

# Ananda

Newsletter of the Shree Shree Anandamayee Sangha

Issue No 17 – January 2021

Contents – Second part of July 2019 Amrita Varta



Sound file:

<http://www.anandamayi.org/mmedia/mp3/Krishnakaneiya1.mp3> Sri Ma sings Krishna Kaneiya

Source of sound recording: Anandamayi Ma. Recordings. DIV\_bMS00556\_AU\_002\_B\_Del\_Side\_1. Performed by Anandamayi, 1896-1982 Krishna Kanayia, Pilani, India, November 1962; -Repository: Andover-Harvard Theological Library, Harvard University. Digitized content accessed via <https://sds.lib.harvard.edu/sds/audio/430372585>

Text file:

<http://www.anandamayi.org/new/Ganguly.pdf> Conversation with Sri Ma in 1958 by Professor B. Ganguly

Talk in Hindi with English subtitles:

**Sri Ma Anandamayi.**

<https://youtu.be/nF2CNsLsWJI> Talk at the Samyam Saptah at Pilani in November 1962 part 2.

Anandamayi Ma. Recordings. DIV\_bMS00556\_AU\_036B\_Pilani\_November\_1962. Performed by Anandamayi, 1896-1982. Repository: Andover-Harvard Theological Library, Harvard University. Digitized content accessed via <https://sds.lib.harvard.edu/https://youtu.be/nF2CNsLsWJI> Talk at the Samyam Saptah at Pilani in November 1962 part 2. Anandamayi Ma. Recordings. DIV\_bMS00556\_AU\_036B\_Pilani\_November\_1962. Performed by Anandamayi, 1896-1982. Repository: Andover-Harvard Theological Library, Harvard University. Digitized content accessed via <https://sds.lib.harvard.edu/>

**Sangha website** <http://www.shreeshreeanandamayeesangha.org>

# **My First Impression\***

Vijayananda (Dr. Adolphe Jaques Weintrob)

It is a difficult task to try and to give a reader, who often is only curious, if not indifferent, an idea of that which for you is the most precious thing, the jewel of the jewels.

There are two dangers to be avoided: The first is to let your heart run away with you, to write an account so enthusiastic, so extravagant that the reader gets the impression of having before him the product of an unbalanced mind or at least of a rank sentimentalist, and consequently hurries through the article with an amused smile full of ironic pity.

The other danger would be to endeavour to remain completely cold and detached, to write like an impartial observer. This would be even worse, because one cannot speak of Her, who is the embodiment of Love Divine, as if one were dealing with a scientific problem. I shall, therefore, try to restrain my heart, without however reducing it to complete silence.

It is bad taste to talk about oneself, but all I can do, is to relate the story of how I got in touch with "MA". For it is impossible to describe Her objectively: She is different for every one of us. "I am, whatever you think I am", She often said.

It was on the 2nd February, 1951, at about six o' clock in the evening that I saw Her for the first time in Her Ashram at Banaras. Having "provisionally" placed a substitute in charge of my medical practice, I had left France in quest of spiritual guidance in this country, which since time immemorial has illuminated the world. Landing in Buddhist Ceylon, then proceeding along the East coast of India I had arrived in Banaras the previous day. Tired and disappointed, almost

convinced that my journey had been in a vain, and determined to return to France, I had already reserved a berth on the "Marseillaise", which was to sail from Colombo on February 21st.

I am frequently asked what was my first impression of Ma, what made me decide to leave everything - family, friends, country, profession, wealth - to follow Her. Why I have clung to Her like shadow suffering torments whenever I am unable to see Her for a few hours. Why, though I cannot understand what She says, I spend hours at Her feet, without taking my eyes off Her.

It is very difficult to reply to these questions. Not because language lacks words, but because a word has not the same meaning for different persons, unless they all have experienced the corresponding to that word. Thus one may well try with the aid of comparisons to make a child in France realise what exactly is the flavour of a mango. Even if one spent hours over it, he would only get a very vague idea that also most likely false.

