

# SRI SRI MA ANANDAMAYI

VOLUME VIII  
(November 1938 - April 1939)

GURUPRIYA ANANDA GIRI  
(GURUPRIYA DEVI)

*Translated by Tara Kīni*

*With an introduction by Mahamahopadhyaya Sri Gopinath  
Kaviraj, Padma Vibhushana, M.A., D. LITT.*



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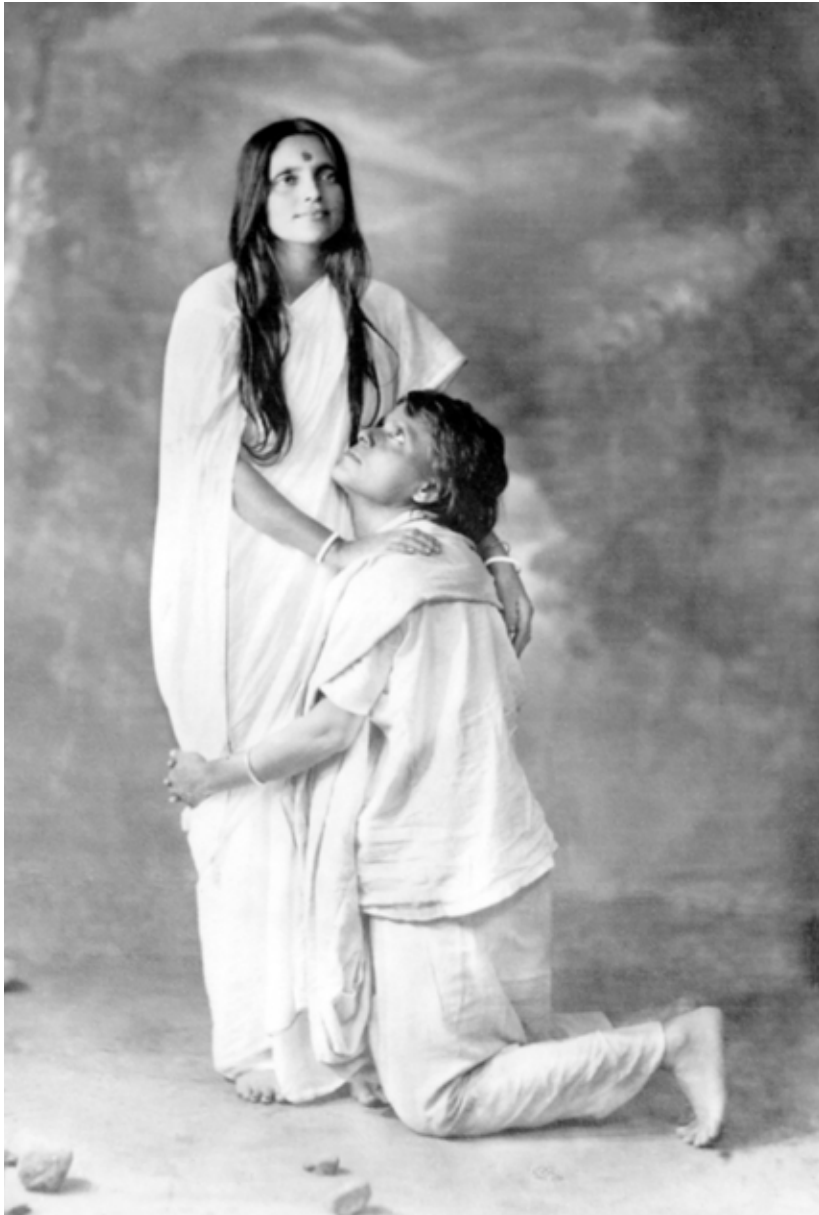
Ma Anandamayi

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Didi with Ma

## Offering

To the One who is beyond the grasp of the human intellect and who, though residing in Her own abode of complete bliss, for the sake of conveying the message of the effulgent and ever peaceful abode, through Her compassion has appeared in a human form in this world, and who has shown by Her own conduct how one can enter the *Mahābhāva* through the action, devotion and knowledge pervaded *khanda-bhāvā*, and how, after the ceaseless dancing of the waves of *bhāva*, eternal rest is attainable in the end in the ever peaceful consciousness of one's own true nature which is beyond *bhāva*, to that Mother of all who seek refuge, who is most worthy of worship, Sri Sri 108 Mukteshwari Mata Anandamayi's lotus feet which promote the welfare of the universe, I offer with profound veneration this small floral garland of Her own holy life story, in the form of an oblation of devotion and love, which is like performing Ganga puja with Ganga water.

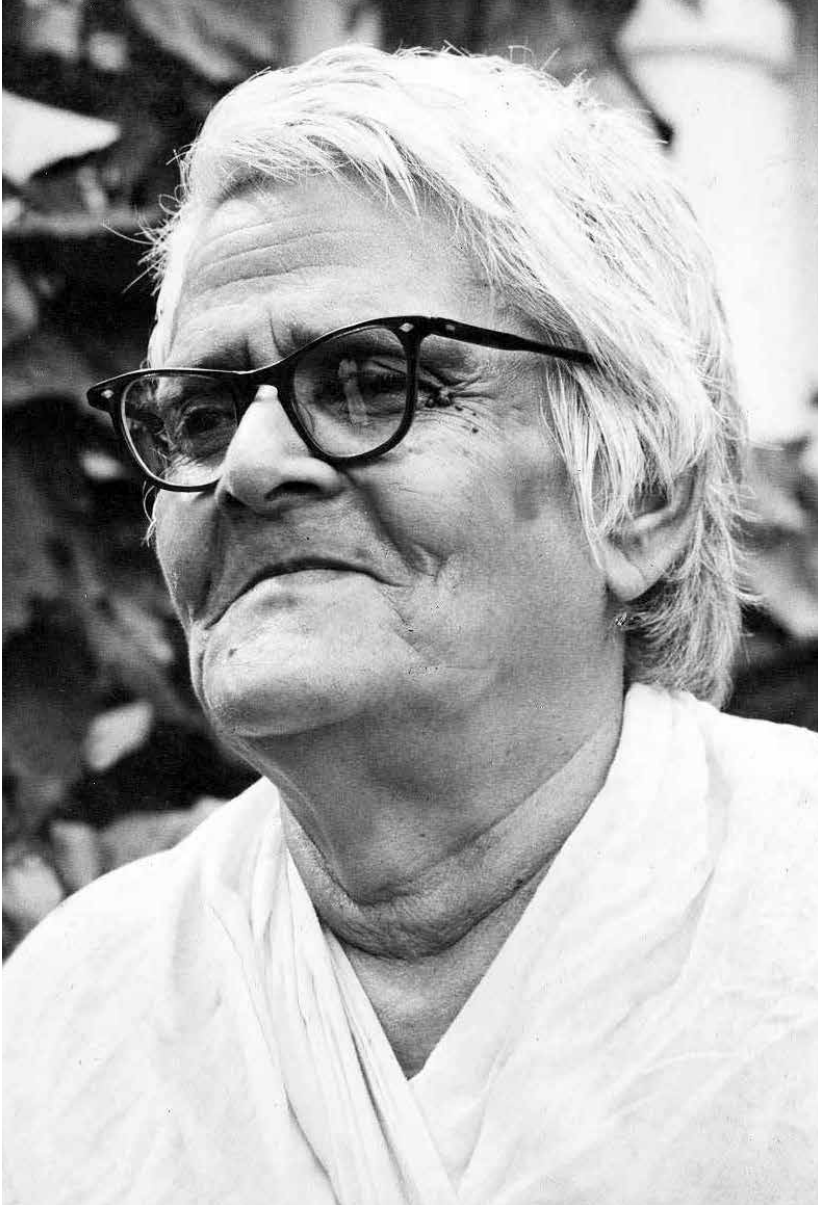
The humble authoress.

## Dedication

It was about twelve or thirteen years ago, when I first had Ma's darshan and was enthralled; at that time I once had the desire to write about these happenings, so that I could read them and derive bliss. Driven by this desire, I did write something, though most of my time was spent with Ma and not much leisure was available for writing. And when I sat down to write, I felt that it was not possible to communicate these incidents and divine lilā through language; yet I wrote a bit. After a few days my writing stopped due to unavoidable circumstances. When my father and I came away permanently from our home on Ma's instructions, all the note books remained behind. Later, when Ma left us at Siddheshwari my heart started pining for Ma. One day, I thought that if I read the stories of Ma's past, I would find relief, but though the whole house was searched, the note-books could not be found. I felt very sad. Some years later, the respected late Jyotish Rai (Bhaiji) requested everyone to write incidents from Ma's life (in whichever form each one saw and experienced them). I then decided not to write anything. But I do not know why and by whose inspiration, the desire to write awoke little by little. Jyotish Dada also said, "It is appropriate for you to write, because you have spent much time with Ma and witnessed many happenings, big and small." By his encouragement, the eagerness to write increased. At that time, the facility for this was also created by Ma — she left me almost



alone at the Vindhyachal *Ashram*. In that solitary place, during my spare time, I started writing again. By Ma's grace, earlier incidents began to awaken in my memory more and more. Just as a definite time was allotted for the repetition of God's name (*japa*), similarly, I set apart a definite time for writing about Ma's life. I considered it a part of my spiritual practice (*sādhana*). Though for a person like myself to write about Ma's life was like a dwarf's desire to touch the moon, still I wrote and felt it was good to do so. I knew that in learned circles this book would be considered worthless because I do not at all possess the necessary knowledge and intelligence needed to produce a book. But I thought that those who came in contact with Ma would read these anecdotes and experience bliss, and that the shortcomings in the language of the writer would not come in the way. Because I have experienced that when many of us get together and start talking about Ma, then taking one incident only of the past and thinking it over again and again, we have spent so many nights without anyone feeling the slightest boredom or fatigue. It was as if every detail about Ma were perpetually novel. And it is also very true that it is totally beyond our power to understand Ma's nature. I have only written that which I have understood, seen, or heard. I have tried very hard that there should not be a word of exaggeration. Yet, those of my kind brothers and sisters, who have come in contact with Ma, will notice any number of examples of my incompetency. I ask forgiveness for that. To those who have not seen Ma and who are coming to know her only through this book, I make an entreaty that if they misunderstand Ma's nature or character at any place, the failing is mine. There is no imperfection or shortcoming in Ma's conduct anywhere. Those who have met Ma will understand the truth of this statement. It is a pity that several incidents of Ma's life are kept concealed because those special sayings which Ma has uttered privately



Gurupriya Didi

to certain people, or some special activities of Ma which have been revealed only to certain individuals, remain secret, and may probably always remain secret, because no one may be prepared to reveal them.

I shall say one thing before ending my discourse. I wrote all this haphazardly and handed it over to revered Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Sri Gopinath Kaviraj, D.Litt. (Ex-Principal, Government Sanskrit College, Benares) who worked hard to put this book into shape and who has also written an introduction to it. For this I am eternally grateful to him. Ma's old devotee Bāla Brahmachari Sri Nepalchandra Chakravartiji<sup>1</sup> helped Kavirajji in this work to the best of his ability. He has toiled over it day and night. He delights in doing Ma's work. I express my gratitude to him.

Jyotish Dada is not in this world anymore. It was only by his encouragement that I got involved in this work. How happy he would have been, had he been here to see Ma's life story being published. If anyone experiences the slightest bliss by reading this life story of Ma, I shall consider my effort to be successful.

Varanasi, May, 1942

-Gurupriya Devi

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<sup>1</sup> Late Shri Nepal Chakravarti known as Swami Nārāyanānanda Tirtha after taking samnyāsa.

## Excerpt from Introduction

by

Mahamahopadhyaya  
Sri Gopinath Kaviraj

It may not be out of place to say a few words here about the authoress of this work, Srimati Gurupriya Devi. Gurupriya is Ma's single-minded devotee and attendant, and the daughter of the Civil Surgeon Sri Shashanka Mohan Mukhopadhyaya who later became Swami Akhandananda Giri. She had the good fortune of meeting Ma first in December 1925 – January 1926. Ever since, her close association with Ma has been continuous except for some separations by Ma's order. Though she has been constantly absorbed in Ma's service and engaged in various related activities, she has attempted to write down Ma's life and teachings sequentially and is still doing so. For this, all Ma's devotees are indebted to her. Gurupriya is a Brahmacharini, replete with asceticism and renunciation and above all is extraordinarily devoted to Ma; moreover she is incomparably capable of subtle vision and skilful description, and has had the privilege of serving Ma and being in Her company to a very great extent. Therefore there is no doubt that she is specially suited to write this narrative. Needless to say, she has made use of this capacity and become blessed.

Sri Gopinath Kaviraj



# Sri Gurupriya Anandagiri

by

Bithika Mukherjee  
(1899-1980)

The author of these Volumes which are now in print in four languages was known to all devotees of the Mother as “Didi”, that is “elder sister”. She, in fact, held this position amongst the conclave of devotees for more than fifty years by virtue of her complete all-absorbing dedication to the Mother and her joyful acceptance of all those who were similarly oriented. Her world began and ended with Ma Anandamayi. She has left for us an ideal of one-pointed devotion, unquestioning obedience, and an unwavering attention toward the *kheyāla* of the Mother. From the moment of her first darshan to the moment in which she breathed her last, she was as if in the presence of God. She never deviated from this level of awareness by a look, word or gesture. The priest at the temple of Rameswaram was so struck by her air of constant waiting upon the *kheyāla* of the Mother that he exclaimed, “Surely, you are the Nandi for the Devi (Goddess).” This indeed, was high praise for Didi Gurupriya because since her childhood she had been very fond of the statue of Nandi, exemplifying one-pointed devotion to Siva.

Didi Gurupriya was born in February 1899 in Silchar, a town

in Assam where her father Dr. Shashanka Mohan Mukherji (later Swami Akhandananda) was posted as Civil Surgeon. She was his fifth child and was affectionately named “Adarini”, that is the well-beloved’.

She was a shy studious child. Much of her time was taken up in helping her mother to look after the large household. Her free time she devoted to the reading of religious literature and the devotional songs of the many inspired bards of Bengal. Her memory was very good and she would often recite the long narrative poems of Tagore, later in life, much to the delight of the students of the Kanyapeeth. Her pioneering qualities showed themselves early in life — She categorically refused to follow the conventional path of marriage and housekeeping. In those days, it was not considered seemly that a young woman should follow a career or live apart from her family. Didi’s predilections were for an ascetic way of life which she followed at home by staying away from worldly affairs, eating the plainest food possible and dressing simply.

The supreme moment of her life came, when she visited Shahbagh for the first time and saw the Mother. To use her own words:

“I was very shy by nature. It was extremely difficult for me to talk to strangers or even to come out before visitors at home. My parents would scold me for this, but I could not get over my timidity. Yet I did not feel shy before Mother. I approached her confidently and stood near her as if I had always known her. It is beyond my power to describe the personality I saw. One look at that radiantly beautiful form, and my head, of its own accord, bowed down in adoration.”

Mother on her part, spoke in welcome these significant words : “Where have you been all these days ?” Didi found a

ready niche in the ever growing family of Ma Anandamayi who at that time (1925-26) was staying at the Shahbagh Gardens in Dacca. The most onerous role of the caretaker of the Mother's divine form came spontaneously to Didi. She would be constantly in attendance when Mother lay in deep samādhi or moved in ecstatic states during kirtans or cooked enormous meals for the concourse of devotees. Didi learnt to move confidently amongst strangers, communicate with people from other provinces, undertake the management of functions, travel long distances and sometimes also to live alone to practise sādhanā.

The most precious gift left as legacy to us by Didi are her diaries. She was in the habit of maintaining a diary in which is recorded the way of life for this group of people from the year 1926 up to almost the last years of her life. Her accounts are simply stated, with no sentimentality, idealizations or inexactitudes. She has recorded Mother's words with painstaking care. Of necessity the diaries are one-sided because Didi could write only about what she herself saw or heard ; since she was obliged to be busy elsewhere rather than in the vicinity of the Mother she missed many important incidents. This however is not an irreparable loss and more books need to be written to supplement the diaries, which will ever remain the main stem of the profusely flowering tree of *līlā-katha* of Sri Ma Anandamayi.

The highest tribute to Didi's memory was paid by the Mother when she said, "Has she not shown to all by the manner of her passing away the culmination of the sādhanā of one-pointed concentration ? Was it not apparent that she: merged herself with the *Iṣṭa* of her undeviating meditation ?"

Didi had adopted unreservedly all those who came to the



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Mother in devotion and humility. She never tired of talking about Ma Anandamayi; she was closer to the devotees of the Mother than to her own family. Through the present translation of her diaries, the crystal-clear, pure stream of her devotion will, no doubt, touch and transform many hearts toward the quest for the only worthwhile ideal of human life : to live constantly in the thought of God.

Bithika Mukerji

## Translator's Note

It is Ma's infinite grace that brought me back to this work of translating Didi's diaries. In the 80's and 90's I was blessed with the ability to translate the first 6 volumes of Didi's diaries from Hindi to English, with reference to the original Bengali whenever I was in doubt about the Hindi translation.

Then, for nearly twenty years, I lost touch - partly because there was no funding for the project and partly because other events took over my life.

In 2016, I was stranded in Varanasi as our flight could not take off because of fog. I had just completed a few days of the Walk of Hope led by my Guru, Sri M, from Kanyakumari to Kashmir. I had joined the walk in Madhya Pradesh and crossed over to Uttar Pradesh. As we now had to spend two days in Varanasi I decided to visit Ma's *ashram* in Bhadaini, that I had never seen before. It was beautiful and I strongly felt Ma's presence in the balcony overlooking the Ganga. I met Gita Di, and left my name and address so they could send a receipt for the donation I had made.

On my return to Bengaluru I received a phone call from Gita Di. "Why did you not tell us who you were, that you had translated Did's diaries; why have you not kept contact with the *Ashram*?", she demanded. "May I give your number to Dr. Krishna Banerji" she asked. Krishna Di later called and

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explained how Volume 7 of the diaries had been recently translated but that she was getting old and unable to undertake the work any longer and requested that I take it up again.

The work came as a blessing from Ma. It took me nearly three years to translate Volume 8, because Krishna Di insisted I work straight from the Bengali original. I read Bengali very slowly, but I realised the value of translating from Bengali, with the help of the Hindi, for each translation has its limitations. Many paragraphs of Ma's words are difficult to translate. Ma's unique way of phrasing ideas, often broken sentences when she was in *bhava*, and the fact that Didi wrote the speeches from memory as best as she could, results in sentences that sometimes appear disjointed. I have translated verbatim and avoided giving the paragraphs the sense that I make of them, because that would be my interpretation. It is much better each reader makes her own interpretation based on where she is at that point. I have tried to indicate these paragraphs as I came across them.

My friend Sheila Rao, and another devotee whose mother-tongue is English, have helped in the editing. I am in awe of the manner in which my beloved Ma brought me back to this wonderful work and to Krishna Di and Gita Di who played their parts in this act.

I offer this translation at the feet of Ma.

Tara Kini  
April 14, 2019

# Shri Shri Ma Anandamayi

## Volume Eight

### 1938

**17<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Thursday**

This morning, at 10 am, we reached Vaidyanath Dham. Probably everybody's guess was that Sri Prangopal Babu was present there and Ma had gone to Vaidyanath Dham to give him *darshan*. But the wonderful fact is that it is very difficult to understand this personality. Ma went to stay in the new *Dharamshala* rather than in Karnibagh. As we travelled by train to get here, we saw many new and old buildings along the way. Looking at them, Ma said to me, "See Khukuni! What you are seeing are so many buildings, constructed so beautifully, with such beautiful facades, in so many forms, and so beautifully arranged. You feel happy to see them, but when you enter each to enjoy it, you begin worrying about the consequences. But look here, right in front of the new buildings are old and dilapidated ones as well. These were once new too, this is the passage (of time). The new becomes old even as you watch it. This is called the coming and going *jaqat*. If you meditate on this attitude as you eat and sleep, you can remain detached to a fairly large extent."

Again, in the course of conversation, Ma said, "Upanishad', where there is no *Upa* (Vice or second in command), there it is *nishedh* (forbidden). So whatever is *upa*, that you can separate out. To express it in language, we would have to say 'separate it out'."

Then Ma began explaining about *Surya Tratak*. "Once there was this *bhava* from within that *Surya Tratak* should be performed in its full form, relinquishing clothes and in a completely free state. Like the state of sleep at night, with reddened eyes in the morning, with just the same state of the eyes, without any clothes, at the time of sunrise, standing straight for as long as possible. Everything would happen of its own accord in this body, and it would also occur that clad in just a thin cloth, in that state, this body would stand unconscious. Slowly, both hands would rise upwards, stay outstretched for a while and then bend downwards and drop. In this manner, this body would stay focussed on the sun in an out-of-body state, and continue to stand in the same out-of-body state for as long as it was required. And then again, during the *Surya pranam*, in the middle of the eyebrows, that which you all call *mudra-udra*, all that would begin to happen as the *Surya pranam* went on.

The light that was seen would precede the *Tratak bhava*. *Tratak* alone would last for some time. After the *Tratak*, the light that shines as a glow and other such luminescences, is more visible initially. That is because it is the *samskara*, the after effect, of looking at the sun. And so, in that manner, many other kinds of light are visible. Its impact would be there on the *yantras* in the body, would it not? And even if you were to stare at fire without blinking for some time and then shut your eyes, you would see the same colours. If you stare at photos

and other such things, and you close your eyes, you see the same form. But these are all external occurrences. Further, in darkness and at other times, this kind of light appears to glow. That there is more within this, would come into the mind. This radiant colour of the sun that becomes its essential nature, and appears in its own manifestation, merges wholly in its feeling of being That (*tadbhavapanna*). Just as when you teach a child, whatever thoughts are within the child, they merge with his being and are expressed, in the same manner, with the help of the sun, the nature of the sun within you, manifests as a feeling of being That, this is the truth. Within this, there are, one knows not, the confluence of how many other factors. The fact is that the influence and the journey of the moon and sun within us, manifest significantly. There should be no harm to the eyes and other organs, this can be conveyed only by the Guru who has, through the medium of prior experience, unequivocally seen it all. In this body, whatever state has to be necessarily experienced for whatever length of time, it happens spontaneously. Normally, the Guru would experience it in advance and tell you about it. When there is a doubt, you should tell the Guru everything.”

Having said this much, Ma continued, “Khukuni, do you remember, there was a boy in Kolkata once, who was influenced by someone and undertook the *Surya Tratak* and lost his eyesight? The doctor looked at him and said that had he come the day before something could have been done, but now, nothing could be done.”

Continuing, Ma said, “Do you know what happens? Unless the attitudes that should accompany *aasan* and *mudra* are present, you do not reap its benefit. Similarly, we cannot get the full effect of *Tratak*. Most of the time it only leads to ill effects. Just as we are freed of a disease only if we follow the

dietary rules and take the medicine.”

We were staying in a *Dharamshala*. I was flustered by the pestering *Pandas*. They kept irritating us with questions like where is your house, what is your name. Well, after going through all this trouble, and having organised some food, I took Ma to wash her face. Watching me wash Ma's face, a woman called out, “Don't you have hands? Can you not wash your own face?” Ma laughed, and pointing towards the woman's hands she said, “Those are my hands too.”

The woman was taken aback. I said “She is a *Sadhu* Ma.”

Hearing this, that woman, for some reason, became flustered, and coming closer asked, “May I touch her feet?”

I replied, “You may.”

In an instant she fell at Ma's feet and did *pranam*, and then clung to Ma as if she had known her for a long time and began weeping. Ma laughed and stroking her back and head, asked, “Where were you?”

The woman wept for a long time. She just could not stop. I was wonderstruck to see this. In a little while she brought her other friends and made them do *pranam*. We came to know that these people were from Nasik. They pleaded repeatedly that if ever Ma were to go towards Nasik they should be informed for sure. They are leaving today. When Ma returned after her face was washed, the woman garlanded her and fed her with fruit. She then sat down to press Ma's feet. I laughed and commented, “Wherever you may hide, your worship with garland and sandalwood happens anyway!”

Ma had forbidden us from informing anyone in Kolkata about her whereabouts. We had no idea how long she will stay here. By 4 pm this evening those women will go elsewhere. The

door of Ma's room was shut so she could rest, but the women began to get restless. By 3.30, they opened the door and entered Ma's room and started chatting with her. This is the way Ma's power of attraction manifests and spreads in so many forms.

### 18<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Friday

A telegram had been sent, requesting Shankaranand to come. He has arrived today. Prangopal Babu received the news of his arrival and sent a car to take Ma to the *ashram*. His wife had come in the car to escort Ma.

As soon as she arrived, she said, "Ma, what is this? You are staying in the *Dharamshala*, we are so anxious to see you, and you do not even inform us of your arrival. I have come running to take Ma." Ma laughed at once and said, "Ma always goes running to her daughter, that is Ma's nature! Her crazy daughter runs hither and thither, how will it be if Ma does not gather her up in her lap? Now shall I go to Ma's lap?" Saying this, she consoled the old lady.

It was decided that we would all go to the *ashram* at 4 pm. Those accompanying Ma would go for Vaidyanathji's *darshan* first and then proceed to the *ashram*. Prangopal Babu's wife came again in the evening and took everybody to the *ashram*. Seeing Prangopal Babu from a distance, Ma laughed and said, "Are you going to scold me because I did not stay with you?"

Seeing Ma's car, Prangopal Babu came up to it and said, "What is this Ma, I have a score to settle with you. You went away without giving us *darshan* that time, and this time again you have not even informed us of your arrival. What is the matter? Why did you go to the *Dharamshala* instead of coming here?"

Ma smiled and said, "Baba, I was with you even there. Baba,



you live in the *ashram*, then how does here and there matter to you? I go hither and thither in one place. That is an *ashram* too!" Prangopal Babu began laughing.

The big room in the Kamdhenu Mata temple has been cleaned for Ma's stay. Mohananand Brahmachari is the Mahant of this *ashram*. He and Prangopal Babu have the responsibility of looking after the *ashram*. Both are very well suited to the job. In the evening Mohananandji arrived and having garlanded Ma, and offered flowers and *pranam*, he said, "Ma has remembered her sons after such a long time." He then took Ma around the *ashram* and declared, "This time we will not let Ma leave soon."

Having got information of Ma's arrival, many people have gathered. Seeing the crowd of visitors, Mohananandji and Prangopal Babu took Ma for a drive in the car. They showed her the new school in Tapovan. We were accompanied by two or three other people. We returned after dusk. There is no saying how long Ma will stay here.

### **19<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Saturday**

We received news from Kolkata that they had got information about Ma's stay in Devgarh from Swami Akhandanandji's letter. On having got the news about Ma, some people have come for *darshan*. About 9 am a local Mataji took Ma to her *ashram*. These people are *vanaprasthi*. In the evening many people arrived to meet Ma, conversations were in progress. Ma was seated on the verandah.

There is a deputy magistrate who is a disciple of Balanand Maharaj, called Surendranath Sen. He was saying that in lonely spaces around this spot, there are some rocks in which different kinds of images have appeared. He has shown this sight to many people. He wants to take Ma there tomorrow. He said that the images appear clearly during sunrise and sunset.

When we proposed that since Ma was not keeping well we could leave a little late, Suren Babu was not pleased, for he believed that the images were best seen at sunrise. Understanding his mind's desire, Ma said, "Baba, come when you feel like it. If I am asleep call out to me and wake me up." The subject of the stones had come up after discussions on several other worthwhile topics with Suren Babu.

Later in the evening, respected Prangopal Babu, Mohananand Brahmachariji the teachers of the *ashram's* Sanskrit college, and a couple of women students had come. After some conversation they all left.

At night, Swami Shankaranand and I were seated beside Ma. The conversation turned to a variety of topics. On our questioning her about it, Ma started telling us about her condition and again the discussion veered to *Tratak*. Smilingly she described, "During *Tratak*, both hands rise upward. See, just as when you people take *sannyas*, you are required to lift

both hands upward, and you call it a distinct  
**How was *Tratak* manifested?** kind of *nyaas*, don't you? Whatever was performed by this body, like *Pujaarchana*

(worship and offering), *Tratak*, yogic *Kriya* and other such actions, all those in just that way, becoming the nature of *nyaas*, of their own accord, one after another, resolved each of those actions." She continued, "That radiance that was visible, do you know what that was like? First it began to glow in the shape of an almond, in the centre of the eyebrows, and then it gradually got enlarged. Then it transformed into a number of tiny lights, in different colours and shapes, which again sequentially combined to become one. In this way, slowly, one brilliance shone in a large form. And then, whether the eyes were open or shut in the darkness, that brilliance glowed in the body. There was no concept of darkness any

more.”

