

INSIGHTS, INSPIRATIONS
& ETERNAL MOMENTS

YOGI MAHAJAN

Narrated by Pragya Pradhan compiled from letters of her father,
Yogi Mahajan.

Ordering Information:

pragya.m.pradhan@gmail.com

Copyright © 2016 by Yogi Mahajan

All rights reserved

Cover Photo- May 7th, 2016, ISPS school auditorium, Dharamsala

Interior design by Sona Agarwal

**In Deep Gratitude
to
Her Holiness Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi**

In my childhood my dreams were fantastic and I used to wonder if they will ever materialize. I used to collect stones and I would say will there be people who are not stones but who are hearts.
By God's Grace I have met you.
I thank you very much for accepting Sahaja Yoga.

- Shri Mataji, Diwali Puja, Tivoli, 1985

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction.....	8
1. Hasten Slowly; Computer for Children.....	10
2. Dead Poets.....	14
3. Three Monkey Principle.....	17
4. Mother Earth.....	19
5. Why Fear When She Abides In Your Heart.....	20
6. Shri Mataji You Are In My Brain.....	22
Realization Before My Photo; Three Affrmations	
7. How Much You Endure.....	24
8. Shri Annapurna.....	26
9. Outside Renovation Inside Clearing.....	28
10. Paramchaitany's Concern.....	30
11. Surrender - You Are Not Responsible for Anyone.....	33
12. The First Shall Be The Last.....	35
13. O Priest What Have You Done!.....	37
14. Hot Chocolate On Ice Cream.....	40
15. See The Potential.....	42
16. Vatsala.....	44
17. I Want To Be A Particle Of Dust.....	49
18. She bestowed tools for creating vibrations.....	51
19. My Two Eyes Were Not Enough To See All Her Wonders....	55
20. Fixing A Scatter Brain Or Spoilt Turkey.....	58
21. Go Speak.....	62
22. Building Ganapatipule Across Distant Shores.....	64
23. Felicitations.....	68
24. She Never Gave Up On Us.....	72
25. A Grain Of Rice.....	74
26. Ask For A Boon.....	78
27. Her One Hand Did Not Know What The Other Gave.....	80
28. Go Scatter.....	82

29. The Future of Sahaja Yoga.....	84
30. Lead us Not into Temptation.....	87
31. Why Throw Away Money.....	92
32. It Happened Long Ago Or Not At All.....	93
33. Shri Ganesha Intervenes.....	95
34. A Motherly Hug.....	96
35. A Mischievous Journalist.....	97
36. A Lesson Learnt Too Late.....	99
37. Why Not Just Enjoy the Meal!.....	101
38. Go Write.....	107
39. How About Reading Your Own Book.....	112
40. What's Me is You.....	121
41. Marriages.....	124
42. Sufis.....	126
43. Resurrection.....	129
44. Discretion.....	131
45. She Bestowed Siddhis	137
46. My Only Worry	141
47. Chidvilas.....	143
48. Widowhood.....	145
49. Daddy, She Was There.....	150
50. Kautuk.....	156
51. Antaryami.....	159
52. Vision of Your Heart.....	162
53. Alahadayani.....	165
54. Americashwari.....	168
55. Shri Yog-Kshema Daayaini.....	171
56. Why Suffer?.....	177
57. Knowing The Enemy.....	180
58. Who Knows The Art of Divine Love.....	183
59. Your Fortress is Thoughtlessness!.....	187
60. 108 China Plates.....	189

Introduction

*A*lthough my parents often narrated stories of Shri Mataji's stay with us for my naming ceremony, my earliest recollections of Shri Mataji were not so vivid till my fourth birthday. We were staying with Shri Mataji in a small flat (Parbhat Road). My father would drive Shri Mataji early morning for the construction of Her house- Pratishthan. In the afternoon I played with the kids from the building after they returned from school. In the evening Shri Mataji gave me a doll for my birthday. She made a long conversation with me which I can't recall, but I felt a lot of joy coming from Her.

After a few months She left for Australia and my father admitted me to a kindergarten around the corner. A few months later when Shri Mataji returned, we all moved to a two-bedroom apartment (Karve road). Soon her granddaughter Aradhana arrived from Riyadh and shared the flat with Her. Later in the year, a room was made ready in Pratishthan for Shri Mataji to move in.

When I turned six, we returned to Dharamsala as some children were arriving from abroad and Shri Mataji had directed my father to open a Sahaja school in our farmhouse for them. I was excited to get back to my favorite cow. In the beginning seven children arrived from Europe and my bedroom was converted into a girls dormitory. A few months later, 21 kids arrived from Australia and the outhouse was renovated to accommodate them and the teachers. A year later

Shri Mataji built a school for us in Konkan Bhavan (present health centre).

I got to see less and less of my father as he was mostly travelling with Shri Mataji. However, he wrote regularly and gave vivid accounts of the wonderful events with Shri Mataji. It was almost like I was there. As I grew older the tone of his letters changed- the focus shifted from visual details to instructive quotes from Shri Mataji about Her vision "You have to live for others, not yourself," "You must respect," and many more quotes and stories are still entrenched in my memory from those days. From time to time there were instructions on treatments I should take for the health of my chakras etc. By the time I was in high school, my father had moved to Pune and his letters became more like to a friend- sharing episodes, reflections, and introspections.

After completing school at ISPS, I joined law school in Pune for five years. My father was mostly travelling abroad with Shri Mataji but as She spent winters in Pune, the family got to spend quality time together. On weekends, along with the Yuva Shakti, I began running errands at Pratishthan. Shri Mataji arranged my marriage in the final year of college, and a year later I joined my husband Amit in U.S.A.

My father continued to share his experiences with Shri Mataji through emails. I was very inspired by his experiences and benefited a lot from them and my husband encouraged me to compile them into a book to be shared with others. I sought my father's permission and he approved. I hope that these stories continue to touch the collective spirit for generations to come.

Pragya Pradhan

Chapter 1

HASTEN SLOWLY

The late afternoon sun refracted the Castle's throne room. But its brilliance was eclipsed by the beacon of light from Shri Mataji's eyes. The beacon of light did not reveal the faults of Her children but reflected their potential. How fortunate was the day that saw this beautiful sight!

The children prayed to the Holy Mother, "We praise Thee even as the sun praises Thee in the morning. Please keep us forever at Your Lotus Feet."

As the country representatives bowed to Her Lotus Feet, their potential sparkled like diamonds. She reveled in their effulgence, "My children how you have grown so fast, in such a short time!"

Her eyes spoke her concern for them, "I hope the rain did not seep into your tents during the heavy down pour last night?" (The little Ganga was in spate due to the heavy downpour in Cabella on 30th July 1990 – Krishna Puja)

"Oh no Mother, we slept like babes in your loving bandhan."

"How many Americans have come?"

"Their number has far exceeded our expectations."

She was pleased.

The Italian host reported that the Mayor called in the morning and gave permission for the puja tents.

She enquired, "How do you like Cabella? See the vibrations. It is even more beautiful than Kashmir."

The children applauded.

The light in Her eyes brightened, "Now what next?"

The country representatives brought forth their problems.

She ordered tea.

Over the delicious homemade cake, She had specially baked, the conversation turned to the school in Dharamsala. "Mother, can we have computers for the children?"

Her smile faded, "What is the need of computers for such small children?"

"Mother, back in our countries computers are introduced in schools at primary level."

"At what age did you learn computers?"

"Mother, the computers did not exist when we went to school."

"Then how long did it take you to learn computers?"

"Mother I learnt it in a month."

"How about you?"

"Six months."

Shri Mataji smiled from the corner of Her eyes, "Then what's the hurry! All the knowledge is within the children. When they are ripe, they will learn in no time."

The collective radiance lost its sheen.

Her radiant smile elated the collective spirit, "Ah! I brought some silver Ganeshas for all of you. He is the Vice-Chancellor of the school and will supply all the knowledge from within."

"Thank you Mother."

Scene 2

Two years later- Sahaja school, Dharamsala, 1992.

Fearing that their children might remain backward without computers, the parents gifted four computers to the ISPS Sahaja School, Dharamsala. The children's excitement knew no bounds, but they had not yet developed the discretion of knowing when to stop playing computer games. Gaming did not require much energy, effort or talent. The staff tried everything to bring balance, but the addiction had cast its spell, and robbed them of their innocence and creativity.

Scene 3

The school children increasingly demand more free time.
Why?

"Because of the gaming addiction."

On weekends, they are allowed out. Their prime and only interest left was to rush to the nearest Internet café at Dal Lake.

Last Saturday as I was walking towards Dal Lake, my attention was drawn to a bunch of school children crowding the Internet Café. They curiously surfed the net for sensual excitement that was beyond all maryadas. I was appalled and tried to calm my mind by watching the ripples of the Dal Lake. Shri Mataji's words from that Saturday afternoon of July 1990 flashed before me- the great concern with which our beloved Mother was trying to save Her infants, and how we had missed the point!

What is the hurry to burden the attention of small children with computers?

Why can't we allow them a little more time to enjoy their innocence and hone their creative skills. As their spirit starts reflecting their conscious mind, they will have the discretion how to use the Internet in a positive way. But if it comes too early, then there is no stopping the gaming addiction.

Secondly, our attention rests in the kundalini, and her vibrations mature the attention. Not all children in the same grade have the same level of attention. Some are late bloomers due to the catches of their parents etc. However, gradually the attention develops a laser-like quality of penetration. The same chapter that a non-realized student takes a week to grasp, a realized soul grasps in no time.

Not just that, the witness state enables realized children to develop an amazing capacity of absorption where everything gets imprinted in their memory like a video. And that is the point – all the knowledge is within them, and our job is to bring them to that point where it would awaken spontaneously. And that job is done by their kundalini!

That is not to say that a computer is a bad thing. But it should not be allowed to become their master. Einstein said something similar, "The intuitive mind is a sacred gift, and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift!"

Moreover, when we breathe in the world of the Internet, whatever is messaged appears as the gospel truth. In the bargain, we lose spontaneity and become robotic. More than ever before, for love to survive, it is important to connect with the living work of the Living Goddess!

Chapter 2

DEAD POETS

"Why do you want to talk of death?

When I have come to talk about eternal life." – Shri Mataji

Gahaja School Dharamsala started in 1991. The guidelines given by Shri Mataji were duly compiled in a manual, 'Education Enlightened'. She made it amply clear to spare the rod, and instead, the staff should raise the vibrations for correcting the children. The teachers faithfully followed Her instructions.

In the beginning, there were no discipline issues as most of the children had come from either the Rome school or the Australian pre-school. However, as the school progressed to higher classes, some children were admitted in senior classes whose vibrations were not in balance. They brought a lot of negative baggage along. We asked Shri Mataji if we should do havans to neutralize their negativity. She said that they were too right-sided and the bhakti element was missing and hence needed more pujas.

Thereafter, pujas were held regularly, and we were hopeful that the collective positivity would spontaneously dissolve the negative baggage brought by the new children. Unfortunately, events proved otherwise. The children were very vulnerable and picked up the negativity of the newer ones. The staff was in a dilemma what to do—weather to expel them or keep them. The argument that found favor was, "Where would these children go? What will become of them? We have to save them.

Things came to a head when these children ganged up and sneaked in a movie about dead poets. They formed a secret society, and began disappearing in the jungle at midnight where they invited the dead poets, and imitated them. They got possessed by the dead spirits of the poets and started behaving weirdly.

A parent visiting the school wondered why the vibrations had suddenly gone all wrong and investigated the cause. She phoned Shri Mataji in Cabella and reported the problem. Shri Mataji instructed the principal to expel the children with immediate effect. The principal pleaded, "Where will the children go? What will become of them?"

Shri Mataji said, "Are you more compassionate than Me? There should be no sympathy with negativity." She added that not only does possession catch from movies but also videos, TV, net and mobile phones.

Her infinite compassion felt that a handful of negative children could not be allowed to ruin the collective. If a negative fish makes the tank dirty, then it should be removed. Furthermore, the school staff was not empowered to remove the possessions, and hence in the collective interest of the children it was best to shift them where the appropriate treatment could be given. It was not about punishing

the possessed children- it was about removing their possession, and bringing them back in balance.

Shri Mataji is an ocean of love and never punished anyone. Her compassion was such that She did not rest till each child was saved. Not for a moment were the children outside Her attention. She gave instruction to the parents how to remove the possessions of their children and monitored the minutest detail moment to moment till they completely recovered.

Shri Mataji said, "The proof the pudding lies in its eating." Medicines that taste bitter in the beginning are often the ones that are most effective.

In hindsight, it is heartening to see all those possessed children wiser and happily settled. They are reaping the important lessons they learnt. Today they stand as solid pillars of the society, and work relentlessly for the emancipation of humankind.

Chapter 3

THE THREE - MONKEY PRINCIPLE

In December 1991, India Tour arrived at Kolhapur. After showing them the Swayambhu of Shri Mahalakshmi, Shri Mataji stopped at the silver shop opposite the Temple for the purchase of the wedding silver. She bestowed self-realization on the owner, Mr. S. Govind. The very next day he opened a center above his shop.

The following year he invited India Tour to his home for lunch. The moment Shri Mataji stepped in his house, his mother went into a fit and started screaming. Her spirit recognized Shri Adishakti and cried out in agony to throw out her possession. But her ego would not allow her to recognize Shri Mataji. The screaming went on for 15 minutes and eventually she had to be removed. The whole episode was recorded by the video team.

A few years later a Sahaja Yogi from Aurangabad visited S. Govind with his wife. Then S. Govind showed him the video of Shri Mataji's previous visit. When the sahaja yogi's wife saw the episode of Govind's mother's possession, she absorbed the possession and started screaming in the same way. The yogi quickly drove her away, but she jumped out of the running car and started tearing her clothes. This behavior continued for a week. The yogi called Shri Mataji in Pune. Shri Mataji revealed that negativity had entered

through her eyes. The eyes pick up negativity from the television and movie actors when one concentrates on them. The repository of their negativity transfers to the eyes. That is why people emulate movie stars.

Shri Mataji sent vibrated kumkum and water. As soon as the wife drank the vibrated water and kumkum, the possession fled!

Likewise, we collect negativity from each other's opinions – especially from the Internet. Shri Mataji has taught us not to react but to see the vibrations. If there are some collective issues, foremost we should see the vibrations, and then leave it to the Param Chaitanya. The power of Shri Kalki is very active in this new age, but we have to allow it the space.

On my 50th birthday, Shri Mataji gifted me statues of The Three Monkey Principle depicted by Mahatma Gandhi- "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

Before meditation I introspected to see how far I lagged behind that Principle! And then I pray to our beloved Mother to empower me to rise to the Three Monkey Principle.



Chapter 4

MOTHER EARTH - LONAVALA SEMINAR 1982

The western Sahaja yogis were scheduled to visit Pune. Every year Pune collective gave them gifts. They sought Shri Mataji's advice on the choice of the gift. The previous year She had suggested incense stands. This year She suggested the vibrated soil of Maharashtra.

Accordingly each one was presented with the soil nicely packed in small boxes. The Australian contingent, which was the largest, decided to send it to Australia by ship. When it came to Shri Mataji's attention, She questioned, "If I had given you a silver coin would you have sent it home by ship?"

She explained how the mind calculates the material value of gifts. She revealed that she had suggested the gift of vibrated soil because they could grow a plant on it, and it would spread vibrations. The most precious energy is the living energy; it grows and dissipates the negativity stagnant energy.

"I take upon myself the concern for the welfare of those who worship me with undistracted mind,

Whoever perseveres, I increase what they have,
And I give them what they do not have."

Bhagawad Gita (X1, 22)

Chapter 5

WHY FEAR WHEN SHE ABIDES IN OUR HEART

Shri Mataji was working on a seeker. I had an earlier experience on working with him and it had left me all caught up. Hence, when Shri Mataji started to work on him I made a discreet exit. Shri Mataji instantly noticed my reaction and sent for me. She told me that I should face my fear and get over it. As She worked on the seeker, She directed me to clear his chakras. I felt a pang of fear, but then reminded myself that She was the doer, and kept saying Shri Mataji you do everything I do nothing.

In the beginning, I absorbed a lot of heat, but gradually as his catches cleared, I felt cool. He emerged so joyous that his joy multiplied manifold in my Sahasrara. For the first time the shafts of kundalini danced and kept pouring joy. The feeling lasted several days. I discovered my morning meditation became effortless, my attention span increased and the joy became everlasting.

Shri Mataji revealed: "I know you love me very much, I also love you very much, but between Me and you there are all the other sahaja yogis you must love. Be kind to others. You catch because you don't have compassion. A mother never catches a disease from her child because she loves him. If you open your heart without any

fear you will not catch."

She asked the seeker how he managed to get so caught up.

He replied, "Because I have an open heart."

She laughed. An open heart should have no fear. It is the fear that catches.

Even the mistress of good fortune smiles

At those who wear Your name

What have I to fear?

Chapter 6

YOU ARE IN MY BRAIN

With Shri Mataji's Grace many new Sahaja Yoga centers opened in the early '80s. Shri Mataji appointed leaders to take care of the newborn babes. Unfortunately, some leaders became negative and had to be removed. She discovered that their catches passed on to the newborns to whom they had given realization. She asked them, "Did he give you realization before my photograph or without it."

They replied, "Before your photograph."

"Then it is I who gave you realization, so there is no reason to feel indebted to him. Forget him."

The catches fled.

She instructed that realization should be give before Her photo, then the catches do not transfer from one to the other. Moreover, one does not absorb the catches of the seekers.

Newcomers often question: *'Is it necessary to put the photograph of Shri Mataji for meditation?'*

They can answer the question themselves if they make a simple experiment.

First, meditate without Her photograph. Soon you will be distracted and your attention will start wandering, and it will end in a joyless exercise.

What's the point meditating if the end result is joyless?

Next, meditate before Her photograph. The vibrations from Her photograph will instantly ignite your kundalini, and you will go into thoughtless awareness. The innermost chamber of your heart will thrill with the joy of the Goddess. If the Goddess is pleased, Her joy will expand your Sahasrara into an ocean of compassion and joy.

She suggested the following affirmations to grow deeper in meditation:

1. Shri Mataji, I am protected by You to face all the challenges in life.
2. Shri Mataji, by Your Grace I will be victorious over all the badhas in the path of my ascent.
3. Shri Mataji, You are in my brain.

Chapter 7

OH GODDESS HOW MUCH YOU ENDURE TO BECOME HUMAN!

*I*n 1989 a radical group Andha Shradha Nirmolan hurled stones at Shri Mataji at a public program in Angapur (near Brahamapuri). To protect Shri Mataji from the stones, I tried to shield Her but each time She pushed me back. In desperation, I prayed to Her. In response to my prayers She revealed a luminous shield of vibrations that protected Her. All the Deities were seated inside it.

I was from an Arya Samaj conditioning, which only recognizes one formless God and does not believe in any Deities. Hence, this vision was a life changing experience for me. It had never happened before. I realized it is only at the time of crisis that the Goddess reveals Her powers, like Shri Krishna revealed His Virat form to Arjuna only on the battlefield.

This is how the Divine deepened my faith and thus transformed it into enlightened faith called Nirvikalpa Samadhi. Earlier I was meditating on the physical location of the chakras, but now my attention shifted to praying to the deities. For the first time, I understood what Shri Mataji meant, 'Sahaja Yoga is a living process.

Yes, the Deities were living entities and when they were pleased, Shri Mataji, the Goddess of the Sahasrara, was pleased, and thus opened its door spontaneously, and no effort was needed.

More than 100 stones were pelted at Her but none could penetrate the shield of vibrations, whereas, 18 yogis who were on the stage were wounded.

Shri Mataji observed a gentleman by the name of Pranjape from the National television channel was recording the event and hence suspected him of being a part of the group. She was due to meet the Home Minister in Delhi to report the matter and added his name in the complaint. As She arrived at his house, simultaneously the Maharani of Satara entered the room accompanied by Pranjape to invite the Home Minister for her son's wedding.

When Pranjape saw Shri Mataji, he fell at Her Feet saying he was Her devotee.

Shri Mataji was taken aback and enquired why he was recording the event in Angapur. He informed that he was recording on behalf of the National Television channel and had nothing to do with the Andha Shradha group.

Shri Mataji smiled, "See, the Paramchaitanya does not allow any injustice to be done by My Hands."

She deleted his name from the complaint, and bestowed realization upon the Maharani and the Home Minister.

Whatever Shri Mataji does is a blessing. Yes, there are tests, but for sure no injustice can be done by Her. Similarly, if we misjudge someone, the Paramchaitanya enacts a drama to reveal the reality.

Chapter 8

SHRI ANNAPURNA

Shri Mataji desired to open the collective Nabhi of Pune, and thought providing vibrated food in a restaurant would be an ideal opportunity to bless their Nabhi chakra. We searched for a suitable plot in the vicinity of her house. After some search and bandhans I found a roadside plot in Kothrud, just opposite my house. The sale was completed in 1994.

One day I noticed a fence on the plot. On enquiry, I discovered the neighbor laid a claim to the plot. The dispute was part of a larger plot that had been sold by the owner in several divisions over a period of time without demarking the plots in the revenue department. Thus, the area sold on paper did not correspond to the physical measurement.

I was very worried and held myself responsible for the problem. Shri Mataji's instantly picked up my liver catch, and enquired the matter. I informed her of the situation. She assured me that it was not my mistake and, I should apply to the government for demarcation.

I made every effort for obtaining government demarcation and even initiated proceedings in the civil court but nothing moved. It

left me guilty that I had wasted Shri Mataji's money. Several years passed and I resorted to all the Sahaja methods for overcoming the negativity.

Then suddenly in 2007 as I was buying a car, the car dealer casually enquired if I knew of any commercial plot in the vicinity of my house. I showed him Shri Mataji's plot and revealed all the legal complications clearly. The following week the deal was sealed.

Why would anyone want to buy a plot that only existed on paper and did not exist physically??? And that too at market price! I had purchased the plot for Rs. 4,50,000. It was sold for 70,00,000.

What else could it be but Divine intervention? The experience gave me a new understanding of Her Divinity. I realized that the truth cannot be explained or analyzed because it is beyond the rational brain. Just accept truth as it is and likewise when things are not working out not to question it. The truth plays hide and seek but at the right time it suddenly pops out like the sun hidden behind clouds and fills us with such joy! This is called Ritumbhara Pragya.

Shri Mataji laughed, "Sometimes it is like a naughty boy and sometimes like an ancient sage! "

I learnt to watch the beautiful play of Ritumbhara Pragya and was no more worried. As the seasons ushered by Ritumbhara Pragya follow their ordained order, likewise the truth presents itself when its seasons ripens. And that is what brings joy and beauty. That is how the various seasons created by nature make life so beautiful.

Chapter 9

OUTSIDE RENOVATION AND INSIDE CLEARING

In 1991 Shri Mataji purchased the castle in Cabella. Shortly after, She began its renovation. Yogis from all over the world volunteered. There was constant tea and snack breaks and incessant chatting. Shri Mataji's bedroom was above the kitchen and the din of the chatting often disturbed Her.

One day during the evening meditation, She guided how to connect with our inner silence, "Those who are surrendered do not talk. They enjoy the peace of the silence within. In the silence, they connect with Me and know what I want. In My presence, they patiently wait for me to speak. They absorb every word and put it in their brain, in their heart, in their liver. In the brain, it gives them the knowledge of truth, in the heart it gives them joy, and in the liver the love gives direction to auspicious action."

Her love changed the dynamics. It gave a new understanding that the renovation was an excuse for Her to work on us. Not just that, it showed us how to find the pearls in the turbulent sea, and internalize their luster.

'Give me wine no more
I am drunk in her love.
Even those who were drunk
Have come back to their senses.
What does wine know of your intoxication?'

