because as a student I couldn’t afford anything more sophisticated. I did not know, but it was the Independence Day of India, commemorating when the country had its independence from England. These days it is very rare to see Mother and offer Her flowers; we normally leave them in Her apartment and they are offered to Her every morning. On that morning Mother mentioned that it was Indian Independence Day, and when the flowers were about to be offered, She asked if England had sent Her any and found my little bouquet, and Mother was very happy about it. It’s the most precious and joyful thing if you can please the Goddess.

Shri Mataji inaugurates the school at Centrassi

It is with immense joy that we write to you to inform you that on Saturday 2nd August, 2008, Shri Mataji inaugurated the International Cabella Sahaja Primary School in Centrassi.

For several days Shri Mataji had been expressing the wish to visit the Centrassi villa, where the new Cabella School will be located. The Arts Academy had been occupying the villa for the previous two weeks, so everyone helped prepare for the arrival. Shri Mataji had never been inside the house before, not even when She bought it more than fifteen years ago.

Shri Mataji went into every single room of the house, on all of the three floors. There are no lifts in Centrassi but Her curiosity was such that She was happy to allow us to carry Her up and down the stairs. She said She was amazed by the beauty of the place, both the environment in which it was set and the construction itself. She said it was an ideal place for children and that in fact She had always intended using Centrassi as a school.

She asked us lots of questions about how we planned to organise the school, how many people would work there, how many children would there be and so on. She also gave us lots of suggestions on how to do things, advising us to use smaller tables and chairs for the children, to make sure we have a bus to transport the children, to add some fences for the safety of the children and lots more.

Yesterday Shri Mataji was out shopping and while returning home She asked to use a different route from the usual one. As a result we ended up driving through the village where the children will be going to school. The children will be living in Centrassi but attending the local school. In this way, quite spontaneously, Shri Mataji was able to see the school and grant it Her blessings. On her way home today She asked to briefly visit Daglio where, She told us, She plans to open in the not-too-distant future another much larger English-medium international school.

We are deeply grateful to Our Holy Mother for this unique inauguration of the Centrassi School. We feel we are now truly ready to welcome Her children to the school and offer them the best possible environment in which to grow, develop and realise their full potential.

Shri Mataji, Your graciousness and compassion is endless. We thank You again and again.

Anonymous Sahaja Yogi



Shri Mataji at Centrassi, Cabella, in 2008

The Cabella School

In the last year I happened to be present many times when Shri Mataji spoke about the school. Last year (2008) She was very often silent but when She used to speak it was often about the school. She is very concerned about it and Her attention is very much on this English school that She wants to start here in Cabella.

She sent us around the valley looking for a new building for it. We took a lot of pictures and we showed them to Her but nothing satisfied Her. She was describing a building that She had in Her vision - a three story building with some stone on the façade but we were not able to find it, so She went out with us looking for this new building. Once we found one and Shri Mataji spent many hours telling us how to renovate it and then we came back to the castle. And again She spent a couple of hours explaining where to put the stairs and how the rooms should be and all these little details, but still She was not really satisfied.

Last year our experience was that Shri Mataji was really concerned and a lot of times stressed the importance of the school. She had a meeting with the mayors of the valley and explained how She wanted to open a new English medium school where the children could learn the Sahaja culture in English. So we are quite sure that Her attention is strongly on this point. She is very concerned about the education of the new generation in Sahaja Yoga.

Duilio Cartocci

The feeling that lifted me skyward

This is a personal account of some of the wonderful happenings in Cabella during the Guru Puja weekend, 2008. Tearing ourselves from the rigid conditionings of our mundane, daily life, we cruised into Cabella, tired out by the long journey but full of innocent anticipation. Just entering that magical valley lifts half of the vibrational heaviness from the care-worn soul. This time, it was an ascent from zero to a thousand in a matter of an hour or so. Whatever layers of drudgery that still lay over us were quickly blasted away as we arrived at the castle to find that Shri Mataji was about to depart on a shopping outing.

It's very difficult to describe the feeling that lifted me skyward as She came out and, before entering the vehicle, looked around at our faces. I can still remember Her eyes, dark and fathomless, as they briefly cast a liberating glance in my direction. Every time that comes to mind, I am once again reassured that She truly knows every detail of our struggle to ascend to Her realm of divine grace. I suddenly knew that She had been with me all my busy weeks and months leading up to that moment, and that She would most certainly always be in me and all my heartfelt actions.

At the puja, we waited quite a long time for Shri Mataji to arrive. My subtle system wasn't feeling very subtle at all. It seemed that my inner mechanisms were being put to work for a greater purpose, possibly along with everyone else's. I had almost despaired that I would miss feeling anything light and delightful on this important occasion, but I was deeply gratified to experience a wonderful wave of

awakening the moment Shri Mataji appeared on the stage – once more renewing the self-confidence in my higher state. I was further away from the stage than I've ever been at a puja in Cabella (out on the lawn near the road entrance, although I usually play drums near the musicians), but near the end, in a state of bubbling child-like enthusiasm, I made my way to the front. It was all so beautiful and – well – heavenly homey!



Shri Mataji speaking at the 2008 Guru Puja

Shri Mataji had just delivered a forceful talk and, as if to emphasize Her absolute authority, had done so wearing the puja crown.

Edward Saugstad

Email from Cabella, August 31st 2008

Dear brothers and sisters of the US Sahaja family, it was a great and unexpected blessing to find myself having the opportunity to spend a few minutes in the divine presence of our beloved Shri Mataji on Monday afternoon in Cabella. I wanted to share the experience with you all, as Her message that day was very much one of tremendous love for America and for the Sahaja Yogis of this country.

I had gone to the castle to give something from our country to Shri Mataji, or at least to leave it with someone who could offer it later. I was told that it might be a good day to have the chance to offer it to Shri Mataji personally, but it would be much later. I left to go get some flowers to be prepared for the possibility that I would receive a call to come back.

However, the call came not fifteen minutes later in the form of two yogis from the castle who found me standing at the flower shop in town whisking me away into a van, telling me, 'We've got the flowers already. You've got to go now!'

As I entered Shri Mataji's room, there was the tremendous presence of Her joy and divinity filling the room and washing over those of us who were there. I bowed down to offer Shri Mataji the bouquet of flowers from America.

What followed was a most amazing, surprising and blissful ten minutes or so, in which Shri Mataji expressed endless joy and satisfaction with America, and blessed this country again and again. From my notes, which may not be exactly accurate quotes, here are a few of the things I remember.

‘So great, what you have done, all of you in America. I am so grateful to you for what you have done,’ Shri Mataji said, and several times said, ‘Revived,’ and ‘Sahaja Yogis have revived Americans.’ Shri Mataji mentioned that She was so worried about Americans and the children there, and that She was very happy to see Americans revived. Shri Mataji said about America, ‘It is a great country,’ and three times said, ‘I always loved America.’ She also mentioned that we have taken ground breaking steps in America, saying that, ‘America has done it.’

I was also able to make my offering to Shri Mataji, which She looked at in detail and with great satisfaction and joy, and also offered Her some maple candies made somewhere near Canajoharie. She took great interest in these.

‘Maple?’ She asked. I explained that they are made from the syrup from maple trees near Canajoharie, to which She responded, ‘I have never tried them.’ Towards the end of my time with Her, Shri Mataji put Her right hand on Her heart and with deep feeling, said, ‘Give My love to all the Americans.’

It would be difficult to describe the utter joy and power of these few moments, but it was such an outpouring of love and satisfaction at the path we are on in America, and such an expression from Shri Mataji of Her blessings for our future success, it was tremendously moving. For those of us in the room, our Sahasraras were wide open, and the vibrations were so tremendous, the love and blessings flowing from Shri Mataji for America were so all-encompassing, that we all felt it was a deeply significant moment - an expression of Her love which would infuse all of us in America with the inspiration, confidence and strength to go further, with Her blessings, in bringing the experience of Her divinity to the people of this country.

With love, Jai Shri Mataji!

*Steve
Wollenberger*

A blessing for Japan

At Cabella, at the Shri Ganesha Puja in 2008, Shri Mataji talked to us when we were offering Her the national gift from Japan. She said that She had been to Japan twice, and that She felt the islands were very beautiful. But She said, with a sweet smile, that the food is not so good and that they have to cook more Indian food. She said the silk in Japan is of a very high quality and that they should export more to other countries. She also talked about the culture and art. She said the culture and art are very good in Japan but the people cannot appreciate them. Finally She asked if the war was over.

‘There is no more war in Japan, Shri Mataji,’ Hitoshi said.

Shri Mataji was nodding with such a motherly smile. We both felt that the influence of the former World War will end now. We offered a lacquer bowl and an album of our collective. Shri Mataji was looking at every picture and the vibrations were very strong when She looked at each one. It was such a blessing for Japan.

Sawako Watanabe and Hitoshi Igawa

Visit to Genoa, 2008

‘Shri Mataji came to Genoa on the 11th of September, Thursday and it was unbelievable. She was so happy, and smiling the whole time. It made me so happy. She said She was so happy to be in Genoa and at the house which made me even happier.