Having made room for all these unavoidable limitation I shall now make an attempt all the same. What then was my first impression? It was in the evening of the 2nd of February, I found myself in the presence of a woman of 55, looking younger than her age, still beautiful. But at the moment I did not notice her beauty, it was only later that I became aware of it. I still see Her, focusing Her eyes on me with that strange gaze that seemed to embrace my whole destiny.

The same evening, at about ten o' clock, She had granted me an interview which lasted for about 20 minutes. She was supposed to answer my questions, but I had nothing to ask. I simply desired to make a spiritual contact. She seemed to be in divine thought. It was She who put the questions, clear, precise, going straight to the heart of things, raising exactly the points which interested me. But Her words were only a play on the surface. In those 20 minutes She had infused something into me, which was to last for a long time, which still continues. I returned to Clark's Hotel after having secured Her permission to come back the next day to live in the Ashram.

I was in a strange state - my heart swelled with jubilation, with joyful exaltation - the state of one, who has just found what he has always yearned for in the most secret recess of his heart. Her image did not leave me anymore, even at night, and the very thought of Her drove tears into my eyes. What exactly had happened to me? My critical sense, which had been submerged by the first wave, awoke on the 3rd or 4th day. "Take care", it told me, "you have fallen into the hands of a great magician. She has cast a spell over you to make you her obedient slave". And I began to be on the defensive, to struggle against Her influence - rather feebly. I confess, for how can one fight Love; there is no power in the world mightier than Love.

But what kind of love was this? It is not directed towards a woman. It has nothing whatsoever to do with the love one may feel for a woman. As by a strange alchemy my entire potentiality for affection, all that one can love and admire in the world, had been transferred to Her. But at the same time this love became so pure, so sublimated, that it merged into and greatly intensified the call for the Absolute that I had always felt. All worldly attachment lost its attraction and the spiritual ascent became easier, since She donned me the wings of Love. In one single person all that one can love, admire, respect and adore became identified with the *Sad-Guru*, the Lord. For all these months that I have spent near Her, have given me the conviction that She is the Lord Himself, incarnate in the body of a woman.

I thought that this Love (I am obliged to use this word for want of a better one, though it does not express exactly what it stands for) would disappear or at least dwindle with time. The very contrary has happened: It has only grown in intensity. For it is like with those ancient cities buried underground; as one delves deeper, even more new marvels are brought to light.

Something that has struck me from the very first day is the atmosphere of the miraculous in which one moves when he is with Her. Let me explain: In Europe (and no doubt here also) by the word "miracle" one conceives of a breaking away from the laws of nature,

something that strikes one as impossible, as absurd. But this is only its crude, objective side. Its subtle, subjective aspect is quite different. What does it matter to me if a certain yogi has walked across the waters or flown through the air? The real miracle is, when that which one needs, which one desires keenly or feebly, comes at the moment it is needed. And still better when it comes, not only as one desired it, but one would have loved to see it in the innermost depth of one's heart. It has been for me as if I were guided on a path beset with obstacles by the hand of the most loving mother - an All-Powerful Mother. As you advance She removes all the thorns, all the stones from your path, and when it is necessary, She even lifts you across in Her arms. And all circumstances adjust and adapt themselves with a marvellous precision, without hurt. "Coincidence", I thought at first. But a coincidence that goes on repeating itself daily cannot be called so anymore. And all this happens without apparently violating the laws of nature - for the Lord has no need to break any laws: He is the Law. Should I give examples? No, for those who do not know Her will not believe me and those who have lived near Her have already understood.

She is like the Ganges - Her very touch purifies. In Her presence one feels oneself getting better all the time. Not by the suppression of one's faults: The very fault is sublimated and becomes an aid in the search for the Divine. She does not seem to notice or does not want to notice the dark sides of the individual. She only sees our luminous aspects, enhanced considerably by Her Divine mercy.

