

# Ananda

Newsletter of the Shree Shree Anandamayee Sangha

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Sound file:

**Sri Ma Anandamayi.**

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

Source of sound recording: Anandamayi Ma. Recordings. DIV\_bMS00556\_AU\_011\_A\_Deliverable\_Side\_1. Performed by Anandamayi, 1896-1982. \_Krishna Kanaiya, -Repository: Andover-Harvard Theological Library, Harvard University. Digitized content accessed via <https://sds.lib.harvard.edu/sds/audio/430373460>

Videofile:

**Concert in homage to Sri Ma Anandamayi.**

<https://youtu.be/caDoWMNHL3g> – Zakir Hussain and Rahul Sharma in concert at Mumbai 15<sup>th</sup> January 2019.

Talk in Hindi with English subtitles:

**Sri Ma Anandamayi**

<https://youtu.be/o3yt1JlyF00> - Sri Ma answers questions at the sanyam saptah at Ram Tirtha Mission in 1974, particularly on Advaita, Part 2.

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

## SVAKRIYA SVARASAMRITA

(continued)

SEVA DONE BY MA :

ABSOLUTE INDIFFERENCE AT HOME AND EXTRAORDINARY SYMPATHY  
BY NEIGHBOURS

Ma's hands and feet were tender and as we know, due to continuous work with the use of water all the time, She had developed sores between toes and fingers. When all of them had arrived from Dacca at their home in the village of Atpara, some of the ladies of the locality and also the girls from neighbouring houses of *shudras*, commented on looking at the sores in hands and feet of Ma. They said to Ma, "What sort of a person you are! Have you no feeling of any pain in your body, no burning sensation either? Are you devoid of any physical sensation? Are you not a human being?" They showed their sympathy in this way. They did not, of course, know at that time that, by strictly carrying out the instructions given to Her, Ma had to fulfil the aspect of *seva* in all respects.

Later on, one day while staying at Narundi, Kalipada, the eldest son of Revati Babu, told his mother, "Mother, the aunt has developed something unhealthy between Her fingers due to much use of water. I do not feel like eating from Her hands. When Her hands will become normal, She will resume cooking; for the time being you cook." On this she did not say anything and Ma continued to work as usual.

The girls of *shudra* family of Atpara mentioned above had a deep love for Ma. It was usual for them, as reported, to discuss sympathetically the comforts and discomforts of Ma, while looking upon Her as their own. Till then, Ma had not even spoken to them and had Her veil on. When Ma left the utensils (unwashed after use) at the ghat of the tank for scrubbing and cleaning, those girls of the *shudra* family sometimes scrubbed them clean and then left them under water, so that Ma would not have to undergo the labour of doing the same and neither would people get any scent of it.

It so happened one day that Ma, with the veil on, was returning home from the ghat, carrying the utensils in Her hands after they had been cleaned. It was common with Ma to have, sometimes, a sudden upsurge of *bhava* like lightning. So (in such a *bhava*), the pile of utensils fell down from Her hands and the edge of one plate got broken. The girls of the *shudra* family saw this. Because of the severity of illness of Revati Babu, Bholanath was at Atpara at that time. He stole an opportunity to contact Ma and gave the following instructions to her regarding this incident: "You will have to listen to these words of mine! You must not, at present, disclose to anybody anything about breaking of the plate. Serve me dinner on that broken plate at night." Bholanath knew that Ma would immediately go and report the fact. Taking the broken plate in Her hand, She would speak to Ashu's mother that the plate had slipped out of Her hand and was broken. Then, the way Ashu's mother would take Ma to task, that too he knew. And it was, indeed, natural that one should be admonished in such a case.

Ma complied with the instruction. She served dinner at night on that broken plate to Bholanath. Suddenly a loud noise was heard while Bholanath was taking food. What had happened? On enquiry it was found that the drinking glass had slipped from the hand of Bholanath and chipped off the edge of the plate. This is what was publicized. Ma, however, remained in a serious mood and kept dumb, because this was the order of Bholanath. Whether Ma disclosed anything of it to anyone else later on, was known to Her only. Bholanath acted like this at that time, but later on he might have related this incident to others. Ma, however, told Bholanath, "This is all lies: was it proper?" Bholanath replied, "The girls of that house insisted on my doing this in such a way that I had to tell you to do this. However, telling a lie is never correct." About this, Ma once said smilingly, "No one had told this body to keep the chipped part of the plate too there, hence that was not done. If someone had looked for that chipped part, then all the false trickery would have been exposed."

It was heard that Bholanath had conspired with the girls of that *shudra* family so that the *Bau* may not be taken to task on account of breaking the plate. Those girls had managed, after a long persuasion, to have Bholanath agree to act like this. This incident reminded us of something else. In Bengal, in a certain ceremony at the time of marriage, the groom is made to promise three times, in keeping with a custom of women, that he will cover up the faults and make known the virtues of the bride. Did Bholanath, recollecting that promise, get it fulfilled in this way through this single

act in the present case? This incident also reveals the fact that without expecting any reward and not even caring for commitment of a sin by hiding truth through false action, but only out of the *seva* of Ma, those girls had done this, showing their extraordinary sympathy and love for Her. What earnestness it was that had prompted them to persuade Bholanath to act like that !