Shri Mataji arriving at Her house in Genoa

I got to do aarti to Shri Mataji and then we all offered flowers to Her one by one. We were only about fifteen people and She asked us all our names and their meanings. It was beautiful! Then She began to talk about young people and how it is sad that when some yuvas turn eighteen they tend to drift off and out of Sahaja Yoga and getting into silly things such as drugs, alcohol, and boyfriends and girlfriends. She said it was important to try and keep them in. She talked a lot about the USA and how the parents there do not want to share their money or life with their kids. She said it is horrible how they throw their kids out of home as soon as they are eighteen or nineteen, and expect them to fend for themselves. She then said how luckily Italy and some other countries, such as India, have not followed this example of parents. (Italians are totally the opposite) She then spoke about Italy and Genoa, asking questions about Genoa's port, politics and about the Sahaja Yogis in Genoa.

A small baby, only five days old, was presented to Shri Mataji, and She named her Madhura, meaning sweet, which was beautiful. Mother caressed the baby's head and She was so happy. She kept smiling and joking.

After this, Shri Mataji went upstairs into the house to have a look and then had lunch. She met some more yogis and spoke so much. She left at about 6:00 but drove past, to see the new centre we bought here in Genoa, before going back to Cabella.'

Italian Sahaja Yogi



Shri Mataji and the five day old baby

Shri Lakshmi Puja in Delhi

Today, Sunday the 26th October 2008, was Dhanteras, the first of the five day period in the middle of which is Diwali. A small puja was performed to Shri Mataji on the occasion and She was very pleased. Two ladies started by offering to Her Feet chandan (sandal wood powder), kumkum, haldi and rice. Then they did the Shringar (decorating Mother's Feet with alta) with all the ornaments. When the crown was presented to Mother after that, She asked that they put it on Her. Mother then vibrated all the offerings being made to Her including the oti, which was a thali with offerings for the Devi like bangles, comb, sari and silver coins etc. When all the offerings had been made, the aarti was performed after which the yogis all sat down again to absorb the vibrations, while some bhajans were being sung for Mother.



Shri Lakshmi Puja

After two bhajans, the yogis present were getting ready to leave but Shri Mataji asked them to stay on, saying there was no hurry. After another extremely beautiful bhajan, Mother started speaking. She said She liked the song a lot that had just been sung and that we kept singing so many songs for Her all the time. A mike was brought for Her so that all could hear what She was saying.

‘Can you hear Me now?’ She then said. ‘You are all like this mike, but you don’t know what power you have inside.’ She said we all had incredible shakti within us, that it was God who had placed that shakti in us and that we do not know how powerful it is. She said today was a very auspicious day and that anything started on this day would bear fruit and be blessed. She said it was the day of Shri Lakshmi, that Shri Lakshmi does not mean money, but She is the Devi and the Devi is our mother. She said that She looks after every detail of our lives and has kept aside a lot of blessings for us. She said Shri Lakshmi would go to any length to help us, and that Shri Lakshmi was all forgiveness and compassion.

She also spoke about the Delhi collective and said She was happy to be in Delhi on this day because the yogis of Delhi have a lot of shraddha (faith). She said they understood Sahaj very well and that is why Delhi was blessed. She said She had been to all the countries and that there was goodness there but that in Delhi there was more bhakti and shraddha, so everything worked out for Her to be in Delhi on this day; it was not just a coincidence. She then said that Delhi was the ‘sthan’

meaning place, of Shri Lakshmi. Mother said the number of yogis in Delhi hadn't changed but that they grew deeper and understood Sahaj very well.

Shri Mataji remembered all the yogis that were not present and said it would have been nice to have this occasion in a big hall so that more yogis could have been there. She said She was happy about having had a puja on this day because it was such an auspicious day. At the end of the puja Mother looked at Her Feet and said the vibrations were very strong. She then asked that all the flowers that had been offered Her Feet be distributed to all present so they could take them home. She later also vibrated sugar and water and asked that it be distributed to all the yogis. She was really in the roop (aspect) of Shri Lakshmi, the impersonation of generosity through Her smiles, Her blessings that She gave again and again, Her personal enquiries to the yogis present and then the distribution of vibrated sugar and water. She even spoke about how big Her house was and said it was big enough for all of us to come and live there together. It was really a beautiful evening that came to an end too quickly, leaving us so charged and joyful.

'I am telling you this because I know you will tell everyone else,' Shri Mataji said when speaking about Shri Lakshmi and the importance of this day, referring to the yogis who were not there. It is impossible to put into this note the mixture of emotions and wellbeing that was in the air, but I hope these words transmit a bit of the message and carry some of the vibrations of the puja.

Jai Shri Mataji! Jai Shri Lakshmi!

Delhi Sahaja Yogi

Chapter 14

2009

India and Europe

The inauguration of President Obama

I was with Shri Mataji at Pratishthan when She watched the inauguration of the new American president live on the TV, in January 2009. She watched the whole programme, avidly and with great interest. She did not speak much. Mother has been very quiet in the last few years. In the last few months She barely says a few words every day.

While watching, She had Her Devi eyes during the inauguration, those eyes I know, they were full of waves of consciousness intended for a man, sent in by Her, I believe. Mr Obama! She did not say anything, She just watched very quietly.

Anand Varma

Some months later, this was sent to Shri Mataji



Birthday greetings letter from President Obama and his wife

Republic Day of India

Today, in the morning hours of 26th January 2009, a small collective of Sahaja Yogis offered their prayer and respect to our most Holy Mother Shri Mataji in Her residence, Pratishthan, in Pune to celebrate the Republic Day of India. It was indeed a very special day for India. Shri Mataji blessed all Her children and paid Her respects to the Indian flag as it was placed before Her, with highest respect for the nation. It was placed on rose petals. Shri Mataji stared deep into the yogis as if to remind them all the essence of the dedication, devotion and respect for the nation.

Condensed from Nirmalnagari.org

Moments of heavenly bliss

We had a very nice Birthday Puja at Noida, Delhi, on 21st March 2009. Shri Mataji was there and after the puja Her grandson Anand got married. Shri Mataji in Her kindness called my wife Shanta and me, also for the wedding. Then, on 22nd March, Shri Mataji called us to a very grand reception at a five star hotel in

Delhi. We both were able to fulfil our life's desire, and did pranam to Her at a very close range. What strong vibrations we enjoyed! Yes, it was Divine. Now, we will go through rest of our lives re-living those moments of heavenly bliss at Shri Mataji's Lotus Feet.

Yatindra Pratap

A desire fulfilled

I wanted to see Shri Mataji closely but never knew my desire would get fulfilled very soon. It was March 19th, at Radissons Hotel in Noida, Delhi, and some of us yuva shaktis got a chance to present a dance in front of Her for Anand bhaiya's (Shri Mataji's grandson) Mehendi rasam. It was evening and we were all awaiting Mother's presence. After some time that heavenly moment came and Mother came, wearing a pink sari.

We had performed the dance and were sitting down, and got lost at the sight of Shri Mataji, and got deeply engrossed enjoying the darshan of the devi. She was looking at all who had gathered there in the hall. We were in front of Her, so as soon as She looked at us, a yuva sister and me, we bowed down and to our surprise when we raised our heads and looked at Mother She blessed us by showing Her hand. It was an incredible experience!

Lavanya Bhamidipati

Anand and Priya's Wedding

Back to France after six months in India, in the spring of 2009, we have the great joy to share with you a few moments of our daughter Fatima's marriage, who received the name of Priya from Shri Mataji, to Anand, Shri Mataji's grandson. We deeply thank Shri Mataji for organising this family isolation, because we could slowly but surely, Djamel, Fatima and myself, experience, day after day, the seriousness of this union. Through our meditations, our vibratory experiences, the messages received at night during our dreams, as well as our meetings with Shri Mataji, She clearly indicated that this plan was indeed Her choice and not of Anand's nor even of Fatima's. This was for us a reminder that Sahaja is a big family and not a rigid army, and that we should never neglect our heart.

In December, Anand and Fatima hoped to join the collective marriages in Pune, but administrative complications at the last moment delayed this and the festivities in Pratishthan were transformed into engagement celebrations. Three consecutive days of rejoicing: the ceremonies of mendhi, then of the haldi, and to finish with the engagements or exchange of rings, ceremonies that Shri Mataji attended with all the strength and the power that we already witnessed before. So we would be tempted to believe that the general attention was focused on one couple, but throughout this superb adventure, Shri Mataji confirmed what everyone already knows: Her love is unconditional, She spreads it in an equal manner, without any preference. It was touching and moving to see Mother deciding at the last moment to go bless all Her children who were waiting for Her in the pendal.

We were admiring, grateful and dumbfounded at the same time. In a few days, Shri Mataji had attended four ceremonies, a puja and the marriages, all this with the silence that we are familiar with, because She no longer speaks or almost, with the only language of Her eyes, Her eyes that scan you through, answer to your

inner prayer, or a nodding of the head which means that She has heard you. She is active and present more than ever; She manages everything absolutely.

'I will come to Anand's marriage in March, in Delhi,' She had said some time before Christmas, when it was thought that the marriage would take place on 26th December.

That is how Shri Mataji chose the day of Her own birthday, right after the puja, to celebrate the Sahaj marriage of Anand and Fatima, not in private in Her house at Noida, where again four intensive days of ceremonies, animated by dance and music took place, but in the precious company of Her Sahaj children, 14,000 in total.