Again, on being questioned about how *puja* and other such rituals had occurred, she said, “Whichever gods were being worshipped, the very same quality, essence and lustre of every limb would manifest exactly similarly in this body (indicating her body). I was exactly that. Again, when a different kind of worship started, gods of that form, imbued with those qualities emerged from within this body, and again, I was myself worshipping them and I was myself witnessing the worship. Do not think this was an aberration of the mind. Nor was it a trick. It was direct truth. Individuals, as they move forward, will experience this as the direct truth. Those that you all call Rishi Lok, Dev Lok and such? Call them gods, call them humans, call them Rishis, all of them in their essential progression at their own levels, would manifest in this form. Those who have the feeling of going beyond form, qualities, emotions, they enter their own streams as *kriya* and other actions, and appear in forms without duality.

Do you know what happened once? *Puja* was happening in every part of this body. In all parts *bija*, and in appropriate places the third eye, nose and such others were getting marked. I was tracing them all with my finger. It was all happening of its own accord. The manner of placing the finger, the spots that had to be touched, all this was happening accurately. The gods were being manifested from within this body and then *puja* and other rituals were being performed in the correct manner. Along with making the marks, from the time of *chakshudaan* (offering the eyes), I was looking through three eyes. In the centre of the eyebrows, in the shape of an almond, where the light could be seen at first, I was now seeing the third eye. This body of flesh and blood that you see, don't you,

was being transformed in some unknown way. The forms that were being outlined with the marking, began manifesting with *pran sanchar* (the distribution of breath). Their form and characteristics started to be revealed completely live. And after the *puja*, the gods were being dissolved into this body again. Watching the demeanour and movement of this body, some people would be terrified, so, far from entering the room, they would not even step into the courtyard. And within my own *bhava*, in solitude, many *kriya* would happen. Just like you all keep count of years, months and days for this body, and for trees and plants, whereas about what will happen to you all in the future or what had happened previously.....just think about that. Just as you invoke the deity, the image in live form, just so, did they manifest and then went back to where they came from”

I asked, “This is about *puja* that happened for some time. What happened after that?”

Ma said, “Then after such beautiful resolutions, just one true state followed, one after the other, by *Lila-Darshan* (divine play-vision) and other such, *Srishti-Sthiti- Laya* (creation - existence - destruction), from one ‘I’. From just I who am omnipresent, so many different kinds are manifested. Even though we call it omnipresent, it cannot be spoken of thus, for when it manifests, then there is no question of *srishti-sthiti- laya*, for only if *srishti*, creation, happens, will there be *sthiti*, existence, and *laya*, destruction, is it not? That, which is without waves, *nistarang*, without distortion, *avikrit*, always present, *nityasthit*, neither is it coming, nor is it going. On the other hand, it is everything. Does it exist or not? Saying so, is like not saying it.

Therefore I say, where is language? Language (*bhasha*) is after all appearance (*bhas*). Do you know how knowledge manifests spontaneously? Just like you can spot the brilliance of the sun

through scattered clouds; then again, just after a shower, as the sun suddenly appears in the clear sky - these are not examples of all aspects.”

Saying this, Ma burst into childlike laughter and said, “Seeing the fair skin of this body, the mother of this body, in her delivery room, gave the name Nirmala. So you can say pure sky (*nirmala aakaash*) in which there is no dirt, no cloud- bloud<sup>1</sup> whatever. Totally clean.”

After a few moments of silence, Ma spoke again, “All these matters can only be hinted at. It is like trying to say something and not being able to do so. These matters only came up in connection with the manifestation of yogic processes (*Kriya*) in the spiritual practice (*Sadhana*) of this body.”

Later, in the course of conversation, she said, “Listen to one more thought. Whichever strand of work you do, the related action appears in the mind, does it not? Each one thinks that this path alone leads to the supreme goal. Just as Shiva is declared as the ultimate in Shiva Purana, and Vishnu in Vishnu Purana. Worshippers of Ganapati consider Ganesh as the only giver of success (*Siddhi*). It is just like that, what else. In truth, all religions are the same. It is revealed when there is no duality. Do you know how? Just as darkness disappears when the sun rises and everything lights up clearly wherever it is. This again is only a hint that I am giving you. What it is truly you know.” So saying, she concluded her speech.

Again she said, “Each thing is a limb (of this body). When a limb is absent it is disabled. You could say a Rishi, or a Muni, you were saying the other day, that they all come for a meeting,

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<sup>1</sup> Cloud-bloud” is a transliteration of a colloquial term used by Ma in Bengali, “megh-teg”. This is a colloquial device used in many Indian languages to denote a casual, plural reference to a concept. In the following pages, Ma uses, Vedanta- Tedanta (p.35) yugpat - tugpat (p.168) Abhay- Tabhay (p.192) .

all this that happens, happens from here” (indicating her body), “*srishti-sthiti- laya.*”

Saying this she fell silent. Smiling slightly, she said, “But do not consider this to be just a body.”

### 20<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Sunday

Even before daybreak, Suren Babu arrived with two motor cars. 5 to 7 of us set out with Ma, and we reached the designated spot before sunrise. Suren Babu started showing Ma the rocks with great enthusiasm as we all watched; he was perceiving different forms within the rocks according to his feelings. We could also perceive to some extent, in line with his emotions, but when Ma was asked she said, “Baba, if it is not viewed with your emotions and perspective, nobody will be able to see it.”

That is right. Suren Babu’s perspectives are very magical. He perceives everything without any doubt, and shows it as well. Ma also supports his perspective and vision. The perspectives are very beautiful. He took us to two or three different spots. At 7.30 am we returned to the *ashram*.

Mohanandji and Prangopal Babu asked Ma what she had seen. Ma replied, “When he was showing me the forms, I took on his perspective and his vision, therefore I saw just what he did. *Ek brahma dvitiya naasti* (there is only one Brahman, without a second). It is after all His *darshan*. Truly, that is what I saw.”

At a couple of spots, when he was about to show something, Ma exclaimed, “Baba, are you going to show this? I have already seen it!”

At 3 in the afternoon, Mohanandji sat in the meditation hall to read out a scripture. We took Ma there. She stayed on till evening. Then Mohanandji said, “Ma, come and have a

look at the *ashram*.”

Ma set out and we followed her. It is a large *ashram*. It is beautiful and well organised. A Sanskrit college with boarding facilities, a dispensary, it is all there. All working systematically. *Keertan* is sung every morning and evening. A big temple is being constructed. I have heard that idols of Gopal and Guru Maharaj will be installed in this temple.

Shri Prangopal Babu took Ma along to see all the spaces. As it was night, we returned to the Kamadhenu temple. Every night, Mohananandji, Shri Prangopal Babu and two or four people who stay with him, visit Ma. They converse on different matters. After they leave, we all receive *prasad*, and go to sleep by 11 pm. All the people with us receive *prasad* in the *ashram*. No effort is spared in serving all of us.

Mohananandji was saying to Ma, “This time I will not let you go soon. You have come to your son after eleven years. Once you came here and left without meeting me. This time you have to stay here for a few days.”

Ma laughed and replied, “You know very well that your daughter’s head is demented. You never know what *kheyal* will occur at what time. It is like that, Baba! Here you people are offering so much respectful pressure and pleading that we stay, but it is as if there is no attention towards anything. It just goes wherever it wants. Head is demented, is it not, Baba what do you say?” So saying Ma burst into childlike laughter. Everybody understood that if Ma had the *kheyal*, there was no holding her back.

Shankaranand Swami and I were seated near Ma at night. Once again the subject of Ma’s past experiences came up. The topic was about how *puja* and other rituals occurred spontaneously.

Ma started saying, “Do you know how it used to happen? Whatever fruits, flowers, and other items were being used for *puja*, they were all one. Whatever I was worshipping, that too was I, so therefore everything is one. After that, the body would collapse in a strange manner. “Whatever I was worshipping, that too was I. Everything is one.” When the body rose it seemed to be powerless. And the feeling (*bhava*) that was present was that trees and plants, creepers, leaves, even the warehouse, were all one.”

Continuing, she said, “It was nothing, but *puja* and other rituals that were occurring as if this (indicating her own body) had laid out all the decorations. The *puja* was progressing in a way that the *srishti*, *sthiti*, *laya*, *bhava*, and *characteristics* of the gods who were being worshipped, all those gods, seemed to emanate from this body (indicating her body). While watching one such *bhava* getting established, it is possible that some people would assume that that particular god had been actualised. But that is not so. For being established in one *bhava*, cannot be called ‘*poorna siddhi*’ (complete actualisation). In some instances, *vakya* (statements) and other *siddhis* (powers) are surely achieved, but it is not the original *siddhi* of that god. Because you would have to go beyond that *bhava*.”

Going further she said, “That day we spoke about the three eyes; for how long did that last? Just so long as the *bhava* of that form lasted. Even within the forms, the partial radiance of each deity was visible. Then there was no longer any form. Just a large brilliance. And what a brilliance that was.” Saying this she was silent for some moments.

Again, she continued further, “How shall I tell you in how many different ways this body has played? In the form-filled state, when forms appeared and disappeared one after another,



there was no manifestation of any attraction towards any of them. When the forms left, there was an indescribable feeling within the body, a feeling of no division (*khanda shoonya bhava*). In this feeling of nothingness (*shoonya bhava*), day after day was spent as if immersed in meditation.

What, who, where? Who kept track of whom? In these states, it was like streams of bliss washed over and left me ecstatic. How shall I describe how these waves of bliss in different ways, played upon this body as all these actions were performed? Some fear was also felt. There was the experience of losing track of whether this body existed or not.

Only the *bhava* of being there at times remained. The *bhava* that arose was, that while all timely interactions with everybody went on as usual, the *bhava* that I was alone, surfaced. No attraction was felt for anybody, loved ones or relatives, nobody existed. Only an immense *shoonya* (nothingness), and an immense radiance. And it is only a radiance, and I am verily that radiance too.”

“Again, I am telling you, listen. Along with the *shoonya bhava* (the feeling of nothingness), that entered the *khanda bhava* (feeling of divisions), all shyness and fear began to fade away. At that time, if I saw someone in whose presence I would cover my head, the feeling was, let him see if he will. There was no *bhava* to cover one’s head. That which is called disgust, also started disappearing. After that, when all the *bhava* of form departed, as did the radiance, at that moment there was only the *mahashoonya bhava* (experience of the great nothingness). Indescribable, an immense nothingness, alone! At that moment I myself, again, just that one, that nothingness. And what else, if that is called nothingness when it is near that kind of radiance, it is like saying nothing. As you go forward, search

and discover it, one after another. Here, where is your Vedanta - Tedanta?"

After this, in the course of conversation with Shankaranandji she said, "See Baba, that day we were talking about Krishna *Leela*. This Krishna- you people say the meaning of Krishna is one who attracts. You people have a story about Katyayani who worshipped Krishna and attained him. Katyayani is Shakti. No Shakti exists without Shiva. You believe that Shiva-Shakti are inseparable. If you perform Shakti *puja*, who is the form of attraction? One *atma* (soul), *sacchidanand* (truth-consciousness-bliss) of the nature of love, that which is constantly playing (*nitya leela*)."

After saying this she clapped her hands, and continued, "See, you people had brought up the topic of *leela*. Just that much *bhava* is manifested in each person based on what he has the right to."

Further she said, "Again, look at this, Baba. On performing *shakti puja*, *param brahma* (the ultimate *brahma*), *param shiva*, which is what *shakti* resolves into, is the one *atma*, of the nature of love. Attraction cannot, therefore, ever be separated."

Again, in the course of conversation, she said to me, "See, you all individually follow your *sadhana* in a particular stream, be alert about that. But do you know in what way it's course is manifested? Sometimes the course of *bhava* changes. Just keep track of where *abhava bodh* (the awareness of shortage) is. Because as long as *abhava bodh* stays, complete investigation of truth (*mimamsa*) cannot occur, because *abhava bodh* will inform you about how much is still unknown, how much unattainable. Having understood the matter a little, don't rush into interpretation. Nor does it happen. Know that you have not gained the right to investigate the truth even then. And listen to one more point, the import of investigating the truth is - to

express one kind of arrogance. When you attain the right to do it, do you know what it is like? Like a pot that is full, from which water splashes out, of its own accord, and falls to the ground. When you go to fill water at a tap you must have seen that

“There are infinite streams. He alone knows who He takes along which path.”

when the pot fills, water overflows on to the ground. When fruit ripens on a tree, it falls of its own accord to the ground. This is the natural course. The course of *bhava* is similar. There are no paths other than these different streams of worship, of Krishna, Rama, Shiva, Shakti worship, and others. These *bhavas* make the practitioner (*sadhak*) ecstatic. This is what supports their *sadhana*. You cannot do without these either. On the other hand, the thought arises, that no other stream of *sadhana* is as elevated as that of our own *Ishta* (chosen deity) or guru. But keep this thought, that these are infinite streams, and who He takes along which path, He alone knows. Watching or hearing about *sadhaka* in elevated states on other paths, someone might think, he has not attained the kind of essence that I have achieved. Such feelings are natural for practitioners. These feelings are helpful as long as the *sadhak's* view is not only from one angle. It can also happen that the thought may arise on hearing about very special, famous, popular and well known *mahatmas*, about whether they are able to reach such heights. Another possibility is that on progressing further, those who are doing *sadhana* in that stream of *bhava*, may have achieved a higher state like them (the *mahatmas*), and therefore it is manifested in those *sadhaks*. Because he has entered the influence of those streams of bliss and joyous contentment, has he not? Some spend I don't know how much time, immersed in this stream. Because it is possible to remain in joyous contentment. Observing the *sadhaks* who are in the stream of the same *bhava*, the idea can be clearly established that they

have attained quite a high level. But do you know what can go amiss in that *bhava*? He is not able to extend himself and maintain equanimity in all directions, because differences are present in one direction! When the feeling of small and big,

my own and not mine, these dualities remain, then his equanimous view does not manifest as *samabhava* (feeling of no difference). Regardless of whether he is in the stream of Shiva, Kali,

Durga, or any other, he is unable to maintain evenness of thinking. Do you know how this *samabhava* can be manifested? After which he will see no differences between the traditions (*sampradaya*) of Kali, Durga, Shiva, Krishna, Rama and others? Because if there is a lack of *bhava* of any part of one's own body, there is an ill effect on the body. Then where is the complete view? Who can have thoughts about whom? At that point one is only absorbed in oneself. Where is there any notion of who and whose? If there is any manifestation, understand that thoughts about one's body are being expressed to oneself by oneself. Only if there is division in the equanimous *samabhav*, and *srishti*, *sthiti*, *laya* occur without duality in equanimity, only then, is it not?"

"This that.....and listen, there is no question of creation (*srishti*), existence (*sthiti*), destruction (*laya*), dissolution (*pralaya*), because nothing happens by just staying in *laya*."

At 12 midnight, we went to sleep. Even at that hour, Ma continued to speak on the topic, "Some *mahatmas* (great souls), lay emphasis on a particular stream of *sadhana* for the benefit of the world."

Here I feel it is necessary to say that I was not able to write down all the conversations about that state sequentially. I am writing whatever is possible.

## 21 November, 1938, Monday

Today, Shashvatanand Swamiji came and took Ma to his Guru Ma's *ashram* (Brahmajnya Ma), that is the Nirvachan Math. We stayed there the whole day. The atmosphere was very peaceful. Only two or four *brahmacharis* (celibate monks) were there. There are facilities to accommodate seven *brahmacharis*. It is a desolate place. The *brahmacharis* have a very beautiful demeanour. Everybody was treated with great respect and hospitality. The *brahmacharis* requested Ma to stay on in the *ashram* for a few days.

Ma said, "If we have to stay here longer, it could be considered."

In the evening we returned to Balanand Brahmachari Baba's *ashram*. On our return we found many people sitting there. On seeing Ma's car most of them cried out, "We can breathe again!"

Most of these people are the disciples of Brahmachari Maharaj. They said, "After our Guru Maharaj gave up his body, we have not had the opportunity to receive guidance from anyone. Ma's arrival has made us very happy."

Tonight again, Mohananandji and Prangopal Babu arrived after 8 pm. Mohananandji said, "Ma did not remember her children all through today!" Ma replied, "Does going some distance away mean that I have forgotten you?"

After these kind of exchanges, deep thinking was initiated. Mohananandji asked, "Alright, what is the method of steadying one's life breath?"

Ma replied, "We spoke the other day about waves that exist within the life breath. It is recommended that you keep your attention towards that and focus your mind, *mantra* and breath. You may have observed that creepers, trees, rocks and living creatures receive nourishment from air. They have partaken of

yogic air and are therefore existing. What is the original source of that air? Where there is no such thing as a wave, that too is seeking eternal peace. Why is that? No, this is also the nature of a *jiva* (individual soul).

Further she said, “All is one. Even if we were to say it is an enormous, great *bhava*, it is like not saying it at all.”

Then Ma said something in connection with a traveller, in response to which, Mohananand Brahmachari said, “He is never ending. Travelling in His path would make the journey endless too. So is there no end to this journey?”

Ma replied, “Do not think of all that. In the middle of the endless is the endless. In the endless lies the end - it is all there!”

After this conversation, they talked about other ordinary matters. When Mohananandji took leave of Ma, she said, “That subject of *anant* (endless) that came up?” Saying this much, she remarked, “Alright, let it be! Now if we start on that topic, many more discussions will arise.”

After Mohananandji left, as she was speaking to us, she said, “That day, didn’t the topic of love come up when I was talking to Panu Baba (Prangopal Babu)? I speak in any old fashion. I say whatever comes into my mind and I will continue to say that. The point is that we love ourselves. We do not love anybody more than our own being. For instance, someone says, I did such and such at the behest of so and so. If that person’s thinking did not match the other’s even slightly, he would not have done it at all. The desire has to exist, even if subtly. And if one does not desire to do it, and does it at someone else’s behest, then some disturbance remains and creates discord. Because perhaps something was there. Whatever desire or resistance exists within an action, the fruit of the action reflects both to the same measure. This being the *karma sthal*, the place

of action, in whichever manner the action is disturbed, the outcome would be affected similarly, that is natural.”

“Look at it from an ordinary point of view. When your thoughts and work match another’s, you become friends. The real friend is the one who helps you in your quest for the ultimate (*paramaartha*). That friend is called the *dharma bandhu* (the right friend).

Then see, you people are emphasising attitudes related to *pranamaya*, in the nature of being, while you get on with your worldly activities. *Prana* life force, is one. *Atma*, soul is one. Just as water is one, but you call it sea water, a puddle, a pond, but it has to be called water.” Laughing, she remarked, “Now put a filter in this!”

Further she said, “If you now look at this, Ram’s *prana*, life force, leaves but not Shyam’s. Do you know what that is? What one sees as unmanifested waves of air, that is when a *prana* has departed, in actuality, at the root, is that one truth, in the form of consciousness (*chaitanya*) that exists eternally. On the other

hand, look at it from the outside. Just as when you take a pot of water from the well and throw it into the water of the ocean, neither does the water increase nor decrease. Because if you were to look

further down, wherever you dig, you will get water. From that standpoint, the sea and the well are joined together. Where is the increase or decrease? Again, look, that day we had a discussion with Panu Babu about one seed giving rise to a tree, and that tree again, yielding hundreds of fruits. Within every seed inherent is innumerable-ness, unity, unending-ness. With the same account, what you all refer to as the many *atma* or souls, because every seed gives rise to a tree, but there again

you are left with multiplicity. If you wish to see a different manifestation of *poorna*, fullness, then understand that there too it is full. Then see, what happened to all of you? Whatever your perception so does creation manifest. You need to go beyond perception and creation, *drishti-srishti*. There will be no issue of *poorna-apoorna*, fullness - incompleteness. Whether you say one, or you call one many, or call it just many, whatever you say, it is that. Effectively, everything cannot be said. Whatever each one says from his or her perception, that is alright.”

I said, “Ma, the topic of *anant yatra*, the journey of the endless, that came up in your conversation with Mohananandji, was not concluded.”

Ma replied, “See, you are without beginning and without end, *anaadi, anant*. On the other hand, as long as there is perception there is creation. On account of the body being created, beginning, middle and end exist in all the channels of the body and in all the streams of feelings.

‘The story of endless is endless’

See, the story of the endless is endless. Would it ever be concluded in any conversation? Also how much would you be able to hear from the outside? The progress of practice (*sadhana*) is also endless. What you all understand as endless, when do you see the manifestation of endlessness? Only when you realise what endless is, is it not? Only when you realise does it’s nature manifest itself, and on attaining it is the endless journey, *anant yatra*, fulfilled. You are yourself *anant*, endless, you are one. You are able to see the gross as well. If your hand were to be held and you were asked, who is this, you would say, it is I. If your leg were held, you would say, it is I. If any limb of the body were to be held you would say, it is I. Look, you will not be able to say that it is the root of creation that has



manifested in the form of my body. Forget about your birth, would you be able to tell me about your childhood, after you started understanding something? Would you be able to tell me all that you did? Alright, let that go, can you tell me about the last five years? You will not be able to tell me about all the events that occurred in those days. What about events over the last one year? Tell me about the last one month, alright, forget even that, tell me about the last five minutes. Where did your mind travel in those minutes? You will not be able to tell me even that. Grossness is in your body, heaven knows how many *srishti-sthiti-laya* (creation-existence-destruction) cycles happen every moment, you will not be able to enumerate that either. On the whole, if the pace of the ordinary mind is such, then understand what *anant* could be. When the journey is endless, then you are left with the progression of the One. Who knows at what exact moment the point of that knowledge will arrive? Essentially, you are travelling in search of yourself. The true search is to recognise oneself. I am one in the form of the endless travel, and I manifest in many forms as well.”

“In this world, where you witness several forms, it is the nature of the *jiva*, the individual soul, to long for there to be no duality between form and formless. Just as you have to cut down jungle to make a path through the jungle to get out of it. Just so, you are all in the midst of the world all the time, therefore you are unstable. But if you were to try to get the feel of that stability without waves, through fixing your attention on that stable goal, all the time, through that very same wave-like in-breath and out-breath of yours, it would be helpful.”

“All this is one, what is my own form, *svaroop*, understanding that is my goal.” Saying this, she laughed and said, “*akhanda*

*mandalaakaar* - what is that? Watch the spiritual practitioners (*sadhak*). They become travellers to reach this one goal, this oneness, using the mind. At that very time, by the grace of a Guru, division and non-divisiveness, boundaries and no boundaries, infinite progression, infinite paths, infinite attitudes, all these are manifested clearly in their non-dual forms to the *sadhak*. So long as you remain in the realm of creation-perception, these concepts will exist. And their existence is beneficial too. For if such ideas do not arise, how will you go in the non-dual form, beyond speech and non-speech?”

## 22<sup>nd</sup> November, 1938, Tuesday

This afternoon, Mohananand Brahmachariji sent Ma to Tapovan. A school has been established there in the memory of Poornanand Swami. Ma was taken to see the school first. The boys stood up and welcomed Ma. They sang in praise of Ma and then sang *keertan*. Then Satyananda Brahmachari took Ma to a hill. As Ma is feeling a little weak, they had already made arrangements to carry her up the hill seated in a chair. On the hill is the spot where Shri Balanandji performed penance, therefore there were excellent facilities on the route. Two *brahmacharis* live on the hill. The seat (*aasan*) of Brahmachariji has been installed there, and an image has been kept as well. After spending an hour there, Ma walked down the hill slowly. The *brahmacharis* have beautiful demeanours and do spiritual practices and *bhajan*.

They prayed to Ma, “Ma give us strength that we may move ahead on this path.” Ma made them all happy with her sweet speech and returned to the *ashram*.

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2 This is a reference to a verse from the famous guru *shloka*: *akhanda mandalaakaaram vyaaptam yena charaacharam, tatpadam darshitam yena, tasmai shri gurave namaha.*

As soon as she returned to the *ashram*, Ma said, “Khukuni, get ready to leave today. We shall now go to Allahabad, and then see where to go later. Make arrangements for the journey quickly.”

Many people had gathered for Ma’s *darshan*. Ma went and sat with them. I started making arrangements for the journey. There is talk of leaving at 3 am for Jaseedeh. We have to catch a train from Jaseedeh.

In the evening, Prangopal Babu and Mohananand Brahmachari arrived and seeing Ma getting ready to leave, they began to protest. However, when they saw Ma’s *bhava*, they fell silent.

Mohananandji Brahmachari said, “Ma, if you leave early in the morning you may catch a chill.” Ma replied, “Nothing will happen.”

He said, “Maybe nothing will happen to you, but we worry about your body.”

Ma replied, “There is absolutely no need to worry. Worry only about the One. All preparations are being made for departure, the rest will be as it happens.”

It was after 9 pm when everyone bid farewell to Ma and left. Buni, Taru Behen, Anu and others were with Ma. Now these people will also leave. They all came and sat near Ma to take leave of her and soon it was nearly midnight.

In the midst of this, Ma said, “The other day there was the *kheyal* to visit Mohan Baba’s house.” Taking Prangopal Babu’s younger son, Govind, with her, she went to Mohananandji’s house. Women are not allowed in the *ashram* late at night so Ma did not take me along. She told Govind, “Women do not go, but shall I go?”

Govind laughed and replied, “What are you saying Ma! What can stop you from going?”

Ma went with Govind. On returning she said, “Mohanand fed me with fruit.”

From Govind we heard that Mohanand had made Ma eat fruit. He lives on fruit. He eats food that he cooks himself only on three or four days a month. Once earlier, Shri Shri Balanand Brahmachari had made Ma eat fruit with his hands. This evening, Mohanandji had brought an *aasaan* for Ma. He made her sit on it and said to her, “Today you have to dress as a *bairagi* (mendicant).” So saying, he wrapped a silk shawl with the name of god printed on it, on Ma.

When Ma returned from Mohanandji’s house she praised the simplicity of his sleeping quarters. Truly, the sizeable numbers and the demeanour and attitude of the *brahmacharis* is worthy of praise.

We set out at 3.30 am. Respected Prangopal Babu and his family and Mohanandji himself were present and all the people escorted Ma to the car. They pleaded with Ma to visit again. They did not want Ma to leave so quickly. The surprising thing was, that after being acquainted with Ma for just three or four days, when the girls had to leave at 9 pm, they broke into terrible sobs. Some women surrounded Ma and expressed their sorrow. It was as if everybody’s heart was in deep anguish. One lady began singing. The song was so opportune for the moment that it touched every heart- the song was such-

Ma’s departure from  
Vaidyanath

“When you leave me and go, how can I stop you.  
Tears have drenched my apparel, I only ask to bid you  
goodbye.

These eyes may not be able to see you any more, but how will  
you move away from this heart?

We will worship your memory ever more.

In the end I entreat you to keep us children within the love in your heart,  
Though we possess no worthy qualities, yet  
We will worship your memory ever more.”

At 10 pm they all took leave and left. In Jaiseedeh as we boarded the train we found that Yateesh Guha, Didi Ma and Trigun Babu had come in that very train for Ma's *darshan*. They all set out for Allahabad with us in the same train.

### **23<sup>rd</sup> November, 1938, Wednesday**

I had sent a telegram saying we were reaching Allahabad at 5 pm. Our ticket was up to Allahabad as well. I had also sent a telegram to Akhandanand Swamiji at Vindhyachal. Just before we reached Vindhyachal Ma said, Ma in Vindhyachal “Khukuni's doing! Does sending telegrams match the style of my roaming? We could have got off at Vindhyachal that is coming up now.” I replied, “That is fine! What is the problem? Come, let us get off now!” And that is what happened. Ma alighted in Vindhyachal. Shankaranand Swami was sent to Allahabad to give the information. Ma knew that people would be waiting for her at the station. Akhandanandji, Nivaran Babu, Upen Babu and others were at the station, having gone to Allahabad, and meanwhile Ma had got off in between.

### **24<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Thursday**

Shivprasadji, Swamiji and Jiten Dada want to leave by car. A place has been located as an *ashram* for the women. Their plea is that Ma should bless the place once with the dust of her feet. Nothing has been decided- the only decision was that

whatever had to happen would happen.

**25<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Friday**

Today, all of us went for a short stroll with Ma. Then she went for a drive in a car. Shivprasad Babu had left his car behind for Ma to use. It has been decided that we will proceed to Allahabad this evening. We would stay there for a little while and then go wherever else from there.