#### MA'S PATIENCE AND SOOTHING TOUCH IN A CONJUGAL QUARREL BETWEEN REVATI BABU AND HIS WIFE

When Ashu's father was better, they all came back to Sripur from Atpara. As we know, Ashu's father had great affection for Ma. In those days, there was strict enforcement of keeping a distance in the relation between the wife of a younger brother and his elder brother. The wife could not touch even his shadow and if by accident one touched the other, then she would have to fast. Despite this rule, and even while staying behind the veil, Ma never failed in Her service to Revati Babu.

One day, on being annoyed with Ashu's mother, Revati Babu was about to throw away the utensils. On coming down from the first floor, Ma tried to quickly remove the utensils from where they were kept. In doing this, She unexpectedly touched Revati Babu, the elder brother of Her husband through that utensil. That was all, and Ma had to go on a fast etc., the whole day and night without taking a drop of water. The household chores were, however, attended to practically without any interruption.

Ma, as one knows, would do everything after taking instructions (from Ashu's mother). So, when at times, this sort of irritation would be there between them (Revati Babu and his wife), She would ask her, "What shall I cook?" Initially perhaps, she would not respond at all for a while. Later, with the remnant of anger still there, she would reply, "Get someone to ask him (Ashu's father) and then cook according to his instructions." Ma would sit there quietly for some time, and then, as if affected with a feeling of sadness and while looking downwards, would ask gently, again and again, "Please tell me what to cook, it is almost dusk." After this sort of thing would go on for some time, perhaps she would tell (Ma what to do). This kind of scene used to take place quite often. But the feeling of affection for Ma was much in evidence in her.

(to be continued)



# BODH GAYA

## The Place where Buddha attained Buddhahood

- Melita Maschmann

January 26, 1964

Rajgir in Bihar is our next station after a brief halt in Agarpara-*âirama* near Calcutta. Mâ also has an *âirama* here. It is situated at the border of a miserable village, in a forest and hilly landscape. This region has a great tradition. It is said that Buddha lived here for a long time, the founder of Jaina religion spent many seasons here and Çei Krsna lived in the woods.

On one of the first days I go to Bodh Gayâ, the place where Gautama became Buddha. The bus leaves Rajgir and goes for a long time through wooded mountains up to Gayâ. I take a rickshaw there. The coolie has to pedal for one and half hours against a sharp icy wind. This landscape is strange. Its paradise on the right, rich green, well-irrigated rice and corn fields, palm trees with tapping pitchers on the notched trunks, wells, small shrines, and huts at a distance. On the left, a strip of desert, a bleak, steep mass of mountains on the horizon. Occasionally herds of black buffaloes march across the white land without a herdsman, wading slowly and endlessly behind one another through the sand.

Bodh Gayâ: a poor village with dirty lanes, noisy traders, milling crowds between ox-driven carts and tea-stalls. Suddenly the holy region grows up through an invisible wall, protected from every disturbance. The street here is wide and deserted. The Mahâbodhi temple, a small pyramid which tapers to a round point is situated in a terrace-shaped depression. The same smaller pyramid is repeated at the four corners of the temple premises. The temple-towers are divided by broad, round ornamental bands which circle them.

It is said that the main tower is 2100 year old in its original state. It is surrounded by *stûpas* and multi-shaped votive stones of prominent pilgrims over the ages. Young Tibetan monks in dark-red habits prostrate themselves on wooden planks in front of the temple. Sometimes they do this prostration exercise for hours. They are all totally engrossed.

Older monks slowly circumambulate the temple on a red carpet, with bowed head, arms hanging down and rosary in hand. I adjust myself to their quiet stride. After a while, a monk who is walking in front of me turns to the right. His round, cropped head bows to a stone slab; its gold-coating is worn off by the pressure of countless foreheads. The tree of Enlightenment spread its mighty branches over us. Its leaves are grey-green and heart-shaped; they are as broad as a palm of a hand and taper at the end. The trunk is grey brown and the bark is smooth. The sun sparkles its shafts of light through the branches and on the sand on which the immortal foot-prints of Buddha are imprinted.

I enter the temple hesitantly. The sudden change from light to dark dazzles me. Gradually I see a simple barrel vault with grey, unadorned walls. A golden Buddha sits enthroned at the front over an altar-like table. His eyes are blue and the hair stranding in turquoise curls. His torso is covered with a yellow cloth; a white linen cloth hangs over his left shoulder and his right hand carries a black bowl containing oranges.

It is cool and gloomy, and my eyes are strained by the sun's rays, but my whole attention is focused on listening. A strange sound vibrates under the vault. I look back and discover that I am not alone. A woman and a young monk are sitting at the rear of the temple. The rhythmical chanting of their prayers fills the place with sound; its strange loveliness fascinates me. I go and sit next to the worshippers.