This puja was unusual in the sense that Shri Mataji had gathered yogis and non-yogis together. Anand's parents, and especially his mother Sadhana, have been Shri Mataji's instruments for organizing and hosting two to three hundred guests (the respective families and a variety of yogis). Moreover, all the French present were invited to join the dinner on Friday evening after the musical programme. To receive in India for a wedding means to accommodate the guests in a hotel, organize their daily transport, the food, and to offer gifts to each of the guests. One can therefore understand that the invitation could not have exceeded a certain number, but in reality Shri Mataji and Her family invited 14,000 yogis.

I cannot conclude without giving my impressions related to the wedding ceremony itself - an unforgettable moment, magical. Everything happened so fast, and besides we didn't know exactly what we were supposed to do. There was no previous rehearsal and everything was spontaneous, very natural, and very simple. After a first namaskar at Shri Mataji's Feet, we went down the few stairs leading to the small podium, to where the fire ceremony would take place.

There, suddenly everything became solemn, serious, and silent, but so light and joyful at the same time, the head and the heart completely in unison. It was only after the event, later in the evening, that I could put words what I had felt: the impression of sitting on a cloud at the foot of heaven's gate, widely opened, where, on Her throne, the Mother of the heavens was seated, Shri Adi Shakti Herself. As everything was going on at night, I had the feeling that the stage was a kind of an Aladdin flying carpet or something similar, floating in the space. This was true still more down on the stage, because all around were 14,000 angels, the yogis, and we felt their presence through their imperious silence. I do not know if there was any noise, but on my behalf, I did not hear anything except the sacred silence of all the people present.

To listen to the Sahaj marriage vows was the deepest, most fantastic moment, because here we were, at the essence of what we wanted to hear and perform. We recalled the last twenty-six years, wondering whether we had been faithful to this or that vow. It was especially solemn for us, because Djamel and I didn't have a fire ceremony, despite of the fact that we were married by Shri Mataji in 1982. So it was, in a small way, our marriage too. Later many yogis told us that they also had the impression that they were reliving their marriages.

Guillemette Metouri

A blissful morning with Shri Mataji

This morning, Sunday 17th May 2009, Shri Mataji expressed a desire to see some artistic items, amongst the gifts that were offered to Her in the past weeks. A variety of artifacts, tea sets, marble statues and ceramic plates were brought in front of Mother. She was admiring and directing the attention of the yogis present

to every detail of these beautiful illustrations of craftsmanship: the fine chiseling on the silver, the delicate motherly features of the statue, the scenes depicted in the painting. Shri Mataji wanted to know everything about the gifts: the name of the artists, the place where we found these items, and much more.



There was a lovely moment when Mother gazed long upon a beautiful book on the Renaissance.

‘Today I am very happy!’ Shri Mataji remarked with a loving smile, and our hearts were filled with joy.

Anonymous Italian Sahaja Yogi



Some Sahaja Yogis presenting the book of poems to Shri Mataji in June 2009



The book cover

The beautiful birthday present

In 2009, I went to Cabella before the Adi Shakti Puja. I had a bouquet of flowers to offer to Shri Mataji on behalf of Holland. In the morning, which happened to be my birthday, I went to the castle with the flowers and was told to go to the little cupboard where the vases are kept and choose a vase for them. I opened it and saw a very beautiful kumbha in a rare sculpted pottery made in Holland in a very traditional manner, which we had offered at a Krishna Puja about ten years before. I realised that this would fit perfectly with the bouquet I had bought, so put the flowers in it and left them in the dining room, happy to have been able to offer flowers to Shri Mataji on my birthday.

In the afternoon, I was reading some talks of Shri Mataji and was amazed to read the following extract from the Navaratri Puja 1990:

‘Yesterday, of course, when the last song started it did penetrate, I know, into many souls, to many hearts, that unique joy which we call as nirananda. I did feel it yesterday. But keep it up, it’s to be kept very safely into your kumbhas, it is the Kundalini, and she’s the one who has come up. So My idea was that today it’s not only the worship of the kumbha where the Kundalini resides, but the kumbha becomes like a flower-pot. It’s like that, that has happened. And then it can also, as somebody said that “Mother, these flower-pots also can become table lamps” So I said, “See, now, you have said it!” So the kumbha becoming flowers, and flowers becoming light, and the lights with fragrance.’

I felt my Kundalini very strong growing like a flower and could feel Shri Mataji’s attention on me. It was a beautiful birthday present!

Trupta de Graaf

Shri Mataji gave everyone a big smile

This is an email from July 2009. I am working at the castle. In Cabella we had an amazing weekend. It was so hot and we were preparing for the puja from 9.00 am in the morning. I think the Guru Puja isn’t an easy one; it’s a big test for everyone. Shri Mataji came around 7.00 pm, and lots of things were clearing out, as She interrupted the puja, and you could see that She was struggling with something. The puja was finished in less than twenty minutes, and amazingly enough Mother stayed for all the presents.

I have joined the Yuva Shakti realisation tour for a week or two as I think that’s the best thing to do after the Guru Puja, to spread realisation. We’re around ten young people starting tomorrow in Amsterdam, going through Belgium and France and coming back to Cabella for Shri Krishna Puja.

Yesterday one of the men who lives here went to see Shri Mataji and told Her about the tour, so She knows about the people who are going. When they were talking about it, Mother didn’t say anything, but She gave everyone a big smile, like only Adi Shakti could give. And that’s everything we need to know, that we have Her blessing.

Saakshi Kenny

Overwhelmed with joy and love

It is summer 2009, and I have just spent the most amazing and extraordinary time as a volunteer in Cabella, in Mother’s house. Each day you had different responsibilities, such as cleaning, cooking, doing the dishes and arranging the flowers in the front of the entrance to the castle.

You felt so lucky that you were able to stay in Mother's house and be Her humble servant. You could see the Goddess doing very ordinary things, such as going out shopping with Her family, and when She came back you could see what kind of silver or china She had bought.

The most amazing thing is that you could work in Mother's kitchen. You just felt so happy, washing Mother's silver plates and crystal glasses and sometimes you could even decorate the silver tray with different flowers from the garden. You could see what the cooks were preparing for Her and at the end, when Mother finished Her meal, you could get prasad, directly from Her plate. You could feel your Nabhi is just opening and blooming like a lotus flower.

Sometimes very early in the morning, before Shri Mataji had Her breakfast, you could pick fresh flowers for a little bouquet, which She could smell when She woke up. At that moment it didn't matter that you sometimes needed to wake up even before five o'clock in the morning, just to please the Goddess. You felt overwhelmed by the joy and love of Mother's gentle attention on everyone, because the Goddess was actually on the same floor, in the room nearby.

Being a volunteer in Mother's house can be a very special experience. Sometimes you were responsible for arranging all the flowers and plants in the main entrance. As you needed to water the flower pots and change the water in the vases you usually did that just in front of Mother's living room, because the flowers were there, in the entrance.

This summer, between the pujas Mother didn't go out much, so sometimes we weren't able to see Her for weeks. One day someone forgot to close the door of the living room when I was working near there, and just a few metres away there was Mother sitting in Her chair and listening Mozart's *Requiem*. She looked at my direction, somehow letting me know She was aware of all Her children in Her house. I didn't really know what to do at that moment, as I didn't want to disturb Her privacy, so I made a namaskar and quietly went away. Just a glimpse of the Goddess can completely change your life as a Sahaja Yogi, especially when you're able to see when the Divine personality, Shri Mataji, doing things which are very human, like listening to the music. You realize that the Goddess can be also a Mahamaya at the same time.

Sakshi Kenny

One miracle after another

Cabella, 2009: last night when I was working in Shri Mataji's kitchen, arranging the flowers on the trays with Christina (Sakshi). We heard that Shri Mataji was heading back to the castle and I had a strong desire to see Her. Right before She arrived, someone poured a bit of vibrated water on my head. It felt so nice, dripping down all sides.

I ran outside to see Shri Mataji - She was just about to go to Her room when She looked directly towards me. I felt that was Her way of answering my desire to see Her. It made me feel so happy and full of joy!

As I continued to do the dishes, I kept feeling this water flowing sensation coming down my head. I felt my hair to see if it was still the water from before, but it was not. It was vibrations pouring out like a fountain, an incredible feeling that continued the whole time I was in the kitchen. Then an aunty who was cleaning out Shri Mataji's bag came up to me and stuffed napkins in my apron. I

asked her what it was and she said Shri Mataji had just used them and I could have them. What an evening - one miracle after another!

Pragya Richards

The Americans visit the Adi Shakti

During this summer, many of the American yuva shaktis had the opportunity to present a painting of the Statue of Liberty and the new yuva magazine to Shri Mataji at Cabella. About twenty of us gathered on the steps outside of Her living room. We were singing wonderful bhajans, just enjoying the fact that we were all together singing right outside of the Adi Shakti's room. Someone came out and asked five of us to represent different areas in America. I was asked to represent the South, while holding the painting in my hand. I placed it in front of Shri Mataji's Feet, which were at arm's length away from where I was sitting. As soon as I put the painting down, Shri Mataji lifted Her Feet up and held them above it. The other American yuvas were asked to come into the room and sit in front of Shri Mataji. You could see She was looking so closely at all of us. Every minute or so, I noticed that one or both of Her Feet lifted up again over the painting. I made eye contact with Her so many times - I felt through these looks that all negativity was getting destroyed.