Chapter 10

PARAMCHAITANYA'S CONCERN

*I*n 1999 Shri Mataji was returning from Ganapatipule. I was in Her car and a yogini, Deepa Magdum, who attended on Her was in the following car. It had been a hectic week and Shri Mataji slept off in the back seat. After a while it got chilly. Usually She covered herself with a shawl or a quilt during sleep.

Just then Deepa's car overtook us and signaled for us to stop. Deepa emerged from the car with a shawl to cover Shri Mataji.

Shri Mataji was deeply touched, "The concern of sahaja yogis for Me is such that they just know what I need. If I need something they don't ask me they just do, like I needed a shawl, Deepa just knew and stopped the car to give it. When I am thirsty She offers me water without my asking for it."

If a yogi keeps his attention on Shri Mataji, he knows what She needs without being told. Likewise, if our attention is on her everything we want flows our way spontaneously.

More recently in 2016, 17 yogis from Benin returned to Mumbai from Ganpatipule. They had an ardent desire to visit the Maha-Samadhi in Delhi but being New Year's Eve there were no train

tickets available. They decided to take a bus to Delhi. A three-day bus ride to Delhi would be too much and the local collective tried to dissuade them, but they were determined. The collective concern was such that it earnestly prayed for them and gave bandhans for train tickets. The vibrations were cool, and they again went to the train station for tickets. The booking clerk shrugged discouragingly, but they begged her to check the computer. She looked surprised – 5 cancellations, just as she printed the 5 tickets there were 7 more cancellations, then 2 more and thus all 17 got on board the train!

Of course, the concern of the Paramchaitanya was such that it could not bear Her children to suffer a tedious three-day bus journey to pay homage to their Holy Mother. But it also showed something else – when the devotion is so deep, then the Paramchaitanya is impelled to bend before it. It reminded me of a Sufi couplet:

Let your devotion be that deep
That at every twist of fate
God himself will be impelled to ask you
Tell me What is thy will?

Similarly, when our concern for the collective body of Sahaja grows deep, then the Paramchaitanya is compelled to respond to it. At a public program in Washington, a Sahaja yogi who had taken a certain responsibility failed to turn up at the last moment. Without being aware of the situation another yogi volunteered and fulfilled his task spontaneously.

The compulsion of the Paramchaitanya is such that its invisible connectivity works silently. The concern connects our kundalini to the power of Paramchaitanya and then the Paramchaitanya takes over and starts working it out.

The concern for others, the concern for public welfare, and more recently the collective concern for Iraq-Syrian refugees has resulted in altering the mind tracks of global leaders in the most amazing way. Their favorable response of taking in refugees defies their country's profiles.

Param chaitanya works overtime!

"Paramchaitanya knows how to express its love.

it is an eternal feeling.

it may change its hue

but the essence remains the same.

the essence of love is concern.

even if somebody does something wrong

the concern of Paramchaitanya is to correct that person.

it may sometimes appear cruel or affectionate,

but actually it works for your correction.

if you understand this point

then you will never be disappointed."

-Shri Mataji (Germany '89)

Chapter 11

SURRENDER

In 1999 the national seminar was scheduled in New York, and I had invited some friends from India. As I had recently introduced them to Sahaja Yoga, I felt duty bound to care for them and ended up spending a lot of time with them.

Shri Mataji observed my concern and said, "You are not responsible for anyone. After realization each yogi is a cell in my body, and I look after him. If you take on their responsibility, they will not be able to surrender to Me, and besides you will end up raising a fifth column."

I realized how taking on their responsibility had caused anxiety in my Agnya and Nabhi chakras. In fact, my Nabhi had become a host to their catches. Conversely, my attachment reflected my catches on their chakras. It was necessary to allow them space to grow independently, fend for themselves, mature and thus experience Her love within.

The flow of Her love can be experienced by each one in his or her Heart chakra. One cannot make that connect for someone else, be it a friend, relation, spouse or a parent.

If the heart is not open, no matter what, love does not flow.

Like all new comers, my friends too had a lot of questions. I quoted Shri Mataji, "You don't have to ask questions. Put your attention on the question, and you will get the answer."

Of course as much as I could, I tried to divert their curiosity to the point where they could find the answers for themselves. I realized that it was not my job to spoon-feed them. It was Shri Mataji who took care of them. Hence, it was best to leave it to Her as She knew what was best for each one and how to prod him on. The only element needed was something so simple and easy as surrender!

Many people ask the question, 'how to surrender'. Either you are or you are not much depends on who you think you are...

"When you are the non-being, you are not allowed in the being."

– Shri Mataji

Chapter 12

THE FIRST SHALL BE THE LAST

The president of the Yungian society observed, "Shri Mataji you don't believe in time."

In December 1991 Shri Mataji invited the children from Dharamsala school to Pratishtan for lunch. After lunch each class was called and presented gifts. When my daughter Pragma's class was called, her friends asked her to stand up first to receive the gifts. Shri Mataji turned to me, "You are in charge of the school, and hence your daughter should be the last to receive the gifts."

It was an important lesson because, there was a tendency among us to always sit in the front with our children to attract Shri Mataji's attention, not realizing that the child felt he had a prerogative over other children to sit in the front, and that boosted his or her ego. Mindful of the lesson, I kept my daughter in the back, and shy as she was, she was very happy to be that way.

The following December the children were again invited and Shri Mataji generously bestowed them gifts. But when it was the turn of my daughter's class, my daughter did not rise. Shri Mataji noticed it and was pleased. As the children were departing she sent for her and gave her an extra gift!

Next day at the Puja Shri Mataji reminded us, "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

Following her instructions, all of us in the front row went to the back. She invited the back-benchers to come in the front!

But wait... did you not hear Her say that those who have not seen Her are stronger in faith...

An Iranian yogini mentioned that she was envious because, I had been with Shri Mataji whereas she never ever got the opportunity to see Her.

I responded, "I am envious of you because without even seeing Her you have so much faith whereas even though we were with Her our faith faltered."

Without meditation you will be in meditation.
Without being in my presence you will be in my presence.
Without asking for blessings you will be blessed by the Father.
-Shri Mataji, (Paris, Sahasrara puja '84)

Chapter 13

O PRIEST WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

The collective withstood a harsh stalwart who constantly reprimanded others about Sahaja protocols. Complaints of his oppression reached Shri Mataji.

She assured, "Your spirit cannot be oppressed. No one can oppress you. You have a direct relationship with Me."

However as complaints continued, She reminded, "I am working on him, and till then why don't you use your power to bear. Love itself is the protocol, but it has to be the love of the spirit."

He tried to take charge of Shri Mataji and accompanied Her everywhere. One time Shri Mataji asked some other yogi's to accompany Her instead of him. He got so offended that he resigned from the organization. The collective was jubilant, "Good riddance of bad rubbish."

But Shri Mataji was worried about him, "You should not say like that. Where will the poor chap go? What will happen to him if he steps outside My protection? You should desire his return."

We forgave him mentally but not internally. The wounds were

still fresh and our hearts forgot to pray for his return. A month later he met with a terrible accident.

When Shri Mataji heard of it tears poured in her eyes, "My heart grieves for my lost child. All My children are channels of My love, but what am I to do if the channels of My love turn into channels of malice. It is true, I do not punish anyone, but the deities do not forgive. I have to intercede on your behalf to stop them from punishing your misdeeds. The deities obey Me but I have given freedom to human beings. The freedom of the collective is very powerful and can work miracles if the collective desire is used for addressing the problems of the society and world. But it can also be used in working in the opposite direction as your collective desire to punish him worked and therefore he could not be saved. I cannot take away your freedom, but you have to have the compassion how to use it."

I introspected. According to my linear mental movement if A is equal to B and B is equal to C then A is equal to C - right! Or more simply tit-for-tat! But rationality was not among the list of tools used by the Devi.

For sure, if we are to function as Her channel, then we have to use the tool She has bestowed upon us. To fathom the brain of the Virata there is no other route but to follow the principle of 'Mahata Ahankara' and 'Mahata Mana'. Hence, why allow our ego and superego to suppress the pure desire of our kundalini!

Whoa that's asking for a lot! But how about borrowing the tool of innocence from our elder brother, Shri Ganesha. The one who is pure consciousness, essence of innocence and bears no malice in his heart!

A woodcutter used to pass his days in devotion to the lord. He would look at the sky and pray:

'O lord every moment I take your name but you do not visit my hut?

Please descend from heaven.

I will drink the water from washing your feet.

I will serve you day and night.

Whatever alms I collect will be offered to you first."

While he was thus praying God, a priest happened to pass by and rebuked him, "God would surely punish you for such propositions."

The woodcutter was heartbroken.

Suddenly an angel of God appeared and said:

'O Priest what have you done?

What have you done?

You have estranged an innocent devotee from God.

You were sent to unite human beings to God

But you have divided them from him!"

I bowed down before the Goddess and prayed in all humility:

Please protect us from priests.

Please save Sahaja yoga from becoming ritualistic.

Please protect us from becoming fanatical.

Thy will be done.

Chapter 14

HOT CHOCOLATE ON ICE-CREAM!

*I*n 1976 my charitable trust ran a school and an Ayurvedic clinic in Safdarjung Enclave, Delhi (now a Sahaja centre).

I prayed to Shri Mataji to bless the clinic. The Ayurvedic doctor (Vaidji) claimed that there was a medicine in Ayurveda for all ailments.

Though She praised Ayurveda for its holistic approach, She revealed, "Our left side is opposite to the right side: the left side problem are cold related and require heating whereas the right side problems are heat related and require cooling, hence, how can you have a common treatment for both the sides?"

He answered, "The cure incorporated hot and cold, like having hot chocolate with ice cream.

Shri Mataji burst into peals of laughter.

My concern was, "What should be done with the Ayurvedic clinic."

She replied, "Medicinal herbs can be used for some treatments, but the trick is to vibrate the recipe. I will give you the recipes for

right-side and left-side treatments. For the right-side vibrate the sugar and mix Jamun powder with it."

Over the years She gave several recipes. The recipes were akin to home remedies but their efficacy depended on vibrations. In the late nineties, with Her permission, these recipes were packaged for needy yogis. She blessed the project and named it, 'Van Devi'. The demand expanded rapidly and in 1999 Van Devi got incorporated into a company. As the demand was huge, the management decided to outsource Her formulas. But they missed out on vibrating the medicines, and hence the medicines lost their efficacy. When the matter was brought to Shri Mataji's attention, She closed Van Devi, "The catches of the people making the medicines have gone into them."

Since then several yogis have attempted to revive the recipes. But when one vibrates a recipe, his vibrations penetrate the ingredients. The vibrations could be negative or positive, hence, it is safer to vibrate the sugar, salt, turmeric, kumkum or ajwain before Her photograph. She revealed, "Behind every element is a deity, when you put the elements before My photograph they get vibrated."

Chapter 15

SEE THE POTENTIAL!

In 1991 Shri Mataji envisaged shifting Her residence from London to Milan. In the search for a suitable residence our hearts fell for the fairy-tale character of a castle near Milan. Shri Mataji approved, and the price was negotiated. However, the owner wanted an advance, which Shri Mataji was unwilling to concede and said She would make the full payment only upon registration. The owner did not relent and the deal fell.

We were rather crestfallen, and ventured, "Oh, but the castle has a lot of character."

She stated, "Character does not count with Me."

Thereafter, the search for a suitable residence continued. At a public program the mayor of Cabella invited Shri Mataji to see a castle in his village. The driveway to the castle was too steep for Shri Mataji's Lincoln and She had to walk up the climb. The castle was in a derelict condition. At every door, the mayor unlocked we were greeted by a host of pigeons. The rooms were covered with cobwebs, and Her grandson began making fun of the place. Shri Mataji remained silent for a while and then sternly turned around, "Don't laugh. I am going to buy this castle."

We stood transfixed!

Shri Mataji inspected every room, and as the inspection proceeded beyond lunchtime, the owner of Posta hotel brought Pesto pasta to the castle. Shri Mataji graciously appreciated his preparation and the conversation drifted to the castle, "When your Hamsa chakra opens, you get the discretion to see the potential of a place and are no more deceived by appearances. I can feel the tremendous potential of this castle: it is far more spacious than the one in Milan, the Milan Castle appeared very impressive, but it had no potential. You see here it is possible to salvage an extra floor out of the attic."

Lo and Behold! Not only did She buy the castle at half the price of the earlier one but also turned around the dingy dilapidated attic into an additional floor for the comfort of Her family. I was wonderstruck at Her incredible capacity to reclaim so much out of so little. Not just that, the potential became dynamic – the New Jerusalem surpassed its original magnificence! The courtyard grew seamlessly into a puja hanger, a parking lot, children play area.

The Goddess blushed at Her own creation!

Chapter 16

VATSALYA- HER LOVING MOOD

Shri Mataji asked a new yogi to address a public program. He was nervous and stammered through his address. I reported the matter to Shri Mataji. She responded, "You have to gauge the potential of people and then allow it to precipitate."

She added, "There is no plant without a medicinal potential, similarly there is no human being without some hidden potential, but it requires the skill of an expert to extract it."

I pulled my ears, "Shri Mataji my attention only goes to the faults of others. I must have been a critic in my previous life."

She burst into peals of laughter, "But now the light of the kundalini will show you their potential and you have to master the art of transforming others. You have to give them a chance. Look at nature, see how every leaf gives a chance to other leaves to get sunlight."

I was reminded of the romantic epic of Laila majnu, (akin to Romeo and Juliet). The public jeered Majnu, "What a fool you are to run after Laila who is so ugly."

Majnu smiled, "Ah, perchance you don't have eyes to see her beauty."

In my case, my eyes were mesmerized by the glitter of the tinsel world. I made a commitment to myself, "There is no way this life time I would allow my ego to miss the opportunity by wasting my attention on socialites, politicians or celebrities. They care little about anybody but themselves, and I do not intend wasting my life and attention on account of them.

I resolved to reap the pearls of wisdom cast by the Adi Shakti, and rescheduled my morning meditation to 4 a.m., meditated intensely, and worked on sharpening my attention and internalizing the power of compassion.

At the end of the public program She graciously patted the anchor with a big thump, "Congratulations! You spoke so well!" The encouragement worked like a mantra and strengthened his heart chakra. At the next public program, he spoke with confidence and clarity.

Watching arid deserts turn into oasis and third hand ships weather stormy oceans a question arose in my mind, "Shri Mataji how do you do it"?

She smiled, "Because I have faith all human beings can be beautiful flowers of fragrance."

I thought to myself if She had so much faith in us why not we too have a little more faith in our acquaintances, friends and relations. I reopened the file of all the people I had deleted, and decided to give them a chance.

I watched how every child that entered Her threshold got a chance to fulfill his potential. I earnestly tried to grasp how She brought out the potential with Vaitsalya (motherly love). I was struck by how She encouraged new yogis and patiently waited for their kundalini to precipitate. One day She called upon a novice to anchor a musical evening. She instructed him to address the audience humbly, to be respectful to the elderly, observe protocols, and then went on to make corrections in his script. During his anchoring, She kept giving him encouraging nods.

As the singing went off a bit, She overheard my snide remark to another yogi, and She said, "With what are you judging—your ego or your super ego. Every critic should ask himself if he can perform any better."

I pulled my ears.

She bestowed a scholarship upon a Russian dancer to study Indian Classical Dance in a renowned Chennai academy.

She revealed the nine moods of Indian classical dance and said, "'Vaitsalya' (the love of a mother for her child) is the greatest of all the moods."

Her Vaitsalya also embraced the hills and dales of Himalayas and they blushed. She was pleased, "If you want to see God just look at this beautiful nature created by him. This Himalaya is a swayambhu created by Mother Earth to emit vibrations." - Shri Mataji, Dharamsala visit, March 1985.

I ventured, "Do the swayambhus also absorb vibrations?"

"No! "

"How do vibrations emit?"

"For the vibrations to act there has to be a co-efficient. Vibrations have an absolute co-efficient. Thus, this co-efficient emits vibrations. Only God and humans have this co-efficient that emits vibrations."

"What is the co-efficient in humans?"

"In the human cell Electrons and Protons have mesons, and that co-efficient absorbs vibrations."

"Are these vibrations similar to what modern physics talks about?"

"No. The vibrations in physics are only electromagnetic. Electro comes from sun and magnetic comes from the earth. They are present in the centre of the mesons, but mesons act under the Adi Shakti. Her vibrations flow through it and are the pure vibrations, which you feel as the cool vibrations of your kundalini. These vibrations are conscious, they act and organize everything, and above all they love. Love gives joy."

Question on creation-

"We have 3 types of creations:

1. The Universe
2. Animals and trees - they are under the Pash (control) of god.
3. Humans - they are arbitrary (have free will)."

"Do human beings influence nature?"

"

Yes, through vibrations. Mesons are arbitrary and can control nature. If you want to stop rain, the mesons act and the rain stops."

"Can human beings also influence animals?"

"Human beings are the only ones who can use vibrations. If you

give vibrations to animals, you can change them."

"Can the Divine influence us?"

"The Divine works through mesons, and through them the Divine vibrations channel through human beings."

"Can bhoots also use vibrations to influence us?"

"No. bhoots cannot use vibrations. Only mesons can use vibrations and they are under the control of Adi Shakti. Bhoots only use bhoots."

"How to absorb left-side vibrations?"

"Lemons absorb the left-sided vibrations the best."

"The other day you gave us vibrated channas to clear our nabhis."

"Anything that I touch becomes vibrated."

"Thank you Shri Mataji for your pearls of wisdom!"

Shri Mataji: "May God Bless You."

Chapter 17

“I WANT TO BE A PARTICLE OF DUST
THAT WANTS TO BE FRAGRANT.”

Once a wandering mendicant visited the renowned sufi saint Nizamudin Auliya. But the saint had nothing to give him, so he gave him his only pair of slippers. On the way, the mendicant encountered the court poet Amir Khusrau who was returning after being felicitated by the sultan with a bag of gold. Amir Khusrau caught the familiar vibrations of his master Nizamudin Auliya from the mendicant, and enquired if he carried something from his master. The mendicant showed him Nizamudin's slippers. Khusrau instantly offered him all his gold in exchange for them.

Carrying the slippers reverently on his head, Khusrau approached his master and narrated the anecdote. Nizamudin smiled, "Khusrau, you have purchased them very cheap!"

When Shri Mataji is pleased with the devotion of Her children, the vibrations become exuberant, and the collective is bathed in her fragrance. Our kundalini is connected to Shri Mataji's fragrance and even if a whiff reaches our kundalini she jumps with joy.

Did She not assure us:

"I will anoint your head with beautiful blossoms."

And fill your moments with joyful fragrance."

Once Allah was very pleased with a Sufi saint and said, "Ask for a boon."

The sufi asked, "Make me in the image of the Prophet."

Allah replied, "I cannot do so for I have already created him once. Ask for another boon."

The sufi asked, "Then make me in the image of Ali."

Allah regretted, I cannot do that as I have already created him once, ask for another boon."

The sufi said, "Then I have nothing more to ask."

Allah relented, "Though I cannot create you as Ali, but the fragrance of Ali shall always flow from you."

*The roses and lilies dance merely in the cool breeze
O friend! Bring me only those flowers that emit Her fragrance.
She is in the flow of Her fragrance
No force in heaven or earth can diminish it.
Her fragrance will bathe us till eternity
Till the sun emits its rays
Till the moon emits its effulgence
And till the stars sparkle in the sky*

Chapter 18

SHE BESTOWED TOOLS FOR CREATING VIBRATIONS

*T*hough nature fills us with joy, yet she keeps her secrets close to her womb. She does not reveal how she creates the myriad of colorful flowers which she defuses with such sweet fragrances. Buds flower early in the morning and we never see them opening. Nor do we see the fruits coming out of flowers. But the compassion of our Divine Mother was such that She revealed Her secret tools for creating the living vibrations. As we watched Her give every leaf a chance to get sunlight, we realized that compassion was the secret tool. It made a paradigm shift in our consciousness.

Yes, people had negativities, but what if we used the tool of living vibrations to transform their dead habits into positivity?

What if the tool of vibrations could help them to help themselves?

She revealed not just how each leaf gives a chance to other leaves to get sunlight but also how each seed gives a chance to other seeds to sprout. With infinite patience, hard work and love, She nurtured the sprouts. She held nothing back for herself. When a sprout flowered into a thousand-petal Lotus, its fragrance spreads far and wide. Its fragrance has the power to open the Sahasrara of

others because it is the living force, and can therefore trigger another living force. Likewise, a realized musician's or a realized artist's creativity is a tool to open the Sahasrara of masses. Because when the spirit bathes the brain, then what the artist creates becomes living and a source of joy and auspiciousness!

Shri Mataji revealed, "Auspiciousness is the co-efficient of beauty. If it is reality, it must give vibrations. An artificial flower cannot give vibrations."

When She gave realization to artists and musicians they never imagined that one day they too would be able to create living vibrations through their art and music. Of course, we had experienced that the vibrations sourced from Shri Mataji and vibrated everything She touched or created including architecture (Pratishthan, Pune), but to experience them source from our creativity was so unexpected and at the same time so exhilarating. It gave us the chance to offer back to the society the precious pearls bestowed upon us by our Holy Mother!

She worked so silently and it happened so spontaneously, without our targeting it. Nor did we have to struggle for it. For instance, at a music program Her attention was drawn to a young yogini and invited her play the violin. She was not a professional or anything special, but she poured out her heart with such sincerity that our kundalinis started dancing. As she bowed, Shri Mataji blessed her with a scholarship to learn Indian Classical music at the Nagpur Music Academy.

Tears of joy streamed down her cheeks. Shri Mataji hugged her and wiped her tears. Later that year, in Ganpatipule, a renowned violinist was performing on the stage. Shri Mataji observed the scholarship yogini in the audience and motioned her to come on the

stage and sit beside the violinist. At the end of the performance she instructed that the scholarship yogini be invited to perform the following day.

In the beginning the yogini was a little nervous and self-conscious, but as Shri Mataji smiled at her warmly and kept nodding encouragingly, her kundalini settled in her Sahasrara. No sooner had her kundalini risen to her Sahasrara, our kundalinis rose to our Sahasraras. It was an orchestra conducted by the divine conductor. The Creator got involved in Her creation, and the orchestra merged with the conductor. The collective was drenched in Her ocean of creativity, and in those precious moments we experienced eternity in an hour.

The audience cheered, "Encore! encore!"

The yogini humbly bowed, "I have splendid music, a splendid violin and a splendid bow. All I did was to bring them together and get out of the way!"

Shri Mataji praised her profusely. Then, She took off Her ring and placed it on the yogini's finger!

That a single cell had the potential to raise the awareness of the collective body was a game-changing experience.

It is only Her compassion that works everywhere.

O Mother! Whoever enters your threshold is saved

Even those who are ill-fated,

You change the course of their destiny!

These joyful experiences taught us how to use the tools for creating living vibrations. As Shri Mataji built Her various houses, She showed how the living vibrations could penetrate matter, and

exude vibrations. Natural materials and handicrafts made by realized souls could become tools for spreading vibrations. For instance, paintings, handmade ceramics, pottery, carvings etc. by realized souls bring vibrations to a home. Crystals and mirrors reflect vibrations whereas black color hampered their flow.

The tools She bestowed upon us, transformed our homes into swayambhus. Of course, Sahaja yogis are living swayambhus, and those gifted with music, art and literature can create swayambhus like the Mona Lisa. Shri Mataji revealed that the Mona Lisa had become immortal not because of her beautiful face but because of her vibrations.

Ah! And what of the new generation of realized artists who drench Satya Yuga with their vibrations!

Chapter 19

MY TWO EYES WERE NOT ENOUGH TO SEE ALL HER WONDERS!

I stood spell bound before the painting of a young brother.
"You are a genius!"

He answered modestly, "I am no genius. Before commencing my work, I stand before the canvas and pray, "O Goddess how may I please Thee. Then I meditate for several days till Her guidance comes."

"Does Her guidance always come?"