This afternoon, in the course of conversation, Ma was saying, "He is the One in all forms. See Khukuni, you have just gone down and seen so many *sadhus*. Do you know what happens in some places? There are meeting places of *ganja* (cannabis) addicts, and so *sadhus*, because of their greed, gather there. They do some spiritual practice and *bhajan* (singing of devotional songs), and imbibe *ganja* and other substances, and also give in to melancholy, this is their behaviour. Then there could be another kind of *sadhu*, who perform some spiritual practices and sing devotional songs, and whose statements come true and with that lure, some people with those propensities, go to them. Meaning, those who wish to hear about three or four incidents of the future in their lives. Such people believe that there can be nothing greater than these

matters. Don't you people also say sometimes? The future is being revealed beautifully there! Why don't you realise that for the sake of worldly happiness, to know about a couple of events in the future

- is that your purpose in life? The purpose should be to see how the soul can progress, how to attain eternal peace. Amidst all your activity, try to hold this goal foremost. As much as you keep this in mind, so will be the hope of attaining enlightenment. These people are also trying, as long as they enjoy, so long is their gain. It is You in every form!"

“On the other hand, there could be another brand of *sadhus*, who carry with them the outfit and glamour of big *sadhus*, they having nothing much inside. When they reach, do you know what happens? Their shrivelled nature remains, for the knots have not been opened. Again listen, all that I have just spoken about the different kinds of *bhava*, it can happen that sometimes, when there is an auspicious moment, some people who carry this outward appearance, may just feel suddenly that they do not like these outward things any more. Opening

the direction towards the true path, he may  
Different kinds of go into the expansive, great *bhava*. That is  
*sadhu* behaviour why I say that we should not demean anyone.

If someone is in *sadhu bhava*, then it is appropriate to show respectful attention (*shraddha*). Accept whatever good there is in each one. When plucking a rose, do not pay attention to the thorns. Offer *pranam* acknowledging that this is also a part of that expansive greatness. And do it with *shraddha*. *shraddha bhava* contributes to the well being of both sides. You should converse with the same attitude. That could result in the transference of some of the influence of their *tapasya bhava* to you. That attitude will result in your well being. As you try to see the truth of this oneness within everything, you will find, in that expansive, great *bhava*, the desire for the appropriate path to reach it.

“But then, listen to one more thing, the person you associate with, who you offer *pranam* to, that person’s entire characteristics, including good and bad traits, can enter you, therefore you should offer *pranam* to each, your *guru*, *ishta* (chosen deity), and to those who have not received initiation, with the form in which your feeling for God has been naturally impressed in your mind. You are after all, praying to Him. Water is purified by filtering, but the pure water was in this water. So is He within everyone. You should offer *pranam* to



Ashram at Vindhyachal in 1930's



Him, and have *satsang* with Him. But this is also a matter of direction.”

In the afternoon, two or three of us set off with Ma by car for Allahabad. The others had left by train. We reached Allahabad by sundown. Ma went to stay at the house that had been recently hired for the women’s *ashram* in Daraganj. The car was sent back to inform Shivprasadji.

The garden has been laid out very beautifully. Ma stood under a Bel tree and said, “Vah! What a beautiful place. Khukuni, spread my bedding here. I shall spend the night comfortably here.”

There was talk of going to Baroda. As there was no train this evening, we will go by tomorrow evening’s train.

Here, Shivprasad Babu had erected a tent at his place and made fairly good arrangements for Ma. We do not know whether Ma will go there or not. Even if she were to go she would spend only a little time there, but he was not bothered by such thoughts. He kept making arrangements devotedly, as if Ma was going to halt there for a few days. He was deriving much joy from simply doing something for Ma. As soon as he got the information that Sri Sri Ma had arrived, Shivprasad Bhai appeared. After repeated requests he managed to get Ma to agree to go to his place for a short while. There was a discussion about Ma spending the night in that garden.

Shivprasad still does not know Ma’s ways. He thought that if he took Ma to his place and if she were to see how much trouble he had taken to make all the arrangements and put up a tent, then if he were to make a special request, he would be able to make Ma stay there.

But as soon as she entered the tent, Ma said, “How many times have I forbidden you from doing all this. Put me up in

Kalibari or some other place for the night. What was the need to do all this for a short time? I shall stay very well under that Bel tree.”

Shivprasad entreated her, but Ma explained sweetly to everybody that it was not possible for her to stay on here. What could anyone do, they were compelled to take her back to the house with the garden. Realising that everyone would spend the night under the Bel tree, she agreed to move into the verandah. We started spreading our bedding near Ma's. Quite a few people had come along with Ma. At 11 pm, Jiten Dada and Shivprasad Bhai took leave of Ma.

It was a solitary place and we slept alongside Ma with great joy. There was talk of Manmath Dada arriving from Dehradun with the women who would stay here. For now they would all stay in this house. Later a new shelter would be made. We heard that no one lived in this house.

### **26<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Saturday**

At 10 am this morning, we went with Ma to the tent in Shivprasad Bhai's house. It was decided that we would leave by the 6pm train this evening from here. As it was more convenient to go via Agra, we decided to do that.

From 12 to 3 pm Ma was allowed to rest. People were seated on all four sides of the tent. When Ma woke up, she was made to eat a little bit and then all the people were called inside the tent. Ma was surrounded by quite a crowd. The flaps of the tent were lifted on all sides.

At the appointed time we left for the station with Ma. Quite a few people were present at the station. Ma was decked with flower garlands by many people. Some people began showering flowers. Bidding everyone farewell in this manner, Ma took me and Ruma Devi along with her and set out for Baroda.

**27<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Sunday**

We reached Agra this morning. Niroj Dada and Biren Dada had come to the station. A tent had been erected at Niroj Dada's house and Ma was taken there. Ma will leave for Baroda today.

Hearing of Ma's arrival, many people came for her *darshan*. We have to leave at 9 pm. Conversation was in progress and there was dialogue on many matters. One person asked, "Is it possible to meditate on those without bodies while we are situated in this body?" Ma replied, "It is possible to meditate, but there is a difference between doing meditation and becoming engrossed in meditation. When you are immersed in meditation then who is meditating on whom?" Another individual declared, "I have nothing to ask. I eat and drink in style. Where is the need to knock my head over religion and philosophy?" Ma laughed and said, "You enjoy yourself greatly, but are you able to stay still? You do something here and there, otherwise where is the need to knock your head? How else did that question emerge?"

All those present burst into laughter. The person concerned laughed and said, "Very well then. I will not make such a statement!"

Ma said laughingly, "What you are saying, 'I will not say, I will not say' this too is a manifestation of that *bhava*. Therefore you are saying 'I will not say.' Though you say 'I will not say,' it is saying." Again, the same person started laughing along with the rest. Finally he accepted Ma's statements.

Looking towards the little children who were present, Ma said, "You are all my friends! Tell me, are you willing to become my friends?" All the children nodded in agreement.

Ma said, "See, when you become friends, you must listen to what the friend says. Listen to what your friend says- you must

do five things. First - when you get up in the morning and wash your face and hands, repeat the Name of your choice. Pray to God that you may be a good boy or girl. Second - always speak the truth. Third- obey what your parents and other teachers tell you to do. Fourth- put your mind into your reading and writing. Fifth- after this you can be a little naughty, meaning fun and play, what else?"

Saying this Ma broke into peals of laughter. What Ma said at the end appealed greatly to the children and they laughed joyously as well.

At 9 pm, Viren Dada and Niroj Dada escorted us to the station and helped us board the train. It was decided that Viren Dada's second son, Devidas and Niroj Dada's *chaprasi* (attendant) would accompany us till Bharatpur. After waiting there for two hours, they would help us board the train to Baroda at 1.30 am, and then return.

At the station, having felt Ma's power of attraction, Devidas decided to make the trip to Baroda.

### **28<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Monday**

We reached Baroda at 9.30 pm. We went to the Chimanlal Dharamshala in Saiyyadi Gunj and decided to spend the night there.

As it was late, no shops were open. What food arrangements could we make? Debu was with us, so Ma was asking us to cook a meal. But what could I do? Eventually, as per Ma's order, we asked the watchman for some rice and served some fruit with it. Having organised some food in this manner, we all slept by midnight.

Shri Gangacharan Dasgupta is the principal of the training college here. But Ma did not allow us to send him information

of her arrival today. She said, “Now whatever has to happen will happen tomorrow. There is no certainty of when there will be some food tomorrow. So we have eaten something today.”

Today, on specially requesting Ma during the train journey, some facts came to light. Not all kinds of details emerge all the time. It is possible that we are not deserving of some of these revelations, and therefore they do not emerge.

The special request that I made was a question regarding the incident that Ma had described about the public introduction of herself in Bajitpur. I asked, “Alright Ma, when Nishi Babu and Bholanath were asking you about who you were, what state were you in?”

Ma replied, “At that time, *puja*, *japa* and other *kriya* were happening of their own accord in this body.”

I asked again, “When Janaki Babu started speaking to you, what state were you in?” Ma replied, “Vah! At that time, those conversations occurred in connection with being questioned about Bholanath’s *deeksha* (initiation).”

I asked, “How did the date, month, day, star and other details for Bholanath’s *deeksha* occur to you?”

Ma smiled and said, “On being questioned by Bholanath and Nishi Babu, when it was manifested from this mouth about a particular day, a particular month, a particular *tithi* (auspicious day according to the Hindu calendar), a particular date, then those people started referring to the astrological calendar and matching each of these one by one. All answers were correct. They all knew that this body had never looked at astrological calendars and such things, and knew nothing about them either. Observing this, they began looking at each other questioningly.

Details about  
Bholanath’s *deeksha*

To investigate further they asked, “Alright, tell us, which star could have been in ascension that day?” The name of the star emerged from this mouth but they could not grasp the word properly.”

I laughed and said, “What happened was appropriate. Those people approached you with the intention of testing you and therefore got fooled. At times I have observed that when I have tried to test you I have myself got fooled. Alright, what happened after that?”

Ma continued, “Finally, it emerged from this mouth that Janaki Babu should be called. He is seated in such and such a place, beside a pond, fishing. He was called. When he arrived he asked about the star again and the details about the star were narrated once more. Janaki Babu understood the details about the star and was able to explain it to the others as well. It was found to match the astrological calendar perfectly. Janaki Babu knew Sanskrit. Then, after listening to those people’s descriptions and observing the state that this body was in, Janaki Babu felt some inexplicable curiosity rising within him. The reason being, he could not see this body himself, as I was inside the room. At that moment the head was not covered, nor was there any kind of shyness. It was as if a little girl was speaking to her father. Just then Janaki Babu asked, “Who are you?”

I asked, “At that moment were *puja* and other such *kriya* going on as well?”

Ma replied, “No, at that time staying in my own *bhava* I was answering his questions.”

Again, in the course of conversation she said, “Look, till when does the *bhava* of concealment remain? Only as long as there is the feeling of incompleteness. What is the feeling

of incompleteness? When the *sadhak* (spiritual practitioner) feels, there will be detriment to my *sadhana* (spiritual practice). The ordinary person feels there may be a disturbance to the state I have established. This causes the *bhava* of concealment. At other times, *mahatmas* (great souls) do not reveal everything because those who hear it may not be deserving of it. Just as a student who has passed matriculation will not understand what an M.A. graduate talks about.”

I said, “Ma, some people say at times that Ma never got trapped in the cycle of home and householder duties, how does she understand our worldly issues?”

Ma replied, “Vah! How do I understand? I am but you, and you are verily I - that is it, what else? Where is the question of not understanding?”

Ma had been to the toilet in the train at 5.30 pm. She got back and said, “Look, do you know what happens? This toilet door, I know very well how to open it. But sometimes it happens that the thought of how it is to be opened does not arise within this body. It is exactly as if I do not know how to open it. The funny thing is that I understand that this can happen. To the extent, that at that moment I will not be able to open the door, and behaving like a child, I will stand mystified, I know all that. The form of this body appears before my eyes and I say to you sometimes, don’t shut the door. If the *bhava* to open the door doesn’t emerge, I will not be able to open it. In fact, at that time, a feeling of completeness, *poorna bhava*, appears within this body like a stranger. What we call *sagun* (with form) and *nirgun* (formless), do we not? No quality or *guna* is manifested, and on the other hand all *gunas* are illuminated. This too is *svabhav*, one’s own *bhava*, what else? How beautiful it is! This action of coming and going that you

see, because this body is there, a little bit of it happens. And sometimes, you may have observed, that even though the body is there, these actions are not occurring.”

Another event occurred on the train. Because it is worthy of documenting I am writing about it here. I have already mentioned that Debu accompanied us. As Ma’s body was unwell we were travelling in the second class compartment while Debu was in the third class. Debu came to us once early morning, and then even by 10 am there was no news of him. In order to tell him something, I got off the train and looked for him but could not find him. I got off at every station and searched for him but could not find him. I was very worried. This boy had never travelled out of his home in this manner. He had never come in this direction earlier. Ma appeared to be even more anxious than I was and asked for a more thorough search to be conducted. She said we should send a telegram from Agra if he was not found by then, that she would alight at the next station. All this was discussed.

Ma appeared to be silent and deeply worried and was telling me to get off at every station and look for him. In this manner we passed three or four stations. While alighting at the next station I said, “If we don’t find him here, we will have to do something about it.”

Having said this, just as I was getting off the train, Ma dropped her serious demeanour and started laughing. I looked at Ma and began to laugh too, “You are laughing - what is this all about? Till now you were appearing more worried than I was. What is it now? Am I going to meet him this time?”

Ma did not say anything but continued to laugh. I got down. After hunting through several compartments, I found our man standing in one, getting ready to get down. I got back and said



to Ma, “Though you knew it all along, why did you behave the way you did? Most surprising! Finally, when you could contain it no longer you burst out laughing!”

Ma laughed and said, “The laughter just came on!”

Honestly, had anyone seen Ma’s expression at the start, they would certainly have said she was greatly worried. I thought - perhaps, in order to exhaust my *karma*, whichever form Ma has to assume, it happens. If I had seen Ma’s laughing countenance at the beginning of this incident, perhaps I would not have got worried, and therefore this *bhava* arose within Ma. When whatever *karma* of mine was exhausted, Ma burst out laughing. For Ma knew all along that Debu was in the train and my anxiety was useless.

It did not take me long to understand that these *bhavas* are necessary. I have observed objectively that this play with two *bhavas* has gone on within Ma all along. Ma had become anxious along with me.

I asked her, “Though you knew everything how did you keep displaying an appearance of being ignorant?”

Ma kept laughing. However, this is not falsehood, but who understands this? It is beyond our grasp.

### **29<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Tuesday**

This morning, as soon as I woke up, I went to the neighbouring building of the Dharamshala and informed Kamalesh Babu’s wife about Ma’s arrival. I have already written about Kamalesh Babu’s wife. She yearns for Ma. After informing her, I went to tell Shri Gangacharan Babu about Ma. The new *darwaan*, watchman, did not recognise Ma. We were given the ground floor room to stay in the Dharamshala, but in the morning, when the owner of the Dharamshala got news of Ma’s arrival,

he came and gave us the upstairs room and got his men ready to take all our luggage there.

Ma said, “Now let it be. If we have to stay here, we will go upstairs. Now let us watch what happens.”

When I returned to the Dharamshala I came to know about all this. Kamalesh Babu’s wife had brought milk for Ma. Gangacharan Babu’s wife and daughter had come with me. Gangacharan Babu said, “I shall come to Ma on my way to college, I shall make arrangements for Ma’s stay for a few days.”

As soon as I returned, Ma asked, “What time does the train for Chandod leave?”

On finding out, we realised that if we were to leave within the hour, we could catch the train.

Ma said, “Come, let us go.”

Immediately, we got ready. We had to catch the train about five or six miles away at Goya Gate. Hastily we got into a bus. Gangacharan Babu had not even dreamt that Ma would leave so suddenly. When he arrived at the Dharamshala and heard that Ma had already left, he could not believe it. He then went to the station and got *darshan* of Ma’s feet.

Panjilal Babu had brought us all to the station. All arrangements were made efficiently. We started our journey at 11 am. We were to reach Chandod in a couple of hours. Half way, at Gabai station, we alighted and got into another train. A lone woman was present in the second class compartment. As soon as she saw Ma, she offered her seat to Ma and sat on another bench. Our destination was to be reached in a short time. Within those few minutes, the woman became deeply attached.

As soon as she saw Ma, the woman seemed to have a surge of devotion rising within her. At first sight she realised that Ma was no ordinary person. Later we came to know that her name is Janaki Bai and she lived with the queen of Rajpipla and was unmarried. She was travelling from Udaipur. She said she would find out about a solitary location for Ma and inform us about it.

We are going to Vyas as well. We reached Chandod by 1.30 pm. No transport was available from the station to the Tikamji temple so we would have to walk. Uma Didi and I reckoned that it would not be appropriate to make Ma walk in the hot sun, so we decided to make her wait in the station while we got the luggage together to carry it with us. Just then a person arrived saying, "I am an employee of Rajpipla state and I have been sent here by Janaki Bai. She said Mataji is going to Vyas. A boat is leaving immediately from Chandod for Vyas. She has sent me to assist you if you need any help."

Janaki Bai had already alighted from the train and left. Hearing all this Ma said, "Then let us go straight away from here."

With this declaration she got ready to set out in the heat of the afternoon sun. It was decided that I would inform the Mahant of the Tikamji temple and Sadhan Brahmachari who also lived there. Ma set out for the *Ghaat*. Just as she came out of the waiting room, the person arrived and said, "A car has come from the State to receive Janaki Bai. She sent word that she would send another car for Mataji as soon as she got to her destination as Mataji would not be able to walk."

Ma had come out from the waiting room so she did not go back in, but sat on a station bench. I commented, "All arrangements have been made perfectly while you sit silently in your place!"

Ma laughed and replied, “Alright, could so much have been said earlier, that we would meet Janaki Bai, that shortly after she left it would strike her that she could send us a car, and that so many arrangements would be made? How could all this have been said? How could so much have been said after such a short acquaintance? If then, we were to analyse the working of your mind bit by bit, in which direction it goes, taking what form and why, it would take hour upon hour to explain it all. This too is endless, *anant*, what shall I say?”

Ma did not halt in Chandod. She went straight to the *ghat* and boarded the boat. The Mahant Maharaj of Chandod is a very good and virtuous person who we knew earlier. Now Ma was venturing into completely unknown territory. Sadhan came along with us.

An hour later, by 4 pm, we reached Vyas. It is a fairly deserted place. It is a forest on the banks of the Narmada. We had spent a night here last year. Now two or three more buildings have come up here. There are only a few temples and *ashrams* here. In a way, this place is like an island. Nearby, across the Narmada, are villages named Shukadev and Anusuya. This place is said to be greater than Kashi. One does not know how many great *mahatmas* have performed penance here on the banks of the Narmada. Time takes it toll, now all that is hidden. Yet our hearts were enchanted by the gravity of the place.

We occupied the Ram Mandir. A Mahantji lives here with a couple of *brahmacharis*. After some time, Ma set out for a stroll accompanied by Debu and Sadhan. When she returned in the evening she said, “Khukuni, I have seen another place that would be suitable for staying. Go and have a look yourself.”

We came to know that Swami Yogananda’s *ashram* was close



Mahant of Tikamji Temple with Ma



Tikamji Temple at Chandod

*Sri Sri Ma Anandamayi*



Idol of deity at Tikamji Temple



The Holy River Narmada

by. New buildings had been constructed there but were not yet ready for occupation. Swamiji Maharaj and some women disciples were in the *ashram*. The women did not live there all the time. They only visit their Guruji's *ashram*, once in a way, for a few days. They are all Gujaratis.

After seeing Ma, the women began requesting Ma to stay for some days in their *ashram*. Later in the evening, I met Swamiji and his disciples and promised to return the next day. We had no problems staying in the Ram Mandir and all the people were very good. However, having to stay upstairs meant that Ma had to ascend and descend stairs all the time and we were worried about the effect that would have on her palpitations, therefore we made alternate arrangements for her stay.

All the people around us are so willing to help us in anyway they can, so effectively, we have no discomfort living even in the midst of a jungle. All work gets done smoothly with Ma's grace. No groceries are available here. They have all to be procured from Chandod, which is accessible by one road that is about three or four miles long. There is a *dharamshala* here which has a dining space where *Dandi* and *Paramhansa sannyasis* (two sects of renunciates), receive *bhiksha* (food offering) everyday.

An Agnihotri brahmin family also lives here. They have constructed a permanent house for themselves. A little distance away, an old woman has built a small house with the purpose of living in solitude and doing her spiritual practise and *bhajan*. She lives on fruits, is about 70 to 75 years old, and her name is Saraswati Prakash.

A little further is a temple and a solid construction of a platform with several Siva linga, (Siva worshipped in the form of stones shaped like phallic symbols). It is named Kailash. There were also empty houses with verandas. All around are

woods with trees of custard apples. There is also a Lakshmi Narayan temple here where we had stayed for a night the last time we came here.

We were seated around Ma in the Ramji Temple, late in the evening. As I was speaking to Ma about an elderly *sannyasi* who seemed to be besieged by worldly attitudes, Sadhan Bhai questioned Ma, “Why Ma, even after so many years of practising *sannyas*, renunciation, do such attitudes persist? If that is the case, then what about people like us?”

Ma replied, “Look, it is alright to reconcile on a number of issues when you are young. At that age, one has the strength to work appropriately, as required, in all areas. But during childhood and old age, all internal propensities are expressed very clearly. Likes and dislikes that are within each one, are expressed externally too. They cannot be suppressed. Yet they continue to live in this way. There is hope in this as well.”

### 30<sup>th</sup> November, 1938, Wednesday

This morning we moved to a space in Yogananda Swamiji’s *ashram*. We were given rooms where the new construction had been erected. It was a brand new building. Yoganand Swami’s *ashram* Construction was pending on the veranda. Had we come here a few days earlier, perhaps we would not have got accommodation in the *ashram*. The facilities here are beautiful.

Ma said, “Look, house, doors, everything was set up for you people before you arrived. Now if you all just let go of unnecessary worry and leave everything to Him, you will see that all is well. You come to such a jungle and find that a new building is ready for you. Had we come a couple of days earlier we would perhaps not have got this place. Had we come a couple of days later, some other *sadhu* may have come here already.”



Ma began to laugh. I thought this is so true. Often, amidst so many inconveniences, without our having made any effort, and only because of having placed our faith in Ma alone, we have found, that in a place with a hundred challenges and no possibility whatsoever of any conveniences, a perfect facility has emerged. I am observing that right now. Ma had not halted in Agra, Baroda or Chandod and arrived here at an exactly appropriate time.

I settled all the luggage and went out for a walk. Sadhan and Debu left for Baroda. Ma went first to Saraswati Prakash Ma's *ashram*. She sat there for some time. Mataji does *sadhana*, spiritual practice, in solitude. We heard that she has been engaged in *sadhana* for about forty years. Earlier, she lived in different locations, but now she has settled here permanently. She is a Gujarati woman who hails from Surat. On seeing Ma, she requested her to sit down and conversed with her. When it was time for her to perform *puja*, we left.

In the evening we went to her again. The place is fairly desolate. This time the old lady spoke on many matters. She requested that we come again. She told Ma, "I like you very much." To which Ma smiled and replied, "And why would you not? For I am your daughter. A mother feels happy to see her daughter." The conversation proceeded in this manner for some time. Then Ma left that place. I laughed and said softly to Ma, "Now you will eat this old woman's head, I can see that! She is living in solitude, and now you are set upon troubling her." Ma also laughed softly.

At night, as she lay down to sleep, Ma laughed gently and said, "See the bravery! Three women, in this desolate place, who have travelled from one place to another and arrived here." She made some more such comments in this manner. I smiled and replied, "How you make fun of us! Actually, If

one thinks about it, that is how it is. But because you are with us, I did not get such thoughts at all. As we were leaving, so many people wanted to take us to Baroda as there were no men accompanying us. I had laughed and told them, ‘have you not understood this as yet?’ Being men what arrangements are you going to make? Ma is there, is that not sufficient?”

### **1<sup>st</sup> December, 1938, Thursday**

Today was well spent in this desolate place. There was nothing special to write about.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> December, 1938, Friday**

Today, too, there was no special occurrence. Ma’s diet consists only of milk. Cow’s milk is not available here. She is practically not eating anything at all. I fear because she is so weak, but Ma says, “Why do you worry? You have to manage with whatever is available.”

Let us see what can be done. No vegetables are available here either. A few vegetables are found in Chandod. Fruits and roots are not available at all. I boiled a little semolina, *roti*, plucked some raw papaya off a tree and made some gravy with it and fed Ma. She has not even eaten *roti* in the last two days, that is how it goes. Ma alone knows why she is living amidst such inconveniences.

Having glimpsed Ma’s form, the women in the *ashram* took her to their own *ashram*. They heard a few stories about Ma from me and are now seated around her. They want her to speak.

Playfully, Ma imparts some invaluable teaching to them. They are greatly delighted. They are all Gujarati speaking from Surat, but they know a little Hindi. I understand some Gujarati, and so we manage somehow.

Nowadays, Ma says very often, “You people come with a return ticket, and therefore we keep coming and going. Therefore I tell you, do that work, for which there is no return ticket.”

Ma was not able to visit Saraswati Prakash Mataji’s *ashram* yesterday nor today. Mataji came herself to find out if Ma was still around or had left. I recognised the agitation in the the old woman’s mind!

### 3<sup>rd</sup> December, 1938, Saturday

This morning, Ma and I went walking to the temple of Vyaasdev, Dharmashala, the Satyanarayana Temple and other places and reached the house of Agnihotri and sat there for a while. With great hospitality they requested us to let them know if we needed anything at all.

We then continued to walk till we reached the *ashram* of the Ma who lived on fruits (Saraswati Prakash). Seeing Ma, the elderly *tapasvini* (performer of penance) called out piteously, saying in her language, “What manner of daughter is this, who does not come to her mother, but roams about hither and thither!” Ma responded by laughing and entering her *ashram*, saying, “The daughter has acquired the mother’s nature. Just as the mother is, so is the daughter.”

The old woman was overjoyed. Making Ma sit down she said very feelingly, “Not having seen you for two days I wondered if you had gone away, but then I thought, how could you leave without telling me.”

Hearing the old woman’s possessive tone of voice, we both burst out laughing. I said to Ma in jest, “Alright, this old woman Saraswati Prakash is lives all alone doing penance. Why is strongly attracted to Ma she concerned about whether you are

here or have left? And notice her feeling of ownership! Within two days of acquaintance she says ‘how can you leave without telling me.’” The old woman did not understand our conversation in Bengali. Ma and I laughed over my comment. I said, “I said this earlier, you have come here to turn this old woman’s head!” Ma laughed. We sat there for some time and then returned. As we were leaving, the old woman entreated us to come again.

In the afternoon, the old woman came to Ma’s room again and began saying, “I like you very much, but I am unable to express it in words. It lies deep in my heart.” And so on. Ma replied smiling, “Is it possible for a mother to not like her daughter?”

Ma does not spare anyone. Several times I have observed that when they come to Ma, many people’s innermost thoughts manifest. They attempt to remain calm and collected, but having come here they are unable to do that. Well, even in a jungle, we are having a joyous time.

### **5<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Monday**

At 10 am this morning, Sadhan and I set out for Chandod with Ma. Deviji stayed on in Vyas. We halted at Tikamji’s temple in Chandod. The Mahant Maharaj of the temple expressed great joy and requested her, pressingly, to stay on in Chandod. Ma replied, “Pitaji, your crazy daughter will come whenever she can as she goes here and there.” In the afternoon, Ma lay down for some time. Gangacharan Babu arrived by the two o’clock train, with his wife and Abhay. Abhay had stayed with the venerable Gopinath Babu in Kashi for 15/16 days. At 4 pm we went to Karnali and returned. In the evening, we left Chandod to get back to Vyas.

It takes about three hours to reach Vyas by boat. Going with Ma down the Narmada river in a boat on a moonlit night, we experienced great joy. It was very quiet all around and totally deserted. I thought there must have been so many spiritual aspirants who performed *sadhana* in different ways in this place, whose impact was not lost. We reached Vyas at 9 pm. All around was deep silence.

**6<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Tuesday**

Gangacharan Babu returned to Baroda today. The day was spent in great bliss with Ma.

**7<sup>th</sup> December, 1938 Wednesday**

Very early this morning, Ma said suddenly to me, “I saw a form. Just see what time it is right now?”

I checked the time and told her, “4 am.”

Ma declared, “Is it a quarter past four? This is a good time to get up and take the Name.”

I asked, “What form were you talking about?” Ma did not say anything more.

**8<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Thursday**

Ma, I, Abhay, Sadhan and Sri Gangacharan Babu’s wife were seated and various topics arose in the course of conversation. I remarked, “At times, when Ma does not speak, it is as if her mouth is shut tightly with a finger pressing down.”

Ma smiled and said, “Yes, perhaps that does happen. So many people are seated around, conversation is in progress and suddenly, that which is not to be uttered, that topic comes up, and no answer emerges, and these two fingers arise and press the mouth down tightly. And then, along with each

*bhava* a particular *aasan* emerges spontaneously and watching that *aasan* you can understand what kind of *bhava* was playing within the person (who raised the topic)". Ma spoke on many such occurrences.