Sadhana Didi introduced us to Sir CP and Shri Mataji. Sir CP started talking about how the yuva shaktis are the future and it is our job to keep this dream going and this vision alive. He said, on behalf of Shri Mataji, that She gives all Her love and blessings to America and the American yuva shaktis. He also said that we should all promise to keep spreading Sahaj because Shri Mataji's job is now done, to never forget how much She loves us and how She is always protecting us. Through this whole meeting, Shri Mataji was very alert, looking at everyone. When we left the room we were filled with so much joy and happiness that we couldn't help but cry and hug each other.

Pragya Richards



Yuva shakti at Cabella

Shri Mataji's visit to Austria

It all started with a rakhi being sent from Austria to Cabella, as the symbol of one world, for Shri Mataji, on 1st August, 2009. That very day we received news about Mother's desire to come to Her house in Austria. The news was received

with great joy and reverent prayers that nothing would change the course of Her coming to Austria.

On Friday, August 7th, 2009, around noon, Shri Mataji's plane landed at Vienna Airport. A stream of yogis had gathered at the airport arrival hall to receive our Holy Mother, who was visiting Vienna after fourteen years. The sound of the conch welcomed Her advent to Astraland. Shri Mataji and Her family were received very briefly at the airport before being driven straight to Her new home Nirmalprasth. Hundreds of yogis were waiting for Shri Mataji's arrival with flower bouquets in their hands, prayers in their hearts and songs praising their Divine Mother on their lips.

As Shri Mataji's car entered the gates, sounds of Her *Jai kara* were heard and flower petals were showered on the car by the yuvas and kindergarten children from Austria. When Shri Mataji arrived at the new ashram, Nirmalprasth, She made it holy. Amazingly I could feel almost all of my chakras and fingers tingling, though I had considered myself being balanced, and again I recognised Who I was facing. Shri Mataji sat in the meditation hall of the ashram and everyone admired Her. Sir C.P. addressed us and a dance performance was offered. After watching Shri Mataji for about half an hour all the tingling on my fingers was gone and I was drenched in bliss. A new desire arose: 'May there be nothing between You and me, Shri Mataji.'



Shri Mataji at Nirmalprasth 2009

When Shri Mataji had moved up into Her private rooms on the second floor of the ashram we were truly sitting under Her Lotus Feet - and were struggling to

realise that She really had come to Austria. In the evening Shri Mataji blessed us again with Her presence and bhajans were offered to collective delight.

On August 8th, 2009 Raksha Bandhan was celebrated at Nirmalprasth, Vienna. Shri Mataji and Her family witnessed the ceremony from the ashram balcony. On behalf of the whole collective a rakhi was offered to Shri Mataji by the yuva shakti. All the rakhis and the perfume were blessed by Shri Mataji before the ceremony. It was an unforgettable event and Sir C.P. commented later, 'This is Heaven on Earth.'

On August 9th, 2009: Shri Mataji accepted a puja to Shri Ganesha. The meditation hall was full with approximately three to four hundred Sahaja Yogis, and even more were sitting in the garden. A few Ganesha songs and *Krishna Govinda Govinda gaya karo* were offered before the Aarti and the Sahasrara mantras. After the inauguration of the Nirmalprasth ashram Sir C.P. addressed us once again and said something like that this house was a marvel, and he considered it very beautiful. He said that Pratishthan was the most beautiful house of Shri Mataji - as designed by Shri Mataji Herself, then followed Nirmalprasth and then Cabella. The builders of the Shri Mataji's house presented the foundation stone in midst of an Austrian patriotic choir.

I'll remember that for the rest of my life

On the very auspicious occasion of Shri Ganesha Puja in Cabella, 2009, the Sahaja marriages took place. For the last few years Shri Mataji has not usually been physically present during the marriage ceremony. As a woman, considering there are normally five times more women who apply for marriages than men, you feel very fortunate if Mother finds you a husband. Every year the Sahaja marriages are very special, but this year everything was beyond my expectations.

Since the day I got matched, you could feel Mother's attention on each couple and on the actual day of marriage, it felt like heaven came down to earth, when Mother came to the marriage ceremony. She stayed for the whole ceremony and each couple could go on the stage to do a namaskar and receive a set of silver as a gift. The most amazing thing was that not only had I got married in front of the Shri Mataji, but also that after each couple could go on the stage again and dance in front of Her for a few moments. Mother looked very content, as if She was enjoying our presence very much, and I'll remember that for the rest of my life.

Sakshi Kenny

Experiences at Shri Krishna and Shri Ganesha Puja 2009

As the coach approached Cabella, my attention had been concentrated, deep within and at my Sahasrara. The Shri Krishna Puja commenced the next day; it was a short but powerful one. I had brought a pair of lotus feet (chappals) from India to be vibrated at the Krishna Puja. I was directed to go to the castle on Thursday to collect them. As I was told the lotus feet had been placed on the dining table where Shri Mataji was sitting at the time, I decided not to disturb and left instead.

I returned the next day and was told to wait, which I did till 1 am, and reached the pendal almost 2 am. Time flew by, doing absolutely nothing and enjoy the peace within. I was told that Shri Mataji wanted me to stay back. I was invited to wait in the office until the musical evening began. It was to be conducted by the Yuva Shakti from different countries for Shri Mataji. We all had Her darshan in the garden, then we went inside the castle for more bhajans

to the Divine Mother. Early the next morning I managed to collect the lotus feet that had been vibrated by Our Holy Mother. The vibrations were tremendous. I was in thoughtless and immersed in deep silence for days to come.

On the morning of the Ganesha Puja, I found myself back at the castle again, helping out with the ironing. I had brought with me a portrait of Mother painted by my daughter Nagi, which I wanted to bring to Shri Mataji. As I was heading towards the office, Shri Mataji's elder daughter happened to walk out and commented that it was a lovely painting.

Is it for Shri Mataji?,’ she asked.

‘Yes,’ I replied, to which she requested someone to give it to Shri Mataji.

Later, I was given the chance to be one the seven married ladies on stage during the Shri Ganesha Puja. I remember Shri Mataji looking at us and at one point, I couldn't help but to look back and I remember seeing the love that radiating from Her eyes that go beyond words in the realm of Divine.

‘Are you from Malaysia?’ Shri Mataji asked in Hindi while brother Hwe and I were on stage to present our gift.

‘Yes Mother,’ I heard myself in replying.

When I namaskared on stage for early morning meditation the following day, my forehead touched the white carpet where Shri Mataji had been sitting, the vibrations were tremendous and it was travelling like lightning in my brain, such joy and bliss and a deep sense of silence.

Thank You Shri Mataji for all the attention and love that You showered upon us. I completely surrender my dedication to you at your Holy Lotus Feet.

Anonymous

Shri Mataji at Frankfurt Airport, September 2009

Dear friends,

It has been a great privilege to welcome Shri Mataji yesterday, the 10th of September, in transit at Frankfurt Airport, Germany, on Her way from Milan to Togliatti. Those who could bought fully refundable business class tickets so that we were able to pass through security and greet Shri Mataji on Her arrival. We were able to perform aarti, and offer prayers and a gift from Germany and everyone present was able to Namaskar and offer flowers at Her holy Lotus Feet. Shri Mataji was accompanied by Sadhana Didi, Sir CP and a group of maybe fourteen yogis. We also welcomed Her with a golden watch. Symbolically, as She was travelling through the right channel of the Virata into the ego, Russia, we all felt that there must be significance beyond our minds.

Before Shri Rama entered the final battle, He was offered gold, and as Shri Mataji arrived today in Togliatti, we also offered gold; not knowing the true meaning of Her journey, but assuming that the world's manifestations of ego had to come down.

A group of about fifty yogis also gathered in the prayer room of Frankfurt Airport, and watched the Diwali Puja of 2002. In between, Herbert, on a mobile phone, stopped us with news of Shri Mataji's arrival. When She landed at Frankfurt, the vibrations swelled more and more and the air was filled with the familiar scent of roses that the arrival of Shri Mataji often signals.

Various German Sahaja Yogis



The gold watch which was offered on Frankfurt Airport



Shri Mataji at Frankfurt Airport

Shri Mataji's visit to Togliatti, Russia, 2009

At 5:50 am, on September 11th, the flight from Frankfurt has landed in the airport, not far from Togliatti, the Holy Feet of Shri Adi Shakti stepped onto the Russian land. Sahaja Yogis are meeting Mother and Her family with beautiful flowers and their hearts thrust open. At 7.00 am the escort consisting of fifteen cars starts off to the venue of the Festival. After a deep meditation about 3000 Yogis lined up on both the sides preparing to meet Shri Mataji. Beat of the drums. In front of Shri Mataji's car, rose petals are falling.



Tears of joy are in the eyes of many! Is it real that Mother has come to Russia? Thank You, Beloved Mother, for all the love You are giving Your children, for Your compassion with which You fulfil our desires and meet with us. The car of Shri Mataji has reached the house. The drums have become silent. Silence inside and around. The loving children are longing to absorb all the vibrations which Shri Adi Shakti gives us.