The woman is tall and slender. She has a pale, fine face with strongly defined Mongolian features. Two pigtails fall onto her breast. A bulging linen shirt is tucked into the waistband of her wide, dark-green skirt; there is a wine-red shawl made of the material used for monk's cowls lying on the top of skirt. She holds a rosary in her left hand and a brass-plate with an upturned edge.

One of the mystic diagrams called '*Œ yantra*' from the Indian *Tantras* (geometric representation of *mantra*) can be faintly seen on the plate. A mixture of different grains, pips, sugat-candy, colourful semi-precious stones and Tibetan golden coins lie in her lap. She pulls out a small bottle containing a yellow-red oily liquid from the pocket of her skirt. She rubs a few drops onto the plate and polishes it with her right sleeve. Interrupting herself again and again, she looks at the Buddha and prays in a low voice. While the young monk is looking at her, she makes a pyramid-shaped *mandala* of four *cakras* on the plate, each one of them consisting of a double circle of faint-red and pea-sized stones. She fills the empty space with the mixture on her

lap and closes it at the apex with a *Dharma-chakra* (Wheel of Law) made in silver work. While she holds the pyramid with both her hands towards the Buddha, her prayer becomes louder. The monk joins her in singing.

Then she pours whatever she has put on the plate into her lap and the organ-like tone of the *mantra* resounds again, softly swelling up and down. A monk tells me its meaning later; *om vajra bhunti ah hum*. He cannot translate it, but it is something like taking an oath to be instrumental in the spiritual liberation of the universe. The melody, swelling up and down, ends each time in a deep humming tone. The right hand of the woman is filled with the mixture from her lap; during the pauses at every syllable, her fist dabs at a particular spot of the mystic diagram; simultaneously a portion of the mixture of grains spills onto the plate. Her hand is completely empty at the last syllable and she rubs the plate clean, then reaches once more for the mixture of grains, and the tune becomes louder again.

I now sit very close to the worshippers, at a right angle to them, and share in their rite by picking up the grains which sometimes fall to the ground and throwing them back into the woman's lap. The young monk has his hands buried in the sleeves of his cowl. At times, he throws back his bald head. His face is bright, his cheeks are red, and he doesn't look Mongolian. In spite of his moustache, there is something childlike about him. When I pick up the grains, he looks at me and gestures at me to eat them.

Later in the front hall, I ask a monk wearing a yellow cowl (which indicates that he is not Tibetan) about the two and learn that the woman is the wife of a Tibetan Tantra-Lama of noble birth and the woman is seen as 'very holy' among her people. The young monk is a pupil and a *bhakta* of her husband. The couple is on a pilgrimage to the holy places of Buddhism. The Lama has gone ahead to Rajgir, but his wife has stayed behind as she has taken an oath to celebrate the rite 1,00,000 times which I watched.

This holy region comes to life at sunset. I have returned to the temple. When I start to sit on my coat, because of the stone-cold floor, the woman moves a little aside and makes a place for me on her mat.

The temple fills up. Tibetan monks in 'yellow cowls' from the so-called 'Chinese Monastery', old Tibetans in long, dark-red, greasy shining overcoats and heavy felt shoes, women whose pigtailed are hanging down to their knees and who carry their children wrapped in a cloth on their back and Hindus are gathered here. The table

under the Buddha idol is now full of ignited candles and joss-sticks. A *brâhmana* whom I saw in the afternoon praying in front of the holy tree with his group of pilgrims is performing *pûjâ* and distributing the *prasâda*. For Hindus, Buddha is not a founder of an alien religion, but an *avatâra* of the highest God. Two elderly Muslims of noble birth stand in prayer before the idol with burning candles in their hands. Someone gives me a candle. The spirit of the Enlightened One establishes harmony in the hearts of those who worship together.

Later in the evening, the temple is exclusively occupied by the Tibetans who have settled in hundreds in their tents at the border of the holy region and the pilgrims who come and go throughout the year. About a dozen monks are sitting in the area; most of them are reading and turning the prayer-mills at the same time, some of them are praying with a rosary. Two very tall pilgrims with thin moustaches and a long, thin goatee on their chins prostrate themselves groaning before the Buddha. All their possessions are stuffed in the chest of their padded overcoats. Knives are kept in the leg of their boots. The old lady next to me also has a knife in a beautiful silver-sheath stuck into her belt. The two giants bow reverently to the Buddha.

It is already night when I leave the temple. The street lights are extinguished. A procession of singing Tibetan women goes slowly round the temple. Some of them carry candles. Their songs have a fascinating melancholy. Children seek shelter in their broad coarse skirts from the icy wind blowing from Nepal. A group of young men with broad-rimmed hats and casque coats with belts of resistant felt, roam about aimlessly. Most have kerchiefs over their hats and knotted under their chin.

A dozen or more monks circumambulate the temple on a runner. They let their rosary fall at every fifth step, fold their hands over their head, touch with them their forehead and breast and then prostrate themselves on the ground with fervor, arms first like the swimmers who leap into the sea. There are old men among them. I hear them groaning gently, but I don't see any hesitation in flinging themselves onto their knees.