As the *Jivan-Muktas*, all the emanations of the Divine, give in broad outline the same message; and Ma Anandamayee does not make an exception to this rule. Yet there is an aspect of Her which no other *Sad Guru* has ever before presented (not to my knowledge at least) except perhaps Sri Krishna: I am referring to Her power to attract human hearts. It seems to me (this is an entirely personal opinion) that the first contact She makes with those who come to Her, is essentially a contact of Love. Instantaneously She recognises

the dominant note in the individual's emotional nature and it is this aspect in which She appears to him or her.

For some - for the great majority - She is the Mother, full of love and tenderness, to others a friend and elder sister or even their child. For others yet, who are spiritually more advanced, She is the Guru or an aspect of God: Durga, Krishna etc. And it is not only in the imagination of the *bhakta* that She represents these various aspects; Her physical appearance, Her behaviour, Her voice are actually transformed and adapted to the part She wishes to play. To illustrate this I should like to mention a striking little incident that I witnessed. It was during the last *Janmashtami* festival (Sri Krishna's birthday) at Banaras. She had been dressed up as Lord Krishna and we were all allowed to go to see Her. I went with a certain reluctance and with a slight irritation, for I do not like disguises. But when I beheld Her, I understood that there was no question of a disguise. Her face though one still recognise it, was completely transformed. It shone with a Divine beauty, with a truly super-natural calm and sweetness. She had really become one with Sri Krishna Himself. This is only an example among a thousand.

I have often seen Her features assuming entirely different aspects within a single hour. According to the person who questions Her, She appears at times like an old mother with a sweet face, her features drawn and tired; a few minutes later the radiant face of a young girl of twenty emerges. At another time She takes on the noble, serious, almost severe, almost masculine countenance of the Guru, a little later again Her laughter. Her caressing voice, Her tender look conjure up those of a child. This contact of love or affection becomes in some way the lure that will entice him, who has had the great good fortune of getting in touch with Her, away from attachment to worldly things. For it will be transmuted and turned to the Divine.

What else can I say about Her? But have I not promised to limit my effusions? Perhaps it would have been better, had acted like the friend who, when asked to write an article, replied: "All I can say is: Ma, Ma, Ma". May these few lines be not altogether unworthy of Her. They have

been written not from any ulterior motive, but as a humble testimony of the love, the veneration and gratitude I feel for Her. And may they induce some readers to come and quench their thirst at that source of Life Eternal, which is Ma Anandamayee.

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Translated from the original in French and reprinted from *Mother as Seen by Her Devotees*.

### *Special Information*

Anandaswarupeshu,  
Jai Ma!

We are pleased to inform you with great pleasure that Ma Anandamayee Ashram, Ranchi, is going to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Shree Shree Sharadiya Durga Puja this year.

The devotees, who are desirous to attend this function, are requested to contact at the following address atleast ONE MONTH before.

Smt. Soma Banerjee  
Shree Shree Maa Anandamayee Ashram, Ranchi  
Main Road, P.O. Ranchi-834001  
Telephone : 8797876417, 8102763630

## *Children Section*

### Faith

Mount Kailash is the abode of Siva-Durga. Once both were involved in *satsang* sitting at the peak of the mountain. Mother Durga wanted to know from Mahadeva about the nature of the *moksha* that can only be attained through death in Kashi. Mahadeva replied in a negative way. He said that *moksha* can be attained only to those who had great faith in this belief; otherwise it is not possible. Faith, and only deep faith in this belief can lead to *moksha* if one dies in Kashi, Mahadeva added.

Parvati looked confused and repeated her question saying, "Does only faith lead to *moksha*? But how can we judge who have faith and who haven't"? Mahadeva got her point and asked her to follow him to Kashi where she would get her answer properly.

Seated on Nandi, both travelled to Kashi and they left him for grazing on the bank of river Varuna and arrived at the famous Manikarnika ghat, the cremation ground where cremation fire is never extinguished.