"If I neglect my chakras, it takes a while till I clear them. You know there is so much competition and rivalry in the art world. So, I constantly remind myself that my ambition is not to compete but to become an instrument of Shri Mataji's love. Finally, as my attention penetrates the Sahasrara, nature meets nature, and art creates itself."

True, original creativity stems from the perennial font of love, but in the case of the young artist there was a special quality that bore the sweet fragrance of our Beloved Mother. It was not the sweet fragrance of roses or jasmine, but it was a sweeter fragrance- the fragrance of Her innate nature – compassion. Her compassion

flowed through the young artist in such a way that he would always give a chance to his fellow artists to grow. He supported and uplifted them in every way. He gladly shared his tools, and delighted in their creativity. In turn, their creativity became an instrument to uplift the kundalini of others.

It reminded me of Tansen's story, the chief musician in the court of the Mughal emperor Akbar. One day Akbar enquired, "Is there was anyone in the world who can sing like you?"

Tansen replied, "My Master Hari Das sings even better than me."

Akbar summoned Hari Das but he refused to come. Tansen advised Akbar to visit Hari Das instead. Akbar did likewise. But Hari Das was not in the mood to sing. Tansen devised a trick to provoke him. He sang his favorite melody and then deliberately committed an error. Unable to brook his impropriety, Hari Das repeating the correct melody himself.

Akbar was spellbound, "How come you cannot sing like your master?"

Tansen humbly replied, "I sing to please your Majesty whereas Hari Das sings to please God."

And what of those who sing to please the Adi Shakti!

The kundalini raises each one's potential to its climax- where the creator and the creation merge, and drenched both with joy.

Shri Mataji embellished Her children's creativity with lavish endowments. Not just that, She glorified it with Her Divine graciousness. More than the gift they were inspired by the quality of graciousness with She bestowed it. For instance, when the musicians were to be rewarded, the purse was placed on a silver tray with a beautiful silk scarf upon it. Or when She gifted handbags or briefcases to the collective, She would place money in it, "How can

you gift an empty bag to someone, if a silver bowl was presented, She would fill it with nuts.

I watched in awe how Her graciousness transformed matter into a font of vibrations but my two eyes were not enough to see all Her wonders.

At one puja I was blessed with the opportunity to decorate the silver trays for presentation to the musicians. After Shri Mataji presented them to the musicians I forgot to return the silver trays to the castle.

As I sat down for a foot soak, the silver trays flashed in my mind. I panicked. 'What if they were lost?' 'What if someone had walked away with them?'

I grabbed my shawl and hastened to the Puja hanger. It was 3 a.m., the lights were off and the only music was the raga of deafening snores. With the help of a flashlight, I searched the wings and the stage, but they were nowhere to be found. I became desperate and begged Shri Mataji's forgiveness. My prayer had hardly escaped my lips, when I was engulfed by cool vibrations. They seem to flow from the centre of the stage where the throne was placed, but the silver trays were nowhere in sight. As I bowed before the throne my forehead struck against something hard. Were the Ganas punishing me?

I massaged the bump on my forehead, and turned the carpet. Lo and behold-the pile of seven silver trays greeted me with a silver smile. I hugged the trays and thanked the prudent angel who had safely hidden them.

Color me, color me.

Do not ask me to choose the color

As long as it bears your sweet fragrance.

Now I am painted in your color

No other dye can superimpose upon it.

Chapter 20

FIXING A SCATTER BRAIN OR A SPOILT TURKEY

*A*fter the public program Shri Mataji worked on clearing the chakras of new seekers. It went on for several hours, and the ones with persistent catches were invited home the next day for an intensive treatment. Next morning,, She continued to work on an American for two hours. The American started feeling guilty for taking so much of Her valuable time especially when he saw there were other new seekers awaiting their turn.

Shri Mataji comforted, "Don't feel guilty. Just think of yourself as a guinea pig. As it works on you, it will work out the collective catch too. When a certain number of people of a particular permutation and combination get their realization, then those with the same problem get it faster. As the collective gains strength it becomes much easier for others to get it."

She asked the American to come again the next day.

When the American returned, Shri Mataji was busy in the kitchen preparing for a big dinner party for Her husband's guests and instructed me to continue the prescribed treatment. An hour later I was exasperated by the American's scattered attention. If I

instructed him to put the right hand on mother earth he would put the left, and if I said put the left hand up, he would put the right. Shri Mataji called from the kitchen to enquire after his progress. I said, "I give up. He is such a scatter brain!"

Shri Mataji laughed, "If you cannot fix a scatter brain, what's the use of becoming a master! Supposing I have made food for you and you say 'I don't want it,' then what will I do as a Mother; as a Mother, I will go around and I will raise your kundalini so you can see yourself."

I thought to myself, "To fix a scatter brain is an art, but I needed to master the art first."

As She poured tea, She looked from the corner of Her eyes and remarked, "The one who never gives up is a Sahaja Yogi."

Of course! She never gave up on us... similarly our job was simply to go on giving vibrations to the weak. Their progress may be slow, but it was not for us to judge or rationalize.

I woke up in the morning all blocked from the American's catches. I followed the usual clearing treatments but did not feel the cool vibrations, and therefore decided not to visit Shri Mataji lest She be burdened by my catches. I called another yogi to attend on Her.

An hour later the phone rang. Shri Mataji enquired, "Where is your attention? Where is your will? Why are you so worried? I am your Mother and if I will not clear you who will? That is my promise!"

I pulled my ears and begged Her forgiveness.

With my guilt laughing its heart out, and annoyed at the American for passing on his catches, I entered Shri Mataji's house. I was dumb struck to see the American sitting on the sofa smiling like a rose!

My confusion was further enhanced by the twinkle of laughter in Shri Mataji's eyes.

You know what, while I absorbed the American's catches, Shri Mataji kept awake the whole night clearing me out! In the process the American got completely cleared out. It was yet another lesson learnt- catches are mobile, and transfer from one to another. A catch that is absorbed by one releases the host but may latch on to the one who has absorbed it - somewhat like musical chairs!

The trick was not to react.

A day prior to Guru Puja 1991 Shri Mataji shifted to Cabella. As the puja venue was shifted to Cabella at the last moment, a caterer could not be arranged. Shri Mataji set up an open kitchen in the courtyard in front of the castle entrance and supervised the cooking. The menu comprised Chickpeas, Dal, Turkey and rice. We were divided into four teams, and each was assigned a dish. Mine was the turkey team, and we began collecting rift woods for cooking. Shri Mataji measured the ingredients and poured them into the turkey pot. Little realizing that turkey was a tough bird to cook and took much longer than chicken, we ended up spoiling it.

A brother suggested it was easier to make fresh turkey than to retrieve the spoilt one, and the matter was brought to Shri Mataji.

There was a fragrance in the secret of Her smile, "Of course it is easier for the Divine to create a new world than to retrieve a spoilt one. You see how easy it was for Krishna to chop off their heads. But

my task is more difficult- the negativity has entered your brains, and I have to take it out from it."

She poured a large lump of ghee into the pot and instructed, "Keep stirring, it should be done by the time I am ready for the puja."

No sooner had Shri Mataji returned, our tongues dripped from the fragrance of the turkey. Twice the number of yogis turned up for the puja than expected, but the lump of ghee She had put in the turkey kept it going! Every single Nabhi was satisfied, and there was plenty left in the kitchen!

Finally, the fragrance of Her smile revealed its secret- 'fixing a spoilt turkey was no different than fixing a scattered brain!

Chapter 21

GO SPEAK!

A Yogi who was to address a public program suddenly suffered a stroke just before the program. Shri Mataji worked on his chakras and wrapped Her shawl around him. Although he recovered physically, his attention was trapped in the fear of the past stroke. To pull his attention out of the trapped fear, Shri Mataji asked him to address the public meeting in Her presence.

His wife was very worried. Shri Mataji assured her, "Though I have cured him, his fear is not allowing him to come out of it. I have to make him face his fear to bring him out. If you act lame, you become lame. You should not have fear because you have kundalini."

He could barely stand and with the assistance of two yogis climbed onto the stage. Shri Mataji encouraged, "Don't worry. It is the authenticity with which you speak that people will know that you have found it and they will accept it."

In the beginning, he stammered and was barely audible. However, Shri Mataji's attention rested on his kundalini, and She kept empowering it. Gradually his kundalini dissolved his fear, and

heart chakra opened. Soon his self-confidence returned and his voice became more audible. Then a miracle happened - his kundalini rose in her majesty and established an amazing rapport with the audience. Just as he turned corners he forgot his speech and faltered, "Shri Mataji you are, you are...."

I held my breath. Suddenly his kundalini's intuition leapt to his rescue and he completed the sentence, "Shri Mataji you are Bharat Mata," (which was not in his text).

The audience gave a standing ovation!

Says Saint Kabir:

"From the furnace of the sky (sahasrara)

Drops ambrosia that has made my body strong.

When I have met the Giver of this wine,

I live in intoxication."

Chapter 22

BUILDING GANAPATIPULE ACROSS DISTANT SHORES

(-A seaside sacred Swayambhu in Maharashtra where festivities were held annually in glory of Shri Mataji)

*Merry making, fun and frolic.
Bullock carts in festive hues,
Delivered grooms to nymphs anew.
Each night a secret treasure grew.
Choicest gifts from Kubera's treasure flew.
Was it earth or a celestial view
Only the sacred shrine in each heart knew.*

*Come to Ganapatipule
You are not far.
Come home, come home to yourself!*

During Shri Mataji's visit to Dubai the collective arranged a cruise around the Island. They composed heart rendered bhajans, "We will build Ganpatipule on the shores of Dubai."

Shri Mataji was deeply touched by their sentiment and blessed the foundations of a new Ganapatipule on the shores of Dubai.

Of course, Ganapatipule and all other sites blessed by the Goddess in Her many incarnations are places of pilgrimage. But She also bestowed powers upon Her children to vibrate sites with their vibrations. Sahaja Yoga is a living, organic process, which breathes with the living kundalinis of the yogis. Hence, wherever the yogis collect in Her name with love in their hearts, the vibrations flow and vibrate the place. For instance, She said William Blake's new Jerusalem was in England. Similarly, when a Muslim yogi's parents wanted to go for Haj, he advised them to go for Haj to England where Shri Mataji resided. And they did.

In this Satya Yug as yogis lay foundations of new Ganapatipules, Jerusalems and Kabbas all over the world, Her kingdom ushers in planet earth.

Shri Mataji revealed, "The sign of living energy is that it grows, and dissipates the negative stagnant energy."

If the vibrations of the places are not sustained, they recede. Shri Mataji observed that vibrations had receded from many places of pilgrimage because it fell in the hands of negative people. Where Her Photograph fell into the hands of negative people, its vibrations receded, and She instructed for it to be immersed in the river.

As She arrived in a city for a public program, She observed there were no posters anywhere, and enquired, "Why are there no posters?"

The yogis answered, "Shri Mataji, we were worried about the protocol of your Photograph. People might tear or trample on them."

She said, "The city gets vibrated with My Photograph, and that is how the paramchaitanya informs the seekers through their unconscious. When I went to Russia the Russian seekers had never known about Me but the unconscious informed them, and they came in thousands. When I asked them how did you recognize Me?

They answered, "From your Photograph of course Mother'. I have given permission for putting My Photograph on posters. You don't have to worry about the protocol."

She set the example Herself by sticking the posters for the first public program in Rome! Of course we have to use our discretion while sticking the posters, like not to put them on toilets or garbage bins!

Every morning as I drive to work my eyes always feast on a poster stuck years ago on a bus shelter. I remember the 12-year-old girl, who while sticking it, recited the Ganesha mantra and prayed from her heart, "O Shri Ganesha, please protect the poster of my Holy Mother."

Shri Ganesha guards it to this day!

After a recent public program in Pune I found some students carefully rolling a poster from a wall.

"Where are you taking the posters?"

"To sanctify our dormitory."

"Why?"

"We were going for our exams and were very tense. Suddenly we saw Her Photograph and something in Her eyes comforted us, so we want to put it in our dormitory."

"Did you attend Her program?"

"No. We had our exam that day." "Would you like to know something about Her?"

"Why not."

They got their realization from the Photograph in the poster!

Another day driving in the old part of the city I spotted another old poster of Shri Mataji at a rickshaw stand. Though it was several years old, I was surprised to find fresh kumkum on it. I enquired from the local rickshaw puller, "Who has offered the

kumkum?"

He said, "We offer kumkum daily before plying our rickshaws."

Are you a Sahaja Yogi?

No.

Then why do you offer kumkum?

Because our daily earnings have increased since we started worshipping Her with kumkum.

"Whoever has one drop of love

Possesses God's existence." – Yunus Emre

Chapter 23

FELICITATIONS

*O*n the occasion of Shri Mataji's 60th birthday, the Mumbai collective wanted to felicitate the trustees of Life Eternal Trust who had worked very hard for the promotion of Sahaja Yoga. It was rather embarrassing for the Trustees to be accorded recognition for collective effort, and they brought the matter to Shri Mataji's attention.

She laughed, "But who is the other? Whatever work a sahaja yogi does, he does for the self. How can the self felicitate the self?"

She explained that in collective consciousness we are part and parcel of the whole, and therefore each one is an extension of the other. How then can one hand felicitate the other hand?

When one becomes a part and parcel of the whole, then everything in the collective is worked out by the master-computer. If one finger is pricked, the whole body comes to its rescue. Similarly each child is a cell in Her Body. When a seed is sown, She caresses it in Her loving bandhan and nurtures it. If there is an over growth of weeds, She pulls them out. Instead, if someone decides to organize the weeds, then it hampers Her working. She smiles, "I must have also thought of something – leave it to the Param chaitanya."

The Shiv Sena's supremo, Bal Thackery, attended the Birthday Felicitation and humbly sat in the audience. Shri Mataji invited him to come and sit on the stage, but he humbly declined, "I am not even the dust of your Lotus Feet."

Similarly, in 2000, the chief minister of Delhi, Sheila Dixit, attended Her public program at the Ramlila ground, Delhi. She was invited to sit on the dais but politely declined, "How can I sit on the stage besides Shri Mataji. My place is at Her Lotus feet"

Even when the president of India, Sanjeeva Reddy invited Shri Mataji to Rashtrapati Bhavan, he got a special sandal wood throne made for Her and himself sat at Her Lotus Feet.

This consciousness prevailed even among the iconic musicians and artists. The renowned gazal queen, Parveen Sultana, performed at a musical evening at Shanmukhanand Hall. When the audience repeatedly requested for her popular gazals, she politely declined, "Don't you know in front of whom you are sitting. Such gazals are not offered to the Devi."

Instead she devotedly rendered the bhajan, "Bhavani Dayani."
Shri Mataji was deeply touched.

When we become a part and parcel of the collective, then the question of proclaiming anyone's prowess or paying special attention does not arise. We plunge into Her ocean of collective love after we cease being the doer. Thereafter, we are drenched in Her Niranand. There is no greater felicitation than the Divine nectar of Niranand, and any other felicitation only gives rise to the illusion that we are the doer, and that pulls us away from Niranand.

Of course, it is important to speak kindly and respectfully to others. Appreciation and recognition are encouragement tools, but whatever we do for Sahaja Yoga is dedicated to our Holy Mother. Since Shri Mataji does everything, then how can we felicitate anyone else but Her – 'Behold the Mother!'

*'Shri Mataji you do everything,
You have showered such abundance upon me,
Far beyond what I deserve,
What merit is there in me?
It is the bounty of Your Grace.'*

A parallel runs in the story of Shri Krishna. He blessed Bhima's grandson Barberic with the vision to witness the battle of Mahabharata from atop a mountain. After their victory the Pandavas pondered over the question as to who had fought with the greatest valor. They put the question to Barberic.

He innocently replied, "I only saw the play of Shri Krishna's Sudarshan chakra everywhere and nothing else!"

The sport of playing snakes and ladders is not for newborn babes. Likewise, the authority of bestowing rewards or felicitations is not given to newborn babes, but to the arbiter – the parents. In the sahaja sangha the arbiter is the Holy Mother. Indeed, it is prudent to raise the bar higher lest the holy sangha grows into a mutual admiration society bereft of Niranand! The ego may feel great, but the Niranand is left behind.

Yogis have differing levels of experience, skills and some are more dynamic. But if the ones who are not so empowered are not included in the felicitation list, they feel left out. How can any child

be made to feel left out of a Mother's love. When the principal of Dharamsala Sahaja School enquired, what prize should be awarded to students who stood first in the class.

Shri Mataji answered, "Every child should be given a prize."

Such is our Divine Mother's love! It is difficult for the calculating machine ticking inside our head to understand that a mother does not measure or award only her more gifted children, but her heart bleeds for each child. It is rather incongruous for a brother or sister to be felicitated for doing something for the family. No matter what the hierarchy, the rays of the sun fall equally on each child. No doubt we must respect others, but the greatest respect is to respect the spirit, by not pampering the ego! The Sufi master Nizamudin Auliya told his disciple Amir khusrau, "If on the day of judgment God asked me, what have you brought from the world for me? I would answer, the burning love which this Turk has for you."

The Turk was none other than his disciple, Amir Khusrau, the originator of Kawali music.

Chapter 24

SHE NEVER GAVE-UP ON US

*"You should get it,
If you don't get it
I will try again and again..."
- Shri Mataji*

Friction arose between the co-coordinator and a brother yogi over the presentation of a gift to Shri Mataji. Shri Mataji enquired who informed the coordinator about the gift. I confessed that I had mentioned it to him inadvertently. Shri Mataji said that knowing the coordinator's strict nature, I should have been more discreet.

I suggested, "Why not get rid of him. He is like a fifth-hand ship."

Her husband jested, "In the shipping corporation we scrap fifth-hand ships!"

Shri Mataji was not amused, "I have come to save my children,

not to abandon them. I am working on him, and as long as his kundalini is responding we have to allow the vibrations to precipitate."

The attention of the co-ordinator oscillated like a pendulum, and his moods swung from elation to depression. Shri Mataji did not give up on him but instead paid special attention on him at every occasion. One day he was very low, Shri Mataji patted him lovingly and encouraged, "Now you are in the Kingdom of God, why not try and remember your positive experience that helped you."

With Shri Mataji's attention and loving advice, he turned corners. The hardness in his face gradually softened. He became such a caring and loving brother. His miraculous rebirth was a lesson on patience and the miracle of love. We gave up seeking psychological explanations and put all our trust in the power of our kundalini, and above all followed the example of how our Holy Mother paid special attention to the weakest member of the family, and thus empowered him to become the strongest of all.

Chapter 25

A GRAIN OF RICE

*A small drop becomes a pearl in a shell.
An ocean does not become empty
When a canal is taken from it.
Similarly Her bounties and blessings are unending.*

After the end of one Diwali Puja in Cabella, we suddenly felt very hungry and thought of proceeding for dinner. However, a brother persuaded us to wait for the Prasad. As we munched the Prasad channas, our nabhis felt completely satisfied, and we forgot all about dinner. We shared our experience with the collective and they likewise experienced a similar sense of nabhi satisfaction. It dawned upon us that the Prasad was Shri Annapurna's blessing and hence had satisfied the collective nabhi.

Later in the evening as dinner was served to Shri Mataji, She took just a morsel and said She was full, and could not eat anymore. She was satisfied because, Her children were satisfied.

It drew a parallel from a story in Mahabharata where Draupadi along with her husbands was in exile, and living in the forest. Duryodhana sought the opportune moment to seek revenge on her. Aware that they had no food, he deliberately invited Rishi Durvasa

for a meal to their hut. His game plan was that Rishi Durvasa would feel insulted upon not receiving a meal and thus curse Draupadi. However, Draupadi did not lose her cool and received the Rishi with due respect. She invited him to take a meal after he had bathed in the river.

After the rishi went to bathe, Draupadi combed the kitchen but there was not a single grain left. She prayed to Lord Krishna, and he came to her rescue. He enquired if there was anything in the kitchen as he was very hungry. She said, “My husbands consumed whatever I had cooked, and I ate the leftovers, there is not even a single grain left.”

As she cleaned the cooking pot, she spotted a grain of rice. Lord Krishna said that if she offered it to him it would suffice. She offered it to him with such devotion and love that it completely satisfied his appetite.

No sooner had Shri Krishna’s appetite been satisfied, than Rishi Durvasa’s appetite was satisfied too, and he forgot all about Draupadi’s invitation.

Likewise, the food offered to Shri Mataji is blessed by Her and becomes Prasad. She explained, “Even if only a grain of rice remains, share it because the deities inside Me will be satisfied.”

But they could become dissatisfied too! On one occasion we accompanied Shri Mataji to a yogini’s house. It was a long drive and we were very tired. The host brought tea for Shri Mataji tea and then got busy talking. Shri Mataji observed that the host had not offered us anything. She left the cup of tea untouched. On the way home, She stopped by a pizzeria and treated us to pizzas and coke!

Without saying anything how a mother knows everything?

Another time Shri Matai was due to visit Rahuri. A wealthy yogi prepared a lavish feast for Her but only invited his family and not his

sahaja brothers and sisters. In the poor quarter of the village a Sahaja potter's wife was so overjoyed that Shri Mataji was blessing Her village, she put together her meager resources to cook a meal of dal and rice for all the yogies. As Her car crossed the potter's derelict hut, Shri Mataji was drenched in vibrations and asked to enquire within.

I reported, "A sahaja potter lives within. His wife has invited all the yogis for a meal to glorify your arrival."

Shri Matai's eyes moistened, and She stepped inside the hut to bless her loving children. The potter's wife was awestruck and kept at the back.

Shri Mataji asked her to come in front, "I am very hungry what have you cooked for Me?"

She was ashamed to offer such a frugal meal and hesitated. As Shri Mataji smiled at her encouragingly, the yogini felt encouraged and offered Her dal and rice on a platter of leaves.

Shri Mataji relished every morsel, "Your bhakti has completely fulfilled Me. Now I don't need to eat for a week!"

It reminded me of a story from the Mahabharata where Shri Krishna turned away from a palace banquet to partake a humble meal at the home of his devotee, Vidhur.

We experienced that when food was offered to Shri Annapurna and shared as Prasad, it not only blessed our nabhis but also bestowed the blessings of abundance a little went a long way. How the little miraculously goes a long way cannot be explained because it is spontaneous. For instance, one morning we spontaneously felt vibrations singing in our hands. Shri Mataji revealed, "These vibrations are released by a movement inside me. When here is something auspicious happening, the deities inside My body are pleased and release an exuberance of vibrations."

As we are cells in Her body, our vibrations reverberate with it. Not just that, when the vibrations become exuberant, they indicate that She is showering a thousand blessings. Furthermore, that She is

guiding us and protecting us.

If there is a famine, and a sahaja yogi shares the little he has, then with the blessing of Shri Annapura, it will go a long way in such a way that there will be enough for everyone. But if he feels that he has a priority over his scarce resource, then how will Her blessings flow!

Not just that, if during drought the yogis incant mantras and vibrate the seeds, the yield will multiply. That's what Shri Mataji did when there was drought in Maharashtra- She vibrated seeds and distributed them free to the farmers. Despite the drought, the crops survived and there was food for all!

Nature is very obedient to Shri Mataji. Whenever it rained before a program, we prayed to Her and the rain stopped. Conversely, when there was a drought in Maharashtra, the water level in Pune fell and there was acute water shortage. Shri Mataji asked us to say the Pranjaya Mantra (mantra to the Rain deity). After we prayed to Shri Pranjaya, it rained in the morning.

Likewise, She has blessed us with Her powers for the collective benevolence. We are familiar with the story of Mr. Kohli who prayed for the rain to stop and it complied. In the drought ridden, Rahuri, there was the case of Mr. Dhumal who prayed for rain and it obeyed. Yogis have experienced innumerable such instances.

Nature responds to our kundalinis because she is the reflection of Mother Nature. Hence, nature's response to our mantras depends on our connection with Shri Mataji and nothing else. The intensity of our love impels the response!

Says Amir Khusrau:

“People think that they are alive because of their soul,
But I am alive because I have love within.”