Several minutes after Shri Mataji disappeared in the house, the doors opened again – for the Mother to meet Her children. All the Yogis were invited onto the lawn in front of the house on the front porch of which Shri Mataji had come out. Spontaneously the desire to sing a bhajan *Kundalini, Kundalini* for Mother was born – the voices of brothers and sisters flowed together into one chorus. Shri Mataji desired to listen to one more bhajan – the yogis started singing the *Twelve Names of Shri Ganesha*. A harmonium and then a dholak joined it. Silence set in again.

‘Puja,’ Shri Mataji said.

Leaving for Her room for breakfast, Shri Mataji expressed the desire that Sahaja Yogis continued singing. Other bhajans were performed, such as *Jago Savera* and *Vishvavandita* and others.

It is verily a puja; Shri Mataji, let Your Lotus Feet be in our hearts - Jai Shri Mataji!

A blissful evening with Shri Mataji and Her family, on September 11th

In the evening, the Baby Shaktis were invited to the front yard of Shri Mataji’s house. The elder children were singing bhajans to the accompaniment of a harmonium praising Shri Adi Shakti. The hearts of the children and adults were full of joy and love for Shri Mataji.

At some point, the curtains covering the windows at the veranda of Mother’s house were drawn aside – Shri Mataji went out from Her room to meet with Her children again. All the Sahaja Yogis present at the Festival were invited into the yard of the house. The Yuva Shakti and the teachers of Togliatti International Music Academy continued performing bhajans and qawali. This unforgettable concert was crowned with beautiful fireworks. When Shri Mataji was leaving for Her room, about 4,000 Sahaja Yogis, standing, were applauding for a very long time. On that really magical evening the Goddess stayed with us for about an hour.



A little bit later, at the large stage, there were announced 23 Sahaja couples which had been blessed for Sahaja weddings by Shri Mataji that day.

Shri Ganesha Puja, September 12th, 2009, Saturday

The Goddess presented Her children with one more great day. Early morning. In the glade between Shri Mataji's house and the large stage Sahaja Yogis from different countries are meditating. They are from Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Kazakhstan, Italy, Iran, Finland, France, Argentina, the USA, etc. At 8:30 am there is a meditation for children which is conducted by the Yuva Shaktis. Since early in the morning Sahaja Yogis are preparing for the meeting with Shri Adi Shakti.

Since 12 o'clock midday brothers and sisters are gradually gathering at the large stage: the puja can start at any time – depending on Mother's will.

15:00 – a little more than four and a half thousand Sahaja Yogis are meditating to the accompaniment of Indian classic music. When the raga *Kirvani* is being performed, the hot sun disappears behind the clouds and several drops of rain bring freshness and purification.

16:20 – the car with Shri Mataji leaves the yard of Her house. The glade is again lit up by the sun. All the time while our Holy Mother is going to the stage by car, the birds are making circles high in the sky above Her car welcoming Shri Adi Shakti. In several minutes the great puja starts! Baby Shaktis offer rose petals at the Lotus Feet of Shri Mataji. Worshipping with petals is also offered by the members of the Russian and Ukrainian Councils and by the Council of Yuva Shaktis. Aarti to our Mother is performed by members of the councils and the Country Coordinators present. The deepest vibrations, the deepest love, the deepest uniting in one ocean. Thank You, our Beloved Holy Mother, for You have given us an opportunity to offer this puja to You!



After the puja all the Yuva Shaktis were invited to the stage to make a pranam to Shri Mataji. Presents from different countries were also offered. On behalf of all the Sahaja Yogis, the Coordinator of the Russian Council expressed our deepest gratitude to Shri Mataji for having made the long journey to Russia to meet Sahaja Yogis. Afterwards Sir C.P. took the floor:

‘It is my request to you: carry Her message to everyone in the world. It is my prayer to you. I will take the liberty of repeating the word of Her. When She addresses, She says, ‘I have done my job, now you take Her’.

‘Yes, we will spread,’ everyone says. (The Sahaja Yogis raise both their hands to show they agree with it)

Shri Mataji stayed for about three hours with the Sahaja Yogis. At about 18:30 She left for Her house. What joy everyone felt when after several minutes our beloved Holy Mother expressed the desire to meet with the Yuva Shaktis, who were invited to the front yard of Shri Mataji’s house. The Yuva Shakti ensemble, surrounded by many brothers and sisters, with much love and devotion, performed bhajans and qawwalis describing the greatness of Shri Adi Shakti, the One whose compassion is so great that despite everything She aspires to give each minute to meeting with Her children. For about an hour beautiful fireworks lit up the darkness of the sky above the River Volga, to the accompaniment of ‘*Mata ka Karam*’.

Nature also celebrated that day. After about half an hour flashes of lightning started illuminating the dark sky everywhere on the horizon, one after another. Soon, the venue of the Festival was refreshed by a little rain.

Sahaja marriages in the presence of Shri Mataji

On Sunday September 13th, at 10:30 am, at the small stage, more couples (about 30) blessed for Sahaja marriages by Shri Mataji are announced, and on the sand on the bank of the River Volga the haldi ceremony had already started. In the center of the beach, there is a Yuva Shakti ensemble performing bhajans and qawwalis from the sounds of which the vibrations are flying into the heights. On the right, sisters are dancing in a ring. On the left, with loud exclamations, brothers are dipping into the cold water of the Kundalini of Russia.

In the second half of the day, dressed in wedding garments, blessed by Shri Adi Shakti for marriage and remarriage, 123 couples are preparing for the meeting with the Goddess. First, the sisters offer rose petals at Mother’s Lotus Feet at the Gauri Puja in the front yard of Shri Mataji’s house. Then the brothers worship the Lotus Feet of Holy Mother with rose petals at the Shri Ganesha Puja. The atmosphere is permeated with tender and, at the same time, solemn vibrations.

To the accompaniment of the drums, the brothers come up to the glade in front of the main stage and on the other side of the white sari the sisters line up opposite them. The nature and people quieten down in meditation, waiting for the arrival of the Great Mother. In the height of the blue sky, the clouds are forming the images of Shri Ganesha. The curtains of the large stage are parted. Joy is reflected on the faces of Sahaja Yogis – of the children looking at their sublimely beautiful Mother.



The brides and the bridegrooms, sprinkled with rice and rose petals, make seven steps towards each other. The sari is put down in a very solemn way. The happy and excited bridegrooms and brides meet each other's eyes, and after some minutes the marriage ceremony continues in front of the havans. The brides and bridegrooms make wedding vows in an undertone. Each couple comes onto the stage to do namaskar to our Divine Mother and to get a present from Her. All the 4,500 Sahaja Yogis present at the festival are rejoicing! Soon the immense joy of the Sahaja family is expressed in dancing to the accompaniment of the qawwali *Mata ka Karam*. After staying with Her children for some more time, Shri Mataji leaves for Her house.

Surrounded by their younger and elder brothers and sisters, the Yuva Shaktis perform bhajans and qawwalis in the front yard of Shri Mataji's house. It is not possible to describe by words the feeling of joy which overfills everyone, the dancing Baby Shaktis, the smiling and singing Yuvas and adult Yogis. The concert finishes with unending applause devoted to Shri Adi Shakti, and dazzling fireworks. Bolo Shri Adi Shakti Mataji Shri Nirmala Devi Ki Jai! Into these words, repeated again and again, Sahaja Yogis of all the countries and ages put all their love and respect for our Beloved Holy Mother. In the eyes of many there are tears of joy.

September 14th, Sunday

6:00. All the brothers and sisters present at the Festival gather for collective meditation at the glade in front of Shri Mataji's house.

7:20. Shri Mataji and Her family leave the house for the airport. The Sahaja Yogis see off their Beloved Holy Mother with rose petals, in complete silence and thoughtlessness.

Shri Mataji, we love You very much and we know that You are always with us!

The Russian Collective

The great visit of our Holy Mother to Russia (letter to a rakhi brother)

My dear brother, I am hurrying to share my impressions of the great visit of our Holy Mother to Russia with you and the whole Sahaja family. It is September 11th, 2009. Early chilly morning. The day is breaking. Thousands of Sahaja Yogis are leaving their sleeping bags, putting on their warm jackets and hurrying to meditation on the bank of the Volga with smiles on their faces. The plane with Shri Mataji will land very soon. The Russian land is in complete standstill waiting

for Her Holy Feet. The realisation of Mother's great sacrifice – to undertake such a far travel for the sake of Her children at such a venerable age – gives rise to awe preparing our chakras, channels and hearts.

We all are lining on the sides of the road. The torches are lit. All of us are wearing festive clothes and holding rose petals, with hopeful hearts. The wind has come to a standstill. Even the Volga has stopped its flow – it only reflects the first rays of sublime Suriya. Silence. But here come the sounds of drums – Mother enters the camp, joy and love fill our hearts and the hands shower Her car and Her way with the tender petals of roses.

'Mother is calling everybody to the house!' I suddenly hear. I ran on the cold dew and saw Her face! Her Divine eyes were pouring love upon me, through me, upon all Her children. And we, enthusiastic, with our hands in namaste, put our hearts at Her Lotus Feet.