(to be continued)

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## MOTHER AS REVEALED TO ME

- Bhaiji

(continued)

The expression of Her face changed constantly with the transformations in Her inner thoughts and emotions. At times She would look like an old lady. Again, in the midst of playful frolics and the loud laughter of a gleeful girl, She would suddenly assume such serious, thoughtful and determined looks as would arouse awe and fear in us. In that state Her body would assume such unusual dimensions, Her face wore such a solemn expression, that it would make us all feel that Mother Rudrani was possessing Her whole being. On such occasions Her wild laughter, Her rolling eyes, and the movements of Her limbs – all conspired together to strike terror in our hearts. Yet, after a short while Her usual expression of joy and sweetness was restored.

At all times however, I would feel so irresistibly drawn towards Her that if I failed to go to Her one day, I would be ill at ease and my mind would seek the earliest opportunity to obtain shelter and repose at Her feet. It appeared to me that She was ever calling out to my soul : "Come, come to me," and was constantly watching me, with Her eyes ever intent on my real welfare.

On many days I tried with a strong will to black out all thoughts of Her, but She mocked every such perverse attempt of mine and captured my mind and reason all the more. I felt exhausted by such attempts and was left dumb and inert like a lump of clay. I could not find any means to slake my thirst for Sri Ma's affection. Thus I began to grow weak and my body hastened towards a crisis.

At last, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of January 1927, I fell ill. At the very start I began to feel an acute pain in the region of my heart. No medicine could give me relief. Sri Ma came to see me one day and placed Her gentle, soothing hand upon my chest. All my pain subsided with the touch. But the disease continued to take a more and more serious turn. The doctor said, "I had developed phthisis." A few days later Ma came to see me one night, sat by my bedside and said something by Herself. Long afterwards I learnt from Her that She had said to the disease<sup>1</sup> : "Thou hast done what thou couldst.

Stop from now onwards." From that time Sri Ma ceased to come to me. During the last few months of acute suffering I did not have the good fortune to see Her.

It was necessary for me. The keen desire to see Her made me forget the pain due to the illness. My mind in those days hovered round Her feet day and night. She pervaded my whole being inwardly and outwardly. Later I was told that Sri Ma had said one day at Shahbag, that She saw blood on all people's lips. On hearing this remark *Pitâjî* at once came to see me at night. I was then vomiting blood and my strength was nearly spent. On many occasions Ma used to guide me with Her suggestions for a remedy, long before She was informed verbally about the changes in my illness.

One night a very acute crisis came on. The doctors in attendance declared my case to be hopeless. It was 2 a.m. Heavy rain fell in torrents with a deafening noise. Dogs were barking to make the gloom more frightful. I began to see dreadful visions, all the hair on my body stood on end. At that time I saw as clearly as in broad daylight Sri Ma sitting on the right side of my pillow. An agreeable surprise stole in upon me. Before the first spell of wonder was over, I found Her passing Her hand over my head. It was so soothing! In an instant I fell into a deep sleep.

From that day on, for about eight to ten months, as long as I was confined to bed, I would always feel that Ma sat on my bed near the pillow with a very calm, serene face and would not hand me over to death.

Sometimes, when for hours together I could not stand the pain of coughing followed by the spitting of blood, I used to repeat Ma's name and soon the intensity of the pain diminished.

During my illness Sri Ma asked Brahmachari Jogesh to go out for one year to western India and live on alms only, without any fixed habitation. It might possibly have been intended to divert some of my sufferings.

After some months of sickness, when I occupied a Government house near Shahbag, Mataji left for Haridwar to attend the Kumbh Mela. My condition had a second serious set-back and a telegram was sent to Her at Hrishikesh. But She did not come. I learnt afterwards that when *Pitâjî* was anxious about me, She said to me: "I have seen Jyotish lying on my lap, quite unconcerned about his illness."

After about five months of treatment I wanted to test how much strength I had through medical skill. I tried to walk a few steps leaning against the wall of the

room. The strain of it caused profuse vomiting of blood the same evening. When the doctor was informed, he left instructions with the inmates of my house that I should lie flat on my bed and not move.

Four or five days later Sri Ma returned to Dacca and came to see me. She enquired : "How do you feel now?" I said: "I have not much pain, but I feel very uncomfortable owing to my not having had a cold bath for a long time." It was the month of *Vaisakh* (May). The heat was grilling. Ma sat for some time and then left. Next day at about 1 p.m. She came again with *Pitâjî*. At that time everybody in the house was asleep. My daughter, aged about 11 or 12, who had been posted to keep watch over me, was also fast asleep. Sri Ma said: " You wanted to bathe; if you are keen on it, there is a tank yonder, go there and have a good bath."

That tank was about 60 to 80 yards away. As soon as I heard Ma's words, a new strength was infused into my frail body with love and devotion for her. My body was then but a skeleton. The warning of the physician not to leave my bed flashed through my mind for a moment and then vanished. In this condition, as I tottered trying to stand up and take another loin-cloth to put on after the bath, *Pitâjî* at once caught hold of me and led me to the tank. The floor of my house was about 4 ft. above the ground level. I got down the stairs and walked the whole distance. It was a reserve tank with the University Moslem Boarding House standing on its bank. There was also a notice put up by the P.W. Department to the effect that it must not be used for bathing and washing. But that day no inmate of the Boarding House could be seen. In my house too everybody was asleep. I got down into the tank and had a delightful bath. On returning to my quarters I spread out the wet cloth on the line hung up for drying clothes and lay down on the bed to rest.