The (Gujarati) women disciples of Yogananda Swamiji come and stay here in this *ashram* on and off to be with their Guru. One of these disciples has been specially taking great care of us. She is deeply engaged in religious practices. She knows very little about Ma, yet seeing Ma's form she has been quite attracted to her as is evident from her behaviour. She did not visit Ma often. She would come now and then but was greatly taken up with a couple of ideas that she heard Ma talk about.

This group of women had been to a place called Sinora, close by and had just returned. That woman came to Ma and said, "How wonderful! We were seated in the boat and I saw, so clearly, you were lying down in that half-reclined posture that you often rest in, you were reclining exactly in that manner. Wherever I turned my gaze, there you were visible. Finally, when I could contain it no longer, I told my sisters about it, but they could see nothing." The woman spoke in broken Hindi and somehow managed to convey this experience to us. Ma heard this and smiled gently. She said to me, "Did you hear what she said?"

In the evening I went all around for a walk with Ma. Practically every evening Ma sits facing the Narmada under a tamarind tree. There is a built up platform under the tree. We all sit around Ma. This evening again, we sat in that spot.

### **9<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Friday**

The day was occupied, in a way, with daily chores. In the evening, once again, we gathered under the tamarind tree. Ma

was not feeling too well today. She was saying, “I don’t know, I am feeling out of sorts in some way.”

Just before sundown, Ma went to the fruit-eating Mataji (Saraswati Prakash) with Abhay and me.

The old woman saw Ma and brightened, “Daughter, why have you come so late?”

Ma sat on the veranda for some time. The old woman observes rituals of untouchability to quite an extent. Ma told the old woman, “Ma, I want to drink some water.” To me Ma said, “I shall play some pranks with my mother!”

The old woman did not wish to touch anyone right then as she had had a bath in the evening and would go out to the temples for *darshan*. What could she do? She first said, “You are saying all this to throw me into Maya (the illusory world).” But when she realised that Ma really wanted to drink water, she fetched water in a little bowl and asked me to give it to her. Ma, however, opened her mouth like a little child, and went and sat right next to the old woman. Poor woman, she somehow managed to pour a mouthful of water into Ma’s mouth, and then began desperately entreating me repeatedly to give Ma the water.

I laughed and said, “She wants to drink water from her mother’s hands. I will not make her drink the water.” The old woman appeared to be quite distraught, so I gave the water to Ma. Later Ma said to her, “Ma, Ma, not everybody wants to be my mother. You have become my mother. If I call out to you loudly, you will not be annoyed, is it not?”

The old woman replied with utmost regard, “How can I ever be annoyed if you do that? Moreover, it is not right to be angry when wearing the robes of a *sadhu*.”

Ma laughed and said, “Great. This is a joyous statement.”

And then, like a child as she called out Ma - Ma - Ma - Ma, there was a perceivable change in her *bhava*, and tears began flowing down her cheeks. Abhay and I were alarmed, “What was happening now?”

This old woman had a daughter. When she was two months pregnant, the old woman had been widowed. The daughter died when she was twenty years old. The widow left home because of the grief of her daughter’s death. Yesterday she had revealed this to Ma. She had also asked Ma, “Are you that daughter of mine? Where have you come from and presented yourself to me? I live in solitude and do not go to anybody.” And so on.

Now Ma was calling out to her, saying, “You have wept copiously for your daughter, therefore I am weeping today.”

At first, the old woman had seemed quite happy and was smiling and I had not sensed any deep sorrow within her. But when Ma called out in this manner, the old woman came and stood unmoving beside her. As we watched, the old woman’s eyes filled with tears.

It was past sunset. Abhay and I said, “What is this, Ma? This woman lives alone in this jungle. Coming to her, what have you started off?” A smile played on Ma’s lips, her eyes were full of tears. She said nothing. A few moments later she took the old woman and stepped outside. The old woman went along with Ma for her daily evening round of the temples, *darshan* of the gods and all the rituals. We also went along.

Ma now followed her, exactly like a child, walking fast. The old woman was not smiling anymore. She was very serious. After going to one temple after another, the old woman



returned.

I asked Ma, “I understand you are making all that was suppressed come out.” Ma replied, “It is good to get out whatever is inside.”

The old woman went back to her *ashram*, and we stayed on in our places along the way.

When I went to the old woman’s *ashram* for some reason, she said, “I live in solitude in this jungle with my God. I am happy living alone. From where did this daughter come along? Her face resembles my daughter’s quite a bit. Look, where is Bengal, where is Gujarat, how did they come together! What good fortune it was, I do not know, that I went for *darshan*, but God alone knows what went through my heart when I saw her. This daughter has now become mine for sure.”

I began reflecting, what was all this all about? What happens for what reason, for whom, how she interacts, only she can give us the understanding. I can only watch.

The priest of the temple in Chandod has brought us some provisions today. He performed *keertan* in the evening. Abhay sang along with him. I am observing that *keertan* goes on wherever Ma is. The priest had brought his *esraj* (a bowed string instrument) to sing *keertan* for Ma.

### **10<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Saturday**

Last night Ma had no desire at all to go to sleep. After we had gone to sleep, she was awake and sat up for quite some time. Later, when she called out to me, I woke up and sat with her for awhile. We conversed on many matters. She slept only around 3 am, after which I also went to sleep.

Today she said that there was an incident last night. Subtle bodies came and took her away. They then brought her back.

She was saying how she clearly saw three individuals carrying her away. They took her to a spot where conversation was carried out in Ma's Bangla and other languages. That was all she said.

Ma said, "With clean hands, they held on forcefully, I saw that." Ma described all this smilingly.

We do not know what happens any time! I asked Ma, "Had we been awake, what would it have been like?" Ma said, "It is possible you would have been frightened, you may have been paralysed by fear. Even if you did not witness anything extraordinary, it is natural to feel that way."

This evening, Abhay, Sadhan and I went with Ma to the fruitarian Mataji's *ashram* and sat there for some time. On our return, Ma lay down on her bed, and we sat around her, when Ma referred to the subtle bodies and said, "Once in Bareilly I was sleeping at night, wrapped in a new blanket. I saw very clearly, that a big goat with long hair, came and stood touching my body. I experienced his touch distinctly. I understood that the blanket had been made with the hair of this goat. It is possible to discern the difference between the gross and subtle bodies from their touch. After the interaction with those subtle bodies, having settled my limbs I sat up or lay down and then called out to you and started interacting with you all. Sometimes, interactions go on simultaneously in both directions."

Vision of the subtle  
form of a goat connected  
to the blanket

Another topic arose. Abhay said, "Some people come to Gopinath Babu and ask, why does Anandamayi Ma roam about so much? In answer to this he replies, 'Ma does not roam about at all. She stays in one place. Have you not seen, when a top spins, its centre remains still, all around it spins. Similarly, all around her there is movement, Ma remains in stillness.'"

This is true, that those who are weak, may have been made bed-ridden. Ma does not seem to be affected by all this roaming around, for it appears as if she is in one spot. One can understand this, if one were to watch carefully. The reason is nothing else, the reason is that we can also see that Ma is in this *bhava* of stillness. Ma always says, “I do not roam about. I am in one spot. And if you look at it from your viewpoint of roaming about, then I am walking, sitting, sleeping within my one home.”

This *bhava* is visible not just in conversation, but is manifested in Ma’s body.

### **11<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Sunday**

Last night again, Ma was not in a mood to sleep. Around 10.30 pm, she got up from her bed and went to the room made of mud, where Abhay was sleeping, and sat next to him. She returned to her bed at about 4.30 am and went to sleep at 5 am.

In the course of conversation the subject arose of whether, in her childhood, Ma ever slept the way we do. And if she did not, did she know about sleep?

Ma said, “Look, what could be the reason for not knowing this? In the *bhava* that you people are in, there is no cause for you to not know what sleep is. And if you ask about the state of this body, then all that can be said is, that what in your perspective is sleep in childhood, that is present even now. In between, when *yoga-kriya* happened within this body, then sleep of that kind was not perceived, nor did the body appear to lie down. At that time just wakefulness was manifested. And so what you call sleep in your perspective, that was what happened in childhood as well.”

### **12<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Monday**

I went walking with Ma some distance, today. Ma has done

something to the fruitarian Mataji's life. Yet she is of a grave nature, and has lived in solitude with her spiritual practices. So she seldom appears. However, the surprising thing is that her countenance has changed perceptibly.

Today again, we had gone there. While chatting she said, "Ramji alone knows the inside story. Then she pointed towards Ma and said, "She knows everything."

Again, she said to Ma, "You have become mine. My life force (*prana*) is with you. But I do not have the habit of showing this externally. What will I do by showing it off? That said, I still cannot grasp what you gave me that day, within myself." We were very moved as she said this, sitting slightly apart, with a sad, serious, attitude. Residents here regard her with great respect. She is always engaged in penance. She said, "My daughter was my Guru. It is that bereavement that has caused my living outside for forty or fifty years, serving God."

A feeling of devotion is aroused when we look at the old woman's countenance.

As we were conversing today, Abhay expressed a desire to know the story of Ma's *deeksha* (initiation). We listened as Ma described, "First, the *mandala* (ritual symbol) and other details for the *yajna* (sacrificial fire) got prepared. Then, just as, before a *yajna* is performed, the *mandala* and other gods are worshipped, that happened. Then, everything else, appropriately (not with external materials of your perception) happened spontaneously- all kinds of things."

Again, as we talked, Abhay said, " I have heard that if *yogeshwarya* (the wealth earned through yogic practice) is displayed, you have to do *prayaschit* (atone for it)."

"Look, it is true that you have to do *prayaschit*." After she said

this, many other matters were revealed. Ma said, “Whatever *prayaschit* had to be done, that has also happened within this body.”

Much discussion ensued on this topic. There are two or three scars on Ma’s hands. Some are burns made by embers and some are cuts that were inflicted. In the midst of this topic, there arose the matter of the time when the grandson of Shri Nishikant Mitra suffered from mastoiditis. He came to Ma. The same day, in Shahbagh, Ma cut the back of her hand and the very next day the boy’s mastoiditis was cured.

The conversation turned to the incident when Raibahadur Jogeshchandra Ghosh took Ma to his house. Ma was preparing *bhog* (offering for worship). Just then, Bhudev Babu arrived and said, “Nawabzadi Pyaari Banu was caught in a terrible lawsuit and was greatly distressed. Ma should do something to make her win that case. I would like to know what is happening to that case that is in court in Kolkata.”

Bholanathji also pressured Ma in this regard. At once, Ma picked up a burning ember from the kitchen fire and put it on the back of her hand and caused a burn (the scar is still visible on Ma’s hand). She then declared, “This has happened. Now she will win.”

Ma now explained that she never manifested the power of *yoga, yogeshwarya*. Whatever had to happen, happened spontaneously. She had decided on the appropriate action in response to Bholanath’s insistence. Therefore she instantly burnt some part of her body with a burning coal. A little later, they received the news that everybody’s prayers had been answered. One knows not what lies within all this. All these years, this matter had remained secret. Today it emerged.

On being questioned more deeply on this issue, Ma replied, “On the one hand, there is the fact that because the glory of *yogeshwarya* is being exhibited, there has to be *prayaschit*, atonement. On the other hand, there is one more aspect. This burning of one part of the body that was done, was a *kriya*, a special action, the fruit of which goes to the scene of action that those who pray for it require, and instantly helps to grant the result they are praying for. Meaning to say, that whatever was occurring, changes were brought about in that and went in favour of those praying for it. Now you can make what you like of this!”

Again, Ma said, “Sometimes it has happened that there is some utterance from the mouth, no *kriya* is occurring, but that work gets done inevitably. And sometimes, again, it happens, that if someone wants to find out what lies in the womb of the future, then they are told if it will happen or not.” There are many such facets.

Tonight, Ma was quiet for a couple of hours, and then she got up. I along with Abhay, also woke and sat up. Conversation and animated laughter started, as if it was day time. In the midst of this, Ma asked us both to be seated quietly for some time. Ma started swaying. When Ma swayed in this manner, you could hear the bones of her rib cage sliding.

This evening we visited the fruitarian Mataji. Today, the old woman was unable to maintain her serious attitude while conversing. With palms joined she requested Ma, “I shall leave soon. For the days that I am here, come and spend a couple of hours with me.” Turning to me, she said, “Bring Ma with you.”

I am amazed to see the changes in the old woman’s *bhava*, day by day. Not that she comes and sits in Ma’s room. In fact, she is occupied with her daily routine in her *ashram*. It is not her nature to go out anywhere either. But the moment Ma goes

near her, it is as if she has found some lost treasure. When Ma gets up to leave, she coaxes her to stay a little longer. Ma had been rather mischievous all these days, but with this attitude from the old woman, Ma was also settling into steady behaviour with her. The old woman speaks to her with great affection. She has planned to get a well dug. She said, "I have just this task remaining, of getting this well dug. As soon as this job is done my life breath will go out." She had not returned to her home for forty or forty five years, she said, and wanted to go and meet everybody once.

### **13<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Tuesday**

As soon as we woke this morning, it was decided that we would go to Chandod. Ma went to the fruitarian Mataji and met her. We set out by boat at 10 am. As we departed, we saw the old woman, who had abandoned her daily routine and ritual, standing by the river and looking towards Ma. Many on that side were astonished to see this behaviour for they had never seen her do anything like this before.

Abhay began to complain, "I don't like all this. What is the use of this? The poor woman was getting on all right, why did you unsettle her?"

Ma smiled gently and said, "It was good for that fire (bereavement over the loss of her daughter) to be expelled from within."

Meanwhile, Ma, who had created so much turmoil in the old woman's mind, had set off for Chandod today. The old woman was going to leave in a couple of days, but Ma could not wait till then. Watching the unfolding of this life story, I am wonderstruck! She makes everybody dance, but remains steady, unwavering and unchanging herself. Maybe that is why

she is able to make so many people restless.

We went to stay in the Vishnu temple. The Mahant, Ramratandasji was very happy to see us. He started extending respectful hospitality in every way possible. We have no idea how long Ma will stay here.

### 15<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Thursday

This evening, after sunset, Ma's body underwent some strange *kriya*. For a few days, Ma had been saying, "My body could become a little strange. Do not become afraid. Sometimes, the body goes through this and then gets better."

### 16<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Friday

Today Ma told us a few stories from her childhood. Abhay and I were seated near her. She was talking about her childhood, "Bholanath told me not to look at any man's face. That was it! No meant NO. I stopped looking even at my father's or brother's faces. Once, the cousin brother of this body (father's elder brother's son) said, 'Get me a betel leaf.' I brought the betel leaf (*paan*). He was engaged in some work with both hands and so he opened his mouth and said, 'Here, put the paan inside.' What was I to do? I was not to look at his face. My body was trembling. Suddenly I had the thought that I could keep my vision only within his mouth and aim the *paan* in there. I did that and ran away. Surprisingly, I never caught sight of the rest of his face. I only saw the inside of his mouth."

### 17<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Saturday

Today Ma woke up at 10 am. After a meal she started singing to a Vaishnavi melody,



“Aami broje jabo, mege khaabo  
Brojer choron dhuli maathobo gaay  
Aamaar Maake Ma boliyo Bhai Nitai”

“To Braj shall I go, I will beg for my food  
I shall rub the mud of Braj on my body,  
Call my mother Ma, oh brother Nitai!”

She was clapping her hands and singing. She sang nothing but these two lines again and again. A little later, she said, “Listen, when I was a child, Vaishnava and Vaishnavi singers would play an instrument that went ‘tun-tun’ as they went in the morning hours from house to house. Not ever understanding what they were singing, this body, however, went running after them.” Saying this, Ma began to laugh. She said, “Whenever they went singing, they would come to each house in the morning and take alms - that was their routine.”

### 19<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Monday

Today, at 2 pm, I returned by boat to Vyas with Ma. Sadhan and Ruma Devi stayed on Chandod. Abhay and I are with Ma.

### 20<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Tuesday

Today many local people arrived for Ma’s *darshan*. In the morning, an elderly lady, offered her *pranam* to Ma and then started walking around her (*pradakshina*). Before this we had never seen her. She did not speak. Ma was lying down at that time. Tonight at 10 pm, *kriya* started manifesting in Ma’s body. I sat with Abhay and watched her. In between, she would respond to questions, while all the time *kriya* was in progress.

This continued for about an hour. Around 2 am, she started

talking, but for the most she was quiet. As there seemed to be no inclination for sleep, she would sit up at times and lie down at other times, and thus the night was spent. Abhay and I kept awake all night.

### **21<sup>st</sup> December, 1938, Wednesday**

This morning, I woke up and taking Abhay along, walked along the Narmada river with Ma, and circumambulated the Vyas island. We returned by the path through the forest.

### **23<sup>rd</sup> December, 1938, Friday**

Yesterday, Keshav, (a young boy who has come here to become a *brahmachari*, he had first seen Ma in Cox Bazar) arrived. He had spent some time in the Dhaka *ashram*. Today the three of us walked with Ma for quite a distance along the banks of the Narmada river. On returning, Ma went to sleep.

### **24<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Saturday**

This morning I went with Ma down the banks of the Narmada to a far off place, where she sat down. We conversed on various matters. We returned around 9 am. Today, again, Ma ate a little bit of food and then went to sleep. She woke up around 1 pm. In the afternoon she went quite far out, in a boat. Sailing in a boat with Ma on the Narmada in the evening, I experienced an indescribable joy. We returned to the *ashram* in the evening.

### **25<sup>th</sup> December, 1938 Sunday**

This morning, I went across the river, with Ma, in a boat, to the place called Shukdev and spent quite some time there. There is a temple and a priest and worship is performed every day. The priest requested Ma to stay on but we returned

around 12 noon. That side of the river is very deserted. Because the temples are ancient, there are hardly any people around. I sat on a verandah facing the Narmada. In this manner, our days were spent in great joy on the banks of the Narmada.

### **26<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Monday**

Ma sat up practically all night through. This morning she went for a stroll and then I made her drink some milk. She took Abhay to a room and after conversing with him for some time, at about 11 am, all kinds of *kriya* began manifesting in Ma's body. She then lay down and rested.

At 5 pm, I woke her up and made her drink a little milk and the juice of vegetables. However, I observed that her body was in some other state. She said, "Lay out bedding for me in some room and close the door from the outside."

I obeyed Ma's orders. Ma lay down. Nowadays *kriya* happens often in Ma's body.

### **27<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Tuesday**

From last night, Ma has been sleeping alone. In the course of conversation, she mentioned that a Buddhist *sadhu* had come to her that afternoon (in his subtle body). No conversation occurred.

Hariram Joshi and Govind Pandey from Dehradun and Shishir from Delhi have arrived today. Ma was lying down most of the day.

### **28<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Wednesday**

This afternoon, Ma said to me, "Look, there is just one *bhava* within, but what you people see on the outside is all kinds of *bhava* mixed up. The examples that I am giving of fire and

water, these manifestations of *kriya* that you are seeing in this body, they are all a kind of shutting down. So at times it appears that there are mistakes, but those are not mistakes, they seem to be some sort of obstacles.”

Saying this she fell silent, and a little later was fast asleep.

### 29<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Thursday

Today, Gangacharan Babu has arrived from Baroda. Listening to Ma last night, I was filled with apprehension about what she may do. If all interaction was to cease, who knows what could happen?

From yesterday Ma seems to be feverish. She is sleeping alone in her room. She is absorbed in her own *bhava* most of the time. Today again she fell asleep at 10 am and woke up at 3 pm. Later, after she went for a boat ride on the Narmada and returned, *keertan* was sung. Hariram Bhai started chanting a stotra. He had composed a chant about Ma and it went thus:

*Jaya Jaya Mata, Jaya Jaya Mata  
Jaya janani jaga bandini he  
Tum rudraani, jaga mahaaraani, Jaya Jaya vishva vinodini he  
Vishva vinodini mangala kaarini, Jaya Jaya Veena Vaani he  
(Tum) Roopa shiromani shaanti pradaayini, Jaya Jaya mangala kaarini he  
Paap samhaarini shakti prasaarini, Jaya Jaya Kamala vihaarini he  
Nibida nishaamaya Jaga me ab tum chamake nabha se daamini he  
Shata shata baar pranaam karoo mai, Jaya Jaya kehari aasan he*

It was nearly 10 pm by the time *keertan* was done. Ma lay down to rest.

### 30<sup>th</sup> December, 1938, Friday

This morning the topic of *Tratak* came up.

Ma started recalling, “When *Tratak* occurred, my gaze would get deflected, sometimes upwards, sometimes downwards,

forward, left, right; it would get fixed. Then, starting from here (indicating her chest), the gaze would shift to the lower part of the body and then rise ahead. How many different experiences happened, what shall I describe!”

At the time of this conversation, Gangacharan Babu, Hariram Bhai, Govind Pandey, Abhay, Shishir, Sadhan, were all in the room.

At about 3 pm, we left with Ma to see Anasuya. In the last couple of days, our group has enlarged significantly. The ladies who would gather every evening for *keertan* and other *sadhana*, were also with us. Quite a few set out to go by boat, along with Ma. I laughingly remarked, “Now it is alright. How can we have only one or two accompanying Ma!”

We returned to Vyas after seeing Anasuya at about 9 pm. There are two temples in Anasuya. One is Anasuya Devi’s temple and the other is a construction for a sacrificial fire (*yajna kunda*) for Kali Mata. Dattatreya Swami’s seat (*aasan*) is also present. We heard that the Baroda government offers meals everyday. And there is a dispensary for lepers run by the government. It is a place of solitude. It is said, that smearing the soil of this place, gives relief to people suffering from leprosy. A big tree stands outside the temple and we were told that its roots have entered the Anusuya temple and Anusuya Devi’s idol is installed on these roots.

Vyas is a two hour journey from Anusuya. It was the eighth day of the lunar month (*Shukla Ashtami*) and we were returning in a boat in the moonlit night, singing *keertan*. We had sung *keertan* on our way to *Anusuya* as well. Govind Pandey observes a fast on *Ashtami* day. He performed a *puja* for Ma on the boat. He recited sacred verses (*stotra*). Just before we reached Vyas, Ma went to one side of the boat and sat down. I

*Puja offered to Ma  
on a boat*

was standing near her. Ma started chanting something similar to the *stotra* softly at first and then she broke into laughter. I laughed too. The others were seated a little away, on the other side of the boat. A little later, Ma started singing the name, “*Hare Muraare Madhukaitabhare, Gopal, Govinda Mukunda shoure.*” She sang this phrase, turning it around in many different ways. Closing her eyes, lost in the song, she repeated the same phrase, interspersing it with ‘Haribol, Haribol!’

She sang for quite some time. Tears ran down her cheeks. All listened to her in stunned silence. Nature seemed to have become still too. We were all immersed in a unique, indescribable bliss.

Just before this, an exclamation, “Aah!” had emerged from Ma’s lips. Smiling slightly she said, “Did not such a sound emerge once earlier?” I replied, “Yes, sometime recently this sound had emerged from you.” She then resumed singing the bhajan ‘*Hare Muraare*’. As soon as we reached the *ashram*, I said, “You have been sitting for quite a while. Now you should rest.” Ma replied, “All right.” And lay down to sleep.

Shanti and her husband have arrived from Bombay. We had met them in Ahmedabad. Shanti and I were seated near Ma, when suddenly an owl called out from the banyan tree in front. Ma said, “What is it saying?”. I listened and said, “An owl is calling out. I don’t like it.” Ma laughed and remarked, “Sometimes bad news also arrives.”

I said, “You uttered ‘Aah!’ Then you weep. Seeing this I am perturbed.” Smiling sweetly, Ma observed, “And so it is. Eyes are watering yet again.”

Today again there was *keertan*. Pandaji performed *arati* for Ma. Meanwhile, a widowed woman has been visiting from Kathiawar. She is a disciple of Brahmachari Baba of the Ram temple.

Wishing to perform *sadhana* and *bhajan* (spiritual practice and worship) in solitude, she has built a small house here. She has a very calm disposition. Gujarat is a place with much religious feeling. The people are simple and believers. Practically every home has enough to eat and they do not seem to be lacking in basic necessities. They all seem to be very happy.

The woman mentioned above, has been coming to Ma quite often. I heard that yesterday, she saw Ma in her dream in the form of Durga. She expressed her desire to take Ma to her *kuteer* (hut), tomorrow.

Owing to the efforts of Yogananda Maharajji and his disciples, we are having a very joyful time here.

### **31<sup>st</sup> December, 1938, Saturday**

This morning, all the people here went with Ma to the banks of the river Narmada for a stroll. When we returned, I washed Ma's face and hands. At about 10 am, the woman from Kathiawar took Ma to her *kuteer*. We reached there and found she had readied all the paraphernalia for *puja*. All the people from Vyas were present. They performed Ma's *puja*. *Keertan* was sung for some time. Ma sang the Name and made everyone sing too, so that all sang together -

*“Krishna Kanhaiya Banshi bajaiya  
Gau charaiya ha re...re...re..re..re”*

The next song went like this-

*“Jai shiv shankar bam-bam hara-hara”*

Everyone sat around Ma till almost 2 pm. The above mentioned woman could not speak Hindi fluently. In Gujarati she said, “I have been cleaning my home since 2 am this morning because Ma was going to come here. I cannot describe in how many different forms I have seen Ma. As I

sang *keertan* I found I was forgetting it all. I sing this song every day. But how is it that today, my eyes fill with tears and I forget the song altogether?" I laughingly remarked, "It is Ma's job to make everyone forget in this way!" Ma laughed and responded, "Where is the forgetting? Forgetting just a little- what will that achieve?"

Some people are addressing Ma as '*Bhagavati Mayi*' and offering *pranam*. I have been observing this time and again, yet I am wonderstruck each time. Even in this tiny place in the middle of a forest, Ma's influence is manifesting more and more each day. Never mind that not more than a couple of people understand Hindi, let alone speak it. Nor do we understand or speak Gujarati. The girl called Shanti, who has come with her husband from Bombay, also practically does not understand Hindi. Yet, she is so keen on serving Ma. She had met Ma only on two days in Ahmedabad. And she was compelled to search for Ma, found her whereabouts and presented herself! She does not understand what Ma says, and to make Ma understand her language, although from the outside it appears impossible to me, yet her devotion and faith in Ma is beautiful and deep. She is a very simple believer.

Ma returned and lay down to sleep. This evening too, we all went with Ma to the banks of the Narmada for a stroll.

### **1<sup>st</sup> January, 1939, Sunday**

Practically everyone here is taking a photo of Ma. Every morning and evening *keertan* is sung. Many come and participate in the evening's *keertan*.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> January, 1939, Monday**

Today, yet another disciple of Brahmachari Baba of the Ram temple (Chunnihal Seth of Sinaur) took Ma to the Ram temple



and worshipped her. *Keertan* was sung. The Seth has been here at his Guru's *ashram* for a few days. I am observing this specially about householders here. They spend a few days every now and then, either at a pilgrimage spot, or at their Guru's *ashram*.

A *sadhu* from Almora, whose name is Narayan Swami, arrived here yesterday. He is well known to Ruma Devi, and has built an *ashram* in a place called Khera, close by. He hails from Mysore. On the one hand, he observes the vow of silence (*maun*), and on the other hand, he has a large following of disciples. He has come here at the request of Ruma Devi. At first sight, the *sadhu* appears to be a good person. Tall, with no decoration on his body, with only a piece of hessian as covering. He offered his *pranam* to Ma.

He expressed his desire to receive fruit from Ma's hands. Ma placed some fruit in his hand. Today, these people (the *sadhu* has two people serving him), are leaving. They have boarded the boat before dawn.

When I was taking Ma to the Ram temple, she said, "Call Pitaji." That was done. An *aasan* worked with *zari*, gold thread, has been laid out for Ma. Flower garlands and flower bangles have been procured. Ma's hands were decorated with floral bangles. As soon as people started offering flower garlands to her, Ma took them in her hand, stood up and started putting them round Narayan Swami's neck, saying, "I have worn them on my hands, Pitaji will wear them on his neck."

He joined his palms. Ma did not sit on the *zari aasan*. Sitting next to Swamiji she declared, "I shall sit next to Pitaji. I shall sleep in his lap." So saying, she lay down on his lap.

For a moment the *sadhu* was embarrassed by Ma's simple, spontaneous behaviour, but the very next moment, this feeling was gone. Ma continued to sit next to him.

When milk and fruit was brought to feed Ma, she said, “First offer it to Pitaji.”

Swamiji was offered some refreshments and only then did Ma accept some herself. Everything Ma does, is like this. We stayed there for an hour and a half and then returned with Ma.