Mahadeva asked Parvati to sit on a stair of the ghat and he himself lied down like a dead body keeping his head on her lap. Parvati started wailing loudly saying she lost her husband but was unable to cremate him for the want of money. She sought help from others. A couple of people came to her offering help. At this, Parvati put forth one condition. She said, "One who has never committed any sin, can only bring wood for the pyre of my husband. He would not meet the release if the wood is brought by a sinful man. Oh my sons! Bring wood if any one of you never committed a sin."

Consequently, none looked ready to bring wood for the pyre



because every one thought about his sin. They thought telling lie would also be a sin and they had already committed such a sin by telling lies. Some of them remembered their childhood days when they were involved in petty thefts from the store of their mothers. Some people thought in a different way. They felt guilty for their act of cheating others because they were thinking till now that cheating was not a sin.

Meanwhile, a man in loincloth appeared there and came to know the whole story. He assured Parvati, " Don't worry, I will bring wood for the pyre after taking a dip into the river Ganga". And, he brought wood after bathing. People assembled there, told him that wood brought by him would not serve the purpose because an honest person who never told a lie can only bring the wood. The man replied, " I too have heard it and my body at present does not contain any sin."

Parvati asked, " My son, are you really telling the truth that your body is pure? Otherwise, my husband will not meet his ultimate release. "The man said, " You are still sceptic. Have you not seen that I took a dip into the holy river. All sins are vanished or washed away once one takes a dip into the Ganges and it is an eternal truth. Have you not read any scriptures?"

Mahadeva and Parvati disappeared immediately. Mahadeva told, "Parvati, this is the true faith that I was explaining to you".

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## List of Festivals

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|--|----------------------|
| 1. Guru Purnima  | July 16, 2019        |
| 2. Sri 108 Swami Muktananda<br>Giriji's Nirvana Tithi        | August 7, 2019       |
| 3. Jhulan Mahotsava  | August 10-14, 2019   |
| 4. Sri Bhairavi's (Swami Maunananda Parvat)<br>Nirvana Tithi | August 12, 2019      |
| 5. Rakhi Purnima-Raksha Bandhan                              | August 15, 2019      |
| 6. Sri Krishna Janmashtami                                   | August 23, 2019      |
| 7. Sri Gurupriyadidi's Nirvana Tithi                         | September 5, 2019    |
| 8. Srimad Bhagavat Saptah Parayan                            | September 6-13, 2019 |
| 9. Mahamopadhaya Sri Gopinath<br>Kaviraj's Birthday          | September 8, 2019    |
| 10. Sri Sri Sharadiya Durga Puja                             | October 4-8, 2019    |
| 11. Sri Laxmi Puja   | October 13, 2019     |
| 12. Sri Kali Puja  | October 27, 2019     |
| 13. Annakuta Mahotsava                                       | October 28, 2019     |

# Mataji Gives *Darshan*

Melita Maschman

I saw how Her eyes lit up when amongst those who fell at Her feet and touched the ground with their foreheads, a familiar friendly face turned up. I believed to notice how She suffered from the heat. I felt Her slight resistance when She withdrew Her feet from an importunate adorer. I observed Her pleasure in puns (an ashramite translated to me what was being said). I saw how She dismissed a Parsi lady from Bombay who requested a miraculous cure from Her. "Take your husband to a good doctor and pray to God for peace for both of you". At that moment Her face had an expression of sadness and inexorability. I also marked how Her attitude and the deepening shadows in Her features betrayed fatigue before She got up and traced a passage for Herself through the multitude that thronged round Her.

The Christian painters of the early Middle Ages had a simple, yet effective device to express holiness in paintings. Not letting their brush to be voluble, they could only tacitly hint at the mystery against the luminous background. I feel very much like those artists. What is describable in Mataji is the familiar human element. For that which is beyond, for the Divine, I also have no means of expression. But I could use an expedient similar to that of Medieval painters. Sometimes I believe to have seen a stream of light radiate from Her eyes. But at such moments, I more than ever felt pained at my blindness. I knew that, if only I were more of a seer, I should have beheld Her whole form in this halo. Although incapable of perceiving it, I was able to register its effect by the complete peace that filled me at certain hours.