'It's cold but Mother wanted a puja and you have offered it,' someone who had been with Her said. The glass doors closed, shielding the Goddess from the morning coolness... but our hearts, they were delirious with joy! Morning puja - we even could not have dreamt about such a blessing. Bhajans were played and the chorus of voices reached the heaven. I raised my head – each leaf, gilded by the morning sun against the background of the blue sky, turned towards Her.



Tears were rolling down our cheeks: I am part of the greatest event which is celebrated by nature here, on Shri Ganesha's land (Togliatti is the Mooladhara of Russia). *Vishva Vandita* was sung and we, Shri Mataji's Russian children, bent all our egos, and maybe, the ego of the planet, in a deep namaskar to the Lotus Feet of the great Goddess. In the quietest awe, we left the regal court.

The next day, as soon as it was announced that Shri Mataji had decided to start the puja in the afternoon, all the Yogis immediately gathered in the glade in front of the stage waiting for our great Mother. I could see a sea of Yogis, and the bottomless sky, where the burning rays of the sun were covered with clouds in a very caring way. Suddenly we all stood up and turned our heads towards Shri Mataji's house – Mother was coming out and all of a sudden a flock of birds appeared above the house, making circles and spirals. Then, high in the sky, they slowly followed Shri Mataji's car, accompanying Her to the stage. At the same time the clouds opened, and the sun and a stream of rays rushed to the stage. Our hearts could not bear such a divine and touching vision, and tears appeared in

many of our eyes. The children started worshipping Mother. In awe and silence they went up onto the stage and showered Her Lotus Feet with rose petals.



During the whole puja, Shri Mataji was sitting on Her throne bending Her head down a little bit, as if directing Her Sahasrara towards all the Yogis. The vibrations were so strong that we went through dimensions and depths unknown to us before. In such a sublime state and oneness, we solemnly performed the last verse of the aarti and the third great mantra. Then thousands of Yogis bowed in a grateful namaskar, pouring their love to the highest Goddess of all, the Queen of the Universe.

The gift to the Russian collective – the picture of Shri Mataji in a gilded frame - followed the offering of presents to Shri Mataji.

Our gratitude was endless and we applauded, standing up. When Shri Mataji was leaving the stage, we were asked to meditate, to absorb the essence of Mother. So we all humbly sat down, put our attention to the Sahasrara and tried to drain the cup of vibrations which our Divine Mother was pouring onto each of us.

The next day the marriage ceremonies were to take place and we were making a garland for the Gauri Puja. Somehow it was very difficult vibrationally and we felt very tired. Suddenly wonderful news arrived: for the first time in the history of Sahaja Yoga all the vibrations were absorbed after the puja and Shri Mataji felt wonderful. All the tiredness vanished. A deep feeling of gratitude overfilled our hearts. She had helped us to reach the state in which we could make Her pleased.

Nataliya Zakharova

Impressions of the International Sahaja Yoga Festival held in September, 2009 in Togliatti

There is some small universe in your head, absolutely empty, and joy. One couldn't even imagine that one day Shri Mataji would come (again) to Russia.

Yaroslav Salmin

When Shri Mataji arrived for the puja, the yogis just showered Her with ovation and love, without any fanaticism but with all humility and complete response. Such things simply make you admire.

Lyudmila Lomakina

The fabulous pure energies of the Yuva Shaktis! They are ancient souls indeed, they have lots of dedication and love and all the time Mother gave them so much

attention, and it was felt that they are Her hope. Then we saw Mother off and there wasn't any sadness, only peace.

Larisa Sterkhova

Mother has been there in Her physical form, this place has become a swayambhu forever. Mother's energy has spread all around, and we as small particles were dissolved in it. All our small egos, thoughts and feelings have merged into one big strength - love.

Konstantin Sterkhov

The incredible feeling of tenderness and love - so much touching care for each other has spread in the air.

Yulia Pronenko

(This poem is translated from Russian)
She came as a breath of wind
As tenderness of the lightest words
And gave each and everyone the blessing –
To be beyond all illusions and shackles.

She came, as freshness of waterfalls
As a soft cool stream
Dissolved all barriers in an instant
In order to light the spark of joy.

She came, as a golden song
Whose sound only the heart can hear
As lightness of heavenly tenderness
Opened to us how to be an eternal light.

She came, as a palpitation of small leaves
That give a sweetness again and again
As a silent echo between the lines
She is the One Who is called Love.

Marianna Gevorkyan

Navaratri at Cabella, 2009

Dear All,

Today we have celebrated the sixth night of Navaratri at Cabella, with our Holy Mother. It is inconceivable how many blessings She will shower upon us.

On the first night - of silence - we were able to offer a small puja. It started with an invocation of an English Christian hymn that some of you will recognise:

*Immortal, invisible, God only wise
In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes
Most blessed, most glorious, the ancient of days
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.*

We also prayed that everything we offered the Great Devi, during this period of Navaratri would please Her. We offered a beautiful red sari which had come from the Sheffield, UK, collective. Also, as it was the night of Shri Shailaputri, who holds a lotus and a trident, we offered the most enormous trident that we found in

the castle. It was a silent and deep experience, with a small number of the hosting countries present.

On the second night - of the Guru principle, we made some special offerings: prasad, which was channa, no sari, modest decorations, but lots of Lakshmi baskets from the UK, Israel and Ukraine, as it is a night of peace and prosperity. This was also a special night because the film crew, who have been in Cabella for the last two months, had completed their trailer and were able to show it to Shri Mataji. There was so much joy and lots of wonderful bhajans. It was the night when Shri Mataji announced that Diwali Puja would be in Cabella. The room was full with beaming faces and amazing Italian joy.

On the third night - the first night of the Devi Kavach - there were extensive and wonderful puja preparations. We had a delivery of flowers from the market which produced a wonderful garland, beautiful fragrant anklets, wristlets and a hair tie. By this time there were more Yogis present, and the bhajans were focused on the Devi. We prayed that our surrender would be deeper, so that Her work would be faster. Shri Mataji was offered an amazing sword, an axe, dagger, whip, pistol and wonderful, wonderful flowers. There were trays of prasad fresh fruit, nuts, dried fruit and five more Lakshmi baskets. Everyone felt totally blessed and rejuvenated.

On the fourth night Shri Mataji graciously accepted some more small offerings. We were informed that only seven people could come inside. The puja began with an invocation for this night, when the light comes into the darkness and the blessing of Devi Kavach is complete. In the Nine Nights booklet, Shri Mataji also talked about the need for religious integration and detachment on this night.

*Glory to Thee My God this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, oh keep me, Queen of Queens,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.*

The offerings needed to be fast and low key, so we offered a beautiful purple sari, flower adornments, trays of prasad made by the hosting ladies, lots of flowers, and more weapons - another huge sword, a rosary, tinsel and a dagger. There was no music tonight, but a depth of silence that inspired many to take long and luxurious namaskars. There were tears, as conditionings dissolved and a wonderful silent joy afterwards.

The joy gets greater as more and more people arrive from the hosting countries and so many other countries across the world. On the fifth night - the night that Chamunda slays two big demons - we were joined by some of the West Country collective, (from the UK). The invocation was: 'On this fifth day of Navaratri, we ask with all humility and complete surrender. Oh Goddess, help to fulfill our destiny, please give us the spiritual personality, the victory, the spiritual ascent and the destruction of the negative forces weighing us down,' with love, adoration and devotion from all the Sahaja Yogis in the world.

The offerings were quite amazing. We had heard that it was also the night of Shri Skandamata who has a lotus in Her hand and carries the baby Skanda in another. The sari that was offered was pink, with large green and blue leaves and flowers. The perfume from the oils was all pervading - jasmine, rose and sandalwood. The garland was rich red and bright yellow, with pinks and whites mixed in, and we had some beautiful English cut glass pieces to offer at the end.

The Lakshmi baskets were over-flowing from Ukraine, Israel, the UK and Cyprus and there were so many people to make offerings that we had to queue across the sitting room and dining room in Shri Mataji's castle. Many people found this night quite tough on the attention. It felt like the battleground was clearly inside our own heads and hearts.

The sixth night - Shashti - is the night of the shaktis. We were blessed with a huge tray of moghra garlands from India which filled the whole room with their sweet fragrance. The garland was rich and splendid and the sari, was a beautiful soft pink - from East London, UK. The evening started off with the offering of a wonderful heart of roses and a sincere prayer for Shri Mataji to awaken all our shakti powers. This was followed with some very small children offering flowers and the kumbha. There was the most beautiful namaskar moment, when a two to three year old boy prostrated himself completely before the Goddess. This lit up the room. It was also the first time we were joined by the Greek Sahaja Yogis which was wonderful and we now have a full complement of hosting countries. Compared to the night before, this night was the most joyful and sweet that many people had experienced. Shri Mataji was so alert, watching everything and everyone, and I'm sure you all felt the blessings across the world.

There was a very special Lakshmi basket from the UK. It contained all vegetables and honey that had been prepared at Blossom Farm, the English collective's country property. It was incredible to see pumpkins, tomatoes, carrots, onions, garlic and other things, all grown by the Sahaja Yogis. When Shri Mataji was informed about this basket there was a spontaneous round of applause from everyone present. Sir CP assured us that Shri Mataji and he would very much like to visit the UK - they are planning their trip - he said, but we do not expect this to happen in the immediate future, since Diwali will be in Cabella this year. Finally, there was sweet music to keep all this flowing and a depth of silence in the ensuing meditation which was completely and transformingly joyful.