No sooner had I spread myself on my bedstead than my daughter awoke. She found Mother sitting by her side. As I walked through the lawn to have a bath, numerous seeds of love-thorn grass (*chorkanta*) stuck to the loin I wore. When my servant Khagen saw the cloth studded with those thorns, his natural inference was that I had walked across the lawn at noon. This was brought to the notice of my wife, who showed the cloth to Sri Ma and complained to Her that I had walked on the lawn at midday against the doctor's express prohibition.

Sri Ma laughed without saying a word. I was really struck with surprise, wondering how I could have walked across the open lawn to have a dip in the tank in broad daylight quite unnoticed by anybody, and how I could have had the strength to

stand such an effort. It was a feat quite beyond my comprehension. After three or four months, when I left Dacca for a change to a healthier climate, I told Niranjana all about it. Subsequently when after recovery I resumed my duties at the office, I stated the fact to my physicians who discredited the story altogether. My wife did not at first believe it either. When I described to them the full story they finally came to believe it.

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1 Mataji says that, each disease has its specific appearance as distinctly visible to Her as a material form.

(to be continued)

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# **SATSANG – THE COMPANY OF THE PIOUS AND SAINTLY PERSONS**

## **THE IMPORTANCE OF SATSANG**

One day, a Mahatma arrived at a King's palace. He had gone there for receiving alms from the King.

The King was highly pleased. He sent a message to the Maharani, the Chief Queen, that all arrangements should be made for the best kind of alms to be given to the Mahatma. The Raja himself welcomed the Mahatma with due honour and escorted him into the palace.

The Mahatma took his seat on a beautiful âsan and right after that he asked the King, "Maharaj, do you do satsang?"

The King could not understand the purpose behind the Mahatma's question, very honestly and plainly he replied, "No, Maharaj, I do not." As soon as these words were uttered, immediately the Mahatma stood up from his seat and said, "A Mahatma does not accept food or water at the place of a person who does not do satsang. I am going." Saying so, he began to go away.

The Queen had by that time made all preparation for serving food to the Mahatma and come to the King's court to invite the Mahatma to the dinner hall. When she learnt what had taken place in the mean time, she began to tremble in fear.

A guest is regarded as the very image of God who ought to be welcomed and entertained with the best kind of service and care. If the guest is a saint, he must be served with all the more respect and honour. If such a person goes away empty handed and uttered food or drink, the host and his family would plunge into him otherwise have to face terrible consequences. Such were the fears of the Maharani. So she followed the Mahatma hurriedly in order to bring him back. Reaching to the Mahatma, she again and again requested for his return to the palace.

But the Mahatma was quite implacable, he said repeatedly, "Not even a drop of water should be taken in the place of a King who has never done satsang and taking food at his place is simply out of question."

At last the Queen started telling him in emphatic voice, "Maharaj, these should not be the reasons for your refusing to accept food at our place. I have taken not seven but fourteen steps in your company whereas walking seven steps is enough."

The Mahatma was puzzled and said, "So what?"

The Queen replied humbly, "Maharaj, it is said that by walking seven steps in a person's company one becomes prince with the companion. So how can it be that satsang has not been done by taking fourteen steps in the company of a Mahatma?"

The Mahatma had nothing to say after that; he was pleased and returned to King's palace and accepted alms without any hesitation. He blessed the King and the Queen with an open mind and left.

This is the importance of satsang.

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# SHREE SHREE MA ANANDAMAYE PRASANG

- Prof. Amulya Kumar Duttagupta

Vol. V

(Continued)

I began conversing with Atul (Brahmachari) Dada. Just then I was told that Sri Sri Ma was calling me. I hurriedly went to Her. Sri Sri Ma entered into a room towards the north of the hall. The room was dark, Ma told me to switch on the light. When the light was on, I saw there was a small cot in the room. An *âsan* was spread on the floor. Ma asked me to sit on the *âsan* and She Herself sat on the cot. As Ma was alone, I thought it was the right moment to repeat my question and said, "Ma, can I put the same question to you now?" Ma agreed. I said, "One day, a famous pundit, while discussing spiritual topics, said that it is a must for anyone who assumes the body of a creature to undergo *sâdhanâ* in order to dispel the assumption of creaturehood to rise above his identity as a creature; that was Shree Krishna had to take *dikshâ*. On hearing this from him, I told him, "In the case of Sri Sri Ma, we do not find there was any role of *sâdhanâ* for Her spiritual realization. Ma says, She is the same as She was in Her childhood. Only while the stages of *sâdhanâ* were passing through Her body, there was a *bhâva* of ignorance (just a semblance of ignorance, not actual ignorance) and how was that ignorance? It was like assuming ignorance in spite of knowledge." On hearing this, the punditji said, "You will also say the same when you become enlightened." I could not accept punditji's theory and told him right then that I would ask Ma when Ma comes if after attaining enlightenment, I would feel that all the plays of ignorance that occurred previously took place in the presence of knowledge; that is to say, I knew all those truths but assumed that I did not. That is reason I asked you today if there is the memory of ignorance after attainment of knowledge."