The mystery in its secrecy shall remain untouched, but perhaps I may be permitted to try and approach it by a few more steps: I felt this

Divine Light must be connected with Mataji's egolessness. It originates from the eternal Ground of all existence - let us unhesitatingly call it 'God'. And it streams through Mataji because it is not impaired by the opaque texture of the I-ness which, in the case of all of us, is more or less dense.

I have yet to mention how very thoughtful it made me that although millions of men and women of all strata of society fell at Her feet, I could never detect even the faintest trace of pride, neither also of humility in Mataji. Probably there is a connection between this and what I stated when I first met Her, namely that She seemed beyond good and evil. I must confess that, to this day I am unable to understand this fully. I have still to ponder deeply about it, for I know now that this statement is in keeping with one of the elements of Hindu scriptural teaching.

Mataji's mysterious power lies in Her being, not in what She does. Without a doubt, has for many, many years She lived solely for Her fellow-beings. But this may be said of a fair number of others as well, although with them it has very different significance. Seen from our angle of vision, Her whole life seems to be one continuous self-sacrifice and could therefore still be called 'action'. Yet, when watching Mataji for a sufficiently long time, one comes to feel that, what is essential in Her existence does no longer fulfill itself by action. She is not what with one of the elements of Hindu teaching.

She is not what She is because She does good. Her life seems a manifestation of pure, self-contained Being, perhaps I should say 'Being reposing in God'. Hence She corresponds to our highest conception of 'good', but the ethical laws are for Her not anymore a matter of struggle and daily decision as for us who still live fully steeped in action. The Christian apostle St. Paul says, "Christ is the end of the law." He does not thereby mean the denial of ethical commandments, but their fulfillment as a matter of course. For Him who is "one with the Father" (with God), ethical demands are no more of the nature as commandments. He fulfills them spontaneously by His

very Being. This also holds good for Mataji. For one who sees Her with open eyes, not only the beauty of God is reflected in Her, such as we may recognise in a flower or more powerfully in the sea or mountains, but also God's Love. Moreover, Her whole being is a passionate, indefatigable, newly formulated proclamation of self-experienced Divine Reality. According to the Christian doctrine, Christ is the most perfect Child of God, the son, because His love for God and men was most perfect. The ocean or a mountain cannot testify to Divine Love, but man, if he is what he should be, gives evidence of God's Love. This, is so with Mataji. Hence She is one of the important religious figures, as a proclaimer and a witness.

While I was sitting at Mataji's feet with Her other devotees nothing happened except that we looked at Her. I, at certain moments, felt the presence of Divinity more powerfully than I had ever before during Church ceremonies. I believe, I understand that all ritual of that kind exists only because of the want of Divine Presence, as a gesture of longing and invocation of That, which cannot be forced to come. But where Divinity IS, even prayer is silenced. The ritual action is blotted out in the mysterious presence of Divine Being. A strange experience, impossible to convey to others - this fullness in the void of gazing. A gazing in closed eyes, and yet with eyes wide open. Once or twice I perceived what can hardly be grasped by a Western brain. I do not know how Mataji experiences Her own person. Certainly not as we should express it, namely as a human being in whom the divine spark emits a specially bright light - for She lives in Oneness. I believed to observe that She, in whom Holiness is embodied before our eyes, 'joined' us in the reverent contemplation of Divinity that She Herself IS. In my diary I find, the clumsy sentence: "Sometime one has the feeling as if Mataji revered Herself. But this attitude is completely supernatural." Later I discovered the conception of '*Lila*'. Does it perhaps give the clue?

Mataji's *Darshan* I have probably experienced only three or four times. This numinous by which it was characterised did not lessen, but

to my great surprise a fundamental change took place: My first feeling that I had lit upon a dimension of reality entirely foreign to me was reversed into its opposite. I then felt that I had only just, for the first time, discovered man's own true reality.