Chapter 26

“ASK FOR A BOON”

My children, do not hesitate to ask what you want

However much you want I will give.

I am here to fulfill all your desires.

You just go on accepting them,

I will give you much more than you ask.

In the early days of Sahaja Yoga, after a puja Shri Mataji would stand in the Abhaya Mudra pose and bless us, "Ask for anything you want."

We were overwhelmed by desires and our heads would go round and round, "Which desire should I ask first – job, money, college admission, health, new car etc."

Once Shri Mataji was staying with a sahaja yogi in Baroda. He sought every auspicious occasion to do Her puja. Finally, Shri Mataji told him that he should no more offer private pujas to Her, as he was unable to absorb Her vibrations, and She had to suffer a lot. However small the puja be, it should be offered collectively.

She graciously continued to give us ample opportunities to make wishes again and again at different pujas.

It drew a parallel to the story of Guru Nanak. When he preached in North India, people followed his teachings. In one instance, the villagers kept following him. He thought better give them what they want. So he created a mountain of money, and they gladly took it and left.

Still some followed him. So he created a heap of gold and silver, and they happily took it and left.

But one whose name was Jogya kept following him. Guru Nanak enquired, "Do you not want anything?"

He humbly bowed, "No Maharaj! I am only good for you."

Guru Nanak embraced him, "As I am good for you, you too are good for me."

"Whatever you desire

I will fulfill

Ask with humility, with sincerity and with respect."

But why ask for petty favors

When at His Feet eternity lives!

When I desired nothing,

A great deal more came to me.

Only pray for ascent,

When you ascend everything, comes to you.

Chapter 27

HER ONE HAND DID NOT KNOW WHAT THE OTHER GAVE

Whenever Shri Mataji visited a country, She shopped for their handicrafts in order to bless the artisans. She then gifted them to the collective and thus vibrated the homes of Her children. She said, "I enjoy giving. It gives me the greatest joy."

Her gifts are our most cherished treasures, "Ah, Shri Mataji has given me this ... it has such amazing vibrations!"

Just before Guru puja, Cabella, I was assisting Shri Mataji sort out presents for the host countries. While She was talking on the phone, a Time Piece on the coffee table caught my attention. I was fascinated by its clockwise and anti-clockwise rotation. Shri Mataji observed the admiration in my eyes, and as I bowed down to take leave, She gifted me the Time Piece. I was overwhelmed with embarrassment, and protested, "Oh! It's too much Shri Mataji, Oh, how can I accept."

She laughed, "I wanted to give you a present but didn't know what to give you, I have to thank you for helping me choose!"

"But Shri Mataji you already gave me so many gifts - pens, a

brief case, a suite length, kurtas, a silver tea set. etc. (every time Shri Mataji arrived in India, She brought gifts for everyone and every time I came to Cabella or abroad, She gave gifts. And if one accompanied Her for shopping, She always bought you something.)

She looked astonishment, "Really! When did I give you?"

Tears streamed down my cheeks:

"O Mother Your one hand does not know what the other hand gives

There is such abundance in your generosity

Do you ever count or measure your gifts?"

I was too overwhelmed and embarrassed, and could not sleep in the night. Traditionally a Guru is not supposed to give gifts to his disciple because he imparts the greatest gift of all - enlightenment. Moreover, I had done nothing to deserve the gifts. Of course, in the present case it was the Divine Mother expressing Her love, but even then... so, so many gifts! I made a resolution inside my head never to express my admiration for any object in Her presence.

I woke up in the morning knowing what I ought to do. I should decorate all the beautiful gifts in Shri Mataji's room in Talnoo Ashram, Dharamsala, and share their vibrations eternally!

Her generosity knew no bounds: to a village school in Pune, She gifted five lakhs for the construction of two rooms. On a visit to the Kuchipudi academy in Chennai, She gifted 50,000 to the director. To a devoted yogi, She took off Her diamond ring and placed it in his hand, to a bride whose marriage was fixed at the last minute, She gave away her puja saree. O Mother! My plight is that my two eyes are not enough to see all your wonders!

Chapter 28

GO SCATTER!

*A*s a collective became self-reliant and strong, Shri Mataji would disburse it to spread Sahaja Yoga elsewhere. It drew a parallel in the life of Guru Nanak. He was received with great honor in a village. While taking leave, he blessed the villagers "Go scatter!" In the next village, they threw stones at him. While departing, he blessed them, "Remain stationed where you are!"

His disciples were rather mystified by his blessings and enquired why he wanted those who welcomed him to leave their village, whereas, those who were nasty to remain stationed where they were.

He answered, "Goodness ought to spread by the virtuous and so they should scatter everywhere, but negativity should not pass on to others, and hence it is better it remains stationed in one place."

The churning out process brought me to Pune for the construction of Pratishtan. After the construction was completed, Shri Mataji suggested, "Why don't you settle down in Pune."

I searched for a plot to build a house, and found one close to Pratishtan in Bhusari colony. The plot was owned by Mrs. Bhusari.

Shri Mataji suggested that since it was close to Pratishtan, it was more suitable for an Ashram where She could meet all the yogis. Accordingly, the plot was purchased for an ashram by Life Eternal Trust.

However, before building plans could be finalized, the sale was annulled by a court order. It transpired that the Mr. Bhusari, the late husband of the plot owner had acquired Bhusari colony in partnership with a Muslim gentleman, but had failed to share the profits from the sale of plots with his partner. Thereby, the Muslim partner obtained a court order annulling all the sales made by Mrs. Bhusari.

Shri Mataji was aware of lengthy legal proceedings, and offered the Muslim partner the amount he would have gained by the sale of the plot. Accordingly he ratified the sale. A year later Shri Mataji built a beautiful Ashram. In hindsight, had I bought the plot for my residence, I would have been embroiled in an unending legal battle.

When you are churned by Her, She not only saves you from all kinds of problems but also takes upon Herself all your welfare and problem!

Shri Krishna said something similar, "Yogakshema wahamyama": the one who is in union with Me, I look after his welfare.

Chapter 29

THE FUTURE OF SAHAJA YOGA

*I*n the year of Grace 1991, Shri Mataji handed me the manuscript of Her book 'Creation' for publication. The next day She asked for the publication to be kept on hold as She wanted to add a chapter, 'The Future of Sahaja Yoga'.

Several years passed and at Easter Puja, Nagpur, 2008, I ventured to ask Her for the last chapter, 'The Future of Sahaja Yoga.'

She smiled, "The future of Sahaja Yoga depends on my instruments but I don't know how far they are ready. My only plan is to make my weapons alright. First of all I have to measure up the power of My children, how far they can go..."

In 2011, I handed the manuscript to the World Foundation Italy and NITL in India who published Her complete work, "Creation – The Eternal Play."

It dawned upon me that the last chapter was to be written by the deeds of Sahaja Yogis: how deep did the cells in Her body bond or did they split it...

Nobody can split Sahaja Yoga.

*I split the night between tosses and turns.
But the knot of the agnya did not loosen.
When I forgave my thoughts, the knot loosened.
You and I are but each other's destiny,
Come let us embrace!
Strange are the ways of the intellectuals;
The heart has its own way.*

During the construction of Pratishtan several yogis from abroad came to help. In the evening Shri Mataji would invite us to sing bhajans. One evening the carpentry team, who hailed from Varanasi, the city of Kabira, rendered their couplets. Shri Mataji narrated the story of Kabir's life, "After his death a dispute arose between his Hindu and Muslim disciples- the Hindus wanted to cremate his body whereas the Muslims wanted to bury it. When they removed, the shroud covering his body, they were surprised to find that in the place of his body were flowers. The Hindus cremated them and the Muslims buried them."

Then She looked at us and also looked beyond, "But there can never be any divide in Sahaja Yogis because you all are under the bandhan of one Mother's love. I am a collective Being of all of you."

When maryadas are broken, it is very easy for mistakes to be made, and things to go very wrong. Maryadas act like safety valves that protect us from falling into mental traps. Our safety valves are the covenants we made before Shri Ganesha in Her presence at 1984 Shri Ganesha Puja, Zermatten:

The fourth covenant was, "I will respect every sahaja yogi from my heart because he is made in the form of Shri Ganesha. I will respect each and every sahaja yogi because he is a great soul."

Love and respect were the two things we promised to Shri Ganesha, and that bonded us to Shri Mataji's promise, "The river has to meet the ocean; it is My promise."

None can split the flow of Her love, none can repress the sweetness of Her fragrance, and none can dim the glow of Her light.

*"They who separate the milk from water;
Says Kabir are my devotees.
They only will escape in whose heart is discernment.
If we sin in our thoughts
Then what is the use in taking the Lord's name?
O friend, can you not see that we are but the
Same spirit in two bodies?"*

Chapter 30

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

When I got my realization, I saw Shri Mataji rub Her right thumb indicating my overactive right-side. I was like a speedy bee involved in several welfare projects - orphanage, Auyurvedic clinic, schools, mobile clinic, vocational training center and so on. No sooner had one project finished, than my mind would churn out the next one. Of course, launching a new project was not easy- it was a battle against persistent negativity.

But after realization something happened - things started working out spontaneously. If I earnestly desired something, it came my way in the most unexpected manner – like a friend turned up suddenly with it, or if I thought of someone he would call. It worked in such quarters and in such places where I least expected it to happen. It was as if even before asking for something it came. It was mind blowing!

Gradually I became aware of temptations creeping in. I shared my apprehensions with a senior yogi, and he quoted Shri Mataji, "When our kundalini plugs into collective consciousness, it starts working for us." She also cautioned, "The human mind believes it does everything. Through these so-called miracles, the Param chaitanya shows us that we do only dead work, while all the living

work is done by the Divine."

Oh how very true! I got so busy organizing programs that my mind fell into the illusion of believing it was running Sahaja Yoga. I decided to take it easy and calm my hectic nabhi.

However, with Shri Mataji's Grace, miraculous workings became a common place. But one such experience stayed with me. In the early 90's Shri Mataji and Her husband, Sir C.P., celebrated their wedding anniversary at Pratishthan, Pune. Sir C.P. asked me to order a special bouquet of flowers for Her. He wanted it delivered early morning so that he could give Her a wake up surprise. At 8.30 a.m., I went to the florist but it was shut. I was new to Pune and did not realize that florists opened late. I was in a fix. Minutes later Sir C.P. started calling:

"Shri Mataji is about to awake".

I gave a bandhan, "I'm coming."

Next call. Sir C.P.: "She has woken up."

Another bandhan, "Coming Sir C.P."

Call: "She is having Her tea."

I prayed to Shri Mataji, "Please, please Shri Mataji..."

Sir C.P. call: "She has already sent three messages asking for me."

"Yes, yes Sir C.P. coming, coming."

How could this be happening to me! "Shri Mataji I surrender everything at your Lotus Feet, but please hurry the florist to open the shop."

Sir C.P.'s tone tensed, "I am sending my driver for you. Where are you?"

"No no, I am on my way, I will be right there." I raised my kundalini and sat down to meditate on the steps of the florist shop.

A passerby mistook me for a begging mendicant and dropped a few coins in my lap. A few minutes later another passerby saw the coins and added to them. Two street urchins saw the coins and noticing my closed eyes darted forth to swipe them. Suddenly I felt cool vibrations singing atop my head. I opened my eyes. What I saw left me speechless. A yogi from Mumbai, Javed Khan, parked his Maruti van in front of me loaded with the most exotic flowers!

Such flowers were not available anywhere in Pune. I was so overwhelmed with gratitude; I did not know whether to cry or laugh. I just bowed down and kissed Mother Earth, "Thank you Shri Mataji."

Javed Khan was perplexed at my reaction. But there was no time to explain. I jumped into his car, "If you want to save my life, drive to Pratishthan as fast as you can."

On the way, he casually mentioned, "I was out for a film shoot, but the star performer cancelled at the last minute, and so the director called it off. It was such a wonderful day and I felt like going for a drive. On the way, I crossed a flower market and something attracted me to it. The florist tempted me with exotic flowers flown in from Thailand. He offered to half the price if I picked the lot. I fell for it. As I got into the car I don't know from where a thought entered my head, "Why not drive to Pune, I might get a chance to offer the flowers to Shri Mataji. But I was still in the funny film costume, so I came looking for you to borrow a kurta."

"You can have my entire wardrobe but not now."

Upon entering Pratishthan I spotted Sir C.P. anxiously pacing the driveway. Before he could vent his annoyance, I held out the bouquet of the loveliest flowers in the world, "I had them specially

flown from Thailand."

His annoyance melted like magic and he embraced me warmly, "Thank you, thank you so much. These flowers look as though they were plucked from the Garden of Eden."

"Where else, Sir C.P.!"

As I served the wedding anniversary cake, Shri Mataji smiled at me with a twinkle in Her eyes. She was amused, witnessing Her own play. Of course, She knew I had not purchased the flowers from Pune!

Later in the evening, I narrated the miracle of the flowers, and my heart bled with gratitude. In the humility of gratitude, I touched something very deep and beautiful inside of me – my spirit.

Her eyes moistened, "No doubt whatever you ask you will get."

Then She looked distantly and mused, "A realized soul is beyond any temptation and wills that this should happen. He does not desire. If it gets done, it's fine. If it does not get done, it's alright. Your pure desire is not for the fulfillment of material things but for giving seekers realization."

Then She looked straight into my eyes. There was such a powerful light in Her eyes that I was blinded, "But the desire must come from within. I am desireless and unless you desire for the seekers to come, how will Sahaja yoga spread."

Without summoning it, the Lord's prayer escaped my lips:
*O Mahamaya lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For Thine is the Kingdom and the glory forever and ever.*

I hardly slept for four hours and was woken up very early in morning by an overwhelming desire surging within – the desire that the whole world should get their realization. I boarded the flight for Kolkatta for a public program. During the two-hour flight Shri Mataji's words kept ringing in my head, "But the desire must come from within..."

The desire from within robbed me of all thoughts. It could only be satiated by the sea of seekers that swarmed to the program.

As I stood before the mike something unexpected happened- I broke into tears. I somehow managed to swallow the lump in my throat and began my address. Even before I got to the realization part, their kundalinis started dancing. I was overwhelmed by the power of Adi Kundalini's compassion. Gradually that compassion expanded into joy, laughter and mad jubilation!

It showed me something else too - the various welfare projects that popped up in my mind were merely toys to play inside my head. But after being drunk in the Divine wine who wants to play mind games!

Chapter 31

WHY THROW AWAY MONEY?

Shri Mataji was very particular that we should not spend extravagantly on Her. She was visiting Pune and the collective wanted to invite a renowned maestro to play at the welcome reception. When Shri Mataji learnt of it, She sent word that there was no need to throw away such a huge amount on the maestro- it was better to save it for spreading Sahaja Yoga.

She discouraged spending money on buying expensive puja presents for Her. In fact, during every puja She made a special request that no one should give Her any gifts. But we begged, "How else are we to express our love."

She said, "Even if you give me a small Beetle nut with love I will keep it. But if you give me a diamond without love, I will not keep it. But I am most pleased when you ascend."

*Come to Me always,
With a tiny spark.
A little is all I need
If it comes from your heart.*

Chapter 32

IT ALL HAPPENED LONG AGO, OR NOT AT ALL!

In February 2001, I accompanied Shri Mataji to Nagpur where Her brother Baba Mama was in intensive care. By the time Shri Mataji arrived he had already passed away. His sudden demise sent shock waves and we spiraled into the emotional left. Shri Mataji receded into deep silence.

Next morning, we departed for Pune. Baba Mama was close to Her heart, but She made no mention of the bereavement, as if nothing had happened at all. Her immediate concern was to trigger us out of our emotional side. She narrated sprightly anecdotes to lighten our heart center. Everyone listened to the sprightly stories and soon recovered from the shock as if it happened long ago.

I was struck by the tact She displayed at the time of crisis, passing over in silence everything that could have had an unfavorable effect on our morale and balance. She never thought of Her pain, and put Her attention on relieving our pain.

Shivaratri puja was scheduled for 5th March but with the recent family bereavement we proposed to cancel it. Shri Mataji said, "If you see the kundalini, you realize that there is no death. In death resides life. It is only going to be another life where he will rest for a while and return with greater enthusiasm for the emancipation of humanity."

*Die now, die now, die in love.
When you have died in love
You will be given a new life.
Death calls on humanity
Myriad times every day.
The lover of God slays himself,
He doesn't wait to be called.*

There were times when danger knocked at the door. One such instance stayed with me: Shri Mataji was attacked in Angapur with stones by the Andh Shradha mob. She did not react and simply receded into silence. When we reacted, She restrained us, "Those who live by the sword die by the sword."

Modesty, simplicity and the ability to see something quite different from danger in a dangerous situation were Her distinguishing marks.

Even a lifetime of sadhna may not be enough to get near it. But one thing was for sure- it was the reality. Having envisioned it, we could at least aspire for it.

When my right side starts jumping I remember Her words, "I do not propose anything," and that makes me mindful of my mental deliberations.

Nor did She talk of the past or make plans for the future.

Shri Mataji was treating one yogini of cancer and enquired, "Is it very painful?"

She answered "Mother I didn't think about it."

Shri Mataji hugged her, "That is like a real Sahaja yogini!"

It was a very humbling experience and we tried to internalize it. When some misfortune befalls or an unpleasant action takes place we try not think about it or mention it. If there is impending danger, or one is unwell, allow it to silently pass as if it all happened long ago, or not at all.

Chapter 33

SHRI GANESHA INTERVENES

The International Sahaja School in Dharamsala started with a handful of students. Initially the fee was insufficient to meet the school expenditure, and Shri Mataji kindly covered the deficit. For several years, She continued to subsidize till Baba Mama who was in charge of its finances pointed out that it was not proper to burden Shri Mataji anymore. He proposed to meet the deficit by a 15 percent hike in school fees. However, the parents protested and took up the matter with Shri Mataji.

It was the beginning of India Tour. Shri Mataji was staying at the Kohli's Bunglow in Ali Baag. After Baba Mama presented the school budget, the parents raised objections to the fee hike. Shri Mataji agreed with Baba Mama's proposal but some parents still argued. Just then there was a loud thump - a statue of Shri Ganesha that was perched high on a shelf fell down and broke.

Shri Mataji said, "See, Shri Ganesha had to intervene. He is the vice-chancellor of the Sahaja University. Now are you convinced?"

The parents pulled their ears and begged forgiveness.

Often if we ignore vibrations, and the Param chaitanya comes to our rescue and posts signs to put us back on track, but if we are not alert we are sure to slip.

*The invincible Ganesha guarded Her threshold.
None dare cross his fierce battle-axe and mighty-mace
Newborn toddlers crawled up his trunk.
He clapped and danced with joy.*

Chapter 34

A MOTHERLY HUG

After a public program the seekers queued up to Shri Mataji for their personal problems. Somebody brought a teenage girl with a drug problem. She was introduced as the granddaughter of Delhi's most reputed hotelier.

She had a severe heart catch. Shri Mataji worked on her and enquired how was her relationship with her mother.

The girl answered, "She is busy from morning to night socializing. She comes home very late from parties and has no time for me, and so I took to drugs."

Tears welled up in Shri Mataji's eyes, and she gave her a big hug.

The girl started crying, "My mother never hugged me like this..."

Next came a film actress in a serious condition. Shri Mataji instantly felt burning in Her heart finger. But according to medical reports her heart was functioning normally.

Many years earlier Shri Mataji had been on the censor board and was acquainted with the bad Mooladhar reputation of the actress.

Despite that Shri Mataji tried to raise her kundalini, but it was frozen. Then She whispered to Herself, "There is no reason why she should be blessed so much."

Three days later the actress died of heart failure.

Chapter 35

A MISCHIEVOUS JOURNALIST

An aggressive journalist interviewed Shri Mataji in New York, and asked all kind of provocative questions, "Once disciples learn from their guru, they break away and set up their own shop, does that not worry you?"

Shri Mataji responded, "How can you say such things about My disciples, they are the light of My eyes."

Up until now I tried to keep my emotions inside, but finally I lost it and tears rolled down my cheeks, 'Of course She loved us very much, but I never knew She had so much trust in us!'

*The light of Her eyes never went out.
Nor did it ever shy away or dim.
It lights a thousand lamps
And kindles Diwali lamps everywhere.
It matters not if we lived one night less.
As long as we lived, we lived as Her torch-bearers!*

But there were also lights that sought recognition and ambition. They invented new techniques in Her name to gain a following. Some even claimed that Shri Mataji appeared to them and revealed new techniques or bestowed special powers of reading the mind or

forecasting future events.

When Shri Mataji heard of it She said that no one should use Her name to show new techniques. These were supra-conscious possessions of seeing, hearing or reading the future, "It is the ego that tries to show-off new techniques. I have told all the techniques in my lectures, and no special technique is revealed to any one exclusively, in appearances or dreams. If anyone tries to make money out of it, then he is outside my protection and I am not responsible for him."

Chapter 36

A LESSON LEARNT TOO LATE!

The chakras of the seekers who came in the nineties were badly damaged by the spate of false gurus. Come what may, the movement of the collective compassion was such that it wanted to save them. We wanted to save friends who had been damaged by Rajneesh (Osho) and asked Shri Mataji if we could bring them to the public program. She said it would be better to bring them to Her house.

Somehow, they ended up coming to the public program.

As soon as Shri Mataji gave en-mass realization, all five of them collapsed like a deck of cards. We picked them by their collars to make them stand but again they collapsed again and again. Finally, we had to get help to lift them out of the hall. We realized too late the folly of telling them about the program – their chakras were too damaged and could not take Her vibrations.

After the program Shri Mataji attended on them back stage. As they could not face Her in a standing position they were allowed to lie down. While Shri Mataji began lifting their kundalini, they started jumping. We were seven yogis and struggled hard to pin

them down, but the possession inside of them was so strong that they overthrew us. The drama went on for a while and finally Shri Mataji asked them to repeat, "Shri Mataji you are the Holy Ghost that Christ sent."

Their faces contorted and they yelled some things they had learnt at the Rajneesh ashram. And then lo and behold - the possession left. They felt a great burden lift off their chest, and their faces changed. Tears of joy streamed down their cheeks, and they fell at Shri Mataji's Lotus Feet. Shri Mataji blessed them and assured them, "Now you have entered the kingdom of God and there is nothing to fear."

Chapter 37

WHY NOT JUST ENJOY THE MEAL!

*I take upon myself the concern for the welfare of those who
worship Me*

With undistracted mind,

Whoever perseveres

I increase what they have,

And I give them what they do not have."

Bhagawad Gita (XI, 22)

In 1976 the mistress of fortune smiled my way and led me to the threshold of Shri Adi Shakti. As I bowed at Her Lotus Feet, my kundalini instantly arose and saluted Her. Inside me I already knew Her and had complete trust. There was no doubt in my mind.

I looked for you everywhere.

The only place I did not look was in my heart.

And there I found you ensconced.

As She smiled lovingly, a question escaped my lips "How can I meet God." The compassion moistened in Her eyes and She smiled, "If you want to meet God, just look at this beautiful nature he has created for you."

It did not sink in.

She took pity on my bewilderment, "When your Mother has cooked a feast for you, why do you want to know the recipe, why not just enjoy the meal."

As I drank the nectar of Niranand, my enquiring addiction vanished. In the eternal silence Her words rang in my ears, "Bhog Lakshmi, is the one who enjoys the meal. First, She created this beautiful universe, and then She reveled in it."

As I touched the witness state, it became easier to not be the doer. The new state allowed me to observe the sequence of events orchestrated by the Paramchaitanya.

First, a pure desire seeps in. Next the Saubhagya Lakshmi prepares the stage. She triggeres the auspicious vibrations necessary for its fulfillment. The vibrations connect the seed to the soil. And finally the seed sprouts.

The Gardner who sowed the seed is overjoyed to see it sprout!

The Gardner is none other than Shri Saubhagya Lakshmi, and also the One who enjoys Her own creation as Shri Bhog Lakshmi.