This afternoon at 1 pm, along with Swamiji, Hariram, Govind Pandeji and the Gujarati gentleman (Shantiji’s husband) left. Before he left, Swamiji requested Ma to give him fruit with her hands, Ma granted him his desire. Hariram and others began weeping as they left. Watching this scene, Swami Yoganand Maharajji’s disciple, Mangal Gaurav and Shanti had tears in their eyes. Everybody was in the same state.

Ma was laughing. Seeing this, Mangal Gaurav caught hold of Ma’s hand and said, “Ma, you are laughing but we are all in tears.”

Laughingly Ma replied, “Now look! Should anyone weep for someone who is laughing?” So saying, she burst into laughter again.

### **3<sup>rd</sup> January, 1939, Tuesday**

This evening Ma was conversing with Abhay. At 10.30 pm I told them to go to bed. The previous night, Ma slept only at 3 am. She has no desire to sleep. Nowadays, she just lies down quietly for three or four hours and has no inclination to sleep. Now, when I requested her to sleep, she said, “I shall just walk about a little.”

Abhay and I set out with her. First she went and sat under the tamarind tree. We both sat beside her. It was *ekadashi*, eleventh day of the lunar month, and the moon lit up all quarters. Quiet solitude all around. A little later Ma rose and said, “You both sit here. I will just go for a stroll on the banks of the Narmada.”

I asked, “May I go along ?”

Ma replied, “I have just said no to that.”

I continued to sit under the tamarind tree, but Abhay did not listen to her and followed Ma. Ma went a little ahead and sat down. I watched her from where I was seated. One hour was spent thus. Ma had come away without a cloth to wrap around herself. I took a cloth to wrap around her and found that she was seated with her cloth over her head that was bowed down. Following Ma’s instructions, I returned to the spot under the tamarind tree and sat down. I could see Ma seated in an open area.

Ma returned and went to sleep. Abhay and I were seated. Abhay started saying, “I thought perhaps she is going to converse with me. I went there and found, that was not so. Oh Baba! She was speaking there to, I know not whom.” Abhay began laughing.

After talking to me for some time, Abhay went to sleep. I kept sitting. Softly, I questioned Ma, “Ma, those beings (without bodies), who come to you, do they experience any obstruction when you are seated with us?”

Ma replied, “What obstruction? I am seated next to you people most of the time. Do you understand what happens? Sometimes I laugh and sometimes all kinds of words emerge. Knowing that this happens, at times, according to my *kheyal*, I go and sit far away.”

Today, some indistinct words had emerged amidst her laughter which sounded strange. Which is why, Abhay, seeing Ma laugh in that manner and utter indistinct words had become unsettled and started laughing - I had witnessed all that while I had been seated a little away and Ma was seated on a pile of sand at some distance.

This afternoon, the conversation turned to events from the past. In the course of the chat, Ma said, “Your Didi had once said to me - ‘Ma, you let go of your body to become completely childlike in our company. Perhaps you cannot do that when you are with men?’ At that moment I had replied - ‘Man-woman, young-old, these differences arise from your viewpoint.

**Ma sees no difference between man and woman, big and small**

There are no differences for this body. All are alike. With the result that this body can behave like a little girl in one form, with everybody. But with you all, whatever inhibitions or veils are needed, they stay on for however long.”

Again she started saying, “Coming in the form of a child, a motherly attitude was engendered and will continue to be so.” Laughing, she continued, “This body is like wood or stone.” Saying this she burst into laughter.

Further she said, “Your Didi heard all this and said - ‘Ma, in your body there has been no worldly contamination, is it not? Therefore, hands, feet, head and every other limb has stayed with you just as is.’”

Very often many people have remarked that we are very fortunate that we can touch this body of Ma’s. On our questioning her about this, Ma once said, “The first phase of this life was spent in serving the in-laws as a householder. Having lost his job in the police department, Bholanath stayed on in Dhaka looking for another job. Bholanath’s older brother was suffering from incontinence. Bholanath would come to enquire after his health or to help with his treatment. When his older brother passed away, Bholanath was present. After his brother’s death, Bholanath put us up in a house in the village and went out in search of

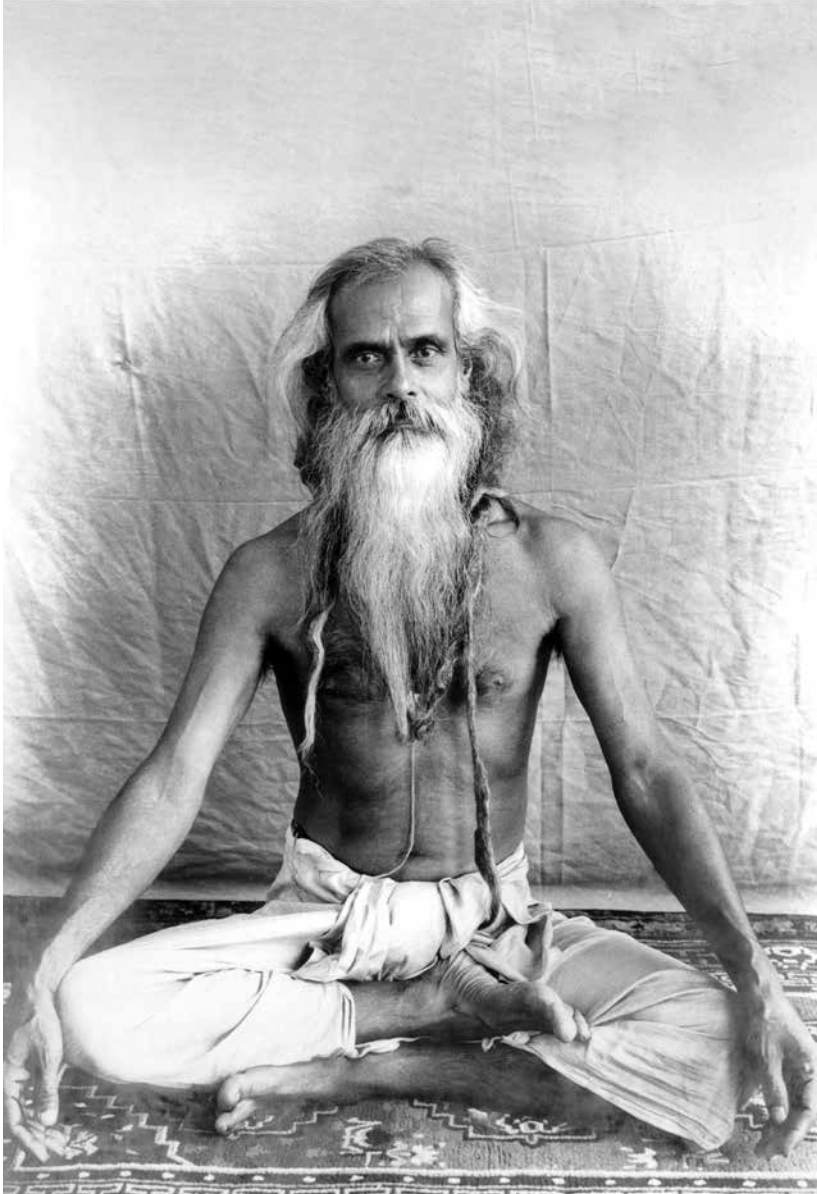
work. He got a job in Ashtagram and stayed on there. This body stayed with the elder brother's wife for six months. Bholanath's sister-in-law was living in the village, with her little children, without any male member in the house. On Bholanath's decree, this body was taken to Vidyakoot where this body's parents lived. Quite a few days were spent there. After that Bholanath took this body to Ashtagram where he was working. After keeping well for some time, this body became so ill that Bholanath, on several days, had to cook meals himself and feed this body. Several months passed in this manner. Many people started saying, the poor man should marry again. Then, after recovering, this body started experiencing indescribable states with the Name of Hari."

"Bholanath was transferred to Bajitpur. As there was no facility to set up home there, this body again had to stay with the parents in Vidyakoot for quite some time. It was in that Ashtagram that various *bhava* were manifested during *keertan* in this body. After quite a long stay in Vidyakoot, I stayed for some time in Aathpaada, Bholanath's village, and then went to Bajitpur.

On our further questioning, Ma replied, "At first, Bholanath would watch the flux of *bhava* in this body and say - you are very young, with the advance of years, these *bhava* will normalise. In some people, *bhava* normalises with age. That was Bholanath's hope. But when this body grew up and the *bhava* showed no signs of transformation, then Bholanath started discussing the idea of approaching a doctor."

"Bholanath maintained his curiosity about my condition all the time - what was all this about? Which is why he always questioned any *sadhu* or *sannyasi* who he met. For he observed that the girl was very young but spoke extensively on philosophy. And the truth is, that serving the master,

*Sri Sri Ma Anandamayi*



Baba Bholanathji

taking *prasad*, the water with which the feet of the lord were washed *charanamrit*, were practices that were observed from childhood. Because adherence to service was complete, he was pleased most often.”

At that time, the discussion about remarriage had risen because of Ma’s simple and naturally childlike behaviour that led to Bholanath’s attitude to be that of a father who kept his life disciplined all through, looking after this child, and not considering marrying again. Ma showed us how she could play with each one, in which way and in which form. After all, Ma’s *leela* is for our benefit.

Once, in the course of conversation she revealed, “Sometimes it so happened, that on just looking at Bholanath, this body would start trembling violently. But this was not because of fear, just like the shivering experienced by patients of malaria, this body would be wracked by even greater convulsions. Trembling in this manner, this body would turn black, sometimes yellow, sometimes white and bloodless. In this state, every limb would be sweating and then the body would fall down. Hours would pass.”

“Sometimes, it would so happen that this body would be asleep. The moment Bholanath sat down on the bed next to this body, the breathing pattern of the body would change, with *poorak*, *rechak*, *kumbhak* (inhale, exhale, holding of breath) occurring, and *matsyaasan*, the fish pose, and other advanced *yoga aasan* would start to manifest along with a piercing, sparkling gaze.”

“At that point, Bholanath would be as fearful as a child and would not understand how to deal with this body. Rubbing his hands and feet together he would declare, ‘Now what did I do? I only came and sat down. Oof! Who am I stuck with and how?’ Saying this, he would do what he could to revive this body. He

was unable to grasp what *bhava* there was within this body many a time.”

“Sometimes it would happen, that this body was lying in a state and hours would pass. But the body was young then. He would leave this body alone in the Bajitpur house and go to his workplace. When he was questioned about how this body could be left alone without his making any arrangements for it to be looked after, and what would people say to him about that, he would ignore the matter altogether. Because you see, Bholanath had witnessed these different *bhava* assumed by this body and did not feel the need for any of that.”

“Often Bholanath would declare, ‘What is all this? I have never heard of any other woman with these kind of *bhava*.’ Later he began to observe the spiritual and worshipful play in this body and then somehow the attitude of serving began to grow within him. This body’s mother had said, your husband is your Guru, and therefore this body served the husband in a very special manner. With a Guru, falsehood, frivolity, manipulation can never be present, and honestly, this body never had these traits of falsehood, frivolity or manipulation. Consequently, the attitudes of service and following instructions grew spontaneously within this body. Addressing Bholanath with the familiar ‘you’ happened at first in the same way that we address God as ‘you’.

Bholanath would both be astonished and pleased with this kind of behaviour.” Bholanath had himself observed Ma in different situations and recorded all this very well. We have also spoken about this with Bholanath and he has described these matters to us personally too.

Ma has shown us explicitly how Bholanath’s life was transformed by Ma’s grace. Many people have witnessed and described the different *bhava* that Ma had to undergo. We have



heard some of it from Ma herself. By Ma's grace, the direction for Bholanath's spiritual practice emerged most amazingly. Observing the beautiful and uplifting direction that his life took, many were fascinated.

At about 11 pm we all went to sleep.

#### **4<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Wednesday**

This afternoon again, the conversation turned to Bholanath. When questioned about it, Ma said, "You people have no idea how many different kinds of *bhava* this body had to experience."

I was wondering about what Bholanath's state could have been when I came to know that there was no expression of any worldly behaviour, and that Ma had to undergo those situations and states of being. I expressed my awe.

But Ma laughed and responded spontaneously, "Vah! What is there to be in awe about all this? There is nothing that this body considers terrifying, because here, there is only the natural state of this world. I only observed all that was happening and playfully took Bholanath along. Just as a mother keeps her child out of harm's way."

One person asked, "Ma, rather than make Bholanath play around in this manner, why did you not once and for all, convert his attitude permanently? Why did the transformation he experienced on touching you not bring about a permanent change?"

Ma replied, "It was not as if that were not possible. But because all these *bhava* were essential for you all, so it happened in that way. Whatever happens in this body is your *bhava*, it is for your sake, you make it happen."

Ma continued, "Bholanath was not at fault. When he first witnessed the *leela* within this body, beautiful responses were

awakened within him. Later, because of conversing with people with a worldly perspective and influenced by such company, his beautiful attitude underwent a change for some time. At times weeping like a child, when I was sleeping right next to him, or was seated near him, he did not have the courage to say anything. Then do you know what it was like? You people would carry this body that was lying like stone during *keertan* and lay it down on Bholanath's bed. The body would lie in the same state through the night. The next morning you people would come and wake this body up. In that state, just as people sleep next to a child, he would sleep with the same attitude. Sometimes he was afraid to stay near this body. And sometimes, if he went to bed with a worldly attitude, because of the effect of this body, Bholanath would not have that feeling at all as he went to lie down. He would lie down peacefully. Other than this, do you know what would happen at times? Just as you receive an electric shock and get thrown back, so would he get struck and fall back.”

Further, Ma spoke in a steady, still, peaceful, unwavering and grave voice, “Just as you are watching such beautiful antics, just so, there were so many *bhava*, endless. It also happened, like when you touch wood, plants and trees you get no satisfaction, in the same way, there was no indication of worldly feeling in this body, about which he was left feeling astonished.

Sometimes to keep Bholanath distracted, the help of incense, prayer, worship, sacrifice, offering, vow of silence, and incantation, was used. Then again, he would be made to travel to different places so that no one in the neighbourhood would come to know of all these *bhava*.

Because he was simple by nature, he would discuss these *bhava* with different people and get influenced by their

opinions. He was kept away from the company of such people.”

“In Siddheshwari he took ill suddenly. He was assailed by sudden, intense pains in the stomach at night. The cause of that, was also this. Earlier, leaving Bholanath in Dhaka, I had gone away with the father of this body, and as soon as father brought this body back, Bholanath lost his temper and his thinking ability. You people must have heard about this. He kept saying, ‘I will turn you into the daughter-in-law of this house, I will not rest till I do that!’ This attitude was created by the sympathy of others around him. After that, he did not allow any of you people to stay in Siddheshwari, He would try to make me cook. The body was not in control, yet my communication to him was, whatever you can get me to do, get it done. I kept saying that. I was alone most of the time. In those days, he would sit next to me and talk about household matters. This body would then fall silent, which would make him even more frustrated with anger and sadness. And then when I did speak a little, how do I describe the manner in which he began to speak one morning? In a fit of rage he said- my whole life is being spent like this with you, now I shall consider whether to marry again and start a new household altogether!”

“Seated on his bed next to his *aasan* one night, near the *ashram*, he was going on in this way, cursing his destiny. He was ranting. I said, “Look, you are seated in this room with this *aasan* and you are speaking in this worldly manner; that is wrong. Whatever you are uttering is disrespectful to the *aasan*. Hearing this, he got even more infuriated and started saying whatever came to his mind to this body - ‘my whole life is getting spent this way, you have been cheating me all along in these matters,’ and such other remarks. That day he suffered unbearable pain in his stomach. He was hale and hearty, but when he sat down to have his meal, he suddenly suffered

intense pain. He had to suffer this affliction all night. The consequences of this event was that we could no longer use the room with the *asaan*. We had to move into another house. You people do not know about so many such events that occurred. I do not say anything, But the fruit of the actions, somehow, were borne then and there.”

“At times Bholanath would say, ‘If someone is truly complete, then she ought to be able to accomplish everything. I have not found that *bhava* manifested in your entire life. That Supreme Power, Mahashakti, if complete, even if no *bhava* of Hers were ever manifested any day, She would be able to achieve anything with Her wish.’ He would often give the example of ancient seers, *Rishis* and *Munis*.”

“I say to you all even today, that whatever you people need has been accomplished by this body.”

On hearing this, we started an argument amongst ourselves, that if these were the characteristics of incompleteness, then Ma had many deficiencies. Like why was it that Ma was not English? Or there were so many other countries, why did she not belong to one of them? Then again, it can be asked, why was she not a man? She was not born an animal or bird or worm or insect. She did not graduate with a M.A. degree abroad and so and so forth, there are so many factors. Other than this, the emotions of anger, violence, dislike, are never visible in her. If we were to consider all this, then there are so many deficiencies in Ma. But that is not the issue. When manifested in a body, all this cannot be viewed with this perspective. For within her completeness there lies everything and there is nothing too. Therefore, Ma tells us that whatever gets manifested in her body is what we need.

“Nobody should misunderstand any of what I have said. There is no feeling of form in all this. What happened has

been revealed.” Whenever such a *bhava* occurred and Ma was questioned about it, she never said anything. Ma never belittled anyone. She would only tell us what really happened and that is what is being written down.

In Bholanath’s life, his transformation from his earlier ordinary, natural personality to his later state, we could perceive a special aspect of Ma’s *leela*. Perhaps, Ma plays these games with us so that she enlightens everyone all around. Ma has already described in her own way, the beautiful transformation that occurred within Bholanath. Bholanath has himself narrated to some people that Ma led him by the means of different *bhava* to a state in which he experienced no worldly attitudes. They seem to have been doused, once and for all. Had we not received an understanding about these aspects of Ma’s *leela*, it would not have been possible for many to form the right attitude. It may have remained incomplete. Therefore I deemed it essential to document whatever I heard in this regard.

Another point is that, had not these emotions been displayed within Bholanath, these areas of Ma’s *leela* would never have been revealed so beautifully. This is the reason that Ma often says, everything is necessary, no one can be held at fault. We did not know about all this in such intimate detail. So though we had occasionally seen Bholanath turning fiery in his rage, and uttering all kinds of words, the intimate details also occurred for the above mentioned reason. But through all this turbulence, our Ma remained steady, strong and undisturbed. In this world, this attitude is unparalleled; of this there is no doubt. However, she never ever abandoned her husband. She shared his bed, kept him near her body, completely unworried, fearless, and unchanging.

Even now she declares, “Who will I remove and where? Where is the space? There is nothing called another place as

far as this body is concerned. And who do I move aside? Everything is That.... That. How beautiful, it is all different forms, different *bhava*. I am there with all of you. You people appropriate me anyway you like. I have already said, that it has also happened that this attitude of Bholanath's had never been revealed outside. But the moment such emotions arose within him, this body experienced such transformations that all his worldly inclinations disappeared through sheer fear. And another day, he called you all to the room to sing *keertan* in order to set this body right. At that time, you did not know what the reason was behind whatever happened.”

Truth be told, I remember one such incident very clearly. We were sleeping in a circular room next to the side of the pond in Shahbagh. Ma and Bholanath were sleeping in the circular room, adjoining the street. Suddenly Bholanath started yelling for us. My father, Kamalakant, and I ran to Ma's room and found - Bholanath was seated with a tearful expression, with Ma's head on his lap.

Seeing us, he said, "All of you start taking the name of Hari." Calling out to Ma he said. " Oh you, set yourself right!"

I saw, a black glow dancing all across Ma. Now I realise that Ma had absorbed Bholanath's lustful desire into her body and it had turned black. Her whole body lay unconscious, turning blue down to the tips of her nails. On witnessing this sight, we were totally overcome by fear and began to weep. We were filled with the anxiety that Ma was perhaps abandoning her body. Bholanath quickly transferred Ma's head onto my lap and sat a little away and started chanting the Name.

Now I realise, that perhaps Bholanath had thought that his touch could harm Ma and so he moved Ma to my lap and sat some distance away. So many such wondrous *bhava* have pervaded Ma's body. I have witnessed so many such, they are endless. Where do I have the capacity to write about them? Can anyone count the waves in the ocean?

Ma speaks about this, "Do you know how this body would become? When Bholanath approached me very properly, as one would a person one knows well, to express a worldly emotion, that was it! The inhalation and exhalation of this body would become either extremely long or sometimes very fast, and the body would start tossing and turning as it would happen during *keertan*. That is what would happen." so saying, Ma gave a little clap.

Further, she said, "And sometimes, at that very moment, *yoga* and *kriya* would start so intensely that Bholanath would get most agitated and fearful and exclaim, 'What did I say? What did I do? I am speaking with the best of intent. Even then you display this *bhava*, this is the situation. What am I to do? Am I not to say anything at all to you?'

And at other times, whenever Bholanath started to say something, this body would become immovable like stone. Hour upon hour would pass in this way. There were so many such occurrences."

"Later on, Bholanath would never speak on topics other than spiritual to this body, and never spoke about any worldly matters. And Bholanath was himself completely transformed. You would all witness the behaviour patterns in this body, which is why Bholanath's demeanour, a manifestation of one aspect, was often displayed initially. This is true, that he was not an ordinary person. Nowadays, one gets to hear about many

people who come to improve themselves, there is no value in comparing with that. We have to say that Bholanath had extraordinary self-control. This body watched him all along. Underneath his demeanour, the attitude was that I was a little girl who was serving him. He was never excessively talkative. I have observed all these traits in him.”

### 5<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Thursday

This morning, as soon as she woke up, Ma sent Abhay to the Prabhas temple in Barkhal village, saying, “Stay there for a few days if possible.”

But Abhay was unable to stay there. He returned shortly. No one came to know that Abhay had been sent there. At that time, only I was awake so I could see all this. Ma had walked some distance with Abhay to see him off. She did not reveal where she had sent him. When he returned, I got to know that he had been sent to attempt practising *sadhana* and *bhajan* in solitude. I have already written about the fact that Ma tells each one individually what he or she has to do.

In the afternoon, Ma said to me, “We have to go to Barkhal. We will leave our luggage here. Carry a blanket on your shoulder and take a few essentials in a bag.”

One part of Ma’s neck is swollen because of the cold or for some other reason. She is also feverish. We would have to walk about a mile and a half to reach Prabhas. Many people opposed the idea, but Ma declared, “I have the *kheyal*. I am going.”

We left a little before dusk. We were accompanied by the two women disciples of Yoganand Swamiji and Chunilal, the disciple of Brahmachari Baba of the Ram temple. We reached  
Ma in Barkhal the place and found it even more solitary. All round there are *peepul* and *bel* and other trees.



There is a very beautiful Shiva temple. The temple, the *Shivaling*, the bull and all the rest have been aesthetically built. Marble has been laid in the structure.

There are two long rooms on either side of the temple, made of mud and with tin roofs. Next to the temple are two other smaller temples that are meant for *sadhus* and other visitors to use for their stay. Other than that, there is nothing else. A big root of a *peepul* tree has been bricked round. It is a moonlit night. Having accompanied us to this spot and having arranged as much as possible for our stay here, the people from Vyas returned.

A couple of *sadhus* live here. A woman disciple is with a *sadhu*. Ma lay down for some time. At 9 pm, she rose and went outside. Shishir, the Gujarati girl Shanti, who had come with us, and I, followed Ma. Ma went to the platform under the *peepul* tree and sat there. A *sadhu* arrived with his disciple.

It is believed that 200 years ago, a Naga Swami from Amarpuri had installed this temple. The two contemporary *sanyasis* belong to the same order. Ahead lay a large area of sand beyond which flowed the Narmada river. The Narmada is not close by but because of the open lie of the land, the river is visible. The gaze is not obstructed at all. Who knows why Ma chose to walk so far out while her body was not keeping well?

At 10 pm we went indoors. While going to sleep at night, Ma said, "That day in Vyas, this place kept floating in front of my eyes. The place appeared as it had been before the temple was constructed. Therefore I came here to see it."

I asked a couple of questions about this place but received no reply.

### **6<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Friday**

Today Ma awoke a little late. She walked out of the room.

Strolling under the trees, she sat down under a *bel* tree. I had sent Shishir to another place to run an errand and I went up to get water to wash Ma's face. I had left Ma seated alone. I returned to find that Ma was not there. We got a little worried because we can never trust what Ma would do and therefore we are always anxious.

In Dhaka, whenever Ma slept alone, Bholanath would chain the door on the outside and get Kamalakant to lie down on the verandah outside the room. Spontaneously rising, she would wander away quite a distance and when we saw her, she would appear as if she had done nothing. As if she had been walking within the house all along and here we were going crazy hunting for her everywhere.

Today again after looking all around, I saw Ma seated on the sand, supporting her cheek with her palm. I kept the pot with water and other things under the *bel* tree and ran towards Ma and saw that someone had passed faeces right in front of where Ma was seated. She was sitting right in front of the filth. Laughing, she said, "I am sitting here. I can experience the smell of the faeces, but I did not notice that there was filth around here. I only saw it after about ten minutes. Just see, that I am not seated on some filth." Saying this she laughed. I looked carefully around - there was excreta all over the place. I exhorted Ma to get up. Ma smiled and said, "Now that I am seated, let me sit for a bit longer."

After some time Ma stood up. Abhay and Devi ji have arrived from Vyas. Ma's body is unwell, running a fever, and the swelling on one side of the neck has increased. But again, this evening, Ma went and sat under a tree near the temple. Some of us were seated near her. It was almost 10 pm again, before we retired for the night. Moonlit night, solitary surroundings, this was yet another day spent in great happiness with Ma.

**7<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Saturday**

Ma's body continues to be in the same state. The Brahmachari Baba of the Ram temple dispenses medicines. Hearing of Ma's illness, he had come to Yoganand Swami's *ashram*, but as Ma was sleeping he had not been able to meet her. He had now sent his disciple, Chunnilal Seth, with some ointment to be applied. Ma said, "Keep it and apply it when needed."

At 5 pm, Ma returned to Vyas. She left Sadhan Brahmachari in Prabhas. All these places on the banks of the Narmada are lands of penance. Sadhan wanted to practice *sadhana - bhajan* in solitude and so she let him stay on there. Before returning to Yoganand Swami's *ashram*, Ma went to the Ram temple. The *ashram* of the above-mentioned Swamiji, is right next to the temple. Brahmachari Baba and the Mahant offered Ma an *aasan* as soon as they saw her in the temple. Seeing them organise medication for the swelling in her neck, Ma said, "Let it be for now. If the swelling increases, Baba is here anyway. If the medicines are needed I will take it from Baba. The desire that has arisen within Baba to administer medicines to heal his daughter, will enable this body to heal. Let us watch what happens."

After conversing in this fashion for some time, Ma stood up. Practically all the population of Vyas had arrived to offer their *pranam* to Ma. They are all experiencing joy on her return.

**8<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Sunday**

Today the swelling in Ma's neck and the fever are much less. The principal of the law college in Ahmedabad, Mukund Thakur Mahashay and his wife have come for Ma's *darshan*. They had gone to Prabhas yesterday as well, and will leave today. They are deeply devoted. Last evening Ma had the Name sung for a long time. Then she had songs sung. This morning

they sat with Ma and conversed for some time.

Ma had a meal at about 10.30 am. While speaking to Abhay, Ma was saying, “Truly, this body is feeling very unusual.”

Abhay laughingly said, “You have become old, haven’t you, so your hearing is impaired and you are also losing your memory.”

Ma laughed and asked me, “What, Oh Khukuni, is the hearing in my left ear poor? And from the viewpoint of you people, you perhaps find a loss in my memory.”

Abhay remarked, “Then it will be disastrous!”

After this kind of exchange, we sat down to have a meal. Later, in the room where we were sleeping, Ma walked about and started saying, in some context, “The body will assume different *bhava* and disintegrate altogether.” Saying this, she snapped her fingers once, then in an abstracted fashion, as if she were speaking to bodiless beings, or speaking about the future, just that way, without addressing anyone she said, “Quickly.”

Then laughing she said, “Finish your work quickly. Time is passing away.”

Abhay and I were in the room. I asked, “What is all this you are saying?”

She said, “See how much I get upset with you all, but don’t get angry. If I don’t get upset with you all, Ma’s tearful *bhava* with who do I get upset?” As she said this, her eyes were brimming with tears.

Ma continued, saying, “Oh, what is this? Why are there tears in the eyes? Did I say something bad?”

I started wiping those tears. Ma spoke again, “Then shall I bring on some tears?”

She had just said this when I objected. “No, no. There is no need for you to bring on tears.” Ma said, “Then wipe the eyes. Wash them with water.”

Abhay interrupted with, “Alright Ma, let me see how you cry.”