It may sound presumptuous, but I should like to say it in all humility: In Mataji, God allowed me to see Him with the closeness of intimacy. Ever clearer I felt, what distinguishes me from Her is nothing essential, it lies where the brightness of a candle is distinguished from that of the sun. This was of course a tremendous discovery that, by the grace of God, I should wish to justify by the trend of my life in future.

Mataji's evening in Kishenpur, which was also my last one, has remained in my memory as a big festival. About two hundred people had assembled in the Ashram. I see Mataji standing in the courtyard, indefatigably distributing *prasad* in all directions. Not in a solemn manner but laughingly, like a mother whose greatest happiness is to satisfy the hunger of her children. Sometimes She would suddenly throw a fruit over many heads to someone standing at a distance, who had asked for it only with his eyes. Afterwards, for a long while, She walked up and down between us, talking to a child, joking with one or the other, allowing questions to be put to Her, sitting down near the musicians who were singing *kirtana*, then rising again to walk once more between us. It was as if She wished to distribute Herself, and She did this with a hundred hands. Never had I met a more beautiful human being, or more precisely, never have I seen the mysterious beauty of the Imperishable shine with such effulgence through mortal flesh.

Late, that same evening, there was a very special moment for me. I stood behind a trellised window, which looked out over the temples. Mataji stood between them and, for a short while, all the people who had surrounded Her receded far back. My memory shows Her to me standing there all by Herself. I raised my folded hands to bid good-bye to Her. From my prison (behind the latticed window) my greeting went out and upwards to Her freedom. She lifted

Her folded hands in response, and simultaneously sent a veritable torrent of joy right into the core of my heart.

Leave-taking usually makes me feel quite sick. This parting should actually have torn me to pieces. For me, there was not a single painful moment. The instant in which Mataji had lifted Her hands to respond to my greeting lay outside of time. I felt this with every fibre of my being; here nothing was threatened with transitoriness.

Never in my life have I felt so carefree, so confidently happy as during the weeks that followed, although I was travelling alone, with little money, and for the first time in a non-European country.

During the Cuban crisis it became clearer than ever to me how much I owed to Mataji. Just like everyone else I saw the dreadful danger of the situation, but quite contrary to my attitude in similar crisis hitherto, I did not feel afraid. Perhaps, I have grasped not with my mind but with my whole being that even the most cruel outer destruction does not touch that which we ARE in Reality. May I be able to preserve this knowledge.

There is a Zen Buddhist saying: "When an Enlightened one touches a dry twig, it begins to blossom...".

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## Ashram Varta

Anandaswarupeshu

Annual four-day long Vasanti Puja was held in Varanasi Ashram from April 14, 2019 with all religious fervour. It is to be mentioned here that this Vasanti Puja was performed by the ancestors of Baba Bholanath in the past. It was at his behest that Sri Ma arranged this Puja in 1926 in Adi Siddheshwari Ashram, Dhaka. There was an anthill in the premises of this Ashram and it was demolished by Baba Bholanath and the mud was mixed with the clay that was used for making the Durga idol. Varanasi is next to Siddhishwari Ashram where Vasanti Puja was organised. In 1944, a platform was raised in the premises of the newly acquired Varanasi Ashram and Vasanti Puja was performed for the first time in the holy presence of Sri Ma. Vasanti Puja along with other pujas have been held on the same altar since then. Ma was residing at the Jain temple during the first Vasanti Puja. *Akhand kirtan* was organised for nine days during the first puja and Prabhuduttji and other *mahatmas* were present to grace the occasion. Next year in 1945, Vasanti Puja was held in the newly built Ashram compound and it became an integral part of Ashram's religious calendar since then.