*Now I know for sure
That no one is ever disappointed at Your door.
Even those who are ill-fated
You change the course of their destiny.*

If you want to witness how She changes the course of destiny, just knock at the door of a small village Aradgoan, near Rahuri.

Shri Mataji's heart wrenched at the plight of helpless and destitute women in rural Maharashtra and wanted to start a vocational training center for them. We argued that there aren't any funds nor any land.

Then suddenly out of the blue a yogini from Rahuri, Mrs. Dhumal, donated her village land in Aradgoan.

With a twinkle in Her eyes, Shri Mataji smiled, "Your brain thinks, plans it out and then cancels it out, but the Paramchaitanya is the one who works it out!"

The lesson taught us that whenever Shri Mataji puts Her attention on something, it would inevitably transpire. But as She was beyond time (Kala-attita) there was no time frame for it to happen. Certain things happened instantly while some took 20 years!

Now that we had the land, the next step was to apply for donation to various charities. I spontaneously mailed a project report to my friend who was the High Commissioner of Australia.

A few weeks later, he responded with an invitation for a Christmas party. I had stopped attending drinking parties, but the vibrations were cool, and I went. As Christmas gifts were distributed, my friend handed me a sealed envelope with a twinkle in his eyes.

It contained a check of the exact amount for the project! My mental projection buzzed, "He must be kidding- how can anyone give such a large amount without asking questions or making enquiries etc." In the jovial Christmas spirit, I slapped the check back in his hands.

He was surprised, "Don't you want it for your project?"

Of course I do, but you must be kidding!"

He chuckled, "Don't be stupid, don't you know on Christmas Eve it is customary for our embassy to give this amount in charity."

But of course! When Shri Mataji blesses, it does not rain, it pours!!!

Shri Mataji drew the building plans for the project and appointed Mr. Dhumal to oversee the construction. Thanks to his dedication the building was completed before schedule. The Australian High Commissioner inaugurated it. She formed a trust to manage it. It comprised exclusively of women, "Sahaja Women Welfare Society."

The miracle raised our awareness to the state of doubtlessness. Thereafter, there was no looking back. Whenever Shri Mataji put Her attention on something, we knew it would manifest - whether it was the Health Centre in new Mumbai, Nirmala Prem Ashram in Greater Noida, the Music Academy or the Cabella School. Though the tasks appeared formidable in the beginning, but with Shri Mataji in our hearts, we knew that we were not the doers. She was the Bhog Lakshmi and the Saubhagya Lakshmi.

I was closely involved in all the projects and found that whenever money ran short, it miraculously came from the most unexpected quarters! It came like a dual blessing that allowed us to discover Her in our heart and also ourselves in Her heart!

And the one who is ensconced in Her heart has nothing to worry about. Every day there is an episode that reminds us of Her protection. Were I to record them all, they would run into volumes. But there is one that I would like to share.

I had shifted from Dharamsala to Pune for the construction of Pratishthan. Hence my house in Dharamsala fell vacant. It was a

200-year-old rambling Manor house, and because it required huge maintenance, there was no way out but to sell it.

In 2002, I returned to Dharamsala to finalize the sale deed. Suddenly I got a call from an old friend, the Maharaja of Jodhpur, who presided over a joint venture with the ITC group who turn old palaces into heritage hotels.

Our conversation went something like this:

Maharaja of Jodhpur: "WelcomHeritage is looking for a property in Dharamsala for running a Heritage hotel. Why don't you tie up your property with us?"

"But how will I manage it. I have moved to Pune."

Maharaja Jodhpur: "It is not a problem. We will take care of everything. You just have to maintain it."

"But I don't want any alcohol to be served."

Maharaja of Jodhpur: "Then you won't make any money."

*Even the mistress of good fortune smiles
At those who wear Your name,
What have I to fear?*

Thus, the mistress of good fortune blessed my house and transformed it into Grace Hotel. Shri Mataji stayed there in 1985 for a public program. With Her Grace, the alcohol-free Grace Hotel makes more profit than its neighboring hotels that serve alcohol! Not just that but hundreds of hotel guests also receive their self-realization there every year. Moreover, it provides space for the local Sahaja center.

Thereafter, the hotel was also blessed by a host of miracles.

Dharamsala faces an acute shortage of water during summers. I made several attempts to bore wells, but there was no water as the

hotel is located on a hill slope and the water drains down. The basement was converted into the collective meditation center. One night Shri Mataji appeared in my dream and pointed to area right below Her throne in the meditation hall. In the morning, I searched under Her throne, but there was nothing. The same dream repeated the next night. I decided to dig under the throne. As it was an expensive Italian marble floor, my manager dissuaded me from breaking it. Nevertheless, I went ahead, and at the first dig only, we hit a fountain and water gushed out - it was a perennial spring! It provided enough water for the hotel.

But wait, not only does She bless our ventures but also protects them

A clerk in the revenue department was creating problems for my Pune Hotel because he wanted a bribe. He concocted a factious case and slapped a heavy fine of several lakhs on the hotel. It caused a lot of tensions, and I surrendered the problem to Shri Mataji. In the evening when I entered Her room, I was stunned to see the very person in charge of the Pune Revenue Department bowing at Shri Mataji's Lotus Feet. Shri Mataji introduced him and I casually mentioned my problem. He invited me to his office the following day. When I presented the facts and figures, he immediately revoked the junior clerk's order for the fine!

Says Kabira:

Maya is like a female thief who steals (human beings)

But she cannot cheat Kabir who has caught her red-handed."

Chapter 38

GO WRITE!

*Says Kabir, "Renounce the Vedas and the books,
O Pandit, all these are fictions of the mind."*

Shri Mataji was very pleased with the public program in Pune. Returning from the program, She casually mentioned, "Why not start a Sahaja magazine."

"I was very excited but had no idea how to go about it as there was no reference point or prior Sahaja publications. I did not want to trouble Shri Mataji and decided to let it take its own course. A week later on India Tour, She gave me Her pen, "Why don't you write your experiences of the Tour?"

I had studied to be a lawyer and had no knowledge of journalism. With Her pen in my hand, the interesting episodes in the tour kept flowing. On board the plane from Mumbai to Delhi I got a chance to show Her the script. She had problems reading my handwriting and narrowed Her eyes, "My child the letters are too close to each other, why don't you widen them a little bit." She wrote a few words to demonstrate how to widen the letters.

She added, "The narrative should not be in first person but in third person – 'we'. When you say 'we,' it becomes Mahat Ahankara, and the narrator's ego gets merged into Ekadesha."

She edited Her speech, "I often repeat a point to make you understand so no need to report word to word."

Finally, after several rounds of corrections made in airport lounges and onboard flights, the first edition of 'Divine Cool Breeze' saw the light of day.

But wait, She settled for nothing less than excellence, "An artist has to aspire for excellence." Just as a river has to cut across the hardness of the mountains to reach the ocean, similarly, She does not rest till the kundalini of a seeker achieves Her climax. It is Her promise.

Onboard the flight to Milan, the lights were turned off and I dozed off. She was not sleepy, and leafed through a novel I had left in the seat flap.

She commented, "Instead of writing elaborate descriptions of the furniture in the room and the cheap wall paper on the wall, why don't they write about the beauty of the human nature. If you read Nana, how subtly Maupassant brings about the deep emotions of a woman's heart."

Tolstoy was very introspective. His characters portrayed conscience. Anna Karenina had a conscience- she realized her folly and gave up her life."

Though I understood Her lessons unconsciously, as my Hamsa chakra opened little by little, they took root in my conscious mind. The Hamsa empowered me with the discretion to perceive the dualities and complexities of human nature. But what I saw

astonished me. Whosoever's face I peeled turned out to be someone else!

Another time She was all praises for emperor Akbar's vision of universal religion - 'Din Illahi.' But added, "The stage was not yet ready for a universal religion."

On Her 60th birthday, I offered the complete works of Her favorite Hindi writer, Sharad Chandra.

She was very pleased. "Sharad Chandra is the last word in Hindi literature. He shows how human weaknesses pull down a person but then finally his spirit comes to his rescue and resurrects him. That is the point missing in modern novelists. Before Hemmingway there were many realized American writers, who depicted the natural capacity to ascend."

I pointed, "But aren't human weaknesses like anger, lust, greed, attachment and envy natural?"

"No. They appear natural because you are not aware of the reality. After self-realization you must know that you have the natural capacity to ascend. It is natural to go higher. It is natural to be balanced. It is natural to be a Sahaja Yogi. This is also within us. We not only have ego and conditionings but also good conditionings (su-sanskaras). You should write an introduction book of Sahaja Yoga that will ignite their natural capacity to ascend."

She blessed me with a Parker pen that set the book rolling.

A few months later I showed Her the manuscript. Over Her morning cup of tea, She reflected, "People don't like to be lectured. It provokes their ego."

I rewrote the script. After several revisions, I showed Her the final draft.

She enquired, "Have you thought of a title?"

I didn't have a clue.

With a twinkle in Her eyes She smiled, "Ah! But after Advent comes 'Ascent'."

In March 1983, Shri Mataji was in Perth and I sent Her the first copy of Ascent for Her blessings. She had the last chapter read out at the Perth Program.

On Her return, we prayed to Her for taking rest in Coimbatore. One evening She leafed through the manuscript of the Gita book I was working on and smiled from the corner of Her eyes, "Arjuna was a warrior till the war started. But he got lost in cause and effect. Krishna had to use His power of divine diplomacy to make him see the reality."

I was thirsty, and begged for more.

She reflected, "Without discretion you cannot understand His diplomacy. You see Krishna understood that the human brain does not accept reality easily, so He devised tricks to circumvent the ego. He talked of Ananya bhakti, but how can you have Ananya bhakti without self-realization?"

Thereafter, the evenings took flight to the battlefield of Mahabharata where Shri Mataji unraveled the message of Lord Krishna. I treasured the pearls of wisdom, and scribbled quick notes. I added some anecdotes to illustrate the points. A month of uninterrupted discourses – no visitors, and no telephones allowed the completion of 'Gita Enlightened'. She inaugurated the book at a public program in Delhi on 20th February 1986, and blessed me with a Montblanc pen set.

I presented the Montblanc pen set to my daughter, Pragya, and together we penned, 'Let Our Spirits Run Free', 'The Master's Trick,' 'The Game Changer,' 'The End Game,' 'Why ISIS' and 'Resurrection.' Though the characters in these books were victims of postmodern toxins, their kundalinis enabled them to see the problem. And because they did not give up hope, their kundalini got the chance to detoxify them.

Yes, the world has gone crazy, but condemning people is not the solution – *the solution comes from love*. I endeavored to show how love empowers the toxic characters to throw out their toxins. It was the theme that surfaced in all our books- Shri Mataji remained ever present as the One who triggered resurrection. In fact, the spiritual works- Gita Enlightened, Ascent, New Millennium, Realized Saints and Great Women of India – all have the same meaning!

Not just that, through the power of unconditional love, art creates itself, music creates itself, and books create themselves. An author is like a flute, but the flute has to be hollow for Her play. There were long spells when the flute sat idle, and then spontaneously the notes started flowing from Her. As the vibrations of the notes resonated, the joy came back to the universe.

I was reminded of a story of Shri Krishna. His childhood playmate who was very dear to him questioned, "Why did you reveal the message of Gita to only Arjuna and not to me."

Shri Krishna answered, "Because you are the embodiment of love, and when you will be reborn in Satya Yuga, you will realize only the message of love will be the instrument of transformation and not my message to Arjuna."

Chapter 39

HOW ABOUT READING YOUR OWN BOOK?

*O*n a trip to Nagpur Shri Mataji reminisced Her childhood and spoke fondly of Her mother, "She was very loving but also very strict, and that's how she rooted her principles in us." As She narrated anecdotes about Her mother, I jotted them down and sought Her permission to add it to my forthcoming book, 'The Great Women of India.'

I enquired, "What should I put on the cover of the book?"

She said, "What about Bharat Mata?"

I humbly admitted, "Shri Mataji we don't have any portrait of Bharat Mata."

"Bring me a pen and paper".

As She sketched Bharat Mata in the outline of India, in Her eyes rested the entire creation. The features of Bharat Mata turned out to be a replica of Her own image, and Her arms stretching in Abhaya Mudra outlined the map of India!

She reflected, "I don't know how far scientists have found out

about the original geology of Mother Earth. Without vibrations, how can they understand the emergence of Swayambhus?"

She elucidated, "No doubt, India is the microscopic form of the universe. She is Bharat Mata. The Primordial Kundalini is coiled in the triangle of Maharashtra. She is protected by eight Ganeshas, the Jyotir lingas and the Shakti Pethas. The kundalini ascended through different chakras to open the Sahasrara atop Mount Kailasha. Grace cascaded from the Sahasrara and flowed through the nadis that descended as rivers. While the vibrations of the Himalayas cleanse the world, the rivers as mothers nurture human ascent. It created human beings of the highest level. Because of their lofty nature, when they saw the sublime nature, their thoughts went to God."

Come December, India tour camped on the sublime banks of the rivers of Maharashtra. We saluted the sacred river:

*"The Goddess made you to flow,
You feel no weariness,
You cease not from flowing.
You fly swiftly like birds in the sky.
May the stream of our lives flow into the river of
righteousness,
And let us carry our mother's love to the mighty ocean."*

As we blissfully enjoyed their vibrations, we did not forget to thank the realized saints who had deposited their vibrations in these places of pilgrimage. Shri Mataji narrated anecdotes about the lives of Her great sons: Gnyaneshwar, Namdeo, Kabir, Eknath, Swami Ramdas, Tukaram and so on. "They prepared the stage for Sahaja Yoga," She said. "But I had to first free Bharat Mata from the British yoke before starting My mission."

We were not alone on the banks of the river. Hoards of pilgrims descended on foot- tractors pulled trailers full of women, children

and the aged. Devotees arrived in decorated bullock carts singing bhajans. I pondered, "What is the point of washing one's body if the heart is not clean?"

It set me thinking, "What makes a true pilgrimage – is it an addiction, a conditioning or the agony to meet God?"

As I watched the pilgrims take holy dips, a verse of Yunus Emre crossed my mind:

*"Make the holy pilgrimage if need be a thousand times,
But if you ask me, the visit to a heart is best of all."*

For sure, a true pilgrimage is a visit to the heart. But wait-something has to happen to unlock the door of the heart. And that something is self- realization. Even after a pilgrim reaches his destination, he remains far from it if he has not got self-realization. Self-realization is triggered by a living force and nothing else.

The living force is what sprouts a seed, i.e., Mother Earth sprouts the seed, and *'The seed can sprout through the premule only.'* There is a biological process that sprouts a seed. All else is dead action. But if it falls on barren ground, then the process does not happen and it is wasted. Hence self-realization is the only way to get an entry within. There is no other way. Why else did the Adi Shakti endure so much to become human?

Conversely a pilgrim may gain entry to the place of pilgrimage but that does not mean he gains entry to his inner self. Similarly, without the living process, a pilgrim is unable to absorb the beautiful vibrations of the destination. Whereas, a realized soul's pilgrimage begins long before the commencement of his physical journey because he is connected to the living process, and when he reaches the place of pilgrimage, he is drenched in its vibrations.

True the realized saints taught the path of love. I longed to know what stopped them from awakening the kundalini of the seekers.

Shri Mataji read my thoughts, "Because that job had to be done by the Adi Shakti. Only She could see the human beings as a whole and encompass all their angularities."

She looked beyond, and also looked at me, "Inside they are all the same."

She pointed to the riverbank, "Durvasa Rishi meditated on the banks of this river but he had such a horrible temper that it dried up everything."

I was surprised, "If the rishis were such highly evolved souls, how come they still had anger?"

She mused, "Rishis should not have anger but their asceticism created a very hot temper. They got diverted and lost the sense of proportion with the whole. Thus, they slipped. Then they pronounced curses."

"Do sahaja yogis have the power to curse?"

"No. I have not given you that power."

"Does not self-realization spontaneously dissolve the ego?"

"It should, but it does not if you remain attached to it. You see at that time the rishis were not so fortunate to have the Adi Shakti to absorb their ego. So, they fought their ego and thus created a subtle ego."

I ventured, "But they wrote such profound books."

She turned from the corner of Her eyes and said, "There is nothing so great in writing a book, but how about reading your own book?"

Reading my own book???

She pointed to a verse from the Holy Koran:

"The faith of each man we have bound about his neck.

*On the day of resurrection we shall confront him and spread
it wide opening saying;*

Here is your book, read it.

Enough for this day that your own

Soul should call you to account. (17:12)

The verse describes how the kundalini herself records our own history, and carries the scars of our self-inflicted injuries.

It was a wakeup call! So far I had read the books of others and pointed fingers at them, but when I turned my attention inside, I realized that though the cover of my book appeared different, the inside story was similar. Like a mirror the abode of reaction, animosity and strife within appeared as the ego, whereas the abode of peace, tranquility and joy within appeared as the kundalini.

Of course, time and again Shri Mataji's posted the signs but I had been selective, and skipped the ones that were inconvenient. Expediency had taken precedence in my journey. My intellect popped up, "What is more important than expediency?"

The answer dawned on me while reading the Ramayana depicting the life of Shri Sita. Ravana's wife, Mandodri, knew that Shri Rama would wipe out her clan, and in order to save it begged Shri Sita to yield to Ravana just for one night. But Shri Sita replied that her chastity was more important than expediency.

One thing more I learnt from the lives of realized saints: They attributed everything to the Divine and nothing to themselves. They went about the humdrum of life emancipating humankind just the way flowers unconsciously diffuse their fragrance.

Their writings were not poetical vision or analysis or even a synthesis; they wrote what they truly experienced, and that was how the joy of truth was revealed to us. They described, 'the silent music of the kundalini playing in the Sahasrara perpetually whispered her melodies to me, 'the dales and vales vibrated with the sound of Her radiant laughter.'

Though their descriptions were electrifying, but my ears did not hear the silent music of the kundalini, nor did my eyes feast upon Her beauty eternally. Of course, Shri Mataji's presence and meditation always transported me to the zone of joy, but like the sun gets covered by clouds, likewise, my attention invariably got lost in my reactions. My reactions surfaced as irritability, impatience and anger, especially when there was injustice. Or perhaps a subtle ego emerged from being considered a writer or a knowledgeable person in Sahaja Yoga. Though I was blessed with close proximity to Shri Mataji, yet clearly I had missed out on something. I had to switch gears if I wanted to feel Her cosmic presence.

A question kept nagging at the back of mind as I drove to Her house, "Why was it so difficult to stay permanently with something that was closer to me than my veins? It was as if asking whether I was alive."

As I stepped inside Her threshold, my spirit soared from the music of Her laughter ringing from the hall. She was amidst a blissful congregation of newly married couples. As each couple recited a humorous couplet to its spouse, Shri Mataji's laughter awoke eternity.

She was concerned about the troublesome mother-in law of an English yogini married to an Indian, "So how is your mother-in-law?

The yogini answered, "I haven't thought of it."

Shri Mataji was very pleased and patted her, "Now that's a good daughter-in-law."

It sank in – '*don't react*'.

After everyone left, I humbly confessed to Shri Mataji, "As we grow deeper in Sahaja Yoga, our ego also grows subtler. How to deal with the subtle ego?"

She smiled, "Mohammad Saheb said, 'Heaven lies at the feet of the Mother.' There is nothing beyond Them, meditate on Them. Day and night They work very hard to absorb your ego. Look at My Feet, how swollen they are, but I cannot stop Them from absorbing your catches because They are very compassionate."

It dawned upon me that my knowledge of Sahaja Yoga was mental and hence it did not dissolve the ego. It required something else, and that something was the spiritualization of knowledge. The spiritualization of knowledge was to connect with the All-Pervading Power of Divine Love. And that was only possible if I superseded my rational and followed every word of Shri Mataji as a mantra. In the beginning, it was hard, but to become a beautiful butterfly the silkworm had to die. *There was no other way!*

Surely it was not death but a resurrection! Do not the Upanishads warn: 'Who sees variety and not the unity wanders on from death to death.'

Unless we transcend our limited rational, how can we become conscious of our consciousness?

By the same token if the microcosm wants to rejoice in the macrocosm, it has no choice but to die. To be no more, that is the joy supreme in the words of Tukaram, "*Become smaller than an atom if you want to become the sky.*"

I warned the demons-

*"Beware! Stop playing your tricks,
Don't you know who resides in my heart?"*

I took the plunge, and switched gears from expediency to the comfort of the spirit. I unburdened the past baggage, and put my subtle ego in the back seat. In the rear mirror the subtle ego appeared no more than fumes coming from my right-side track - a mental waste product of the right-side radio-activity. I drew inspiration from Rabindranath Tagore's words-

For the world is not atoms or molecules or radio-activity or other forces; the diamond is not carbon, and light is not vibrations of ether. You can never come to the reality of creation by contemplating it from the point of destruction.

It drew a parallel between my mental waste product and nuclear wastes. The radio-active property of nuclear waste appeared similar to the toxic property of the ego. The toxic behavior of the ego is to react. Every action creates an equal and opposite reaction, and thus gets trapped in its own orbit.

As I practiced keeping my attention on Shri Mataji's Lotus Feet and attributing everything to Them, It actualized in feeling Her love closer to me than my veins. Her love started working inside me with such abundance that it opened my heart as never before. The All-Pervading Power of Divine Love was not content to love itself but poured out with such abundance that it embraced everyone - the smile of innocent children, the flowers laughing in the sun, or the leaves dancing in the wind. I finally got a sense of what the realized saints meant - 'the silent music of the kundalini playing in the Saharara perpetually whispered Her melodies to me.'

I ardently prayed, 'Let Thy Will be done.'

The will of God is none other than the Adi Shakti. And the will of

Shri Adi Shakti is none other than the Paramchaitanya - that sees, that knows, that understands, and above all that loves. All beings have come from Her, all beings live by Her and all beings return unto Her.

With heartfelt gratitude, I offered Her flowers.

She smiled, "I do nothing at all. It is all inside you."

I thought to myself, "The one who does everything and causes everything to happen thinks that She does nothing, and I who do nothing think that I do everything."

She was the window and also the mirror that spontaneously reflected the potential of each yogi. She brought out the potential and chiseled it to perfection. The one who suffered from stage fright transformed into a great orator, the one who had never sung before transformed into a star, the one who never studied literature became a poet, and those who had never built became proficient painters, carpenters, potters, carvers, masons, plumbers, and electricians - the channels of Her joy. She affirmed, love is joy, and Sahaja Yoga is nothing but love."

Says Kabira:

'Listen to me, O friend;

He understands who loves.

For love is a beauty which is joy,

A beauty which is truth.

The truth of love is the Truth of the universe.'

Chapter 40

“WHAT’S ME IS YOU”

I had rented my flat in Pune to a tenant, and he had not paid rent for over a year. I did not want to step out of my peace zone and wanted to avoid interaction with the aggressive tenant. One day during meditation Shri Mataji's guidance on the Gita came back to me. As the reluctant Arjuna refused to take up arms, Shri Mataji remarked, "Arjuna was a warrior till the war began."

It dawned upon me that flight from reality was not an option; if I wanted peace then I had to resolve the problem and face the reality. Rather than closing my eyes and being struck by reality, it was better to be prepared for it.

Anchored by my kundalini, I stood my ground and confronted the tenant. Without losing my cool, I made it very clear that I would not take any nonsense. As he did not cooperate I resorted to legal proceedings.

The tenant declared before the judge that we had sold the flat to him, and in evidence produced a receipt with my wife's forged signatures. I was appalled. I could feel the tension mounting inside me but before it could grip me, my kundalini leapt in my Sahasrara and sent me into thoughtless awareness. From a timeless zone, I

watched my ego mounting, and coals of anger smoldering. But my kundalini stepped in and took complete control of the situation. It was an actualization- though I was in the court room, I was not there. I became a silent witness watching the tenant from a distance unleash lies after lies without reacting to him. I knew for sure come what may, I was protected by Shri Mataji. Her words rang in my ears:

"Where is your attention?