I objected, but at Abhay’s special request, Ma started initially in jest, screwing up her face to cry, saying, “Come, brother, come.” As she said this she suddenly threw herself on the bed and started crying piteously. I started stroking her body. Abhay sat transfixed and watched. In a little while, Ma’s body was wracked with sobs as she kept weeping in this way. After a while she sat up. Her eyes and the front part of her nose were red.

Abhay laughed and said, “Vah, Vah! What a dramatic scene you enacted!”

Ma also burst out laughing. But as the tearful condition was still present within her body, she was breathing heavily. This continued for some time. Abhay said, “Now if all three of us (Shanti was also in the room) start weeping together, how would that be? What would people think?”

Ma declared, “Come, let us weep for God. Shut the doors and sit still.”

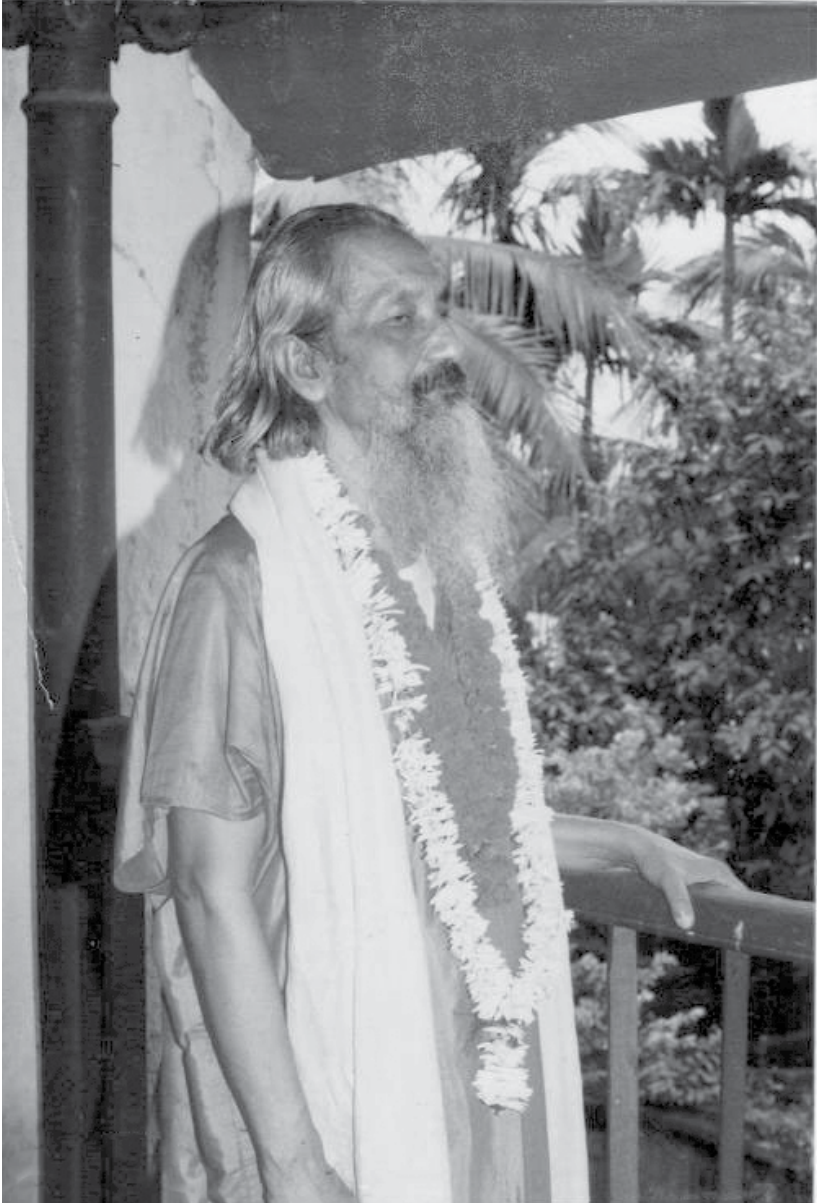
Deviji entered just then. All four of us sat near Ma. We darkened the room. Ma started swaying as she said, “Hari Bol, Hari Bol.”

Chanting at one pitch, Ma began to feel tearful. Then her breathing became frighteningly rapid. With this breathing various *kriya* started happening. She lay down.

Two young men, who belonged to this district, and lived in a place called Buryaj, three miles away, who had heard of Ma



Abhayda with Ma, Didi and Mounima



Abhayda

and had come to see her, were seated near her. After quite a long time Ma spoke a little to them. She then closed her eyes. Before dusk, she sat up.

At 10 pm all the people went to sleep. I was seated alone with Ma. As we chatted about this and that, the topic of Swami Nigamanand coming to Ashwini Babu's house in Siddheshwari came up. Ashwini Babu's wife was his disciple. She was also Ma's devotee, so she took Ma to meet her Gurudev. Ma went there and sat on the ground for quite some time before Swamiji came out. He sat on a chair and had some very ordinary conversation.

Ma's devotees were very troubled by this behaviour. But Ma was not perturbed at all. She remarked, "But Baba sits up on a chair, what is wrong with that?"

Whereas, whenever Ma has visited Swami Poornanandji in Hrishikesh, he would come down even when he was unwell. Requesting Ma to have a meal, he would never eat himself until Ma had eaten. Sometimes it would be late, he was not keeping well either, but he would never eat until he had ensured that Ma was seated for her meal. He would sit Ma down to eat and then sit next to her to have his food. That was wrong. Swamiji has cooked food several times and fed Ma with his own hands. But this fact is also incorrect. I misheard. Today I came to know that Swamiji would supervise the cooking of the meal by others and then feed Ma himself.

Today again, there was mention of special events. Ma is not in a mood to sleep. We slept at 1 am. Swamiji has great respect for Ma.

### **9<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Monday**

That day Abhay began to question Ma. "Alright Ma, do those subtle bodies that come near you, say anything about us?"



Ma replied, "They do not say anything particularly, but you can't say they say nothing at all either. Sometimes they indicate with a hand gesture and leave."

Today again, she woke up at 8 am. Abhay wants to listen to stories from the past. During this narration there was a mention of Jnanachandra Dey Mahashay of Bajitpur. He was working in Bajitpur. He and Bholanath were on familiar terms like brothers-in-law, and often played cards and dice together. Jnanachandra Dey told Bholanath, "I lost my mother in my childhood. I want to call your wife, Ma. Till now I would call her sister. Now we shall not jest with each other."

Jnanachandra Dey accords Ma the place of his mother rather than a sister

Ma never came out in front of anybody. But after this conversation, Bholanath started bringing Jnanachandra Dey inside. Here, Ma had her veil drawn over her head as always. Jnan Babu had had no children, so his father wanted him to remarry. Jnan Babu was greatly opposed to this idea, but he did not have the courage to stand up against his father.

There was talk of getting a charm from a *sadhu*. In the midst of this, Jnan Babu told Bholanath one day, "Now I shall not go anywhere. When Ma is free from her chores, I will touch her feet and I shall mentally say whatever I have to." Bholanath provided this opportunity for *pranam* one day. As soon as Jnan Babu touched Ma's feet, he went into *bhava* and fell over suddenly. Ma continued to stand as if nothing had happened. Bholanath was agitated and exclaimed, "What has happened? Set him right quickly." On Bholanath's repeatedly saying this, Jnan Babu sat up. His expression had transformed. Later he told Bholanath, "I do not know what happened to me."

The experience of unparalleled bliss and fulfillment of a wish on touching Ma's feet

I was in some kind of bliss, that I am still experiencing. I was unable to say what I had wanted to say.”

Bholanath asked, “What is it you had wanted to say?”

He replied, “I wanted to express my desire to have children.” Ma smiled and said, “It will happen within a year.”

And that was what happened.

### **10<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Tuesday**

There was no significant event today. For the past few days Ma has been rather quiet. Today was the same.

### **11<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Wednesday**

This afternoon we went with Ma to the tamarind tree and sat below it. As we conversed, Ma said, “In Bajitpur, a gentleman’s wife (she did not mention the name) was very fond of me. I would also treat her like a parent and tell her everything or consult her before I did my work. We were both very open-hearted in our dealings with each other. Once, this is what happened. At the end of each year, the employees of the Nawab state received extra money. She was aware of this. Keeping aside the amount for household expenses, only in that month, the women would get ornaments made for themselves from the extra money. This body never bothered about these matters, and what was the need to know about it? I was engaged in cooking and other chores. In those days *kriya* and such occurrences had started manifesting, so I was involved in that.”

“What happened was, that when I visited this woman’s house, she said, ‘Tell me, with this year’s money what ornament are you getting made?’ I replied, ‘I am unable to say anything about that. What money are you talking about?’ She just could not believe what I was saying. She felt that after being

so intimate, I was hiding this from her. Her faith seemed to undergo a change. She said, “How can that be so? You do not seem to understand that you are hiding something from me.”

“Seeing her incorrect belief I don’t know what came over me, I tried to explain to her two or three times, but she ignored me and kept quiet.”

“On returning home I asked Bholanath about it and he said, ‘Yes, I am going to get some money, but that will be spent in paying the dues owed to shopkeepers.’ Hearing this I told him the whole story. Then one day when I went to the woman’s house, I told her that on enquiring, I found out that he was to receive some money. I had had no knowledge of this.”

“I experienced that she was thinking that I was lying. After this incident, our open-hearted conversations and meetings came to an end. What could I do?”

“During Durga *Puja* this woman went to her home. After the vacation, her husband returned but she did not. We learnt that when she had gone to see the image, she suddenly saw a terrifying form of Devi and lost her mind. Therefore she did not return. In those days, *puja*, *aasan* and other *kriya* were happening rapidly within this body. Perhaps her husband thought, that if he were to say all this here, there would be some improvement. He came one day and said, please do something to make my wife well.”

I asked, “Then what happened?”

Ma said, “I have no idea how she recovered.” As she said this, Ma laughed.

We also laughed. So many such little events have come up in the course of conversation. Many remain unknown to us. I do not think I have heard this anecdote earlier.

## 12<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Thursday

This morning I clipped Ma's fingernails. Three nails on Ma's left hand are in a bad state. Earlier, the nails of her right hand were bad, and then with Ma's *kheyal*, the nails of the right hand became fine but the left hand got affected.

Ma started saying, "This thumbnail had become perfectly healthy. Once when Bholanath had diarrhoea, there was the *bhava* that the nail of this thumb should go bad. Immediately the nail started getting affected and Bholanath recovered." Ma laughed. The incident of her nails getting affected and her heartfelt devotion to her service of everyone during her married life, cannot be discussed in detail here.

Today also, Ma is unwell. Ma slept in the afternoon and woke up before evening. We went to the banks of the Narmada and sat around Ma. An old *sadhu* was seated alone there. Ma went and sat at that spot. Shishir, Shanti and I sat around her. This *sadhu* had come on two days to meet Ma. He is a *dandi swami*. There is a *dharamshala* here with separate accommodation for *dandi, paramhamsa swamis*. He stays there. *Dandi swamis* may not stay as long as they like. We have heard that this *sadhu* is a very learned spiritual practitioner. He has a very peaceful countenance. Ma asked him in Hindi, "Pitaji, what are the methods of steadying the mind?"

He replied, "How can I tell you that? You are seated here, complete (*poorna*)." Then we requested, "Explain it for our sake."

The gist of what the elderly *sadhu* said was that good behaviour is the primary spiritual practice, not just outwardly, but good behaviour should be maintained

Repeated practice helps control of the mind

externally and within as well. Regularly following disciplined practice in thought and deed helps to reduce the restlessness of the mind. It is not right to believe that if we ride a horse we may fall off. I will mount the horse, hold its reins and ride it with control- this is the attitude to be adopted with the mind. With repeated practice, we can gain victory over the mind, God has already declared this in the Gita.”

On Ma mentioning something about Abhay, the old “*sadhu* said,” “Why is he worried? He has obtained your company. Such company is hard to attain, inaccessible, unfailing, so it is said in the scriptures. Hard to attain (*durlabh*) means it is difficult to come across it, it happens only if you are very lucky.

A *sadhu* perceives Ma’s company as hard to attain, inaccessible and unfailing intellect cannot understand it, therefore doubt and suspicion arise repeatedly. And unfailing (*amogh*) because the outcome of this company is never wasted. Normally I do not go to anybody, but as soon as I saw you I knew that you beckon each one because of your magnetism. Last year you had come to Karnali. I also roam around these areas. I was not present in Karnali at that time. Perhaps I was not to have the good fortune of your *darshan* at that time - this time it happened. It is great good fortune for me that I get to sit by the Narmada river with you. I do not speak about the scriptures with just anybody. Because you requested it, I spoke. What is the use of all this talk? Finally inward experience is needed.” Having said this much, the old *sadhu* fell silent.

Sunset hour. We were seated on the sand by the Narmada. All around, it was completely silent. We sat there quietly for some time. As we saw the darkness deepening gradually, we slowly set out towards the *ashram*. We had to cross quite a stretch of sandy bank to get to the *ashram*.

*Keertan* was commenced after we returned. Ma had the Name sung continuously. At 10 pm we retired. Ma went to sleep. For the past few days, Ma's sleeping has reduced considerably. She practically does not sleep at night. She sits up silently. Nor does she have the inclination to sleep during the day. On our insistence she lies down quietly for some time.

### 13<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Friday

This evening we walked to the banks of the Narmada before dusk and sat down. Ma said, "Everyone sit quietly for a while."

Dusk was coming on. We all sat unmoving. A peaceful feeling of joy rose in our minds. Darkness started to envelop the scene. Feeling the chill, Ma said, "Come let us return."

We followed Ma back to the *ashram*. During *keertan*, Ma sang a couple of songs. She also sang the Name and we accompanied her. From today a rule was made that every night, we would get up at 3 am and go to Ma's room and sit quietly till 6 am. Doing *japa*, meditation, whatever each one felt like doing. Anyone who did not feel like it, was not to sit there. Sunrise is at 7 am here.

### 14<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Saturday

We woke up at 3 am. From 6 to 7 am we conversed with Ma. Ma and Abhay went for a walk to the banks of the Narmada. We performed our *sandhya puja*, worship at dawn.

Ma returned at 8 am. I washed her face and made her drink some fruit juice. Abhay spoke to Ma on a variety of matters. We were seated close by.

Abhay said, "You were living in Dehradun for two or three years with Jyotish Babu. Tell us something about those days."

Ma started narrating a few incidents. In those days, Ma

would eat whatever was received as alms, *bhiksha*. One day they only received wheat flour. She mixed it in water and drank it. In the month of *Vaishakh*, Bholanath took Kamalakant and left for Badri Narayan, Ma and Jyotish Dada stayed back. They went to Tapakeshwar from Mussorie on foot and stayed the night at the Shiva temple. Later Hariram and Hamsa Bhai arrived and took Ma to Dehradun. First they were taken to a temple, but Jyotish Dada did not like the place. As soon as they got into a motor car to go to another place, Ma said, "Now I shall stay wherever we go. It is right to stay in whatever place we come to. What is the point in hunting here and there for a place?" Actually they reached a beautiful temple. Ma stayed on there. Later, when she asked a *sannyasi* living in an *ashram* in Lakshman Jhoola in Hrishikesh about a suitable spot to stay in, he replied, "All the land is yours. Stay wherever you please."

Hearing this, Ma mischievously went to a room at a little distance and said, "If you say so, shall I occupy this room?"

Ma laughed aloud. That room belonged to the *sadhu* himself. He was speechless. He had not imagined that Ma would choose his room when there were so many other rooms in front of her. Having played her mischief in this way, she departed from that spot.

Ma then went to the *dharamshala* on the banks of the Ganga in which Shanibai lived. Shanibai started organising Ma's meals. Once she walked to Swargadwar where she met an old *sannyasi*. There she started speaking on the *puranas*, ancient epics. It is very enjoyable to hear Ma's descriptions of incidents with which we are already familiar.

Suddenly, Abhay interjected, "Now Ma, so many subtle bodies come to you. Many of them are great beings,

*mahapurusha*. Did Vijay Goswami and Gambhiranand come? You have already told us about the coming of Paramahansa Dev (Sri Ramakrishna).”

Ma replied, “Yes, they all come to give *darshan* to this girl.”

Abhay asked, ”Have you seen those people?”

Ma replied, “Yes, I have seen them.” She then proceeded to narrate her meeting with Paramhansa Dev. The anecdote goes like this - Ma was in Vidyakut at that time. One day she saw the house of the Thakur of Dakshineshwar (Sri Ramakrishna) and

in that house, on the mattress  
Ma goes to Paramhansa Dev in her subtle form belonging to Thakur, Ma was lying down. And Thakur was sleeping

next to her lap. Her attitude was that of a child. Ma also saw that she was in the form of a child and Thakur was also in the form of a child. Both were absorbed in this *bhava* and were lying on the mattress. But Ma also saw that Thakur’s moustache and beard were going grey. Yet the *bhava* was that of a beautiful child. A little later, rising from near Ma, Thakur put on wooden clogs (*khadau*) and making *khut khut* sounds started walking around the room. Warm water, a towel, and all other household things were arranged in the room. Ma had never been to Dakshineshwar before this. When she did visit later, she saw it was exactly as she had seen it while she was in Vidyakut. In this way her vision came before the visit. Similarly she had been able to see Kalyanvanam in Dehradun, where she had met so many beings. There they had all assembled to give *darshan* to Ma. “They would come to give *darshan* to this girl, you see.” This nature of conversation went on for quite some time.

We left to do our chores while Abhay and Ma continued to converse. After lunch, Ma went to sleep. Ma was in a quiet mood before evening set in. Ma did not go out for a stroll this



evening. Everyone gathered in the big room to sing *keertan*. I do not know what happened to Abhay, but he would not sing the Name today. I said to Ma, “You sing the Name and we will all follow you.” Ma began to sing the Name, “Haribol, Haribol, Haribol, Haribol.” At first we sang along with her. All of a sudden Ma said, “You all repeat the Name mentally, I will chant the Name alone.”

Saying this, she started swaying as she sang the Name, and was drenched with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Her whole body seemed to be swaying in the breeze. Much later, after she stopped singing, Ma sat quietly with her eyes shut for awhile. Then she opened her eyes.

After some time I made her drink some milk. Ma went to the verandah and started pacing about. She then called Shishir and spoke to him alone. At 11 pm, everyone went to sleep. Ma also lay down but her body did not appear to be peaceful. The night was spent thus. At 3 am we awoke.

### **15<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Sunday**

Around 7.30 am after performing the worship at dawn, I asked Ma, “Ma, will you not go for a little walk?” Ma replied, “Let us go.” Saying this she stood up.

I selected a good spot on the bank of the Narmada and sat down. We were conversing when Abhay turned up looking for Ma. The sun was up and the three of us walked towards the *ashram*. I washed Ma’s face and made her drink some fruit juice. Ma was very quiet today. Sometimes she would lie down, and at times sit up. Abhay was seated near her. Shishir sits in his room and is engaged in chanting and meditation, *japa-dhyan* from 8 am to 12 noon, as per Ma’s instructions. Keshav has gone to perform the morning’s worship. Deviji and Shanti are helping me with my chores. At 10.30 am I gave Ma some

vegetable juice, two *bajra roti*, bread made from pearl millet, and some milk. After eating, Ma start walking about.

I said, “Ma, go and rest for awhile.” Ma lay down on the mattress and went to sleep.

*Keertan* was being sung in the evening. Just then, Narayan Swami arrived with forty people. Narayan Swami had come earlier as well. On returning to Baroda from here he had written a letter saying that they wanted to come for Ma’s *darshan* and sing *keertan* for her. Today they arrived and started singing *keertan*. They had brought a variety of instruments with them. *Keertan* went on till 10 pm. A few people do come by to see various places in Vyas but so many people arriving together had never been witnessed. The whole jungle was radiant. They had organised accommodation for the night in the Dak bungalow. On receiving Ma’s *darshan*, all were completely absorbed in bliss. Some of them had had Ma’s *darshan* in Ahmedabad and Baroda.

### 16<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Monday

Arrangements were made for serving food to Narayan Swami’s disciples at Yoganand Swamiji’s *ashram*. *Keertan* was sung and much joy was experienced. They were all leaving in the afternoon and so they came to offer *pranam* to Ma.

Ma wanted to go to the toilet, so I followed her with water. The toilet is situated between a shrubbery of custard apple trees. Just as Ma was entering the shrubbery, a voice called out from behind her, “Ma!”. Ma turned around to see that a young woman, who appeared from her dress to be from South India, was running towards Ma. She has come with Narayan Swami. Last evening and this morning too, she has been playing the *ektara*, single stringed lute, and singing. Although she is dark skinned, the woman has a softness in her eyes and face, a sparkle in her eyes; her countenance is alive with joy.

Hearing her calling out, Ma returned and the woman fell at Ma's feet and in broken Hindi (she could hardly speak Hindi properly) she said, "Ma, keep your grace on me!" Saying this, she stood up and taking Ma's hands in hers, she started placing them sometimes on her head and sometimes on her chest. In this fashion, she stood in the jungle and offered her devotion to Ma. It is difficult to describe such occurrences. My eyes were filled with tears.

Ma had placed both her hands in the woman's hands. Watching this scene, I was enchanted. Many people have come here. This woman, however, has seen Ma only yesterday, and from her behaviour, it is apparent that she is finding it very difficult to tear herself away from Ma. On enquiring, we found out that her name is Yamuna Bai.

Holding both Ma's hands she kept pleading that Ma should go to Baroda once. She lives in Baroda. Her husband had accompanied her. Finally she declared, "Ma, my condition is just like the cowherdesses who would become distressed every time they had to leave Krishna and go. My body will surely leave you behind and go away but my life force, *prana*, will remain with you here." Saying this, she again started offering *pranam*. Nobody else was close by. To prevent her getting inhibited in her *bhava*, I went a little distance away and stood there.

Ma was telling her, "You sang *bhajan* and brought much joy." Further she said, " Good, during twenty four hours of the day, whenever you feel like it, whether it is within your mind or explicitly uttered, when you sing *bhajan*, I shall have the *kheyal* that my Ma is singing *bhajan*."

The woman again took both Ma's hands in hers and said in a very serious tone, "You do not call me Ma. You are Ma. I am your

daughter. I have small children at home. I left them behind so that I would have no obstacle in having your company.” After some time the woman said, “Now I do not want to keep you any longer. I shall take your leave. All the others are leaving, and in the midst of that, I came running to see you.”

Even as she took leave, she was unable to go for the next 10 or 15 minutes.

Before they left, the same woman came once more to Ma. Ma was sleeping. The woman began to weep. Ma laughed and said, “Should anyone weep for someone who is laughing?”

However, the woman was unable to stop crying. As she left she kept looking repeatedly at Ma. Before boarding the boat, all the people came again for Ma’s *darshan*. Yamuna Bai also came with them. In this way, after offering *pranams* again and again, they all left.

Narayan Swami is going to stay here for a few days. Supervising the loading of the boat with all the people he decided to accompany them to Chandod. Ruma Devi and Narayan Swami had together built an *ashram* in a place called Khela on the way to Kailash. Ruma Devi had come from there to Ma.

Ma was seated in the evening. Many letters had arrived. I started reading them out to her. She sat listening to the letters till it was dusk. When I suggested she could go and sit outdoors, she replied, “First finish reading out all the letters.”

I thought, “What is this? Why is she wanting to listen to so many letters altogether? It is evening and yet she is telling me to complete reading out all the letters. Understanding this attitude within me, Ma said, “Vah! All work should be finished, shouldn’t it? Such a day will not last.”

Seeing Ma's *bhava* and her manner of speaking, I found myself sweating. I asked fearfully, "Why are you speaking this way?"

Ma said, "Vah!, I say so many things, but I do not say them with any *kheyal* in mind." I could get no more explanation beyond that.

After listening to the letters, Ma went out to the tamarind tree and sat under it. The banks of the Narmada were deserted at that hour. We sat there in silence for quite a long time. We returned after sunset. *Keertan* was sung. Ma slept at 9 pm.

### 18<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Wednesday

Today again there was no significant event. Meanwhile, over the last few days, Ma's speech has been becoming more and more indistinct and disjointed. While conversing she starts blabbering like a baby and then bursts into laughter. She says, "I don't know what my speech is becoming like. You can all hear it, can't you? For some days the words - Rankar, Rankar, are emerging from the mouth."

I do not know why the tendency to converse is reducing. In spite of much effort, Ma's body is not getting better. As soon as it starts recovering, it gets worse. It goes on like this.

This afternoon she went to the fruitarian-Ma and she had a playful, affectionate interaction. Setting out towards the Vyas temple, she suddenly reversed her direction. Arriving at the fruitarian-Ma's house, she chatted with her and instructed her to sprinkle Narmada river water in the house.

Fun with the fruitarian Ma      The old lady said, " There is no Narmada water in the house." Ma asked, "Not even a little?"

The old lady teasingly replied, “ No, not even a little.”

Throwing a tantrum like a child, Ma started saying, “I want to drink water. Give me water. My mouth is dry.”

Sitting on the ground near the old lady, Ma was crying piteously for water, while the old lady was set on not giving her water. Finally, seeing Ma’s condition, she could not hold back any longer and brought some water. Ma drank half a glass, laughed and said,” Now where did the water come from? So you teach your daughter to lie in this way? I shall also start speaking this way now!”

Having had fun in this manner, Ma again set out for the Vyas temple. We were with her. Two Parsi girls from Ahmedabad named Shuddhapriya and Kalyanpriya (two sisters of Gulbai), have come to stay with Ma. They were also walking with us. We were there till sunset. Then we returned to the *ashram* and started *keertan*. Ma went to sleep at about 11 pm.

We heard the story of their sacred thread, *janeu*, from Shuddhapriya and Kalyanpriya. Between the ages of 7 and 13 years, boys and girls are invested with the sacred thread. The sacred thread is wrapped around the waist and is so long that it can be wrapped thrice over. There are four knots which also have a specific meaning.

### **19<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Thursday**

Today again, there was no event worth recording. In the afternoon, there was some change in Ma’s *bhava*. Her facial appearance changed considerably. Abhay and I were seated near her. We watched this scene unfold to the end. Abhay kept saying in between, “Baba! This is hardly recognisable as Ma’s countenance!” Abhay was saying to Ma, “Ma, do that once more!”

Finally Ma said, “This is also one form of play. Just as some specific job gets done because of the thoughts of you people, so also at times, these *kriya* and other actions are done because of your instructions, and at other times they are not.”

This evening *keertan* and the rest of the activities went as scheduled.

### 20<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Friday

Today Ma was explaining about *kriya*, “When *kriya* and other activities occur in the body, it becomes very clear how the flow occurs on the edges of the spaces that appear before you. That is because the knots open up. See, sometimes during *keertan*, the lack of attention of some  
The experience of *kriya* is perceived, and then it feels like their hands and feet are flailing about. This restlessness is manifesting in them in a terrifying manner. The reason for that is that their knots are not opened. Natural flow is not allowed and the force of a *bhava* is roused internally and is blocked from finding external expression. Because the knots are not opened, he flails his limbs in that manner.”

### 21<sup>st</sup> January, 1939, Saturday

This afternoon, Ma sat under the tamarind tree and we sat around her. Various topics came up for discussion. Ma’s *bhava* has been one of almost complete silence. Just before sunset, Ma set out for the *ashram*.

Swami Yoganandji and two or three other *sadhus* were seated in front of the Shiva temple, conversing. Ma went and sat on the ground next to them. On Yoganand Swami’s enquiry, Ma said, “I am seated next to Pitaji.”

Expressing happiness, Swamiji said, “Sit, daughter, sit.”

I was standing, holding an *aasan* for Ma, but could not give it to her; because all the *sannyasis* were seated on the ground, I knew that Ma would at that point, at that time, not sit on the *aasan*. Ma sat down to listen to the conversation as if she knew nothing. Swamiji was speaking on Vedanta and we sat down to listen.

After sundown, Ma stood up and said with folded hands, "Alright Pitaji, now I shall leave." (Ma was speaking in Hindi, but I have been documenting it all in Bengali.)

Swamiji said, "That is fine." Ma returned to the house.

Ma always gives respect to each one in this manner, so that no one has the opportunity to object in any way. Whenever other *sannyasis* arrive, Ma busies herself to get them an *aasan*. If someone does not offer her an *aasan* in time, she sits on the ground. When she leaves, she seeks permission with folded hands. Ma never makes a mistake in behaving appropriately.

After sunset, *keertan* was sung. Today again there were some visitors from Baroda who had come for Ma's *darshan*.

## 22<sup>nd</sup> January, 1939, Saturday

This morning, Shuddhapriya, Kalyanpriya and Shanti left for Ahmedabad. Ma called me and said, "Khukuni, come, let us also go to Chandod."

I replied, "Fine let us go. When do you want to leave?"