Ma : In the morning you told me none of these things, but on hearing your question I said that there is a certain states on reaching which a person thinks, "When was I ignorant? I have always been knowledge incarnate. Did I not tell you so?"

Me : Yes. This punditji had told me, "There is also the proof that Ma was not always in the same state. Could the mother of Shree Shree Ma regard Her with the

same respect when she was a baby with which she regards Her now? Again, if Ma was always in the same state, then why did the various stages of *sâdhanâ* manifest in Her body?" In reply, I told him, "Ma Herself has said that one who is perfect and all-inclusive (purna), includes also the *bhâva* of creaturehood (*jivabhâva*). Those phases of *sâdhanâ* through which a creature has to pass in order to be purna (perfect) also manifested in Her body."

Punditji said, "Why, does a purna being not certain those phases of *sâdhanâ* so that they must be observed through manifestation once more?"

Ma : "That is right. Baba has expressed his view about me accordingly as he has me. I always say that whoever has whatever idea about me in whatever manner, I am that for him. You people think of me in one way. All people do not have the same opinion about me. There are many people who believe I had made a lot of progress in *sâdhanâ* in my previous birth, that in this birth, I have acquired knowledge within a short time and just after being enlightened began to think that I was never ignorant in the past. But know it for sure that whatever a person says at whatever time, I can clearly see from which level (of understanding) he is talking. It is as if all those ideas and opinions were arranged one over another on stage after stage. It is as if one could point one's finger definitively at that phase of the speaker's development which is getting expressed in his words.

"Again, if you talk about *sâdhanâ*, the question arises as to who did this body learn the process of *sâdhanâ* from? Who showed it the path? Even the initiation was given to this body by itself. Worship, japa of mantra – whatever took place manifested from this body itself. Nobody came from outside to give instruction I have said time and again that the *sâdhanâ* that manifested in this body was nothing but a play. Verily, this body knows everything; even then when I ask you questions about your well being etc., what is it if not a play? Do I not tell you. Sometimes, 'Let's go to that place for a walk?' That doesn't mean that I have never been to that place before. Just as people go for a stroll to places always visited by them before, similar is the play of undergoing *sâdhanâ* for this body.

"It is not necessary to talk about this in public at present, but if the topic is raised, you may also reveal these things. As to question of *jiva bhâva*, it is true that this body contains *jiva bhâva* too, but this body is not a *jiva* (creature) and it did not do *sâdhanâ* for destroying ignorance. As to your talk about the various modes of



*sâdhanâ*, they do really exist, the way a *jiva* performs *sâdhanâ*. I too performed *sâdhanâ* in that manner, just out of *Kheyâla*. It was nothing but an occurrence sheerly owing to *Kheyâla*.

“Sometimes you see that when a question is put to me, no reply comes out of me. From that some people draw the conclusion that the reply is not known to me. But in reality, it is not true. Do you know how it is? If you ask me a question, I find that it is I who am asking this question to myself, because I always see myself is all of you and I see you all in myself. Hence when someone asks me something, I feel as if I myself am asking me the question. So sometimes I do not reply. Here, there can be no question of depriving anyone of something, because I am not saying anything although I know the answer. Again sometimes I have the *Kheyâla* – why should I let myself go away with a wrong impression? So I reply to the question. Verily, I am always playing with myself. That is why it is difficult to understand the *bhâva* of this body.”

Me : “Yes, it is very difficult to understand you.”

(to be continued)

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# PADAPEETHAM SMARAMI

- Br. Dr. Gita Banerjee

(Continued)

## **Ramna Ashram, Dhaka, Bangladesh-**

In Dhaka near Shahbag, there were once extensive fields and gardens at Ramna. On one side of the field there was a Kali temple known as the Kalibâdi of Ramna. Shree Shree Ma with Baba Bholanath used to come here quite often.

Revered Bhaiji in his diary, Mâtri Darshan (Mother as Revealed to Me), has written that devotees of Dhaka had been feeling the need of an Ashram to be constructed in Dhaka, where they would be able to do kirtan, japa, meditation etc. assembled at the feet of Shree Shree Ma. They prayed to Ma for selecting the site where the Ashram could be built. In the beginning Ma said in reply that for Her, the whole world was an Ashram, that there was no place where God was not present and where *sâdhanâ* could not be performed. But on being requested again and again for guiding them about the best spot where a small cottage could be built for gathering of devotees, Ma said, "If you want to do something like that, then that dilapidated house you see over there is the place best suited for the purpose. It was once your house in the past." She was pointing at a building in ruins amidst a heap of stones and wild plants in the fields of Ramna.

Thus the very first conception about an Ashram to be built in the name of Ma for the practice of spiritual discipline and pious life under the shelter of Shree Shree Ma's Grace came from Bhaiji.