Where is your will? Why are you so worried?

Did I not promise

I will fulfill every wish."

I never felt such oneness with Shri Mataji before, not even during Her physical proximity. It was a life-changing experience, and the actualization of Her words, "What's Me is you."

Kabira, "I laugh each time I hear

The fish thirsts in the water."

As I thanked Shri Mataji for entering my brain, She showed me something else too - the power of compassion of my kundalini! Thereafter, I relaxed reassured that whenever I would be in crisis, She would be there.

Not just that, the experience triggered a quantum leap in my ascent; the crisis helped me to grow stronger and brought me closer to my kundalini. I discovered that since my kundalini knew better than my conscious mind, I surrendered everything to Her and stopped worrying about the court case. After the judge passed the verdict, my kundalini intuitively guided me to appeal against it. Even though my lawyer was against the idea of an appeal, I went ahead. A year on I won the appeal.

Jai Shri Mataji!
Says Bulleh Shah,
Only he can know Him
Whom He chooses to enter.

Affirms Blake:
To see the world in a grain of sand,
And Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

Chapter 41

MARRIAGES

Shri Mataji spent a lot of time and attention arranging marriages. But after she paired the couples they had the final choice to accept it or not. Sahaja yogies were given complete freedom to marry outside. Marriages arranged by the parents were blessed at the re-marriage ceremony. However, She was very concerned when marriages did not work. She worked very hard on improving the vibrations of the couples and bringing them in balance. Still, if couples did not keep in balance and wanted divorce, She respected their free will. Nevertheless, it caused Her a lot of pain.

She matched the couples on vibrations but also took into consideration their prakriti or nature. When their temperament was in synch, there was harmony. Thus, She matched musicians to musicians, artists to artists, doctors to doctors etc.

Age was an important factor. She mostly matched a bride who was younger than her husband. Her attention also went to their physique and matched a bride with a height less than or same as the husband's.

Economic balancing was a priority, the affluent were matched to the economically backward.

She emphasized that we were global citizens, and hence wanted yogis from one country to marry in another country. Thus, there were international and inter-city matches. In many cases the couples did not know each other's language and took a while to learn it, but that was never an impediment because they both enjoyed the language of vibrations.

Color, cast and so on were unheard of.

Chapter 42

SUFIS

Watching the Sufi dervishes perform at the music program in Istanbul, Shri Mataji revealed, "The word Sufi comes from the word 'saf' meaning pure. The Sufis kept to the purity of the Prophet's message and did not get lost in fanaticism."

As they lifted their hands to the sky, She pointed, "They are surrendering to God. Islam means surrender."

Our hearts throbbed to the beat of the Sufi music. The music became faster and faster, and their whirling rose to crescendo. Shri Mataji nodded, "When the kundalini reaches the climax, she drenches you with joy."

Their whirling symbolized the ecstasy that awakens the soul. The Sufis call it 'haqiqat'. That ecstasy transports them into the mystical knowledge of God or gnosis. Of course, the performers were not realized souls and hence not yet connected. But one can hear the voice of Allah from the threshold of the Sufi masters who were connected like Mevelana Rumi, Nizamudin Auliya, Yunus Emre, Bulleh Shah, Baba Farid, Kabir, Sai Nath of Shirdi, and Amir Khusrau.

The noted sufi poet Amir Khusrau developed the Kawali style of music to express the love of God. Unlike traditional devotional music, the Kawali does not express a yearning caused of separation from God but rather celebrates the marriage of the spirit with the cosmic spirit – the Adi Shakti. It has a deep penetrating, emotional fervor in which the love of God is expressed in 'ishq' - love. Amir Khusrau aptly describes it:

*People think they are alive
Because they have soul in them,
But I am alive because
I have love in myself.*

After the performance Shri Mataji gave the sufis realization. She explained, "Sahaja Yoga is the union of the self with the all pervading power of Divine love."

Their head, Sufi Baba acknowledged, "We call the state where the mystic loses his identity with God as 'Wahad-ul-Wajud.'"

He went on to explain that they follow the path of surrender and love.

"The Sufis go beyond the rigid frontiers of Islam to penetrate the essence of the Prophet's teachings."

He narrated an interesting story. 'A sufi was once crossing a desert and spotted an ascetic deep in meditation. When the ascetic came out of meditation the sufi enquired about what he saw.

The ascetic answered, "O friends, listen- the power of God became shy of moving with the formless energy. So, he covered himself with a kaleidoscopic robe of nature. Thus, the one who can see God in his creation truly sees."

Shri Mataji nodded, "Like Sahaja yogis, Sufis are able to see God in the heart of Prakriti (Mother Nature)."

Drenched in vibrations he bowed, "You are our Lady Fatima and more..."

Shri Mataji was pleased and invited him to the Islamic Conference in Lucknow to spread the Sahaja message to the Muslims in India.

In 1994 Shri Mataji also arranged for the Sufi singers from India to perform kawalis at Diwali Puja in Istanbul. She asked me to compile a translation for the Western yogis. It stitched into the book, 'Sufi Odes'.

Hindus believe that there is something in the symbol of worship.

Muslims think that there is something in the Kaba.

Both are under an illusion,

The real thing lies within us.

Chapter 43

RESURRECTION

The population of born-realized souls swelled, and the parents prayed to Shri Mataji for a Sahaja school. In 1990, She instructed me to start a Sahaja School in my Dharamsala farmhouse. I compiled Her guidelines into a manual, 'Education Enlightened.'

For the new millennium celebration event, Shri Mataji asked me to write about the ancient prophecies. Of all the books it pleased Her the most. She titled it, "New Millennium fulfills Ancient Prophecies."

En route from Bangalore to Pune our flight was delayed for several hours. Shri Mataji browsed through the bookstall, "Why not introduce Sahaja Yoga through fictions."

I tried my hand and scripted a fiction based on real-life Sahaja miracle stories, 'Jail Break and the Art of Meditation.' She remarked, "What kind of a plot is it without a climax? After crucifixion comes Resurrection: that's the climax!"

Of course, what else was Sahaja Yoga about but Resurrection! That's what She said, "What's wrong with the world today is what's wrong with the individual. If the individual improves, the whole

world improves." That's how She transformed and transmuted our shipwrecked subtle system into a brand new one. Our rebirth was the climax of our lives!

I often wondered how it was possible for one to be such a good person in such bad times. The insight of climax made me look at life with new eyes. 'Yes, the world was falling apart, but it could be resurrected with Sahaja Yoga. No matter how things had gone so horribly wrong everywhere, but Shri Adi Shakti turned them around. We tired ourselves under the weight of the problem, but what if instead of worrying about the disadvantages we could change them into advantages?'

The new insight changed my life forever! I *stopped worrying about the future*. Suddenly everything that appeared so complicated became so simple. The sequence of events in my life may not have changed but for sure my kundalini changed the consequences!

Chapter 44

DISCRETION

*B*efore a public program in Australia Indian musicians were invited to sing bhajans. Shri Mataji put Her attention on their kundalinis, and they became instrumental to clear the vibrations of the public. Shri Matai was fond of a Marathi song in praise of Maharashtra, 'Maharashtra Desha'. At the Sydney program, as they rendered this song Shri Mataji stopped them and questioned why they were singing it.

"They answered, "It has very good vibrations."

She stated, "Even if it has cool vibrations you should have the discretion when to sing which song. What is the relevance of singing the praise of Maharashtra to the Australian public? You should have discretion. With discretion, you can bring glory to Sahaja Yoga by singing the right song at the right occasion."

At the next public program, She found that the musicians had got all caught up and hence She decided to cancel their performance lest the public get caught up from them.

In 1992 marriages were performed in Moscow for the first time

and a team of Indian yuvas made the arrangements. To herald the auspicious occasion Shri Mataji instructed them to play Shehnai music. They promptly played the Raga Bhairavi on the Shehnai. Shri Mataji was displeased and asked them to stop.

They said, "It is a recording of a realized musician, Bismillah Khan, and the vibrations are cool.

She explained, "If something has cool vibrations it does not mean you jump into it. Something may have cool vibrations but you should have the discretion to know what is appropriate for the occasion. Bhairavi Raga is not the appropriate raga for such an occasion."

At the musical program in the evening a very talented yogini who was invited from India wanted to sing a Meera Bhajan. Shri Mataji said, "Meera's bhajans are of separation but now you are connected, so why do you want to sing bhajans of separation from God- you should sing bhajans of celebrating the union with God"

On 9th February 1996 Shri Mataji inaugurated the Health Centre in CBD Belapur in Navi Mumbai. A sahaja yogini who was an interior designer had been assigned to decorate Her room. She had heard Shri Mataji praise a great Indian artist, Raja Ravi Verma, and decided to display one of his prints on the bedroom wall. The painting depicted the scene of the Apsara Menaka in a sensuous mode tempting the sage Vishwamitra in order to break his penance.

At one glance Shri Mataji disapproved the painting, and asked for it to be removed.

The interior designer protested, "But it is by Raja Ravi Verma."

Shri Mataji explained, "It may be by any realized artist but such a subject is inauspicious for decorating the Devi's bedroom. The craftsmanship of the Khajuraho temples is exquisite, but the erotica displayed by the Tantriks has spoiled their vibrations."

It not only raised our discretion as to what should be displayed in Her home but also what ought not to be displayed in our homes. The paintings or art objects may have vibrations, but we have to use our discretion to choose the subject matter that emanates auspiciousness.

The decorator wanted to place a statue of Shri Mataji in the courtyard of the Health Centre for devotees to circumambulate.

Shri Mataji disapproved, "How can the statue have my vibrations? It will have the vibrations of the sculpture making it." "But if he is a Sahaja Yogi" "Then it will have the catches of the Sahaja Yogi. Why do you want to build any statues when My photograph has the coefficient of all My vibrations?"

The decorator asked, "Can we place the Photograph in the center of the courtyard for devotees to circumambulate?"

"There is no need to circumambulate My Photograph. When your kundalini ascends, she spontaneously circumambulates Me in your Sahasrara, and I am pleased."

I was reminded of the miracle at the banks of river Ganges, Hardwar, March 1978 - as Shri Mataji stepped into the Ganges, the Ganges circumambulated Her.

It also showed me something else - my kundalini was akin to the river Ganges, and my meditation should be to facilitate her flow in

the direction of my Sahasrara where she could circumambulate its deity, our Beloved Mother. The Lord's prayer escaped my lips,
"Our Mother who art in our Sahasrara ..."

My kundalini responded but there were a few catches, so I reminded my kundalini that she was pure like the Ganges and just as the Ganges was unblemished by the negativity that poured into her, by the same token she was not blemished by the catches. My kundalini was pleased and spontaneously flowed unhampered into the ocean of love and drenched me in Niranand.

After the opening ceremony, a yogi presented Her a table lamp with Shri Ganesha as its base. Shri Mataji explained that we offend the deities if we use them in this manner. We should display them with proper protocol or else not display them at all.

When the famous artist M.F. Hussain painted the Goddess in the nude, Shri Mataji was very upset, "It is important for artists to have discretion; otherwise they create from the left or the right."

An artist argued that the pictures of deities are the imagination of artists. She said, "Even if they are the imagination of an artist, we should respect the sentiment. Of course, you should not worship the prints of the deities."

Eventually Hussain's painting caused such a public outcry that he had to leave the country and live in self-exile for the rest of his life.

Several great maestros performed before Shri Mataji. A sahaja yogi started learning music from one of them. When he performed before Shri Mataji, She discovered he was caught up and enquired from whom he was learning. He revealed the name of his teacher.

Shri Mataji said he was caught up.

The musician replied, "But Shri Mataji he performed before you."

Shri Matai pointed, "It is true he played before Me and I gave him realization, but he did not maintain his vibrations. I give everyone a chance but that does not mean you start following everyone who performs before Me or stays with Me. You should have used your discretion to see his vibrations. The whole of Sahaja Yoga rests on the balance of Hamsa (discretion)."

A mad bull was on a rampage and the police warned everyone to clear the streets. Two sahaja yogis who were on the street refused to budge and got trampled.

Shri Mataji enquired, "When there was enough warning from the police why did you not heed it?"

They answered, "But Mother we took Bandhan."

Shri Mataji pointed, "You should not go to ridiculous extremes. Where is your discretion?"

Many a times despite our indiscretion the Paramchaitanya posts enough signs to warn us. If still we do not read the signs, then for sure we are in trouble.

She narrated a lovely story from the Prophet to illustrate the meaning of discretion. Two of the Prophet's disciples entered a city with their camel. One suggested tethering the camel whereas the other argued that it should be left in the care of God. When the matter was brought to the Prophet, he advised, 'First tether him, and then leave it to God!'

A heated argument arose between two heads of a Sahaja institution, and a third trustee joined in. Shri Mataji pointed that the trustee should not have taken sides but ought to have used his discretion to diffuse the situation. Indiscretion comes from the ego. She went on to narrate the story of Mary Magdalene's episode. "It was the power of Christ's discretion that made others discrete. If you are discrete, it will make others discrete."

The story stayed with me. When in doubt I ask myself what would please Shri Mataji, and the answer always comes!

We asked Shri Mataji about some yogis who left Sahaja Yoga despite their sensitivity to vibrations.

She answered, "Yogis fall because discretion is missing. You have to know I am Divine. Your devotion should be to Me not to Sahaja Yoga. Sahaja Yoga is only one of my aspects."

One thing more I discovered that the innate nature of my kundalini was love and nothing else. Hence there was no need to superimpose anything upon her. The only thing required was to remember that she was the flow of Shri Mataji's love.

Chapter 45

SHE BESTOWED SIDDHIS

A despondent beggar was returning home empty handed.
The voice of Shri Adi Shakti beckoned him,
'Do not turn away from your mother my child
Ask again and again
I am more than pleased to give you.'

In 1993 at the Yamuna Nagar public program a young lad rendered an inspiring bhajan. Shri Mataji was very pleased and invited him to perform at a musical evening. He was none other than the Sufi singer Simple.

One day Shri Mataji asked him, "Why don't you sing classical music?"

He pulled his ears: "Shri Mataji I don't know classical music."
She smiled, "Don't you worry it will come to you."

She raised his kundalini but it took a while as his left-side was blocked. She worked on his left-side for a long time till it cleared. She smiled triumphantly, "Wah! Tie up your kundalini. Now you can go to Mumbai and learn classical music from Ustad Gulam Mustafa Khan."

Simple approached the great maestro. The Ustad consented to teach him but his monthly fees of Rs 25,000 was too steep for Simple's pocket. He brought the matter to Shri Mataji's attention.

Shri Mataji exclaimed, "What just Rs 25,000! It is too little a fees for such a great maestro! Don't worry. I will pay your fees. (Shri Mataji settled the Ustad's fees for a year.)

Thereafter, Simple began composing beautiful Sufi lyrics. It was rather surprising because he had never composed before. Little did Simple know that the Goddess had bestowed a siddhi upon him.

His heart poured, "Shri Mataji you are the art and you are the artist...

Shri Mataji nodded, "I am the art and the artist.

But you have been created and now you have to create the joy.

An artist seeing his own creation is filled with joy."

She showered a thousand siddhis and thus transformed many a Simple and Simpletons into Maestros.

Apart from blessing their Vishuddhis, Shri Mataji penetrated matter to bestow siddhis. For instance, She bestowed siddhis on the Vishuddhis of countless musicians by vibrating their musical instruments.

Not just that, She bestowed the siddhis of Annapoorna on housewives through gifts of cutlery and kitchenware. Thus the housewives could satisfy the nabhis of their family and the collective.

She bestowed siddhis upon artists, potters, wood carvers, architects: "You have to produce holy art and create things of eternal

value."

She bestowed siddhis upon white collar yogis, scientists, doctors and entrepreneurs with gifts of leather brief cases, pens, calculators and so on- Every gift was embellished with a blessing of a Siddhi and thus vibrations penetrated not just music, art, dance, poetry and literature but also the frontiers of science, technology and enterprise. The frontiers of science and technology expanded as the yogis plugged into the brain of the Virata.

And what can be said about Medical Science. The Research & Health Centres opened by Her are fonts of vibrations. Nay, they are swayambhus. Sahaja doctors are blessed with such siddhis to clear the subtle system of patients from morning to night without absorbing their negativity.

As the collective love of the children expands into an ocean, the creativity of the siddhas also expands. The joy of their creation spreads through music, art, literature, architecture, science etc.

Shri Mataji revealed that vibrations were not only collectively conscious but also emitted light, sound and fragrance, and hence it was not surprising that Her fragrance is felt in the creativity of realized souls like William Blake, Tolstoy, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Vivaldi, Rembrandt and many new age artists.

When I came to Sahaja Yoga, I was very excited by the siddhi of healing that Shri Mataji bestowed upon us. My attention diverted to healing and I invited patients to the center. Then one day an elderly yogi, Chandu Bhai Jhaveri, who was among the first Indian yogis to

get realization and was also the Trustee of Life Eternal Trust, kindly shared his experience.

He often witnessed Shri Ganesha circumambulate Shri Mataji during pujas. One puja he happened to remain on the stage after offering the elements and Shri Ganesha stopped in his path, "I am pleased with you and would like to bestow upon you the gift of healing."

He answered, "I'd rather you did the healing yourself."

"What then do you wish for?" enquired Shri Ganesha.

He answered, "I am content with the Grace of Shri Adi Shakti."

Shri Ganesha insisted, "But you must ask for some siddhi."

He responded, "If you insist then let good be done through me without my being aware of it."

Accordingly, Shri Siddhi Vanyaka blessed him.

Thereafter wherever Chandu Bhai's shadow fell, Grace bestowed- the sick were healed, and the possessions fled. But Chandu Bhai knew nothing about it. Nor did the people realize that he was the source of their blessings!

Chapter 46

MY ONLY WORRY

*I*n my 35-years of close association with Shri Mataji I never saw the lines of worry on Her forehead. I enquired, "Shri Mataji, are you ever worried?"

She looked at me and looked beyond, "The only worry I have if I have any worry is that My children should love each other. I know you all love Me very much but My worry is only rested when you love each other."

I ventured, "We love our relatives."

"But what about also loving other Sahaja Yogis. You should at least have one friend whose heart you have entered."

In February 1983, Holy Puja was held at the Safdarjung Temple in Delhi. Shri Mataji took us all by surprise when She did away with the puja and asked us to dance instead. Amidst the sprinkling of Holy colors, we were transported to the banks of the river Yamuna where we were lost in the Rasleela of Shri Krishna.

After She blessed us, She asked each one, "Who is your friend?"

The question revealed the shallow relationships between us. It reminded me of Khalil Gibran's words, "Let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit."

Applying his test, it dawned upon me that I had not gone deep enough to recognize the spirit of others. I had not entered the heart of a friend.

Without entering the door
You can know the whole world
Without peeping out of the window
You can know the self.

Know the self and you will know
The universe and the Gods.
But do not forget to enter the heart of a friend.
Entering the heart of a friend is the first step to God.

Chapter 47

CHIDVILAS

Shri Mataji's grand daughter's wedding was preceded by celebrations. At one party family and friends were dancing to loud Punjabi disco music. We were rather apprehensive as Shri Mataji arrived in the midst of it. But Shri Mataji appeared very amused, and could not stop laughing.

I wondered what was more amusing; the wild flying of arms and crazy body swirling or our topsy-turvy world? But the mirth of her eyes silenced my ever questioning mind. As I reveled in that the eternal moment I caught a fleeting glimpse of the collective maya of the right side. It appeared like clowns in a party, dressed in absurd designer clothes each trying to project and impress others. Hence what else could the Adi Shakti do but enjoy the circus!

And what of our funny ideas, imaginations and illusions that our right side tries to project on others and the self? No, No, how could they be taken seriously?

They are not to be taken seriously just as the childish pranks of

our children cannot be taken seriously. Their funny acrobats not only amuse but also teaches us something more - patience. We may have grownup bodies but our right side remains a childish prankster and as we witness it, we cannot help but laugh at its misdemeanors. We have no choice but patiently teach it, and that is how maturity comes. Moreover, as our right side is no different from the right side of others, we can apply the same recipe of mixing amusement and patience. Thus instead of judging others it becomes less complicated to forgive.

Thereafter, life appeared like one big party and as I laughed my way forward, it became fun – I guess that's how the Mother of the universe enjoyed the party – with 'chidvilas'; lovingly watching her children have a lot of childish fun.

At another family function a dinner was arranged at a posh hotel to celebrate her wedding Anniversary. The yogis wanted to make a stage for her seating but she declined, “Don't make any exclusive arrangement for me, I want to meet and talk with all my guests.”

In a split moment we watched the Adi Shakti transform into a perfect hostess, receiving the guests warmly, socializing with them intimately and piling their plates with heaps of food. It once more revealed to us how to transform our attention into 'chidvials.'

We discovered the soluble attention of chidvilas is very joy giving. You can dissolve into any situation and like the bee just go on humming while extracting the nectar from every flower.

Chapter 48

WIDOWHOOD

Shri Mataji spent the winter of 1986 at Pratishtan Pune. A few days before a puja the yogini who attended on her lost her husband. She turned up for the puja dressed in a white saree. Shri Mataji disapproved her attire, and gave her a bright red saree to wear. She put a red bindhi on her agnya, “You have come to the puja to glorify the Adi Shakti. The Adi Shakti is greater than all the husbands of the world and hence you must wear red in honor of the Adi Shakti. Widowhood is just a myth created by Brahamins to suppress them.”

She further revealed “The oppression of widows by the Brahmins was the reason why my ancestors converted to Christianity. My grand aunt lost her husband at an early age. When the family decided to remarry her, the Brahmins opposed it as they did not allow widow remarriage, and so the family converted to Christianity and married her.”

Her words acted like a mantra on the widowed yogini and as she shed the white saree she also shed the yoke of widowhood. Her surrender allowed the vibrations of the puja to liberate her past. As she connected her to her spirit she song of Kabir came to her lips;

*When the day came-
The day I had lived for-
The day that is not in any calendar
Clouds heavy with love
Showered me with abundance.
Inside me my soul was drenched.
Around me, even the desert grew green.*

To expose the myth of widowhood Shri Mataji married all the widows in Sahaja yoga. She even opened a beautiful home for destitute women in Greater Noida where they could follow a life of dignity.

In Paris the Shia leader Ayotulla Rauhani sought her blessings. She asked him to give up wearing black which the Shia clerics traditionally wore for mourning the martyrdom of Hassan and Hussain. The next day the Ayotulla appeared at the public program donning a cheerful white robe. Shri Mataji was pleased and invited him for the Sahaja Yoga conference in Russia.

Shri Mataji's concern for widows left me wondering, 'why did Shri Rama renounce his beloved wife upon the jibe of a frivolous washer man. Surely there could have been another alternative?'

My brain buzzed with questions and whenever an opportunity arose I asked Shri Mataji. Usually she answered them but to this one there was no response. I reflected, "Perhaps there was no answer or perhaps there was no need of one."

I confided in Raul Bai who put my mind to rest, "Don't worry; Shri Mataji did not answer your question, that means she has recorded it and it will act."

Gradually, I discovered that if I was connected to Her, the Paramchaitany inevitably revealed the answers. It would surface in

Shri Mataji's lecture or conversation, or she staged a situation which would reveal the answer. Of course, I still had to achieve the stage where there were no questions.

One thing more I discovered; the Paramchaitanya only responded to questions related to our ascent, and not frivolous issues related to materialism; what job should I take, where should I invest my money, which house should I buy etc.

Moreover, the Paramchaitanya posts sign to guide our kundalini through difficult times. Not just that, if we lose our moorings it spares no effort to pull us back on the track. But if do not heed its warnings then we get lost. To a yogi who got lost Shri Mataji reflected, "Enough warning came to you, but you did not pay heed. So much has been lost that could have been saved!"