Ma said, "Let us go by boat." I replied, "All right, let us go."

Packing all the luggage, we set out between 9 and 9.30 am. Hearing of our departure, people accompanied us to the banks of the Narmada river and came to see us off in the boat. Some people's eyes were moist. Ma was leaving suddenly, no idea whether she would return or not. Thinking thus, they were all despondent.



We went to the Tikamji temple in Chandod and halted there. The Mahantji was very happy to see Ma and started making all the arrangements for her stay. After a meal at about 2.30 pm, Ma called me. As soon as I went near her she said, "Come let us go by the 5 pm train to Baroda." I concurred, "That is fine, let us go!"

I came to know that Abhay had said to Ma, "You may go. I will stay on here alone and engage in my spiritual practice." Following a conversation of this nature, Ma had said, "That is good."

We started preparing for the journey. Soon, we came to know that Abhay does not want to stay on without Ma. Ma declared, "When I have said that we will leave, then come, we will leave."

We set out for Baroda by the 5.30 evening train. An engineer (Sri Mazumdar) had come yesterday to meet Ma from Baroda. He accompanied us. His wife has come to Ma several times in Delhi and Simla. We did not know him at all. He was travelling in a salon to Baroda. The moment he saw Ma in the station, he took her to his salon. I boarded his compartment with Abhay.

By 7.30 pm we reached Baroda. We went to a *dharamshala* called Chiklal Badshah. The moment they got the information, Gangacharan Babu arrived with the women, and started making all the arrangements. Ma was in a silent mood. She has been this way since last evening. She is also a little restless because of all this going hither and thither. She has been saying she is not sure of where she will go, where she will stay. I started worrying a little bit within my mind.

### **23<sup>rd</sup> January, 1939, Monday**

Today, again, Ma was in a quiet mood. For a few days, she has been waking at about 3 am in order to ensure that we sit

for our practice. Last night she did not have the inclination to sleep past 3 am. She walked out to the verandah to walk up and down. Then Ma and I conversed on a variety of topics. The others were in the room. This went on till dawn. When it was light, Ma went in to sleep but was unable to do so. She continued to speak to me on different issues.

Kamalesh Babu's wife has come, accompanied by Gangacharan Babu's daughters. They left at about 12 noon and Ma went to sleep. She had not eaten lunch. When she woke up at 2.30 she was offered *bhog*. After some time a few people began to come in. She spoke off and on with them, but there was a kind of quietude within her.

Gangacharan Babu and another person have come. They asked, "Ma, tell us something with reference to how we can maintain the pure attitude of small boys and girls."

Ma replied, "You people keep giving lessons about this. You know best." On their repeatedly requesting her to speak, Ma said in Hindi, "You invest very young children with the sacred thread. But many young boys, nowadays, throw away the sacred thread. When people complain to me about this I say they are doing the right thing. You people make such a great effort to educate small boys and girls in worldly knowledge, imparting learning in so many ways. Then what is the need of the sacred thread? Why should they do *sandhya vandana*, worship at dawn and dusk? What ill effects occur if you don't do it? You do not give them any particular lessons in these matters. They then regard this as a waste of time and treat it as unimportant. Therefore, they are not at fault in this regard, but you are."

Two or three girls had come with these people. On being requested to give them some advice, Ma said, "You follow five actions consistently. 1) Obey your father and mother. 2) Pray to God every

Ma gives advice to girls

morning and evening. 3) Study with attentive mind. 4) Speak the truth. 5) Be mischievous at times.” Saying this she burst into laughter.

Then she said, “Brother, what do I do? These people asked me to speak and I uttered whatever came to my lips. This is sufficient for children.” Turning to the girls she asked, “ Say, what will you do?” The girls tried to repeat Ma’s instructions but faltered.

The people who had come with Gangacharan Babu are residents of this town, so Ma has been conversing all along in Hindi. Gangacharan Babu asked, “ Ma, till now you have been speaking for the children, now speak for us.” On his reiterating this request, when his companions also made a plea, Ma replied, “Babaji, you have reached the age when you will start drawing your pensions. The pension will cease along with your breath. You desire uninterrupted bliss. Just as you have

Attempt to take His Name  
with every breath without pause

come to Baroda and work with the continuous desire to receive that pension, similarly always attempt to take His Name ceaselessly with every breath. Then, the unbroken peace that all desire, that unbroken peace, will be attained. Therefore I say, pay attention to this. If you work with complete attention you will gain complete success. At first, try like a child, working at it even if there is no inclination. Gradually as the habit is created, you will not be able to let go of it. In this way, combine your *ishta mantra*, the Name of your chosen deity, with your breath and keep practising.” One person said, “This can happen if Ma’s grace is there.”

Ma replied, “Grace is showering like rain. It is necessary to do some *sadhana-bhajan* in order to receive it. Put whatever strength you have into this work. Read good books, take the

Name, do *japa*, as much as lies within your power, then He will do whatever He has to do. If you keep food in your mouth, it will not fill your stomach.”

Another person asked “ And if we do not have the strength to do *sadhana-bhajan*, then?” Ma declared, “ I do not want to hear that! In what was just said, that if we do not have the strength, therein you can see the strength. If you do not use the strength that you have within you to do this work, you are at fault. You do not have the right to say, ‘He does everything, I am but an instrument’. As you perform the work regularly and externally, the outgoing actions are exhausted, then he sees - ‘Ah, I am not able to do anything by my own will! He is making me do everything, I am but an instrument.’ He experiences this only when he realises that he is unable to do anything by himself - he is but an instrument and He is the controller of the instrument. Therefore, you do not have the right now, to say that His grace alone achieves everything. At every moment, whatever helps you to stay on that path, hold on to it. And whatever does not help you, let go of that.”

Smiling, she said again, “*Pitaji*, I do not speak Hindi properly. Like birds who listen and repeat what they hear, I speak exactly like that. I utter whatever you people make me say.”

After the conversation, at about 6 pm, the people who had come with Gangacharan Babu, took Ma for a drive in their car. Gangacharan Babu and I accompanied Ma. Ma started seeing the city as she drove through. It is quite a clean, neat and well laid out city. They then drove to the door of their house and stopped.

The women of the house emerged and offered *pranam* to Ma. The doctor (the above mentioned person is a doctor) said, “Ma, give the women some advice.”

Ma said, “What shall I say? Serve your husband. Remember you cannot see that *param pati*, that Lord of all. The Lord, *param pati* is Himself near you in every home as the husband, *pati*. Keep serving Him in that way. And the children, are present as ‘*Bal Gopal*’ and Kumari, in the form of little gods and goddesses with you. Serve them with this attitude. And who is the *pati*?”

In truth, that *param pati* is the *pati* of all. These men that you can see, when they want just that One, they are also all women. Just as women want their husbands, these people too (pointing to the men) want the *param pati*. Therefore all are women. All want the One.” Saying this Ma began to laugh.

After spending some time there, we returned to the *dharamshala*. At night, the conversation turned to the topic of Jyotish Dada’s wife. She is strongly against Ma. I have made some mention of this earlier. Referring to her Ma said, “ See, once somebody came and said, ‘Ma, sometimes, in a fit of anger, Jyotish Babu’s wife says such things, that I am in tears when I hear it and I have to shut my ears.’”

I asked, “So what reply did you give?”

Ma laughed and said. “ I say only one thing - you know it. She is not at fault in this matter. She does not know anything about this body, she does not recognise anything. That is the reason she says whatever comes to her mind according to her feeling. I had even told her, why don’t you test this body and see for yourself? In whatever form you test this body, the attitude that this body has will remain the same. Nothing will change this attitude even a little bit. Just like a baby in the lap of its mother and father, this body is in the lap of all of you.”

Ma woke up at 3 am and went out and I followed her to

the verandah where she sat down. I also sat down near her. Conversation went on about various matters. Even after the day dawned, both of us sat conversing.

### 24<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Tuesday

Today some people took Ma to Yamunabai Puli's house. We reached her house at about 5 pm. They had made seating arrangements for Ma on the verandah. Ma did not want to go to the verandah so she sat down by the side of At Yamuna bai's the road. Yamunabai is maintaining a vow of silence for a month. She was gesturing to Ma to come to the verandah. In order to save the situation on all fronts, Ma caught her hand and said, "I shall sit in Ma's lap."

Poor lady, what could she do! Constrained by this, she was helpless. Everybody sat by the side of the road. They are all Gujarati people and understand Hindi to some extent. Ma spoke to them in Hindi. *Keertan* was sung. Before dusk we returned to the *dharamshala*. Having received news of Ma's presence, many people arrived. They all sat around till 10 pm.

At 11 pm Ma went with me to the verandah saying, "There is no inclination to sleep." Ma and I are seated Sense of foreboding from Ma's *bhava* on the verandah, chatting. Watching Ma's *bhava* I have the suspicion that she is going to send me away very soon. Some days ago, Shivprasad Babu and Jiten Dada of Allahabad had written, asking that I be sent for some time to take charge of the running of the *ashram* for women. And I was not agreeing to leave Ma and go there.

Today, as soon as we sat on the verandah, sensing this *bhava* in Ma (for she had been very quiet the past few days) I asked, "What is the matter Ma? Your demeanour appears strange to me."

Seeing that I had caught on to her *bhava* and had expressed it in so many words, Ma laughed aloud and said, “Vah! What are you saying?”

I replied, “Watching you laugh is making me more anxious.”

Finally as she spoke, she started explaining why it was necessary for me to go and so on and so forth. “When there is no one else to do all this work, you have to do it, don’t you? You have started the women’s *ashram* and then left it just like that and come away; once you have started it, you need to attempt to run it well. Any work that you take on voluntarily, you need to try to complete it. Stay there for a few days and get the work going properly and then return. Also you have to go to Delhi. There is talk concerning Dasu. Consult everybody and then complete it all and come. Let Akhandananda Swamiji go to Dhaka for a few days. (Because there is some dispute between the *brahmacharis* and the householders there.) He is the eldest and a *sannyasi*. At this time, it is necessary for him to be in Dhaka. After that if his health is all right, bring him here. You also go and finish your work quickly.”

I started weeping. I have absolutely no desire to do any work away from Ma. After discussing this for some time, Ma said, “Everything is His service. Do not feel that I am sending you far away. Everything is necessary. When you have to come back, you will do so anyway.” And so she spoke on, consoling me.

It was almost 3 am. I asked, “Where will you stay? Who will be with you? What arrangements will be made for your meals?”

Ma said, “When the *kheyal* occurs, I am unable to think about this body. I send you away as well. Well, work will get done somehow or the other. Ruma Devi is here. I tried to send Abhay away elsewhere but he would not go. Let us see what happens. You do not need to worry.

Everything will get done somehow. If vegetables are boiled in water, that is sufficient for me. Or just milk would suffice as well. All this will happen in some way. Let me see which direction I go in. Once the movement starts, let us see where I go. You will get the information.”

I asked, “When will I have to leave?” Ma said, “A train leaves at 3 am?”

I replied, “It is past 3 am. A train leaves later this morning.”

Ma said, “ Then come, let us go indoors. Wake up Shishir and others and get ready to leave.”

We sat for a little more time on the verandah and then went in. Arrangements were made immediately. Ma remained seated. It was decided that I would leave by 6 am.

### **25<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Wednesday**

At 5.30 am, after offering *pranam* to Ma, with tear-filled eyes and with no energy in my mind or body, I went to the station. Ma’s demeanour was restless - I had seen this as I left. She kept saying she had no idea where she would go. I do not know when I will see Ma again. Often Ma says, “Khukuni says that she does not want liberation and suchlike. She declares that she gets great happiness in service.”

But where is the strength in me to do service? Off and on Ma sends me far away and advises me to sit in solitude. Maintaining silence for long periods helps in *sadhana*, Ma says. She also advises that during this silence, it is good to write and gesture as little as possible. She says “offer your mind, your life breath and even your body to Him; time is passing by.”

### **26<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Thursday**

In the morning, as soon as I reached Delhi, I went to the *ashram*. Then I went to Pankaj Dada’s house and returned to



the *ashram*. I conveyed all the news to Panchu Dada. At about 9 am Panchu Dada arrived. He took me to his house. After eating a meal there, I returned to the *ashram*. I had decided to leave for Allahabad the next day. But Pankaj Dada expressed great resistance to this. Let me see what happens.

### **29<sup>th</sup> January, 1939, Sunday**

I came to know from Abhay's letter that Ma left for Dakur on 26th January. Sadhan, Abhay and Ruma Devi are with her now. She is staying in the Rambag Dharamshala there. After I reached Allahabad, a letter from Sadhan also had the same information.

### **31<sup>st</sup> January, 1939, Tuesday**

In the morning, I left Delhi and reached Allahabad by the evening. I stayed in Delhi for 5 days. I was unable to resist the ardent requests of Ma's devotees and had to stay on for a few days. I received much affection and respect from our brothers and sisters. People love Ma with their entire being! That is the reason these people looked after me so well. The truth is that I am not worthy of receiving this love and respect. But with Ma's grace nothing is ever lacking.

In Delhi, every Sunday morning, women get together and sing *keertan* with Ma's Name. They play the drum, *khol*, and cymbals, *kartaal*, themselves and open their hearts out and sing the Name. The younger girls dance as they sing. It gave me great joy. For some reason, the Sunday that I was present, the women sang *keertan* in the afternoon as well. I have left Ma and come away, so even in the midst of this joy, I was wailing within!

### **2<sup>nd</sup> February, 1939, Thursday**

Today I received a card from Sadhan in which he writes, "Ma

returned to Baroda yesterday and left for Ratlam today. She has instructed me to stay in Chandod. She is accompanied by Ruma Devi and Abhay. Ma has said, 'Write to Baba (Akhandanand Swamiji) that he should not worry about me.' We do not know where Ma will go next."

Thinking about where Ma would go next, my mind was agitated, but there is no other way. Here, I have been unable to make any proper arrangements in the *ashram*. I am trying. I am attempting to get the women to sing *keertan* here also every Sunday.

#### **4<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Saturday**

I came to know today that Ma has reached Mathura. Nothing is certain about where she will go from there.

#### **6<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Monday**

Today I received a letter from Abhay in Mathura. Ma has had a letter written to Baba, "You do not need to worry about me. Try to worry only about the One, then you will understand the functioning of this body." And so on.

#### **10<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Friday**

Today I came to know from Abhay's and Yatish Guha's letters from Kolkata that Ma has sent Abhay to Kolkata. After some days he will return to Ma. Ma will stay incognito for some time. Abhay is not revealing where Ma is right now and who is with her. Sadhan's letter has also arrived. He has been told of Ma's whereabouts but he has been forbidden from revealing it and so he has not written about it. He sends all letters, addressed to Ma, to her.

#### **15<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Wednesday**

Came to know that Abhay has returned to Ma on February 13th.

**16<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Thursday**

This afternoon there was a telegram from Abhay. Swami Akhandanandji and Manoranjan Brahmachari should go to Ma. This was Ma's instruction. A telegram arrived from Navadveep. It has been decided that Swamiji will leave tomorrow.

**17<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Friday**

Today, Akhandanand Swamiji left to meet Ma, taking Manoranjan Brahmachari along. I am the only one left here with the women. Ma alone knows what she wants. Today is Shivaratri. I sat with the women and performed *puja, japa, keertan* and other such activities till 2.30 am.

**19<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Sunday**

A letter has arrived from Abhay in Navadveep saying " It is not known for how many days Ma will stay here. If her body keeps well, then perhaps she will stay on in this manner for a few days here."

Yesterday, a letter from Yatish Dada informed me that Abhay had sent a telegram to Kolkata about Ma's stay in Navadveep.

**20<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Monday**

This evening I received a telegram from Baba. Ma has reached Puri today. Her body is not keeping well.

**22<sup>nd</sup> February, 1939, Wednesday**

Today there was a letter from Swami Akhandanandji and one from Yatish Guha Mahashay from Kolkata, revealing that

Ma's living incognito comes to an end Ma had lived on a ramshackle boat for 13 days on Kheya Ghat. During the day she would disappear somewhere far from

dwellings and stay in hiding. At night she would come to Kheya Ghat. She would stay within the area traversed by the men with boats. Abhay had left Ma there and gone to Kolkata. Only Ruma Devi was with Ma during that time.

On 16, February, Thursday, Ma appeared from hiding. That day Abhay had sent telegrams to various places. Many people went to Ma from Behrampur, Kolkata, Srirampur and other places when they received the telegrams.

18, February, Saturday, Ma went with all the people to Sakhi Ma. There was much discussion.

19, February, Sunday, Ma took all the people and reached Sealdah from Navadveep at 7.30 am. She arrived at Howrah station and left for Puri by 8.30 am. She was accompanied by Abhay, Ruma Devi, Swamiji and Manoranjan Brahmachari. Swamiji will return to Dhaka very soon. It is not known how many days Ma will stay in Puri. Not just that, it is not known where she will set off for from there again.

### **24<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, Friday**

Today I received a letter from Swamiji from Puri. He has written, that today he will set out for Dhaka on Ma's instruction. Ma's health is not all right. She is eating boiled vegetables and drinking milk. There is no saying how many days she will stay here.

### **1<sup>st</sup> March, 1939, Wednesday**

For the last 4 or 5 days I have been in the Vindhyachal *ashram* with the women. Sanjna Devi has written from Kolkata that Ma went to Kolkata from Puri and from there to Deoghar. She stayed in the Birla temple in Kolkata. Ma met Shobha Ma of Kumilla.

Letters from Bhramar and Shashvatanand arrived from Devghar. Ma had reached Kolkata on the morning of 26, February, Sunday, and left for Devghar by the afternoon train. She is staying in the Nirvan Math in Devghar. She has been accompanied by Bhramar, Mejdidi and some others, about 7 or 8 people from Kolkata.

### **3<sup>rd</sup> March, 1939, Friday**

Today there was a telegram at 12.30 in the afternoon. Shri Prangopal Babu has informed me from Devghar that Ma left for Kashi yesterday. As soon as I received the telegram, I left for Kashi by the 1.30 pm train and was able to see Ma in Harihar dharamshala. Ma has become very weak. I have also had fever for the last 4 or 6 days. My whole body trembles when I stand up. Even in that state, I have been able to come straight here from the hills on my own, by Ma's grace. Now I am all right.

### **4<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Saturday**

Today, a gentleman was speaking to Ma on various matters. As they conversed, he asked, "When you see my state what is your assessment? Will I be able to undertake the path of renunciation without getting entangled in a householder's life, or will I achieve progress even in marriage and the rest of it?"

Ma replied, "The path is not the same for all. Some have to undertake the path of renunciation, *tyag*, and some have to take to the path of enjoyment, *bhog*."  
All do not have the same path

This kind of dialogue was in progress. Swami Shankaranand was seated nearby. He said, "Ma, this boy has not yet got married. He lived for 14 years with Vijay Chatterjee, the Guru of Satyadev Thakur of Sadhan Samar *ashram*. He then went to Jiten Thakur Mahashay.

With a sweet smile Ma asked, “Do you not have the desire to get married?”

We then came to know that recently, he had thoughts of marriage on his mind, but was in a dilemma. On being repeatedly questioned about which path he should take, Ma said, “See, it is not always possible to talk about such personal issues, but I am telling you, do *satsang*, but remain with one refuge. When you take refuge in the Guru, your own direction will come to you spontaneously.”

The conversation went on till 10 am. Ma had said a little earlier, that we were to leave for Vindhyachal in the afternoon. However, just then we got to know that there had been terrible clashes between Hindus and Muslims in the city, unexpectedly. There were incidents near the *ashram* where we were staying as well. As the situation was tense, curfew was declared for 14 hours starting 12 noon.

Everybody started saying, “Ma, then we cannot leave today.” Ma said, “We can reach the station before 12 noon.”

But the people did not agree and so Ma said, “All right. I place the responsibility on you. Do whatever you think is right.”

At about 11 am, Baacchu’s mother started feeding Shri Shri Ma. Just then Jiten Dada arrived from Allahabad. He was told about Ma leaving for Kashi. Hearing this he said, “I can take you to the station in the two cars belonging to my friend. If you wish to leave, then get ready immediately.”

We got ready at once and reached Vindhyachal by the evening.

According to Ma’s instructions, during the period starting from every Sankranti of the month of Paush (the auspicious transition of the sun into the Zodiac sign of Capricorn on

January 15), till the festival of Holi, daily *homa*, offering to a sacrificial fire, is to be performed. In addition, more than 10 thousand oblations are offered. This time, the venerable Nivaran Babu has resolved to offer one lakh (100,000) oblations.

Ma arrives suddenly during Niranjan Babu's one lakh oblations Tomorrow is the festival of Holi. Nivaran Babu and Viraj Didi are happy that Ma has arrived at the time of the completion of the oblations.

Ma remarked, "See, whatever has to happen happens. If Jiten had not brought us himself, perhaps we would not have been able to make it. I had seen that Jiten was coming but all this is not revealed most of the time."

Recently, Swami Akhandanandji has built a new house. Arrangements were made for Ma to sleep there. The view from the mountains in all four directions is enchanting. Dr. Upendra Babu is also here. Everybody is happy to have Ma there. Ma slept at about 11 pm.

### 5<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Sunday

This morning Ma woke up at 8 am. As soon as she rose, she said to Shankaranand Swamiji, "Come Baba, let us go for a walk."

Ma returned from the walk in about half an hour. Then Mej Didi sat down to feed Ma. Conversation started on a variety of topics during the meal. Swamiji and I were seated close at hand. I am not feeding Ma because I have fever. The discussion was about a letter that had arrived from the Dhaka *ashram*. The letter said that everyone in the *ashram* agreed to listening to whatever Ma said but did not want to obey anyone else. Therefore there was much confusion getting any work done. Many reports on this matter had been conveyed to Ma already.

A little later, Ma was asked, “What do you say Ma?”

Ma appeared to be returning from some other space as she said, “What shall I say about what?” Swamiji said, “Vah! About all that we have been telling you all this time.”

Ma replied, “Truly, Baba! Day by day, something strange seems to be happening. But do you know what it is like? Just as somewhere, say a piece of stone hits against something and makes a sound. Along with the sound, when you watch the stone, it is lying just where it was. Just that way, this body exists, so all this happens. Many a time perhaps I have uttered so many words.” Ma began to laugh.

I said, “Here, this is your state, and there everyone says, ‘We will not listen to anyone other than Ma.’ So many *ashrams* are being created. So much work will happen in them. How will it go on like this? We need a system to be established.”

Ma said, “I have one thing to say. You all get together and do what is best for your spiritual welfare. And listen, whatever has to happen will go on happening.” So saying, Ma laughed.

All this time, Ma was seated in the Taru Kutir, where arrangements had been made for her to sleep. Suddenly she got up and went outside, walked hither and thither and reached the *yajna mandir*, the temple that housed the sacrificial fire. Exactly at the moment Nivaran Dada completed the one lakh (100,000) oblations.

Seeing Ma arrive just at that precise moment, everybody felt very happy. Rolling on the ground, they began to offer their *pranam* to Ma. Nivaran Dada is a very good person. He has the attitude of relying completely on Ma. The prayer that Ma should come, does not arise in him. When there is a need, Ma will come - this is the attitude he has.



Ma said, “One lakh oblations have been completed. Why have you not performed *arati* and suchlike? Just perform an *arati*. We will all watch.”

Immediately Nivaran Dada set about preparing for *arati*. Ma was seated in the *yajna mandir*. Nivaran Dada, Viraj Didi, Swamiji (Shankaranand), Shantipriya, Abhay and I were seated nearby. Looking all around, Ma commented, “The walls, the roof, even the vessels have got blackened because of the smoke from the fire. But that is what happens. The colour changes because of the fire.”

Then, addressing Viraj Didi she said, “Why do you not scrub these vessels? The vessels used for worship should be sparkling clean, only then can the mind be kept clean during worship” (Indicating her body). “Do you keep this vessel dirty? External vessels are that way too.”

To which Viraj Didi responded, “The external vessels can be scrubbed clean, but how are we to clean our interior?”

Ma replied, “The body is but a vessel for worship. Remember this always, that this is a vessel for performing worship and you must attempt to do *puja* using it. Then you will see that the interior is also getting cleaned.”

After this kind of exchange, Ma went to her bedroom and lay down. Viraj Didi and many others applied red coloured powder (*abir*) to the soles of Ma’s feet. Ma anointed everyone’s foreheads with a mark, saying, “I am marking Narayan’s forehead.”

Having spread joy in this fashion, Ma lay down to sleep.

Quite a few people arrived from Mirzapur in the afternoon. Conversation was in progress. During the discussion Ma asked a gentleman, “What do you say Pitaji, is the householder life

fine or should we go for renunciation?”

The gentleman replied, “I am a householder, so *grihasthashram*, the householder stage of life, is fine for us. But it is a fact that there is much sorrow in this.”

Ma said, “Then why do you not take the path of renunciation?”

The gentleman replied, This is our attachment, *moha*. *Moha* does not allow us to go. We know but are not capable of it.

Another person asked, “Ma, what is our duty?”

Ma replied, “Just keep digging. When the water has to spring up, it will do so. Do you not observe, that the water of the Ganga is channelled to so many places and gives peace?

Meaning, people drink the water, grow crops which they eat and live on. Keep searching for the nectar of life, *amrit*.”

Another person asked, “We do not know the way. Which path should we walk on?”

Ma said, “If you people keep the door shut, how will you see the path? Before looking for any assistance, at least open the door and come out; the path will become visible of its own accord. Keep going ahead on that path and you will find that travellers, people, will ask you where you are going. “This path is not right, take that one.” That is how it happens. You just stick to the path, to your goal and you will find that someone or the other will come and show you the way. You people, just make the attempt to go. Do as much as you can with the strength that you have and help will surely come your way.”

Before dusk, all the people went with Ma for a walk. Ma started saying, “look, do you know what worldly life, *samsar* is like? It is as if you have entered thorns. Thorns are pricking you on all sides. As you disentangle them on one side they start pricking on the other side. This is how you are making an

effort, when suddenly, a person arrives and helps you, and in this way releases you from the thorns. That is how it happens. Keep making the effort. You will see that help comes.”

We went to sleep at 12 midnight.

**6<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Monday**

Ma went for a walk in the morning and returned to her room. Shankaranand Swamiji, Upendra Babu and others were seated there. Ma was telling Upendra Babu, “Well Pitaji, some people say that quitting a householder’s life is like putting a thorn in the side of family enjoyment. Thinking of this causes sorrow in the mind and this sorrow makes the person return, and then this fear stops him from ever leaving again. What is your thinking on this?”

On being questioned about giving up a householder’s life, Ma asks for several opinions

householder’s life is like putting a thorn in the side of family enjoyment. Thinking of this causes sorrow in the mind and

Upendra Babu replied, “It is better to stay with your wife. Keep her in the *ashram* and live with attention to *dharma*, and both will attain peace gradually.”

When Shankaranand was asked he replied, “ You must give up completely. But as long as there is a feeling of responsibility, you should not give up totally. If your gaze turns toward that even slightly, then the knowledge of responsibility does not exist in that form.”

After this kind of discussion went on, Ma declared. “As long as this knowledge of responsibility exists, *maya*, delusion, also exists. Who are you to protect that? The wisdom that whoever is looking after you will also look after your family, does not arise. Whatever desire, *vasana*, is within you, that appears to you in the form of responsibility.

Saying this, Ma laughed.

**7<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Tuesday**

Some ladies have come from Mirzapur this afternoon, including Shreesh Babu's wife. Shreesh Babu has no children. As they chatted, Ma said, "I am thinking I should become a son and a daughter, both."

Laughing, she asked, "If you have to look after this child, what would you do? With me, you will not be able to manage with a little here and there!"

I laughed and added, "Here you need sixteen annas."

Just then the *brahmacharini* girls arrived. I said, "Both these girls have left their parents and come away to the *ashram* here."

Immediately Ma responded smilingly, "What do you mean they have left their parents? They have come to find their mother and father."

A resident of this place, who is the wife of a lawyer, said, "Ma why does the mind not become still? When I sit down to take the name of God, the worries of the world start troubling me!"

Ma laughed and replied, "If you place a mirror in front of you and keep turning your face this way and that, can you see anything at all? Instead, if you were to place the mirror and keep your face still in front of it, you can see inside your mouth, your nose, your eyes, whatever else there is, you can decipher every detail. It will all reflect within the mirror. And when you speak of not being able to find peace, how will you find peace? You eat uncooked food, don't you, and therefore you fall ill. If you were to cook it well and eat it, would you not be satisfied? To cook the dish, you first sit down to peel and chop the vegetables. But that does not boil them. They surely have become little pieces but until you place them on the fire, they will not cook. If you add water, spices and keep it on the

Eat it cooked rather than raw

flame, and cover it, then it begins to cook. Now you take the boiled curry off the fire and eat it and you will find you are satisfied. Nor can you just place the ingredients on the fire and walk off. You have to watch the fire repeatedly and check whether it is burning or not. If it is not burning, add the wood.” With this, Ma began laughing sweetly.”