## **Construction of the Ramna Ashram-**

There was a ruined Shiva temple at the spot selected by Ma. The place was full of snakes. That piece of land belonged to the Kali temple. Shree Nityananda Giri was the proprietor at that time.

The land was procured from him. The construction of the Ashram building was completed in 1929. On 2<sup>nd</sup> May, 1929, on Shree Shree Ma's birthday, the Ashram was inaugurated. Shree Shree Ma stepped the Ashram was sanctified with the touch of Shree Shree Ma's holy feet.



Shri Vishwanath Temple of Kashi.





Shri Annapurna Mandir of Kashi.

**Installation of Kali idol and yajna fire at the Ramna Ashram-**

The idol of Ma Kali worshipped by Shree Shree Ma in 1926 had not been immersed in river water in observance of the visarjan ritual. The fire of the yajna performed on the occasion of Kali puja was also kept ablaze with daily oblation instead of being extinguished after *purnâhuti*. On the day of Mahalaya in 1930, this Kali idol and the yajna fire were brought into the Ramna Ashram and were preserved there. In 1938, after the celebration of Shree Shree Ma's birth anniversary, the Kali idol was worshipped and then shifted into an underground cubicle. The entrance of the cellar was permanently sealed with bricks. The yajna fire has been preserved at various Ashrams of Shree Shree Ma, in Varanasi, Kankhal and so on. Oblation are daily offered into the fire, so that it is never extinguished.

(to be continued)

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# TENCHU

- Sarvadeblal

It was raining cats and dogs.  
Tenchu was going to school with a box.  
Due to mud he fell down there.  
Even then he did not care.  
He got up and hastily went to school.  
He was brilliant and was not fool.  
His teacher saw his pitiable condition.  
For going to house he gave him permission.  
He left the school and reached the house.  
His father saw his face as a mouse.  
My dear son! Put off your boot.  
Come into the room and change your suit.  
Was and clean your hand and mouth.  
Sit in the chair kept in the south.  
Be gentle and popular for all.  
Gain your name but great not small.  
If you follow the path of mine.  
No doubt in it in the world you will shine.  
After this he took his food.  
Which was delicious fresh and good.

The End

## Guava

- Ranjan Bhattacharya

- Guava is the richest source of dietary fiber. Its seeds act as excellent laxatives. Only one guava fulfills about 12% of daily recommended intake of fiber for healthy bowel movement.
- In diabetic cases due to fiber contents, it inhibits sudden hike of sugar level.
- Extraordinary rich in vitamin C, lycopene and antioxidants are beneficial to skin.
- Contains folate, a mineral which helps in promoting fertility.
- Lycopene, quercetin, vitamin C and other polyphenols act as potent antioxidants which neutralize free radicals generated in the body, preventing growth of cancer cells, particularly prostate cancer and inhibit growth of breast cancer cells.
- High level of vitamin C and iron prevent against cold and viral infections. Juice of immature and raw guava or decoction of guava leaves is helpful in relieving cough and cold. It is a great source of vitamin K which helps to prevent discoloration, dark circles, redness and acne irritation.
- Its vit. A and C and antioxidants helps protect skin from wrinkles. It helps to keep radiance and freshness of face and skin.
- Helps regulating metabolism which leads to weight loss.
- Contains 80% of water which helps to hydrate the skin.
- It contains 4 times more vitamin C than orange. Vitamin C improves immunity and protect from common infections and pathogens.
- The vitamin A content acts as booster of vision. It prevents degradation of eye sight, slow down appearance of cataracts. Although carrot is excellent source of vit. A.

- It is Power-house of nutrients.
- It helps in weight loss by regulating metabolism; it satisfies the appetite easily. Raw guava has far more less sugar than apple, orange and grapes.
- It contains magnesium which helps in relaxation of muscles and nerves, combat stress and energy booster. It is recommended that after physical exercise and office hours one may have a guava.
- Vitamin B-3 (niacin) and vit. B-6 (pyridoxine) improves blood circulation to brain, stimulating cognitive functions.
- Rich in manganese which helps to absorb other key nutrients from the food that we eat.
- Contains potassium that helps to normalize blood pressure. Banana also contains same amount of potassium.
- Improves sodium and potassium balance thereby regulating blood pressure. Lower the level of triglycerides and bad cholesterol (LDL) which contribute to heart diseases.
- It improves the level of good cholesterol (HDL – High Density Lipid).
- Its folic acid (vit. B-9) content helps in developing baby's nervous system and protect newborn from neurological disorders.
- Guava leaves have anti-inflammatory action and powerful antibacterial properties. It has fantastic home remedy for toothache, swollen gums and oral ulcers.
- It helps tone up and tighten facial muscles.
- It can be preserved as jams, jellies and murabba.