Lots of love to everyone and once again, from everyone in Cabella!

Anthony Headlam



The tenth day of Navaratri, 2009

Navaratri, 2009, Cabella (email report)

We have just returned from Navaratri Puja at Cabella. This was a great blessing for the English, and for everyone there. Shri Mataji was at a puja at the castle every night from Saturday to Friday, and there was a chance for ladies to offer

Lakshmi baskets. There was a havan every day. On Thursday and Friday there was also a puja at the hangar. On Saturday Shri Mataji attended the inauguration of the new school. The English play, *Sleeping Beauty*, was on Saturday night. It was very joyful, and also great fun; a mixture of pantomime and deeply spiritual moments.

My husband and I arrived late on Thursday evening; we could already feel the joyful vibrations as we were driving up the valley, before we had even reached Cabella. On Sunday morning I was blessed to be put on the rota for working in the castle laundry. I was given cloths to iron - tablecloths, tray cloths etc - that were to be used by Shri Mataji, or used in the puja.

By late afternoon everyone was in the hangar. A video of a talk from a previous Navaratri puja had just been put on when we heard that Mother had just left the castle, so we started singing bhajans. She was with us for the puja, and for a while afterwards as people made offerings, then briefly for a spectacular firework display that showed the Devi destroying Ravana. She looked well.

On Monday I was lucky to be able to go up to the castle again. Some of us were outside on the bridge, the vibrations were beautiful and we were happy to be there. Then Anthony Headlam called out from the doorway 'The English!' and beckoned to us. (The English collective did seem to grow somewhat at this point)

We made our way slowly forwards. Suddenly I realised I was in Mother's sitting-room. She was sitting on the far side of the room. Children were sitting in front of Her, the bhajan group was singing. Anthony told Parvati from London, Christine from Bristol, and me from Birmingham to stand to one side, then gave us a large dish holding four saris to offer to Mother. He came up with us, and said to Shri Mataji as She touched the dish, 'We offer these four saris from the United Kingdom for the reunification of the four countries'. Shri Mataji looked at all of us intently. Then we bowed down. We went out to the side through the kitchen, and ended up in the hallway, joyfully.

After Mother left the sitting-room we went out to the site where the hangar used to be when it was up near the castle. In the centre was a giant wooden statue of Ravana. The men had great fun setting this alight - helped by some petrol - and it blazed away to nothing. Behind in the night sky to the south was the crescent moon on the right, and Venus shining brightly on the left, fairly close together. Then we went and had something to eat in the downstairs kitchen in the castle; this night was a wonderful finish to Navaratri, and to the weekend.

Maggie Burns

This other dimension

It is Navaratri Puja 2009, on one of the nine nights and many people from the hosting countries are gathered in the meditation room underneath Mother's apartments. There is discussion and confusion about who goes into Shri Mataji to perform a small puja; rubbing perfume on Her feet and offering flowers. Somehow I am one of those called in. We wait for a long time in Shri Mataji's dining room. There are lots of people and there seems to be confusion and at the same time deep peace, mighty peace. The waiting is so full of awe, vibrations, peace and power. How to describe such a time, waiting outside the room of the Goddess when there seems so much going on; discussion and confusion as well as peace and awe? We are from the UK, Cyprus, Greece, Israel and I don't remember the others. The mixture of countries in the mighty

rooms gets beautiful waves of Divine vibrations going through, washing away differences and illusions.

Then we are called through. So quickly we are ushered in and out. A girl from Cyprus and I put some perfume on Shri Mataji's Feet with cotton wool. I remember those times of finding it so strange and difficult to see Shri Mataji with Her face so seemingly unresponsive after all those years She shared Her Almighty Divine personality with us. As I leave the room, though, I know I am full of vibrations like I have never been before. I cannot contain them. I cannot talk to anyone. I have to find a space to sit and be in this other dimension I am in. I find the meditation room empty now. There I sit. All the places I have been recently, I remember Sierra Leone being one of them, are all one inside me and filling up with these trillions of vibrations contained within me. I feel myself swimming in joy and infinity as all those vibrations get dissipated and shared out to those places and people. After an hour or so I am back to where I was, little me, with vibrations I can contain now. Beautiful. I know Shri Mataji is as She ever was and I am so grateful to have been able to be in that.

Sarah Saatzer

Diwali 2009 Email report

Wow, what a time, what a place, what a life! We had an amazing Diwali Puja at Cabella, and my son Gabriel was enjoying Mother so much when we went up to offer our basket, he wanted to be up with Her on the stage and kept holding his arms out to go to Mother. My other son, Cameron, also got some direct Divine attention when Mother's car door opened he was right there and he said She looked straight at him. He was so happy, and shining like the sun. I was completely blissed out and felt so amazingly lucky to be a part of it all.

I got so excited at the memories that I forgot to attach the miracle photos in the earlier email. Here they are.

Angela Vogel



Photos from the Diwali Puja 2009, Cabella

Chapter 15

2010 - 2011

Europe

The Divine had a plan: Cabella, 2010

On that particular weekend, I had plans to go to Scotland to celebrate my birthday with my family but Edinburgh Airport was closed and I ended up staying in Cabella. I wasn't upset because this happened to be the same weekend Shri Mataji was returning from India to Italy.

The yogis in the villa had asked some of us yuvas to help with the preparation for Mother's arrival. For the next eight hours, we worked hard at decorating the walls with saris and making sure everything was tidy. The problem was that the walls were made out of marble, so the sari was not sticking to it very easily and one of the yuvas felt we wouldn't be prepared for Mother's arrival. At this moment she received a phone call saying that Shri Mataji's flight was 30 minutes delayed.

We continued to work until the very last minute, dhooping the whole house, placing flower petals and rangoli in front of the entrance way and continuing to fix the sari wall decorations. Around 11:30 pm, Shri Mataji's van pulled up. I started filling up with so many emotions of gratitude, love and happiness. My hands and knees were trembling and my heart was beating so fast, as if I was seeing Shri Mataji for the first time. The four of us yuvas were standing in the front by the stairs holding flower petals. When we looked up, Shri Mataji was there, with all of the nursing staff and other yogis behind Her. The staff didn't move Her wheelchair for what seemed like an eternity. She was facing us, looking at the sari decorations the whole time.

Some ladies came to do aarti and then Adi handed us the garland and told us to offer it. I had a huge smile and nearly had tears of joy running down my face. After Shri Mataji entered the elevator, we all stood there completely blown away with happiness and vibrations, trying to comprehend this very surreal moment of us being blessed to greet Mother back home.

I soon saw why I didn't make it to Scotland.

Pragya Richards

There are no questions: September 2010

A yuva friend asked me to join him on a trip to Cabella for Ganesh Puja, as he had had a dream of us being together there and meditating in front of Mother. It was my sixth year in Sahaja Yoga, and I decided to go. As a seeker going to see his Guru Mata for the first time, and being a twenty-three year old with very ambitious desires, questions and goals about my career, family and situation, I always wanted to ask Mother one question: 'What does success mean to a Sahaja Yogi?' which somehow I thought would be possible.

We reached Cabella, and Day One started off with the haldi ceremony with loads of dancing and singing, after which we visited Mother's castle. On our way, we met a few more yuvas. One knew the aunty who was taking care of Mother, and she mentioned if we would like to meditate silently, we could do that in Mother's living room. For a yuva who had never seen Mother or been close to anything like this, I was already floating in the heavens. We meditated sitting next to Mother's chair, and tears rolled down my cheeks in thankfulness. My attention reached a new level of silence and I tried to remember the questionnaire I had prepared, but

not a thought entered my mind and I felt blissed in Her immense love and compassion.

Attending a sakshat puja is definitely a different feeling - I started realizing the truth that you are not the doer. In the evening when it was time to get ready for the puja, the showers were so crowded that we decided to bathe in the river. After this we were running late and Mother's car had already started pulling into the pendal area. I rushed to greet Her, managed to get next to the pendal, and saw Shri Adi Shakti coming out. Still I thought I would have a chance to address my questionnaire, which obviously I didn't. Instead I grabbed the sand on which She stepped out, a lifetime gift.

There was barely any space in the puja hall, so we sat next to an entrance filled with footwear. There were yogis sitting on chairs in the front all the way to the stage, so initially I thought we could never get a glimpse of Mother. But as the divine does it in the most playful ways, She formed a gap in between the chairs which started exactly in front of us and went up to the first row, where Mother was sitting, an uninterrupted view of divinity, another present.

When I sat down I could feel this silence again engulfing me in Her compassion, that transcended into tears of joy in which I found the answers to my prayers: the answer to all the questions about everything. The answer was that there are no questions at all; when you are one with Her, Her love becomes yours, Her attention becomes yours, Her compassion becomes yours, Her smile becomes yours, Her auspiciousness become yours, Her goals become yours and you can only feel this in your meditations.