Vasanti Puja in Varanasi Ashram has certain special characteristics making it entirely different from Vasanti Puja of other places. This size of the Durga *pratima* measures the height of Sri Ma. Also, iconographic traditions of erstwhile East Bengal (now Bangladesh) are followed in the idols. Contrary to the usual arrangement of the idols of Laxmi, Ganesha, Kartika and Saraswati, *pratima* of Varanasi Ashram presents a different order. Here, Kartika is located near Laxmi while Ganesha is by the side of Saraswati. According to East Bengal tradition, it is believed that Goddess Laxmi represents wealth and Kartika is the symbol of power that protects the wealth. Similarly,



attainment of success comes through *brahmavidya*. Saraswati is the Goddess of Knowledge and *brahmavidya* while Ganesha is called as *siddhidata*. In the West Bengal tradition, Ganesha is located near Laxmi while Saraswati is accompanied by Kartika. There also continued different traditions for the arrangement of the idols of Laxmi and Saraswati and at many places these can be seen on the upper portion of the main idol of Durga. Durga Puja of the famous Mitra family of Varanasi is 300 years old and the *pratima* has certain remarkable features. Idols of Rama and Siva are incorporated with the main idols of Durga and her children because Rama worshipped Siva and Durga before slaying Ravana in the battlefield.

Sri Abhijeet Brahmachari was the main priest and Sri Saurabh Banerjee was the *tantra-dharaka* in the Vasanti Puja this year. Swami Golakananda gave religious discourses during all the three days in the afternoon while *bhajan-sandhya* was organised after the evening *arati*. Kumari Alankrita Roy, daughter of Smt. Ratna Roy, music teacher of Kanyapeeth, enthralled the audience with her devotional songs. Post *Visarjan* rituals, like *Darpan-Visarjan* etc. were also performed as per *shashtra*. After the immersion of the idols, devotees, ashram inmates and guests greeted each other followed by *Matri-pranam* and distribution of *prasada*. Ram Navami also was celebrated with equal religious fervour.

*Sanyas-utsav* of Swami Muktananda Giriji was observed on April 14 in all the ashrams of Sri Ma with *sadhu-bhandara*.

Baishakh 19 (Bengali calendar) is the most auspicious day for the devotees and associates of Sri Ma as She came over to this earth on that very day. All Her ashrams celebrated this day with full enthusiasm and grandeur. It was the 124th birth anniversary of Sri Ma. All the ashrams of Kankhal, Agartala, Agarpara, Varanasi, Pune, Bhimpura, Vrindavan, Ranchi, Almora, Bhopal, Puri, Jamshedpur, Rajgir, Dehradon etc. observed the day with various programmes and activities.

Anandajyoti-peetham in Kankhal organised various programmes

including religious discourses, *Raas-lila*, *sadhu-bhandara* and *bhajan-sandhya*. This ashram also celebrated Akshaya Tritiya on May 7 with *shoroshopochar* puja of Sri Sri Ma. Also, special puja of Sri Shanakaracharya was performed in Shankaracharya Hall. The puja of Didima in Giriji temple was followed by *sadhu bhandara*. In Varanasi Ashram too, pujas were performed of Sri Ma, Gopalji, Siva, Jogmaya and Didima on Akshaya Tritiya.

The week-long *Maharudra-yajna* was conducted at Kankhal Ashram from May 7. *Nirvan divas* of Baba Bholanath was also observed here with special puja on May 12. Buddha Purnima was marked by the pujas of 108 young virgin girls.

*Tithipuja* of Sri Sri Ma was celebrated in all Her ashrams on May 21. In Kankhal Ashram, *adhivasa* (ceremony preliminary to an auspicious act) of *naam-yajna* was performed followed by a day-long *kirtan* session.

Varanasi Ashram celebrated the *Janmatithi* Puja of Sri Ma under the guidance of Brahmacharini Jaya Didi. *Shatachandi-paath* was also organised. Elaborate *bhoga* was offered to Sri Ma and to all the deities of the Ashram. *Prasada* was distributed among the patients at Sri Anandamayee Hospital.

Ganga Dashhara was celebrated in all the ashrams of Sri Sri Ma on June 12.

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