## ASHRAM VARTA

### Anandaswarupeshu

The 68th Shree Shree Samyam Saptah was celebrated in Kankhal, Agarpara, Varanasi and other Ashrams of Ma between 28th October and 4th November, 2017. In the evening of 27th October, Samyam Saptah was inaugurated in Kankhal. Swami Parameshwaranandji and Mohan Chaitanyaji of Sadhana Sadan; Medhanandji and Vijayanandji of Kailash Math; Dr. Shyam Sundar Dasji of Garib Math; President of Shree Shree Anandamayee Sangha Swami Achyutanandji were present on the occasion. Like every year the girls of Kanyapeeth enchanted Vedic Mantras; sang the inaugural song composed by Vishuddhadi. The Associated Secretary of the Sangha, Shree P.K. Mandal read about the rules of Samyam. The Dignitaries present on the dias jointly released the booklet entitled "Sahasra naam stotra and namabali" of Shree Shree Ma and showered their blessings for success of the samyam and to achieve its significance. Swami Parameshwaranandji expressed that samyam is aimed at to attain devotion, dedication and earnestness to the Almighty. Thereafter Shree Shyam Sundar Dasji, Medhanandji and Achyutanandji; the General Secretary of the Sangha Shree Swapan Ganguly welcomed and gave thanks to the participants. The function ended with the melodious song 'Hey jagatrata' and 'Pranam Mantra' sung by the girls. Next day, i.e. on 28th October, morning kirtan, puja of Ma in Anandajyotipeetham, vedic slokas recitation, kirtan and meditation from 8 to 9 am were held. After the traditional kirtan, slokas from gita, chandi and upanishads were read. The erudite scholar Swami Medhanandji spoke on Taittiriya upanishad which made the audience spell-bound. On the first day the diliberation on vedanta and bhakti by Mahamandaleshwar Divyanandji touched the heart of listeners.

After completion of morning session of Samyam, the girls used to recite stavas and sing Ramayana kirtan daily during the break in the noon and again before meditation in the afternoon. Again the Kirtans were sang for five minutes after meditation between 3 and 4 p.m. Subsequently Swami Vijayanandji explained on Ramayana Puran. After his explanation, Dr. Shyam Sundar Dasji and Mohan Chaitanyaji used to speak daily on the importance of Samyam. It was followed by Arati of Ma in

Anandajyotipeetham and evening prayer and kirtan in sankaracharya Hall. Thereafter Swami Vedanandji used to explain daily the fifteenth chapter on Gita. During all the seven days of Samyam, the ashramites, brahmacharinis and followers of Ma Vishuddhadi, Arunaji, Brni Geeta, Swami Achyutanandji, Chandandi, Sumuda and Uttaraji spoke on Ma. Amongst Mahatmas were - Swami Divyanandji of Kailash Peethadhishwar; Swami Parmeshwaranandji of Sadhana Sadan, Dr. Shyam Sunder Dasji and Mohan Chaitanyaji of Garib Dasji Math, the General Secretary of Shivanand Ashram Swami Padmanavanandji and Swami Advaitanandji, Swami Vedanandji, Swami Vijwanandji Maharaj - they all invoked people through their charming rendition and steeped them in the nector of bhakti.

On 3rd November, the last day of Samyam, Mother's video was displayed at the night of Rash Purnima. Kirtans were sung before and after the Mahanisha dhyam everyday after the Arati and pranam mantra of Ma.

The next day i.e. on 4th November, the day of Rush Prunima, everybody offered their pranam at Anandjyotipeetham. The Samyam Mahavrata come to an end after 'hom'. Subsequently, the General Body Meeting was held after Sadhu Bhandara, Then the devotees got the 'Anna Prasad'. There was 'Adhivas' of 'Naam Yajna' at night.

On 5th November 'Malsa Bhog' was offered. In the evening 'Kunjabhanja Dadhibhanda Bhanjan' and Kirtans were sung. Thus the Samyam Saptah was ended after Spiritual practices, meditation and speeches delivered by eminent personalities.

Gita Jayanti was celebrated nicely in every ashrams of Ma between 26th and 29th November 2017.

**Jai Maa!**

Editor

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অত্যন্ত আনন্দের সহিত জানাইতেছি যে স্বামী মুক্তানন্দ গিরিজীর স্মরণে সংঘের কনখল আশ্রমে একটি উচ্চীকৃত ফিজিওথিরেপী কেন্দ্রের স্থাপনা কার্য চলিতেছে। এই মহান উদ্দেশ্যের সফলতার জন্য আপনাদের মুক্ত হস্তে সহযোগিতা কাম্বিত।

- শ্রীশ্রী আনন্দময়ী সংঘ

अत्यन्त हर्ष के साथ सूचित किया जाता है कि स्वामी मुक्तानन्द गिरिजी के स्मरण में एक उच्चकृत फिजियोथेरेपी इकाई की स्थापना संघ के कनखल आश्रम में प्रगति पर है। आप सभी महानुभवों से करबद्ध अनुरोध है कि इस महान कार्य में मुक्त हस्त से सहयोगिता करें।

- श्रीश्री आनन्दमयी संघ

It gives us immense pleasure to announce that the construction work of upgraded Physiotherapy Unit in the memory of Swami Muktanand Giriji is in progress in Kankhal Ashram of the Sangha. All are earnestly requested to extend their generous support for this noble cause.

- Shree Shree Anandamayee Sangha