My question regarding Shri Rama's renunciation of Shri Sita got answered sooner than I expected. In mid-nineties there was a small floral offering on the occasion of Shri Ram Naumi. Shri Mataji was seated in the throne room of her Noida palace. Suddenly Shri Mataji looked at me and looked beyond, "Shri Rama never renounced Sita: she was MahaLaxmi and he was Maha Vishnu; they were one, how could they be separated. It was just a play."

My Kundalini bowed at Shri Adi shakti's Lotus Feet. But no sooner than one question was answered my head popped up the next one. As much as I tried I could not brush it aside; 'what became of Gautam Buddha's wife and the son that he left behind.'

He left her in the middle of the night, the very night their son was born!

When Buddha's wife heard the news she was devastated. A part of her died. Her relatives denounced the irresponsible husband, and urged her to forget him and remarry.

But she declined; she had to groom her son to serve his subjects. I discovered what could not be communicated to us directly the Paramchaitanya penetrated through symbols and stories. The child in me loved the stories from the epics. Every story had a moral but it also had a way of casting me into the infinite, and that triggered my seeking to know the beyond; not knowing that the beyond was within me. Among the many versions of Buddha's meeting with his wife, there was one that allowed me to form a new perspective:

“Suddenly one afternoon after many years Buddha reappeared before his wife. As he stood on the threshold with a shaven head and a begging bowl, his wife barely recognized the husband who had abandoned her – Gautama who had become the Buddha. But she bore no bitterness against him, and dutifully welcomed him with arti and touched his feet tenderly, “They call you the Buddha now”. He noticed her beauty had not faded, “I believe they do”.

“What does the word mean?”

A slight smile danced on his lips, “I suppose it means the one who has found his inner self.”

The wheel of time churned past the happy memories of their married life, and then suddenly got sucked into an eternal zone of silence. The silence spread everywhere, it reached past her body, her thoughts, into a part of her that she did not know existed; it was as though music flowed from the silence music that smoothed the wedge of their separation. How long did it last, a moment or an eon - she did not want it to end.

The silence said everything that was to be said. “I suppose we both found something; what you found will emancipate humanity, but what a woman finds remains a secret buried in her bosom.”

Buddha folded his hands in a humble supplication, “Perhaps your secret could bestow on a Buddha a gift to understanding a woman's heart.”

She bared her secret, “The love buried in a woman's bosom never dies. It is very powerful, and when its flames kindle her spirit, she no more needs anyone to fulfill her; she is fulfilled by the joy of her own spirit...”

*

The punya bhoomi of Bharat is adorned by many such stories of the courageous widows and Queens who not only governed their country but defended it against formidable enemies. To name a few; Queen Chennamma, Panna bai, Queen Ahalyabai Holkar, Rani Durgavati, Rani Jhansi and Rani Tarabai who at the age of seventeen thwarted the mighty Moghul forces.

Because of our physical attachments to people we suffer the pangs of separation, but if our attention rests on our spirit, it is possible to enjoy the spirit of our dear ones through our spirit and thus establish a powerful bond of oneness beyond distance and time. However distant we maybe from one another yet we don't feel apart. During Shri Mataji's marathon world tours she was physically apart from her husband for long periods, but when they conversed on the phone it sounded as though they never parted. Between tours of America, Australia and Americas she would phone her cook in London, setting the menu's for Sir C.P's meals, with detailed instructions for his comfort. She said, “It is not how much time we spend together but how intensely we are together.”

Her advice helped me deal with the separation I felt from my daughter after her marriage when she moved to America. It started with daily phone calls, Skype etc. but gradually as our attention rested on our spirits we felt a bond deeper than time and space. Khalil Gibran's words came back to me “Friendship has no meaning but the deepening of the spirit”.

Chapter 49

DADDY, SHE WAS THERE!

*I*n August 2008 Shri Mataji finalised her trip to Canada. The Canadian collectivity was very excited and lovingly organized mega public programs. The global Sangha was not far behind in their support, and booked tickets for the Epic event. Shri Mataji was in good health but just a day before her scheduled departure from Cabella, She cancelled the trip.

The Canadian children were disappointed, but Shri Mataji drenched them in cool vibrations.

Her vibrations opened their sahasrara and reminded them of Shri Mataji's words: ““In the new era without meditating you will be in meditation.

Without being in my presence you will be in my presence.
Without asking you will be blessed.” *

While most yogis cancelled their bookings, my daughter Pragya and son-in-law Amit Pradhan went ahead to attend the programs. Though it was autumn there was the freshness of spring in Toronto. The Program Hall was jam packed and people squeezed in the

aisles. No sooner than Shri Mataji appeared on the screen to bestow realization, Pragma and Amit felt their kundalines dance atop their heads just as it always did in Her presence. They were so excited and in a breath taking voice poured out their joy over the phone, “Daddy, *She was there!!!* In fact the vibrations were so powerful; every single seeker got realization and confirmed the cool breeze atop their heads.”

My kundalini jumped with joy, “Of course, She was there!” I was reminded of a story: God was pleased with a devotee and granted him a boon that he would always abide with him. While embarking on a long journey across a desert the devotee was thirsty and tired. Finally, he fell down exhausted. When he woke up he prayed, “O Lord, why did you forsake me?”

God replied, “I did not forsake you. Look at the sand and you will see the imprint of my feet. When you were tired I carried you.” The devotee looked down, and for sure there was an imprint of a third footstep apart from his own on the sand.

We are indeed blessed that we don't have to look elsewhere but within to feel the presence of our beloved Mother enshrined in our kundalini. She not only comforts us in crisis, but also provides us with the solutions, and moreover blesses us with the nectar of Niranand!

“If you understand that although my physical being is here I am all over, it should also be realized that even this body is an unreal (Mithya) appearance. It is difficult to come to this stage but if gradually unreal is discerned, the truth will be established effortlessly and waves of great bliss will envelop your being.” (letter to Damle 5.5.75)

My favorite story is where Shri Krishna sent his cousin Udhav to Vrindavan to console Radha and the gopies.

Uddava meets the gopis and offers to take them to Mathura to meet Krishna.

They refuse saying, 'our Krishna is a cowherd, he plays the flute, he loves the cows, wears no slippers. Bring back our Krishna, Uddava.

He offers to carry their messages.

They retort; “messages are sent for one who is away but for one who is entrenched in our soul, what message can we send?”

Uddhava instructs, “close your eyes and meditate on him in your heart.”

The gopis cry, “but Uddhava how can we close our eyes? Look , there he is on the trees, on each leaf, now in the Yamuna, there grazing that cow, look around Krishna is everywhere, Krishna is smiling at us, he is stealing our butter.

Radha then becomes Krishna and dances with the gopis and plays the flute. Like Krishna she teases them, hides behind trees, and runs away.

Till now Uddhava had meditated upon Krishna in his heart with closed eyes but now he sees Krishna everywhere and bows to them in reverence.

“But I want that you should know it fully and get it like Gopis and Gopas were searching in the times of Shri Krishna. That thing today you have got within yourself.” (pp mumbai 75)

Did She not promise, “In the new era of sahaja yoga you may not need me in front of you. In the second era of sahaja yoga you may not so much desire mother should be with you. You take it over from me;

You may see me walking with you on the street,

You may see me sitting on the bed putting my hand on you.
You may see me in the form of Christ walking in your room.
You may see me as Rama.
That has to happen, so you should be prepared.
Many things will happen that you never imagined. You will enter
Pragya lok, it is a horizontal zone. The asking will disappear. That is
how you will become so powerful.

- Sahasrara puja 84

Furthermore Shri Mataji pointed; Markandeya discovered all these things through meditation, now I can tell you all these things, it is up to you to verify it.” (1976-1000 UK)
Though in her incarnation Shri Mataji completely humanized herself and appeared to have all the trappings and limitations of a human being, but in reality she was not confined to the human body

- *She is the all pervading power of divine love.* The elements responded to her slightest command; the Rain relented during her programs and pujas, the heat wave subsided upon her arrival as did the cold wave. The ocean respectfully calmed when she put her Lotus Feet in it but also rose to the beach to circumambulate her. And what of the many miracles stories of how dry deserts turned into green oases with her attention. No, no, they were no miracles; *they were the reality of who She is.*

She revealed,” just as moonlight is not apart from the moon, sun rays are not apart from the sun likewise I am not apart from my attention. I am where my attention is.”

“The attention that becomes enlightened becomes one with the divine. It manifests, it acts, it helps. It is very miraculous. Your attention becomes collectively conscious. It is not aware of being part of something great, but it acts. ”

Indeed, She is present where her attention goes.

The places that were blessed by Her attention blossomed into fonts of vibrations. They are living Swayambhus - Cabella, Cannajouhari , Pratishtan, Nirmala dham Delhi, Birth place Chindwara, Bellapur Health Centre, Nirmala Prem Ashram Noida, Health Centre CBD Bellapur, Ganptipule, Nargol, Vaitarna, , the schools established by her, Ashrams she stayed in America, Australia, South America, Europe, Dharamsala, Pathankot or homes of yogis. Of course the vibrations receded from homes where the yogis left Sahaja Yoga.

Similarly vibrations receded from her photograph where protocol was breached or if the photograph fell into wrong hands. At the Delhi public program 1977 a lady who got realization started attending the centre. No one suspected that she was a cult leader and had come with the purpose of copying sahaja techniques for the cult. But falsehood could not withstand before Shri Mataji for long and the cult leader was exposed.

Shri Mataji was not surprised, “She had put up my photograph just there and I had disappeared from the photograph long time back.”

We discovered Shri Mataji's attention also penetrated matter. For instance, her gifts emitted her vibrations. Often to protect us from negativity she would wrap her shawl around us or give us some personal belonging to carry. When we were sent for important missions, She would give us her suitcase containing her sarees to deliver to someone. Little did we know that these were devices to protect us from the negativity hovering over us. Our miraculous escapes from accidents revealed that we were saved because we carried something from her. Henceforth, while embarking upon missions it was auspicious to carry something from Her.

Every single belonging of Shri Mataji that has her attention emits vibrations.

Whatever has been created by Shri Adi Shakti cannot be destroyed. Sahaja Yoga was her creation, it is eternal, and hence nobody can destroy it. Yes, divisions among yogis may have slowed down the movement of Shri Kalki, but it could not fracture her Primordial body – *Her body is greater than its cells.*

The cells who kept to their maryadas were nurtured and protected by the Primordial Body while others became cancerous.

*I am with you at every step,
At every place,
Where you are,
At which ever place you are.
I am with you, completely,
In person by my spirit
And by my word completely.
This is my promise to you.
I am not away from you even for a moment.
Whenever you will remember me
Anywhere by just closing your eyes
At that moment I shall come to you with all my powers;
shanka, chakra, gada, padma garuda layee siddhari.
(just as Shri Krishna came riding on his condor from Dwarka
with all his divine weapons at the call of draupadi.)
Even for a moment I shall not be late,
but you should have to be mine.
This is very important.
I shall be before you.*

1976-0527 pp mumbai

Chapter 50

KAUTUK

The Sahaja yuga ushered the blessings of a baby boom of born realized souls. By the time they were six years old the parents prayed to Shri Mataji to open a primary school where they could be groomed into balanced Sahaja yogis and thus realize her vision. She answered their prayers and blessed them with the International Sahaja School in Dharamsala in 1990. Apart from academic excellence she laid equal importance on arts and crafts. She painstakingly visited various art, music and dance academies all over India to select proficient teachers in classical Indian music and dance. Finally at a renowned Kuchipudi dance academy, Chennai she was pleased with the vibrations of a dance teacher for the school.

The children not only excelled in studies but also attained excellence in a variety of cultural fields. Not before long they got an opportunity to perform before Shri Mataji at Ganpatipule. When their turn came Shri Mataji asked for her chair to be shifted from the stage to the audience to get a better perspective of each child.

As the senior girls performed kuchpudi dance, Shri Mataji beamed with joy. She was so deeply moved, She hugged them, “when a Mother sees her children realize her vision a feeling that comes within her heart is kautuk - the sweetness of that you cannot

understand by your dry rationality. Kautuk is the happiness, the joy that one feels when she sees the child come up. When the Mother sees the child returning the love in its small way.”

Her joy permeated the waves of the ocean,

The coolness of the moon,

the sea breeze,

The palm trees,

The grains of sand.

A joy sweeter than music and greater than laughter connected me to the joy of everything with all the elements that created this beautiful earth, sky, light and sound, and everything that was in motion, the planning and thinking.

I bowed at Her Lotus Feet and thanked Her for allowing us to enter her kingdom of heaven. Night after night renowned maestros poured out celestial wine. There were also great performers, but our favorite was a Sahaja yogi who invariably sent us in splits of laughter. He was in great demand, and I sought Shri Mataji's permission to invite him for the next seminar. But She was not amused, “Have you seen his vibrations?”

As I put my attention on him I broke out in perspiration from his hot vibrations. Her message dawned upon me. A year later he left the sangha, and launched a tirade against Sahaja Yoga on the net. The episode taught me one thing – however talented or famous an artist be; the key was his vibrations. Thereon, before inviting artists I checked their vibrations and gave precedence to vibrations over talent or entertainment. A right sided or a left sided artist can swing the audience to those respective sides. Conversely, a balanced musician uplifts the collective vibrations and even opens the sahasrara. Henceforth, the evening music programs were not

organized for our entertainment but were a devotional offering to the Goddess. The most important thing was to please the Goddess. Of course no artist is perfect but what pleases the Goddess is his surrender. When Shri Mataji was pleased She showered a thousand blessings upon us and we were drenched in Her Niranand.

*When the lotus is in the mud it has to come out
It finds its way through crevices & many holes in the mud
But when it is out in the open; absolutely free, liberated
Then it does not go dashing here & there
But just opens out & receives the beautiful dew
And the dew melts the fragrance in the lotus
Automatically the fragrance starts flowing.*

*It's a different style altogether
It's a different method
It's a different way of life
That is being sahaja*

- Shri Mataji (1977-0127 Bordi day 2)

Chapter 51

ANTARYAMI

In 1987 after a public program in Rahuri I was blessed to accompany Shri Mataji to the Wada (fort) of her ancestors in Nandgoan Shingve. The road winded through lush green sugar cane fields and crossed a river. Shri Mataji narrated the story of how Her widowed grandmother managed to escape an attempt on her life by swimming across that river. A few kilo meter ahead stood a dilapidated stone Wada.

The villagers accorded Shri Mataji a rousing welcome at the wada. The village headman narrated that his ancestors had usurped the lands of Shri Mataji's ancestors and now he wanted to atone and return them to her. Shri Mataji said that She had not come there for any land but to give them realization. However upon his insistence She relented and agreed to accept a token of two acres. Thereafter, he escorted Shri Mataji in a procession to a huge public program and danced all the way with great enthusiasm. He gave an impassioned speech that stirred the audience. No sooner than Shri Mataji bestowed realization, all the hands went up singing with the cool breeze.

I was very impressed by the magnanimous gesture of the head man and praised him profusely. I noticed Shri Mataji smile from the corner of her eyes, and that left me a bit apprehensive. Perhaps there was more to it than meets the eye. As I pondered on the subject four Sahaja professors from the agriculture university arrived to warn Shri Mataji about the head man.

Before they could say anything Shri Mataji smiled, “I know all about him and narrated in detail his wrong doings.”

The professors were stunned, “How do you know all this?”

Shri Mataji replied, “I know about everyone. I cannot tell you how. If you love someone, you know all about him.”

They questioned, “Then why do you allow him to come close to you?”

The twinkle in Shri Mataji eyes brightened, “Do you think he is close to me?”

“Yes.”

She reflected, “I am glad he has come close to me, so I can correct him. What is the use of punishment? It is better to correct the person by removing the myths and wrong ideas that have penetrated his brain.”

Shri Mataji's attention rested on our potential rather than on our faults. Her compassion worked to protect our spirit from our ego. She did not punish anyone but through the play of her mahamaya

enabled the person to see his own ego and thus get back on track. The insight allowed me to penetrate the masks of men and reach their core. I was at once elated and terrified.

But it taught me one thing more - it revealed another aspect of the Adi shakti; She was *Antaryami* – *the one who knows us inside out*. Where ever her attention penetrated it worked like a laser beam and unearthed every single detail of the person. But there was nothing to worry about, though she knew our past and the future, deeds and misdeeds, it did not interest Her. Her focus was elsewhere - how to free our kundalini from the shackles of our past conditioning and ego, and connect it to collective consciousness. Whenever my thoughts go back to her Wada, Her words ring in my ears:

“Forget that you are possessed
Or there is a badha or anything.
With all your might
You hold on to *ME*”
One of the names of the Goddess is *stutipriya*; means she likes praise.

Shri Mataji revealed:

It's not that, but when you praise someone from your heart that means you are accepting it, and that is the time the chakras start creating a force by which you are thrown, you are triggered into the realm of God. You don't have to vote for me I have to vote for you. That's why you have to make me happy & pleased. If I am displeased with you then God is displeased with you and Sahaja Yoga is displeased with you.

Chapter 52

VISION OF YOUR HEART

*I*n 1985 Shri Mataji shifted to Pratishthan Pune to oversee the finishing of her farm house. A local Sahaja Yogi supervised the construction work. In March 1986 while Shri Mataji had gone to Mumbai for her 64th Birthday celebrations, officials from the Pune Collectorate entered Pratishthan and ordered the Sahaja yogi supervisor to stop work claiming that it was not a farm house and should be demolished.

The fear that Pratishthan would be demolished threw him to the left. As he returned home the feeling of insecurity started gnawing his heart and he went into depression. His parents were not sahaja Yogis and took him to a psychiatrist who put him on strong anti depressant medication.

Shri Mataji returned to Pratishthan on the 25th and found that the work had stopped. She felt our collective centre heart had gone out of gear, and gave us vibrations. Finally she brought us in the centre, “The insecurity is working out.”

A yogi asked, “Shri Mataji how do we face insecurity?”

She answered, "Insecurity is a challenge to your maturity; whether you have become mature or not."

He questioned, "How do we become mature?"

She responded, "The maturity is there only when you become the fruit, when you become the spirit. The trials and errors is what mature you."

He pulled his ears, "Shri Mataji we were worried because they threatened to demolish Pratishtan."

She stated, "You have seen so many miracles photographs and should have had the faith that no one can destroy what I have created. You also know that I am a very law abiding person. Pratishtan was completed before the new Maharashtra Land Revenue law limiting the size a farm house came into force. The demolition notice was just a sinister plan of the mafia- politician nexus to grab this green belt area."

Next morning the supervisor arrived doped under heavy medication.

She enquired, "What has happened to you?"

"The psychiatrist has put me on a course of anti- depressant medication."

She was not amused, "Why did you go to a psychiatrist? They are in the dark. They only probe from the outside. By tampering with your left side they greatly harm you. Now listen to me, pay attention to me. Put your chitta towards me. Your insecurity allowed the negativity to enter from the left. Now put your left hand

on your heart and the right towards me and repeat, “Shri Mataji, you are destroying all the negativity in me.”

“Better.... Now repeat 'Shri Mataji please come in my heart.

Come into satisfaction,

Come into innocence,

Come into wealth,

Come into beauty,

Come into truth,

Come into love.

All the buttons are there.

Press the button whatever you want will keep coming inside you.”

As he pressed each button, our chakras started releasing cool strands of vibrations. It evinced the satanic force behind the demolition notice had pushed us to the left, and no sooner than Shri Mataji destroyed it we suddenly got out of its enslavement and the joy of Niranand returned to our sahasrara.

In everything there should be such a vision of your heart.

It is massive.

The massiveness should show within you;

Flowing everywhere.

There should be the vision of the skies within you.

The purity of the water should reflect within you.

The brilliance of the sun should show from your face.

The coolness of the moon should flow from within you.

Flowing everywhere you should be like the wind

Your breath is beating in everyone at this time.

Know this!

-Shri Mataji (1975-0125 Mumbai translated from Hindi talk.)

Chapter 53

ALAHADAYANI

Shri Mataji was very fond of Marathi classical dance- drama style performances by a renowned artist Kirti Sheledar. During her stay in Pune she was mostly busy with public program but when time allowed She attended Marathi dance- drama performances. I did not understand Marathi hence Shri Mataji would seat me besides her and translate. I was rather embarrassed to infringe upon her attention but she said, “I am Alahadayani. My joy is in giving joy to my children.”

Another time, She so much enjoyed a very humorous Marathi drama, 'Kurya sada Tinglam' that every time a group of western yogis visited her She took them to watch the play. The third time I suggested, “Why not send an interpreter.”

“Oh No! I live for the joy of my children. The divine play is not frivolous; it is joyous.”

When Pratishthan was under construction the Milan yogis came to help. Every morning at 5 Shri Mataji went to the wholesale Fruit Market (mandi) to buy fruit for them. I offered to run the chore. She laughed, “But you don't know how to pick the right kind of melon

the way the Milanese like it. Just like their pasta they are very particular about the ripeness of their melon. That's why they are called *Melon-ese*!!”

If she knew that a certain yogi likes something, She would go out of the way to buy it. Once we were shopping at a famous department store Gump in Moscow. She was to fly to London in the morning, and wanted to buy something for the English Yogies. She recalled they loved caviar. Unfortunately, caviar was out of stock in Gump. She spent an hour searching various stores. The joy that the English Yogis would feel upon receiving caviar made her forget her tiredness. My Saharara flowed incessantly to see the infinite working of Alahadayani.

In 1992 an Indian contingent of yogis came to Cabella for the first time and Shri Mataji invited them to tea. While setting the menu, She reflected, “The Indians love cherries but cherries come for a very short season in India. Why not get cherries for them.”

Although it was the cherry season, the fruit shop in Cabella did not have the big juicy black cherries she wanted. So she decided to go all the way to Novi Legure to pick the black cherries for them. When the Indians saw the big cherries the gleam in their eyes was enough to trigger the flow of Alahadayani. She piled their plates and their joy multiplied Her flow manifold.

In 1994 Shri Mataji was invited by Kalakshetra, Chennai for the ballet of Jatya Moksha (an episode from Ramayana). We were so enthralled by the performance and prayed to invite them for Her Birthday celebrations in Kolkatta. The logistics of transporting a cast of seventy, hosting them and their huge expense could not withstand the stupendous flow of Alahadayani.

Shri Mataji smiled, “My kundalini is like the river Ganges, if you want you can fill up your pitchers.”

The Kolkatta yogis not only filled their pitchers of joy but also shared the blessings of Shri Ganga with all the seekers. The ripples of Joy in the River Ganges riveted a thousand fold.

In the 25 years that I attend on Shri Mataji I tried to discover what She really wanted for herself, but failed to find out. Every deed was to please others. Even the sarees She chose were to please others, for instance in Sir C.P.'s presence She wore the colors he liked. If it was a puja in Pune She wore the favorite green of the Maharashtrians. For the European puja she wore their favorite pink or maroon. For the American pujas She wore their favorite blue or red. Even the Pujas were held on weekends for our convenience, the timings were according to our convenience; She never thought of her convenience. She said, I have no desire. *I am Nishparigriha*. I am completely content in myself, and hence I want nothing for myself. I enjoy giving; it gives me the greatest joy.”

Watching the flow of Alahadayani taught me one thing; if we want happiness in life we have to make others happy. Not be sarcastic or hurt their ego but find out new ways to make them joyous.

Chapter 54

AMERICASHWARI

*A*fter Shri Mataji's New York public program in 1997 I conducted a week follow up at Columbia University.

I was encouraged by the sensitivity of the new seekers to vibrations, and wanted to introduce the mantras. The American brothers cautioned me to go slow, “Don't be deceived; though the seekers are sensitive, they are also very right sided and don't stick to anything – they disappear just as fast as they appear.”

I was confused, when I got my realization I remembered Shri Mataji words, “Fifty percent of Sahaja Yoga is mantras.”

I decided to consult Shri Mataji.

Shri Mataji was staying with in New Jersey. As I bowed, the first thing She asked, “Have you taught them the mantras?”

I conveyed the collective's reservations on the subject. “Perhaps we should try something new.”