Nanak Chugh

Mother is the doer

In 2010, just before Diwali Puja, we went to India. Our return day was just one day before the Diwali Puja at Cabella and I wanted to attend it, but initially my husband was not in favour. However later he agreed and got me a ticket. Just after, we went to our aunty's house in a village of Maharashtra. She called a couple who were new Sahaja Yogis, and they asked if we could take a thesis to Cabella. It was a big book around four kilos and we agreed - actually, Mother told this girl to write it.

We reached Milan - the planes were late and we reached Genova just before they closed the doors of the Shri Mataji's room. I had the thesis and was able to take it in to Mother. I was so impressed, I had never offered a gift alone to Mother and almost never spoke to Her, and was too shy!

We were behind Shri Mataji and could see Her Sahasrara; my heart was beating, and I felt tears coming into my eyes. I went towards Her from Her right side and She was looking with such sweetness and love at me. I bowed down to Her and couldn't say anything, so I presented the book to Her. As She knows everything, there was no need to say anything She blessed it under Her left Foot and then another man there said, 'Come this side now and come closer.' My hands, with the book, went under Her right Foot. I can't tell you the divine blessing, the divine love and the divine joy I felt.

How Mother created the maya to send us in far lost place in India to meet new brothers and sisters, and to bring the thesis to Cabella! I was exhausted after all the travelling, but afterwards I felt just fresh, very fresh. That was the last time I saw Shri Mataji.

Virginie Patil

The holy departure of Shri Mataji from India

It was a very exciting day (Saturday, 4th December 2010) for everyone in India. Sahaja Yogis in India, especially those staying in Delhi and around were gearing up to catch up the event since morning to offer their pranams and surrender at the Holy Feet of Shri Mataji on the eve of Her departure from India. It was a very short stay but was a historic holy visit in this land of Kundalini with the unique Virata Puja. The departure of Shri Mataji was also clubbed with Her holy darshan at Nirmal Dham in Chhawlagaoon, Delhi in the morning.

The stage on this day at Nirmal Dham sported a very elegant appearance and looked majestic. It reminded us of the earlier Birthday Puja celebration in this venue and several other events in Shri Mataji's holy presence. At around 11:30 am Shri Mataji departed from Her Noida residence for Nirmal Dham on the way to the Delhi Airport. At Nirmal Dham thousands of yogis were anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of our most holy Mother. Amidst the sound of the conches, applause and jaykara Shri Mataji's van arrived at the venue at around 12:30 pm. It was parked on the stage and She was welcomed as Her chair was brought out of the van and She blessed Her children with Her darshan. The emotions and sentiments behind Her darshan to the devotees cannot be expressed in simple sentences. It really touched the heart of the collective as everyone felt the moment has finally arrived when Shri Mataji will be leaving India for Genoa after Her short but historic visit in India. There were a couple of very soothing bhajans sung in Her praise in Her holy presence.

Sir CP addressed the collective of more than five thousand yogis who had gathered to have the darshan of Shri Mataji and offer their pranams. He made two very important statements. One was translating Mother's message to the world - that had been the pure desire of Mother. The second statement was that concerning the holy abode of Shri Mataji in Pune, Pratishthan, She desired to gift it to the world. It should be maintained as part of the world Sahaja heritage. Shri Mataji left for the airport around 1:10 pm.

Arsene Mountembessa

Navaratri 2010

I have not experienced a puja anything like the nine nights of Navaratri at Cabella in 2010. The nine nights are about worship of the Goddess - and that is exactly what it was. Every moment was only for this.

On the second evening, like the first night, representatives from each country were invited to go to Genoa and fortunately I was one. We sat in meditation in the vestibule of the villa, and then we were called to make our offerings. My heart opened and opened and then opened some more as I bowed before Shri Mataji. She is God. Here, on the second night of worship to the Goddess - and there was nothing but love, pure and simple. We all sang from our hearts Ya Devi Sarva Bhuteshu and then when all the offerings had been made we were ushered out.

Finally it was Sunday, the tenth day. We prepared for puja which was due to start at around 5.00 pm. When Mother arrived the curtains were closed and they remained closed for some time. At that point we didn't know that Mother was deep in meditation and looking for all the world like She was asleep. Somehow to know that She was behind the closed curtain made the Ganesha

Atharva Sheersha more deep, the attention was more focused. The children went up and then the Yuva Shakti.

By now the curtains had been opened. Even before they were opened they showed on the screen Mother's right foot moving forward and then back. When the Yuva Shakti went up, Mother 'awoke'.

After ten days of having attention only for worship of Shri Mataji, this puja was pure bhakti.

Philippa Newman

Genoa, Christmas 2010

Little did we all realize that this was the last puja to Shri Mataji in Her physical form. It was also different from other pujas; Shri Mataji seemed to enter into a state of deep sleep and silence. Her right Foot was held up.

During the puja, seven of us from our country went on the stage to present gifts. Shri Mataji was staring at me with a Motherly look as if She was checking the state of my being.

She further blessed us in Her physical form and stayed so long during the New Year's Eve celebration.

Chinghooi Ong

Worldwide homage to the Great Mother

On the 26th February 2011, a silent crowd of thousands of people from all the corners of the world was lining up under a grey sky on the country road of a remote valley in the Ligurian hills of Italy. Standing motionless in dignified silence for several hours, they sang softly and threw petals of roses as the funeral procession slowly drove away. Some felt they were dreaming in a night of sorrow, waiting to wake up, waiting to see the beloved One walking out of Her house to smile at them as She did in the old days. They had gathered to pay a last homage to the earthly remains of the person they consider to be the most significant path breaker in the history of the world at the beginning of this third millennium AD.

Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi Srivastava had passed away on the 23th February 2011 in a hospital of Genoa after a period of silent withdrawal that lasted several years.

The world was a very different place on this date of grief in 2011 than when She was born. At the spiritual level, much of the difference for the best that Her followers registered in their daily life must be credited to Her lifelong vision and action.

Gregoire de Kalbermatten

Written by Shri Mataji's coffin, Nirmal Dham, Delhi, 28th February 2011

A polished wood coffin, closed, was what my eyes rested upon at midnight on Sunday. No thoughts that this was the last time came into my head then. All I felt was the flood of vibrations blasting towards me - through me. My dad knelt down to pray. So did my sister and the rest of my family members - seventeen of us from my seventy year old grandmother to my ten year old cousin. Even the cab driver who brought us here bowed down, by what instinct I know not. I prayed but only for a short while.

From the near seventy thousand that came yesterday stretching into mile long lines to this steady trickle in the wee hours of the morning, there were very

few people present now when I reached Shri Mataji's final resting place. In the end I slept right there, near the coffin.

I have been blessed to have been named by Shri Mataji and to be held in Her arms and have my future predicted and thus in a way written by Her. She even told my parents what medicine to give me when I had a bad tummy. I have worshipped Shri Mataji many times at many pujas as a kid. I once sat directly in front of her for nearly six hours as a lowly bag carrier for the camera crew at a Puja in Pune a few years ago. I had to watch the camera, which was directly in front of Shri Mataji. So there I was six just feet away directly in front of Shri Mataji with no work. After that and a dream of Shri Mataji yelling at me to take my biology seriously, then a subsequent one saying She was pleased that I was, taking it seriously now, I am here, in front of a closed coffin blasting out vibrations of a level I can barely take. The right half of me felt the coolest I have ever felt while my left side was warm in vibrations. My body at that time chilled in the cool night air.

I sit down for my last meditation in front of Her physical form. I read the Devi Kavach, the Rama Kavach, the Ganesha Atharva Sheersha and hymns in praise of the Goddess. As my vibrations in every part of my body cleared I became happier and happier.

I am writing sitting out at the back of the tent where Shri Mataji's body is being kept before Her last rites were to be performed. The vibrations are still blasting out of there. I had slept for three hours on the earth beside Shri Mataji until someone asked me to move for the increasing numbers of people were coming. I may be tired but I do not feel it. The crowds have begun to throng and shortly I will lose myself in them to be apart from the greater awareness. I will be a part of the collective again. This stay with Shri Mataji has been my longest in Her physical presence.

Sunny Redican

Gone away

Gone away, the days I feel the night stronger than ever
Whispering a dream in red I can see colour as She sleeps
Far away with lotuses a kingdom is welcoming a queen
Dawn and day are the same no time left in between
I come from a place where people talk in whispers
Gentle souls with gentle gestures
Hovering over a billion lotuses
A whispering queen no one notices
I have pronounced a sadness today
But the departed Queen spoke as She lay
I lived to whisper a lotus in you
And I will whisper so many flowers in you
Come and gather in the lotus lake
Not a place but a body of fluid grace
Where one is bathed in auspicious scents
Of wafting benedictions and ambrosial blends
A lighter light knows all that is little
Our thoughts crossed in a world so subtle
The Queen and me beyond the mind
Landed on a lotus and with the Gods we dined

I sit in a place thinking of the queen
Left behind in a flood of tears that She cleans
As each drop breaks the embankment of the eye
I hear a voice telling me not to cry
The lotus whisperer can be anywhere
There is no choice but to be aware
There is no harbinger to the whisper of the queen
A lotus just emerges killing all that is unclean
At midnight on the last day of destiny
I will hold a lotus for the best in me
A rain of lotuses we wish upon us
A lotus whisper each is your gift for us.

Anand Varma

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