She shook her head, “Sahaja yoga is not to be tampered with

anything new. ***You are absolutely free. I cannot entice you. I cannot hypnotize you. I cannot do anything; it has to be you. ”***

I asked, “But how to tackle the American right side?”

She looked at the river Hudson shimmering in the distance and slowly her eyes closed. I sensed the question permeate the brain of the Virata. After a while her eyes opened, “There is another way which is easier than saying mantras; if you study the qualities of Shri Rama and you manifest those qualities through your character, then it is every easy to please Shri Rama.

What is the quality of Shri Ganesha? He is surrendered to his mother.

What is the quality of Christ? He forgives.

What is the quality of Shri Krishna? He sees everything as a witness.

It is most difficult to establish me because I am Mahamaya; try to establish the quality of mother.

You must concentrate on a Deity to imbibe his qualities, otherwise you do not communicate with the Deity and then it is useless to repeat his mantra.”

I was drenched in vibrations. Wow! Americashwari had blessed America with a new mantra!

The very next day I began narrating the stories of the Deities. The Americans loved the stories, and through appreciation of the qualities of the Deities they accepted the deities as well. Over the weekend they eagerly joined the collective havan, made offerings to the fire, and happily chanted the mantras!

I understood one thing: to every problem there is a solution. If the solution was not to be found in my brain then it was to be found elsewhere – the brain of the Virata. This knowledge helped me face many challenges. In each crisis I anchored Shri Mataji in my heart, and the moment She took over the clouds invariably vanished.

If you humble down,

then you will be amazed to see that you are absolutely in contact with the Param Chaitanya.

Not only that, but you have become Param Chaitanya.

Then you will get all the ideas,

Everything that are Divine.

Not only that, but also the help of the divine,

Or the solutions of the Divine.

Shri Mataji -Sahasrara Puja 1999

Chapter 55

SHRI YOG- KHEMA DAAYAINI

“When I was born the negativity took a new turn and exploited the confusion in Western morality. “

The confusion veiled the human brain in such a way that it eclipsed the discretion between morality and immorality. The veil could not be lifted without Divine intervention. In 1970 the Divine did intervene; Shri Adi Shakti Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi took on the axis of evil. She fought the battle single handed and with a single weapon – the weapon of love.

“Somebody's chakras are catching. So I put my chakras into play – it works out that way. But you know how much I have to struggle? How much I have to work hard? It's a task, giving realization. My kundalini doesn't need anything, but still she has to carry your heavy kundalini on herself and raise it. It's a very heavy thing; only a person of real love can do that. That's the only criteria. The one who doesn't have love can't do it. It is too much a thing to do! It's not easy. But it's just the love and compassion between you and me... ”

In the epic battle; time was running out, speed was crucial, and She had to spend every moment to accomplish it. She did not spare

herself and travelled far and wide. Though her travel was a saga of nonstop global marathon, yet between Her hectic schedules She found the time to caress her new-born babes with loving gifts. Hardly had the European Tour ended Her heart poured out to the Russian children awaiting at the next leg of the marathon, and shopped gifts for them.

She kept awake all night clearing the catches of the seekers. Yet to our surprise she woke up in the smilingly radiantly like a thousand Suns, “what time is our flight to Moscow?” I informed, “We would be required to report at the air port in about six hours.”

“Good! That leaves enough time to buy presents for the Russians on the way!”

The shopping went far past the check-in time. Gifts were to be bought not for just a dozen or two dozen Russians but the entire collectivity of three hundred! No shop stocked three hundred pieces of one kind but She was so compelled by Her love to tirelessly comb the shops till she worked out the permutation and combinations of three hundred children, “there are not enough ties for all the men, so let's have leather wallets for the older men instead... Ah! There are some nice belts for the younger ones. could you try them out.. yes, yes, they will look nice on them.”

The blessings of Shri Mahalaxmi was such that whatever she bought turned out to be on sale, and hence the presents were bought at half the price!

But my attention was elsewhere: the check- in counter was closing, and there was all the extra baggage of gifts. Shri Mataji caught my tension and smiled at me radiantly, reminding me, 'who is the doer'.

Just as I pulled my ears, “Shri Mataji you are the doer”, the check-in lady at the counter rolled on the bags on the conveyer belt overlooking the weight; she was in a hurry as the flight was due to depart. 'Thank you Shri Mataji! .'

On board the flight I expressed my concern for Her health, “Shri Mataji please take some rest after the programs. With your permission we could easily procure the presents for the collectives.” Her eyes spoke what she felt, “Ah but only when you love others do you know what they like!”

With a twinkle in her eyes she added, “You see when I buy something for my children I always hit the jack pot!”

I reflected, 'No doubt whenever Shri Mataji went for shopping she inevitably got the best deals: either it would be on sale, or a shop clearance or simply Her blessings. '

I prayed, “Shri Mataji please bestow your shopping blessings upon all your children.”

She revealed, “You have to be connected to Me. Shri Krishna said Yog-kshema Vahamyam: 'When you are connected to me I take care of your welfare.' You have to have yoga first then the Divine takes care of your welfare (kshema). You don't have to ask for it, it is spontaneous. For example, when a child is born, then the mother naturally starts producing milk for it”.

To my surprise the resonance of Yog-Kshema started working sooner than expected.

After the Moscow program Shri Mataji wanted to shop wool carpets for the castle. I prayed, “Shri Mataji please allow us to find the carpets.”

She nodded. Mindful of Her methods, we went directly to the source. The carpet factory was on the out skirts of Moscow and they were disposing off slightly defective carpets for just ten dollars each! (The carpets adorned the Cabella stage for over a decade).

Later in the year marriages were to be performed in Cabella. Shri Mataji phoned me to bring the marriage material from India. We were only 4 yogis and hence over loaded. At the air port we unexpectedly met two other yogis who were also boarding the same destination with only hand luggage. That sorted it out!

Thereon, whenever Shri Mataji asked for something to be purchased for the collective, we spontaneously hit a jack pot! It was our engagement with the collective that made Her happy, and that led to the resonance of Yog-Kshema. She was most happy when we loved others:

*“When I see you loving each other,
When I see you talking good of each other,
When I see you helping each other,
When I see you respecting each other,
When I see you laughing aloud with each other,
When I see you enjoying together with each other,
I get my first blessing, first joy.”*

One thing I knew for sure: it was *the connection to Shri Mataji that led to the resonance, and nothing else*. The key to the resonance was that the Goddess had to be pleased '*prasanna*'.

“It is not the material pleasing me but it is the essence of it. I love my mother, this is the essence. The essence of aesthetics is variety, but in the essence of it they love me. My love is silent but when I meet someone it comes up.” “89

And she is most pleased when we love others, when we do for

others, when we think of their benevolence, and their welfare.

“Wherever your attention goes it acts in collectivity. Your attention blesses where it goes.”

An event in the cosmos sets up the vibrations which travel across space and creates equivalent vibrations by resonance with some part of earth that has the same frequency. For instance, the ability of life responds to stimuli such as the position of the moon or the concentration of invisible ions. What then of the resonance of the Adi Shakti, with Her cells, the macrocosm with the microcosm, the macro-chakras with the micro-chakras, the brain of the Virata with the human brain, Cosmic consciousness with its receptors?

“Cosmic consciousness loves through its creation, through its expression. It is greater than the gravity of any planet. It cannot be attracted by any gravity of stars, sun, planets or earth.”

But of course, the gravity of Shri Adi Shakti love for Her children is much greater than the gravity of any planet. When She is pleased She showers a thousand blessings, and those who are connected to Her enjoy those blessings. Even the impossible works out as though a miracle.

No, no nothing is a miracle; it is the reality *Grace*. And the Grace pours from none other than Shri Yoga-Kshema Daayaini. Shri Yoga-Kshema Daayaini greens our souls and allows us to transplant spiritual seedlings in our inner selves, very much like the rice that is transplanted in the fields with love, hope and joy. Through Kshema we get the well being physically, mentally, emotionally, materially, spiritually, socially, in every way spontaneously; we don't have to desire or ask for it. According to Nadi granth the realized souls will not have to worry about food, clothing or shelter. Diseases and mental sickness will be completely destroyed and such people will not need the institutions known as

hospitals anymore. They will have a power to develop a subtle body, and other powers...

It is the Sahasrara that has to grow not the spirit.

The more sensitive the Sahasrara, the more it will receive bliss and peace.

The brain is the epitome of our central nervous system, of consciousness.

After realization whatever you desire becomes a part of the divine desire,

Whatever you do becomes a part of the divine action.

Chapter 56

WHY SUFFER?

*A*t a public program a lady questioned about suffering. Shri Mataji explained that since Christ has suffered for us we need not suffer. The lady was not willing to listen and went on arguing for fifteen minutes. Shri Mataji patiently tried to explain again and again, but she was not prepared to listen.

I lost my patience. I was getting irritated, thinking of how to stop the lady from wasting Shri Mataji's precious time. But there was no change in Shri Mataji's loving demeanor, she remained as always smiling, patient and gentle, and after 20 minutes of answering her lovingly concluded, "If you want you can suffer for another year and then come back next year."

What was even more annoying that despite all the time Shri Mataji spent on her, the lady left without waiting for her self-realization. The presence of Shri Mataji empowered me to see my reactions more clearly. I was alarmed at my short patience span.

The supreme source of patience was before me, but the power of patience was absent from my conscious mind. Though I loved Shri Mataji more than my life, I had not imbibed even such a simple quality like patience. Many excuses lamed past me; “Oh She is Adi Shakti, how can I emulate her qualities”. Mentally, I knew it all but it did not register in my conscious mind - my central nervous system.

It was a wakeup call. Wisdom that isn't distilled in our crucible can't help us. I decided not to use a horsewhip on myself but like an observer, instead, I disciplined myself to focus on what would bring me closer to her living quality of patience, and sidelined what took me away from it.

I was surprised to find how my attention was so loaded that it did not allow me to move towards the living quality. The previous night the collective had presented a play where Goddess Durga vanquished the demon Raktabija. Each time she vanquished him; a thousand more Raktabijas appeared from the drops of his blood that fell on the ground. Realizing his siddhi, the Goddess assumed the fierce form of Kali and finally drank all his blood and thus vanquished him. I drew a parallel; these drops were synonymous with my load of fears and anxieties. Unless and until I got after my weaknesses they would go on multiplying like Raktabija's drops of blood.

I sought Shri Mataji advice on how to work it out through meditation.

She smiled, “You say you are meditating; that means you are moving in permutation with the universal being. But you are not moving yourself. You are just unloading yourself, to be free from the weight of things that do not allow you to move. There is nothing like meditation. You become the vast thing that is Me. It means

dissolving all that is misidentified in you. Even for that you have to pray and you have to ask. I give material things to stupid people who ask for them, but to wise people I give eternal things. Stand in your wisdom and ask for the eternal life.”

Thereafter during meditation I started praying for patience. I humbled down my intellect before my heart. It allowed me to dissolve in Her love. Gradually, I could feel Her spontaneously as a font of love within me. With the help of Her grace that flowed through me, I gently nudged aside the load, and started flowing. The flow of her love crescendoed in joy. Not just that! It was fragrant with patience. I realized that there was no other recipe for patience but love. Praying for patience, her patience liberated me.

Begging for alms

Door to door

Generous like a river.

What did this saint of Shirdi preach?

“Impatience estranged us from Him,

And because of impatience we cannot return to Him.

But there is a way forward.

If you can heed patience and faith. ”

William Blake said something similar:

“If you trap the moment before it is ripe

The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe

But once if you let the ripe moment go

You can never wipe off the tears of woe. ”

Chapter 57

KNOWING THE ENEMY

Before coming to Sahaja Yoga I was an ardent follower of the Gita. According to its mistaken interpretation I began focusing on the agnya chakra. Later, in sahaja yoga I learnt that it was a wrong interpretation and we should not focus on the agnya chakra. In fact while writing Gita enlightened Shri Mataji asked me to specially mention this point.

I was worried that my agnya chakra may have been spoilt.

She comforted, “There is no need to worry your chakras are spoilt. Worrying itself or frustrating yourself is a wrong attitude towards sahaja yoga. Tulsidas has said, *“As you will keep me, I will be in that manner.”*

Thus I was content to continue with the prescribed right side treatments.

One day Shri Mataji bought gifts for our small group of yogis that had worked hard for her public program. I felt I should not accept the gift as according to the Gita we should do selfless work without seeking the reward.”

Shri Mataji was not pleased, “I cannot please you because your

ego does not allow you to accept my love.”
I quoted the relevant verse from the Gita.
She explained, “I am not rewarding you for your work, it is my love.
My love tries to please you in everything
And give you everything.
But I ask for only one thing
That my child know your self
Establish your self in that power which is within you
And ask for that.”
I bowed at Her Lotus feet and asked for *that*.
But I observed when it came to organizational matter my
agnya again started buzzing.

Shri Mataji advised, “You have to repair all the times your moods. You must have a complete attention towards your weaknesses and not towards your achievements. If we know what is our weakness, its better and then we can swim across better. Supposing there is a ship, and there is a hole, and the water is coming in through that hole; the attention of all the crew, of all the staff and the captain will be on the hole from where the water is coming in and nowhere else. In the same way you must be on the watch out.”

The hole in my ship was caused by planning and futuristic thinking. So I decided to repair the hole and introspect. I was reminded of an eastern saying;

“It is said if you know your enemies and know yourself, you will not be impaired in a hundred battles,

If you do not know your enemies but do know yourself, you will win and lose one.

If you do not know your enemies nor yourself, you will be

imperiled in every single battle.”

With Shri Mataji's Grace I got to know myself, and now having recognized the enemy, the obvious thing was to face it. So I took a back seat, worked on my chakras, and kept away from organizational matters.

In early eighties Shri Mataji appointed me trustee of the Life eternal Trust. To avoid provoking my ego I kept away from discussions, meetings and organization matters. Shri Mataji noticed my absence and remarked,

“Forget your ego. Forget you are doing anything;

*When you are inside, then you are in thoughtless awareness,
Then you are not only there but you are everywhere – because
that is the place,
That is the point where you are in universal.
From there you are in contact with the principle
With the shakti
With the power that permeates into every particle that is matter.
Into every thought that is emotion.
Into every planning and thinking of the world.
You permeate all the elements that have created this beautiful earth.
You permeate into akasha (ether)
You permeate into teja (light)
You permeate into sound.”*

Every word worked like a mantra and I felt emotionally secure: it did not matter if the credit went to someone else for what I did - the final acclaim and credit went to Shri Adi Shakti who did all the living work. This realization ushered me to become a witness.

Chapter 58

WHO KNOWS THE ART OF DIVINE LOVE

1992 on, stream of seekers flowed into our Beloved Mother's ocean of love. The infant collectives were invited to participate in the cultural programs before the pujas. During one program the new born Romanian collectivity attempted to please our Beloved Mother with their amateur performance. As the movement of their performance drifted to the left, we started feeling sleepy. There was no heating; it was cold, it was getting late, so some of us left mid-way.

Our exit did not escape Shri Mataji's attention. She was not amused, *“Even if the entertainment program was not up to the mark nobody should have left. You did not buy tickets for entertainment but have come here to support me; Who is going to clean them? Who is going to care for them? Who knows the art of Divine love? During their performance my attention was working out their collective problems. You have to stand by me, and help the new one's to come up, encourage them, and prod them on.”*

It deepened our understanding of 'collectivity': we had to stand by Shri Mataji and each other, and thus enable the collective kundalini to overcome the negativity. No sooner than she ascends,

the triumphant Adi Shakti showers Grace and drenches us with bliss.

A year later at the quawali evening program I was drenched with Grace . I went back stage to thank the artists. They somehow appeared familiar. I peered behind their sufi costumes and black caps; were my eyes playing tricks on me? No, they could not be the same Romanians we walked out on! They had transformed beyond imagination.

She understands everything

She knows everything.

She organizes everything

She brings forth all the beauty that you are.

Oh Man! Please awaken yourself

To the great occasion of understanding.

The dynamic force is dying to bubble out of you.

- Birthday puja 1977 Mumbai

Shri Mataji invited all the new collectives to participate in the evening programs irrespective of their talent. For instance, the ones who could not sing were encouraged to join the chorus or provide the rhythm by the beat of the clap. The penetration of Her Divine attention empowered them. And through them it empowered their collective.

It dawned upon me we are basically collective beings, and hence many of our catches are collective. Her attention worked simultaneously at both the individual and collective levels. As She attended to the collective catches, it resolved at the individual level spontaneously.

At one music evening program She went to the core problem of the performing country, and revealed its solution.

She also praised the strong chakras of the concerned countries; “Lenin was a realized soul, the Russians are innately collective,”

“Sahaja Yoga has worked out in Turkey due to the vision of Ataturk Kemal Pasha,”

“When I went to China they got their realization so easily because Lao Tsu and Confucius had already prepared the soil.”

And what of the Romanians?

“They are Gandharvas!” She nodded. “*The beauty of sahaja yoga is to secretly work out everything that is virtuous inside you.*”

you are the instrument

You are the medicine

You are the cure

You are the doctor

You are the computer

You are everything

But you have to become your self.

- Shr Mataji '76

Chapter 59

YOUR FORTRESS IS THOUGHTLESSNESS!

Soon after the Soviet Ministry of Health signed a joint venture for health with Sahaja Yoga Shri Mataji was invited to Kremlin where she gave realization to the politburo. They asked, “In administration we have to take many crucial decisions, and often we are not sure if we have taken the right one. Holy Mother, please guide us what can we do?”

Shri Mataji smiled, “Now this question arises many times in administration. Such a question arises that what should we do? Is this correct or not?”

“But this is so easy, so easy that before taking any decision go into thoughtless awareness. Whatever decision comes in front do that. That can never be wrong. But the decision will be spontaneous in thoughtless awareness. If you take the decision in thought then it will be biased because your ego and super ego both will work in that. But if you do it in thoughtlessness then it will be dynamic, absolutely dynamic! Your fortress is thoughtlessness.

By staying in thoughtlessness there will be a cosmic change within you – an internal happening in the core.”

Know in thoughtless awareness & you will know everything.

*This is your place,
Your wealth
Your strength
This is your form.
This is your beauty.
This is your life.
Thoughtlessness!*

(1975-0125)

The spread of sahaja Yoga in Soviet Union gave birth to many new centres. Shri Mataji appointed leaders to nurture them. When Shri Mataji appointed the St Paterburg leader he was surprised, “But I am such an ordinary person, how can I be chosen leader?”

Shri Mataji smiled, “From the ordinary only will the extra ordinary come out. Only that will blossom. And these very great people whom you see in this world, who are highly awarded, they will all become missing links in the evolution like the mammoths.”

As the leaders began preparation for Shri Mataji's program they found it impossible to get Halls. Fortunately, the recognition from the Ministry of Health opened the doors. But it was mandatory to sell tickets for all programs. For the first times tickets were sold for a Sahaja program. The hall was not only full but there were five thousand waiting outside. In her compassion Shri Mataji did two parallel programs; one inside and the other outside in the open. She stood on the steps and gave realization to the five thousand who had patiently waited in the cold. She was very pleased with the quality of the seekers, and in a humor praised the leader, “how can you be such a good person in such bad times.”

However, when Shri Mataji returned to St Peterburg the following year, the hall was half empty. Despite the elder's advice

against the choice and avenue of the program the leader had paid no heed. Shri Mataji's praise appeared to have gone into his head; he stopped consulting the collective and became arbitrary.

Shri Mataji reflected, "Though a leader may be capable of taking all the decisions himself, advice from his elders keeps his arrogance in check and stops him from being impulsive."

She applied kum kum on his agnya, "Russia is the agnya and so you fell into the maya of the ego. The agnya gets active at night; you should apply kum kum before sleeping to cool it. Then take a bandhan. But when raising the kundalini there should be so much devotion that it is like you are praying to the kundalini or Mother. There should be so much respect for that state, so much thought about it. In everything, in your behavior, your talk, the way you talk, in your touch, your laughter and your tears. "

Thereafter Shri Mataji advised the formation of a council of elders to assist the functioning of centres.

You should be a perfect flute for my Lord to play.

It is for you to clear out your hollowness,

And to be complete within yourself.

He knows his job.

He is the artist.

But you are the instrument.

- Krishna puja Mumbai 73

Chapter 60

108 CHINA PLATES

Easter Puja was scheduled in Istanbul, and we accompanied Shri Mataji to Istanbul's famous Bazaar for shopping. As we stepped into a silver shop my eyes fell on a beautiful silver candlestick supported by mermaids.

I sought Shri Mataji's permission to offer it as a collective present. Her eyes moistened, "I will be very happy if you bring something for a friend of yours than for me, hundred times! Because that is much more nourishing for me. That's my food. To think, "Oh, my child has been so generous"!

Her words stayed with me, and years later at the Sahasrara and Navratri seminars in Dharamsala we followed her advice of sharing gifts with the yogis who attended. The yogis receiving the gifts were overjoyed, but we felt even more overjoyed because we felt the tender hands of our Divine Mother blessing each child.

You get a beautiful feeling of gratitude when someone does something very graciously for you. If you remember that feeling you go adding to it. The more you add on these feelings, any time you touch that area, that beautiful feeling pours out in you.

—Shri Mataji

Over the years the numbers grew beyond our budget, I was at a loss what to do?

Nevertheless, I was overpowered by the desire to give presents of Shri Mataji's photo embossed on china plates with gold borders. But nothing worked.

Just a week before the seminar, my niece (non sahaji) visited me. Over dinner I casually mentioned I was looking for gold border China plates.

She chuckled, "They have been stored in my attic for the last ten years. I had got them from China for my exhibition, but since I have closed my exhibitions you can have them"

"What's the tab?"

"Oh nothing at all! They are of no use to me."

After dinner we went up to her attic. It took a while to find them as they were buried under a lot of baggage.

We finally found the box but they were not enough. Then she remembered there should have been another box. With a little help from my younger nephews we were able to retrieve it. But still it fell a quarter short of our numbers.

She went blank for a minute and then remembered she had put some away with the table cloths. So we hunted for the table cloth box. The box could not be found. She pointed to another attic, "look there."

Finally it was found! The number of plates exactly matched our requirement!

I said a thousand thank You's to Shri Mataji.

But I could not sleep at night. I was besieged by a volley of questions. How does the Divine do this? Has She arranged everything for us before hand? How does ritumbharapragya work? Then I heard a whisper from a small corner of my unconscious, in an ancient language, that I knew I had forgotten.

Gradually, as I entered into the twilight zone between the conscious and the unconscious, where one is sleep and not asleep. I felt my kundalini atop my head trying to soothe my right side. Finally I slipped into thoughtlessness, and the ancient language became more audible, they were Shri Mataji's words from my first meeting with her. I had asked many questions, 'from where do vibrations come? how does Sahaja Yoga work etc etc.' She had responded, 'I have laid a feast before you. Why do you ask for the recipe? Just enjoy it.'

In the morning I narrated this episode to my daughter Pragya, and she said, “if we desire something for others Shri Mataji is most pleased.”

She was inspired to write this poem:

She walked the Earth to gather jewels

Rocks turned to gems by Her touch

Wasted, misled and out of fuel

But we renewed with Her attentive watch

She placed a force within us deep it replenished us again and again

She showed us love so no heart weeps

No one had told us this way before

A prophet came, a prophet passed

But the Mother finally made us unite

She brought to light their message wise

Universal one religion pure

She taught us so we may rise
And establish love – hatred's cure
Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi is Her name
May Her children forward her blissful domain.

On another occasion Shri Mataji blessed me with a dinner set. I said, “But you have already gifted me a dinner set.”

With a twinkle in her eyes she smiled, “You will need another one for the many guests who will visit you.”

At that point I was too embarrassed for anything to register.

Next month the Vietnam collective was visiting India, and asked if I they could stay in my house.

The two dinner sets put together were just enough for the number of guests.

(now one set rest at the Dharamsala museum bearing testimony of this event)