Shreesh Babu’s wife did not have children, so her brother-in-law’s children lived with them. A boy and a girl have come with them. Ma was enjoying her interaction with them in so many ways; calling them her friends, and what would her friends have to do, and she listed five things: “1) wake up in the morning, call out to God and say, God, let me be a good girl or a good boy, 2) always speak the truth, 3) listen to what elders say, 4) study with concentrated mind, 5) then go ahead and indulge in a lot of mischief!” Saying all this, Ma is joyful.

In the midst of this, she also gave spiritual instruction to others who were present, “Just as a fruit contains a seed, so do *vasana*, past impressions in the mind, and *kamana*, desire, contain seeds. Fruit containing seeds need to be boiled a lot to remove the ‘seed-ness’ of the seeds. Similarly, *sadhana* and *bhajan* have to be used to destroy the seed of *vasana*.”

After a few minutes of silence, she continued, “You will have to open your bundle of possessions and travel afar. Here you are all in a *dharamshala*; find your own home. When life escapes from this body, the body just lies there. Then who belongs to whom? Everything is false, and falsehood crumbles.”

### **8<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Wednesday**

This afternoon, in the course of conversation, Ma said, “Now when *puja* and other such *kriya* commenced within this body

and then when they ceased, a *mantra*, was initiated inside, like the ever-moving hands of a clock that make a tock, tock, tock sound. If someone sat in front of this body and paid attention, he could have heard it - such sounds were produced for hours by the vibration of the small tongue at the back of the mouth, as though it were ceaselessly moving because of the *mantra*. The sound emanated from that very spot.”

Today also, many people had gathered. Conversations ensued on many topics.

### 9<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Thursday

Every morning and evening Ma goes for a stroll in the hills. I had said, “If you walk a little, you will keep better health.” She has been walking regularly for the last couple of days. How much longer she will maintain that, is not known.

Ma and I were in the new tin-roofed room. It was past midnight. Suddenly I thought I heard Ma calling out, “Khukuni, Khukuni!” Hearing her call out twice, I sat up startled. Ma mumbled indistinctly, “Shut the windows.”

I shut the windows. Feeling it was warm after a while, I started fanning Ma. With eyes closed, Ma mumbled, “Do you know what I can see? That I am hitting myself and feeling the pain myself too.” She then fell silent.

### 10<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Friday

This morning again Ma went for a walk. When she returned she conversed for some time. At about 11 am, I was about to seat her for her meal, *bhog*, when suddenly, a log of wood got loosened from the roof and fell on Shankaranand’s head and then on to his hand. He was seated near Ma’s plate. The log

was large and heavy and his head and hand started bleeding. All those around hastened to wash his wounds with water. Ma smiled sweetly and said, “Khukuni, last night I told you this.” At first I did not remember and then I recalled her saying, “I am hitting myself and then this body is experiencing the pain.”

Ma said, “This form of Baba (Swamiji) appeared before my eyes. When I have the *kheyal*, do you know what happens? Very often, much worse is to happen, but it stops with much less.”

That is exactly what happened. Swamiji’s wound was neither very deep nor too painful.

Today, the topic of a photograph in the second volume of ‘Shri Shri Ma Anandamayi’ came up for discussion. Underneath the photo was printed, ‘Ma is responding to a question saying, look, does anyone give up the body when seated?’

Commenting on this, Ma said, “Nothing happens in this body because of any desire, like it does for you all. It happens of its own accord, spontaneously.”

Today a judge and a few others have arrived from Mirzapur. Everyone is experiencing great joy from listening to Ma’s words. Ma is conveying invaluable teaching to all, through her enchanting demeanour and speech.

### **11<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Saturday**

Quite a few people have gathered and conversation is going on. A gentleman has come to the hills with his sick child. They have been visiting Ma regularly. One day Ma had gone towards their bungalow while she was on her walk. She had walked around the house and returned. Now, the parents were entreating her to visit them once and give *darshan* to their sick child.

On her way to their home, Ma said to me, “So many people

take (this body) to so many places, to so many temples. Today Babaji is taking me similarly to see the form of a disease. This is also another form of His.”

In the evening, Govind Pandey and his companions arrived from Kashi. From these people I am hearing reports of clashes between Hindus and Muslims in Kashi. They described the conditions as quite alarming.

Ma was seated on her bedding. A few of us were seated around her. Ma composed a song of her own and started singing it:

‘Gokul Bihari, Dayamay Hari  
Vrindavan Vanachaari’

In very sweet tones, she sang just this phrase, repeatedly turning around the words. I laughed and told the people, “This song is being composed by Ma as she sings it!”. Ma laughed and everyone joined in her laughter.

I commented laughingly, “But you have a strong *Vaishnava bhava*, affinity for Vishnu.”

Ma laughed and responded, “Why do you people do this? What is the difference between Vaishnav and Shakta? It is all a play of the Self with the Self. All this is the *leela* of *atmaram*, the divine play of the soul.”

Then she said, “Everything is *aaraam*, relaxed, nothing is *be-aaraam*, un-relaxed!” And she burst into laughter.

Some gentleman joked, “There is no need for rhyme nor metre! Whatever emerges from your lips, you merge into a melody and sing it!”

Immediately Ma shot back, “Why do you want to restrain (*bandh*) it with a refrain (*chhand*)? What need have I of metre or rhyme? You people are caught in restraints and are tying yourselves



up. Do not create malodour (*gandh*) from the restraint (*bandh*). That which has fragrance (*sugandh*), the restraint (*bandh*) with which the ties (*bandhan*) are stopped (*band*), take on that restraint (*bandh*). Tie yourself up. The trap (*phanda*) by which you will attain Him, will become the slave (*banda*) of His feet.”

“Some person had said, that this too is some form of poetry. Like, ‘O Lakshmi, (Lokhi) let’s see you catch a *pakshi*, (*pokhi*, *bird*).’ The poetry from this body is of this kind! Just an arrangement to laugh along with you all, what else!” Everybody burst into laughter on hearing this. Ma joined in the laughter.

People keep coming to Ma. When they ask questions, there is a discussion. And at times, there is just merriment and joy.

### 12<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Sunday

This morning Abhay asked Ma, “Ma, when Bholanathji sometimes got angry, were you not hurt by it in your mind?”

Ma smiled and replied, “Not at all.”

Abhay asked, “Alright, if someone were to land you a heavy blow with his fist, would it not hurt you?”

Ma said, “How do I make you understand that nothing affects me? What shall I say to make you understand this?”

I said, “On the other hand you say mosquitoes are biting me and such other statements. All that happens to the body does it not?”

Ma replied, “Because the body exists, you see that it eats, that it urinates, passes faeces, just that way, what else?”

Then the conversation turned into a dialogue between the two of us. It affects and it does not affect. These go in parallel. Ma said, “View everything thus.”

Does Ma feel cold or not. When this question was posed she replied, “When you all dress me up in a blouse, *dhoti*, footwear, I wear it. When I lived in Sripur, Nurundi with Bholanath’s older brother, they had said I should cook only after a bath. In the month of Magh (winter), I would bathe early in the morning in cold water. I had to bathe and so I bathed. There was no question of hot or cold water. I never wore a blouse. So the days went by.”

The conversation turned to Upen Babu. He would sometimes sleep with his head resting against Ma’s feet. He experienced that some cold substance was flowing down from his head and cooling his entire body and rendering it calm. The vibrations would last for 2-3 days. Upen Babu is here nowadays. When Abhay asked him about his experience, this was what he had described. Once in a way he has this feeling.

Today Maharatan arrived from Allahabad with her children. In the afternoon, *keertan* was sung, interspersed with conversation, for quite some time in Ma’s room. Quite a few women living in Vindhyachal have arrived. On seeing them, Ma suddenly exclaimed, “I have seen you all somewhere.”

They replied, “No Ma. We have never come here before this. We are seeing you for the first time.”

Ma looked astonished as she said, “Do you know what the matter is? You people have forgotten. You should not forget in this way. You will have trouble if you forget. Do you not know what it is like? Like there is an object lying in the house and you are not aware of it. When you need it, you can’t find it. You get desperate looking for it.”

As if they seemed to understand something, they replied, “Yes Ma, we are blind, we are bound to get into trouble.”

Ma said, “Try to remember. Did you never meet me? Your daughter is always present in your lap.”

Now Ma started asking them in their language, “Where is your house? Who stays in your home?”

First they did not understand. They replied, “We live in this place. Our relatives live in our home.” Then they understood Ma’s questions and started answering. Ma laughed and said, “If only I am there, then why do you leave me and go? Remember, you will have to go very far away.”

After some time, she said, “You people do something. Walk on the path (meaning take His Name). Then give me my share. If you don’t give me food how will this body survive? The government observes a holiday on Sundays. Why don’t you also take a day off from your household duties? There is peace only in a holiday (letting go)<sup>3</sup>.”

She was enchanting everybody with this kind of exchange.

Navataru Dada’s letter arrived, in which he has written that Ramraj (the boatman of the dilapidated boat on which Ma lived for 13 days in Navadveep) is very happy to have received your donation. He considers himself extremely fortunate. He says that he remembers you, all the time. He has seen you 4 times in his dreams after you left and went away. He had thought that you were just an ordinary woman, but later when he reflected on it carefully, he realised that this was no ordinary woman, she was some goddess, because at different times he witnessed you in different *bhava*. Ma is Karunamayee Devi. The police had made enquiries. The boatman had described all that he saw. Hearing this, the police

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<sup>3</sup> Ma often used puns - *chhutti* in Bengali and Hindi means holiday. *Chuti* also means to let go.

had told him, “Look after her very diligently and keep her safe.”

Having heard the contents of the letter, Ma laughed and said, “I also noticed that the boatman would be looking at me intently every now and then. And then every time I looked at him, he would turn away immediately.”

*Keertan* was sung in the evening.

### **13<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Monday**

Today the conversation turned to the topic that we are able to gather the courage to say whatever we want to Ma. Sometimes certain matters are discussed that even our closest relative may not have tolerated. Or it may not have been possible to speak to them without inhibition. Whosoever was angry, whosoever was arrogant, without any inhibition, was able to say whatever came to their minds in front of Ma. Ma is able to absorb it all with such calmness that we ourselves feel hurt about it, and are repentant. People who are angry, feeling no barriers, blurt whatever comes into their minds in front of Ma. Pointing to her body, Ma said in this context, “If there had been any inhibition within this body, you people would have also felt the inhibition. You speak in the knowledge as an individual (*jiva gyan*) and then you suffer. You cannot let go and go away. You are losing your self-restraint. You certainly say it all within your individual mind (*jiva buddhi*), but later the truth emerges clearly within you. You are then able to understand.”

Saying this, Ma laughed. Honestly, I have not heard of such things happening in the lives of any other *sadhu*.

Another query that Ma often brings up, “Alright, what is the extraordinariness that you people see in this body? In your perspective, this body is just as it was in its childhood. That

is fine. Most often, we observe that *sadhu* and *mahatma* have an initial state that transforms to follow a particular course, and then they move in that stream. But here it is not like that either.”

In fact, with respect to walking about and talking, there is nothing extraordinary about Ma. She eats and drinks like a child and walks and strolls. She takes an interest in even mundane conversation and sometimes gives advice. Sometimes such conversations occur with Ma that rouse laughter and joy, that if an unknown person were to come, he would be astonished. He would think - does Ma really take an interest in such useless chatter? Does she find joy in this?

Commenting on this, Ma once said, “The house was dirty but it was swept in such a fashion that the dirt disappeared. This game is similar. Momentarily, a game is being played with everyone, on the outside this is how it manifests. Then suddenly it is all clean and sparkling and then where does it all go?”

In the evening, Ma was seated on the verandah. Shankaranand Swami said, “Ma, you were chanting the Gita one day. Sing it again now.”

It was a moonlit night and the scenery with the mountains was very enchanting. Ma was seated on the verandah in front of the small room. We were all seated close by. A little while later, very slowly, beautiful, melodious hymn-like chants started emerging from Ma’s lips. Ma swayed and sang these chants. This went on for about an hour. Then the conversation turned to other topics.

Once, on this very terrace in Vindhyachal, the subject of the Gita had arisen. In the course of conversation, Ma asked, “Do you want to hear the Gita?”

She then proceeded to sing a tune with the Gita. Though the language was not understandable it was very sweet. That day too, this had happened in the evening. This evening it was not like that day, it happened differently.

At 11 pm, Ma went to sleep.

### 13<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Monday

This morning, Shankaranand Swami, Abhay, I and some others were seated in Ma's room. Various topics were being discussed. The subject of *puja* and other such actions happening in Ma's body came up.

Ma said, "*Kriya* and other similar actions kept manifesting within the body. Perhaps I was seated like this." She indicated the *mudra* or hand gesture as she said this. Her posture was like that of goddesses in pictures.

*Kriya* manifested spontaneously in this body Ma said, "I am seated like this.

In that state I have sometimes moved only to go to the toilet.

This is the way my feet would move." Here she walked and demonstrated the way her feet would move. "If an image of Kali were to move she would move like this. It was something different, I am not able to explain this properly. Understand that it was the *bhava* of a god or a goddess. The feet did not function ordinarily."

Further, she continued, "The whole body attained that kind of *bhava* (It was a kind of *anganyaas*, yogic touching of each part of the body) - in very many different ways. At the same time, in the entire body, including the outlet for stools and urine, *puja* was in progress. This body has also become of a different kind. You people talk of *nyaas* and other such ceremonies, followed by *pran pratishtha*, consecrating the idol with life."

What I have narrated about *nyaas* and *pran pratishtha* is in our language. Ma was only indicating everything with her fingers. I understood the *mudra* to indicate *nyaas* and *pran pratishtha*.

“*Japa*, repetition of the Name, commenced. Do you know what happened next? After *puja* and other ceremonies happened within the body, then again, taking the gods out of this body, with both hands, it was as if the god was worshipped, and then they were slowly made to rise and merge with this body again. After every part of the body was worshipped, the external *puja* also occurred.”

We find something special in Ma’s narrative. *Sadhaks* go from a feeling of duality to one of non-duality. What happens with Ma? She is situated in non-duality. Within that was roused a feeling of duality and external worship followed. At the same time, she was situated in non-duality. While remaining in the non-dual (*advaita*) *bhava*, she roused the *dvaita bhava* herself, and creating duality, she performed *puja* or *leela* (divine play) but remained in *advaita* all along. She also interacts with all of us in exactly the same way. It is clear enough if we pay attention to this.

She then went on to talk about *tratak*. “See, at times, the gaze would get fixed at a distance far away. Step by step, as the gaze came closer, spontaneously, it went upward; going from the

The goal of *Tratak*  
is to merge the *bindu*  
in the *antarbindu*

navel, to the throat, the nostrils, it finally settled between the eyebrows and merged there, because the third eye is there, is it not? That point (*bindu*), merges in that, what else? Then

sometimes, the sight of the eyes in both eyes. That is, it merges in that very point in the eyes, *netra bindu*, what other? The ocean in that point (*sindhu* in the *bindu*). The focus point of

*tratak* - to find it in the point within (*antarbindu*). Then the neck turns and goes backward, the feet also turn backward, and the gaze gets fixed on the tip of the big toe of the feet. It could also be that the gaze fixes on the thumb or the shoulder.”

Ma was demonstrating each of these postures as she spoke. She then said, “Watching all this why would an ordinary person not attribute it to being possessed by ghosts and spirits?” Saying this, Ma burst into laughter.

### **15<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Wednesday**

Today again, many people had gathered. Many men and women keep coming from Mirzapur and conversation is varied. But I am unable to listen to all the conversations and therefore cannot write about them.

### **16<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Thursday**

This evening many people had arrived. They requested Ma to sing and she sang a couple of *bhajans*. Conversation went on for a very long time.

### **17<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Friday**

Ma’s speech is slurring quite a bit. For example, she says ‘ton’ for ‘tor’. In this way many words are getting mixed up. Ma herself is getting beside herself with amusement over this! One day she exclaimed, “What is all this? What kind of language is emerging?” Then suddenly she remarked, “It is as if the whole body is going numb and the speech too is going numb.”

### **18<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Saturday**

Today Ma appears to be rather restless. The fact remains, that this external restlessness that we perceive is appealing because of the steadiness within. We were guessing that perhaps Ma



would not stay on much longer here. The whole afternoon was filled with her mischief. Everyone is enchanted by the supreme joy of this. The washerwoman came to pick up clothes. She wore thick anklets that jangled noisily. Ma asked her for the anklets and wore them and then laughed uproariously. She told the washerwoman, "Your anklets are now mine. You may go now!"

Like a child, she was sporting the anklets and enjoying it greatly. Everybody was immersed in this joy and was revelling in it.

In the evening, I said to Ma, "Quite a few letters have accumulated. I have to read them out to you." Ma was clapping her hands and humming to herself. Finally she said, "Do whatever you feel like."

I started reading out the letters to her. There is some dissension between the Dhaka *ashram brahmacharis* and the householder devotees. The letters are mainly about these issues. Here Ma was clapping softly and singing away. I read out these letters to her but I felt she was not paying attention.

Mildly complaining, I said, "Everybody must be thinking that I have conveyed all the news to Ma and she will find some solution to the matter. But here you are immersed in your *bhava*. I told you about so many issues and you are just clapping and singing away. It appears you have not paid attention to any of this."

Ma laughed and said, "What shall I do, you tell me. You people know very well how much Ma organises what happens. I eat and drink, walk and roam about. If you people wish, don't feed me."

I replied, "I have watched your *bhava* intimately over the years. When so many *ashrams* have been created, some person needs to be in charge of organising them. If there isn't someone,

then get someone prepared for this, who will manage the entire organising. Otherwise, how will the work go on?”

Instantly Ma replied, “They are *ashrams* that belong to you people. You know about them. Then how do I set it right? You are seeing one such person. If you proceed correctly you will remain well, but if you take ownership of matters you will be dealt blows. Will your hand not burn if you put it into the fire? They are all looking after matters, everything is going on alright. Who will go anywhere? No one can go anywhere past His gaze. Everything is going on fine and will continue to do so.”

Ma spoke in a manner which left us speechless.

Today the conversation turned to human-ness versus divinity. Ma said, “If you once float in this stream you will find that you do not have the power to do anything. Use your power wisely The stream will make you flow with it. But the power that you have to flow in this stream, use that. Just like you can walk on the ground and reach the edge of a river. Then as long as you can swim, keep swimming. On this path, as you walk and swim, you reach this stream and then you do not have to do anything, nor will you have the power to do anything. At that point the strong current of the stream will make you flow with it. That is why I say, whatever power you have acquired, it is His. Use it wisely and attempt to reach that stream.”

### **19<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Sunday**

After last evening Ma is in a quieter mood. This afternoon, Banke Bihari Shankar Sahay from Allahabad and 3 or 4 lawyers have arrived. Some others have also come. They are all singing *keertan* around Ma. Ma was not able to rest at all in the afternoon.

In the evening Shraddhanand Swamiji arrived from Mirzapur with some others and sang *keertan* for Ma. Today Ma is rather unwell. She is speaking very little. When asked she said, "I am unable to understand anything about this body, but I have the *bhava* to remain silent. There is no desire to eat either."

Her face had darkened. As she did not have the desire to sleep at night, her condition worsened. I sat up and the night was spent thus.

### **20<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Monday**

As soon as she woke up this morning, Ma announced, "I shall go to Kashi today." Ma set out for Kashi by the 11.30 am train. It was decided that I was to follow after some days.

### **21<sup>st</sup> March, 1939, Tuesday**

I received a telegram in the evening and left for Kashi. I reached Kashi at 11 pm.

### **22<sup>nd</sup> March, 1939, Wednesday**

Ma had no inclination to sleep all night, yesterday. When I went to sleep at 2.30 am, Ma woke me up. Then after some casual conversation, she said the following. I wrote it down immediately. These ideas had been discussed in Vindhyachal as well.

"Just as your gross body responds to the desire of the mind and acts by going to some other place, in the same way, when your knowledge of the *atma* within the body gradually gets purified and turns inward, then when this very pure *bhava* is established steadily in the body, then that is the moment that the subtle body starts coming and going and performs *kriya*."

Just as when some cooked food is burnt, the smoke blows across all the ingredients. That smoke is swept by the breeze to go wherever necessary. It is possible that because of our gross perception of the object, it remains unseen. But for those who are entering and exiting the subtle body in that way, according to the time, the same smoke can enter in the same way as it can exit and yet remain unseen. There are 3 states of this as well. The first is that it goes of its own accord. The second - it is going of its own accord for sure, but pure desire and desirelessness lie latent in it, but the proportion is weak. The third is that wherever it is needed, it goes there of its own accord, and there is no manifestation here of desire or desirelessness. Here 3 states have been described, but within this there are many.”<sup>4</sup>

Again she said, “Look, people say that when the spiritual practitioner becomes complete through his practice, then that complete one has no body. There is no *karma* or action left, so there is no body. But it is also said that the body could remain. When it remains, some layers of *karma* also remain. But these layers do not become the cause of bondage. On the other hand, these layers are not important because everything is possible. They say that a *jivanmukta*, someone who is free and yet still in the body, has to suffer his destiny. But for him, there is no concept of destiny. For he who has been able to burn so much in the fire of knowledge, can that fire not do this much? It is true that each idea is valid in its context. Whoever indicates a particular goal, those contexts are valid (for them), but in the context of the *jivanmukta*, the body being there or not there is all the same.”

After a pause, she continued, “Now see this - his body may

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<sup>4</sup> Translator’s note: this is a verbatim translation of Didi’s original writing and no attempt has been made to insert the translator’s understanding of Ma’s words. It is better that each reader has her/his own interpretation of Ma’s words whenever the content seems obscure.

be in the realm of the unseen or within the seen. Those who can have the *darshan*, they may have a worldly *darshan*. And by that *samskar*, accumulated results of action, he may get *darshan* from afar. But all this about *darshan* and so on, those who become seers, there is something special in their systematic progress at each level. And it happens, you must have heard, whether it was a long time ago or recent, they get *darshan* from afar even in that. Another possibility exists- he may never have heard or seen that before, but he gets *darshan* continuously. Do you know how this happens? Just like he receives the Word (*bani*) in his state of *sadhana*, spiritual practice. Then he sees the image in front of him. He is conversing with the image, having a dialogue, back and forth. Another situation could happen, he receives everything within himself in undivided form. These spiritual practitioners (*sadhak*) attain a state in which they receive all parts and enter the state of fullness. Their external forms are revealed to some *sadhak*, but yet they do not know the external. This is because those who attain that state, their external manifestations, those forms, as long as we are looking outward, so long in this *darshan* and such other experiences, the *sadhaks* will keep receiving them naturally. And those who have attained liberation, they have to come and give *darshan*, that coming and going has no meaning. But whatever is revealed by them externally, they can attain the same form, qualities, demeanour, based on what is needed. Therefore the *sadhak* is benefitted by the *darshan*.”

She laughed lightly and said,” Look, I have been given some garlands today. I removed the garlands and threw them into the room but the fragrance of the garlands stayed with me even after that. Yet again, there is a fragrance emanating from a person. After he passes by us, even after he is gone, the fragrance can be detected in that spot. By that time, the person may have gone far away. Though the body of the *sadhak* may

be unseen, the disciple or any other *sadhak*, based on the needs of each one, his form and qualities or demeanour can reveal anything.”

“And look again, that which manifests naturally, like form, qualities, essential characteristics and so on, in you all, in exactly the same way, the feeling of I, *svabhav*, from which all this is illumined, that illumination is also *svabhav*. The illumination, that is of the nature of *svabhav*, that is present in the feeling of I, *svabhavik bhava* and *aprakash*, that which cannot be illuminated, unmanifest, that is also in the feeling of I. Just as the *sadhak*, the spiritual practitioner, progresses in his *sadhana*, the characteristics of his progress on the spiritual path become clear to him. In exactly the same way, the nature of *svabhav*, that can be illumined by the form of *svabhav*, is realised by the *sadhak* in the form of the image with the form, qualities and complete shape based on his individual need. Just as *sadhana* has unending motion, in exactly that way, the *sadhak* can reach a state where presence, the unknown, the unseen, many spiritual seekers, great beings, and those whose full illumination is revealed in a concrete form, their external appearance also in that concrete form, *darshan* may be had from any of this. That is also never ending. If it is the case of one coming himself, we will not say that the *sadhak* is complete, because he is still in the thrall of form, qualities and such *bhava*. When the *sadhak* obtains Him in the undivided, pure form, that is, he attains the fullness, then he becomes Him, meaning as an undivided fruit he obtains Him. We can say he comes, or we can say he does not come, everything can be said. You people call it *yugpat* or *tugpat*, (simultaneity) whatever you like. After this whatever is there, how do I speak about it?”

Therefore look, you can get the *darshan* of that Yogi when

you become complete in your *sadhana*. Whatever you need, you can attain that. This is because, whether you call it gross or subtle, whatever is in the *kriya*, it remains in the *bhava* of form, quality within the quality of the Self. Because you are in the realm of the perceived and the perception, are you not? After that, whatever happens, happens.”

“‘*Leela*’, ‘the feeling of One *atma*’, ‘*nirvana*’, ‘completeness’, all of it is possible. Having attained fullness as the result, it is still nothingness (*shunya*), and being *shunya* it is still *poorna*, complete. Calling it fullness is equivalent to not calling it that either. But remember, do not separate these into two different parts. In an intertwined fashion, simultaneity can be illumined or not illumined by its very nature. When *srishti*, *sthiti*, *laya*, creation, sustenance and dissolution are illumined in the form of *leela*, divine play, then the divine play of the One, and the illumination of the waves in the *leela*, cannot be anything but beyond the senses. In one estimation, it can be said that those waves, that *leela* in itself is remaining. On the other hand the feeling of one *atma* - that is the peacefulness, the stillness present within the *leela*. In that case you may say that *kriya shunya*, bereft of action, is a sequence of being-ness; in its stead you may say *nirvana*, completeness or any other word that you like. Therefore, see, simultaneity, *yugpat*, is in all, even if you call it *poorna*, but it was not called thus, know that.”

Further she spoke about grace, *kripa*. “When you go near fire, it’s nature is heat, so if you ever see *kripa* in this body, that is its nature.”

As this conversation went on, the day dawned.

Early in the morning Ma said, “Make arrangements to leave today.”

It was decided that Ma would go to Dehradun via Delhi. A

gentleman has come from France with his wife. A *sanyasi* from Ramkrishna Mission has brought them here. He is wearing a *dhoti* like a Bengali. We learnt that this French couple is visiting every temple here. A few days ago, Prankumar Babu of Kolkata had mentioned this French couple to Ma in a letter, saying that they had come from Aurobindo *ashram* and were staying here waiting for her *darshan* and that they were being given her Vindhyachal address. We came to know that they were in Kashi on their way to Vindhyachal, when Ma arrived here. They had visited Ma twice yesterday and had lengthy conversations.

Yesterday, a *sadhu* had asked Ma, “Ma if you shower *kripa* on an undeserving person, what would the result be? It is possible there is a fool who does not experience the *kripa* at all.”

Ma replied, “The first thing is that nothing ever goes waste. And if he is undeserving then how did he get it in the first place? You people observe him from the outside. It is perhaps possible that he is worthy of *kripa*.” Such dialogue went on for some time.

The *sadhu* said, “Ma, give us all a push, won’t you?” Ma replied, “Keep *satsang*, the company of truth. *Satsang* is the push.”

The *sadhu* is from a different order, but as he is not bound by the constraints of an order, he often visits Ma and requests her grace. As she conversed with him, Ma said, “If you people contain your *gurus* within a boundary, you will not be able to get *darshan* properly. When you can see your *guru* everywhere, then you are seeing your *guru* in the natural form.”

Ma spoke on many such matters and hearing it the *sadhu* was filled with joy. It is just 2 days since this *sadhu* has come to Ma. He has much devotion.

Today again, Ma spoke at length with the French couple. The



lady asked Ma for a memento. Ma said “Concurrence, *yogayog*, lies in the inbreath and the outbreath. If you want external objects other than this, then all this is here - take whatever you want.”

The French lady said. “You give it to me with your own hands.”

A comb was lying close by. Expressing her desire to take a hair from Ma’s head, the lady started combing Ma’s hair. Ma said she could take the comb and she was very happy to hear that. She applied vermillion to Ma’s hair. She was given the box of vermillion. The couple sat for a long time near Ma and then left.

On their way out they asked for Ma’s blessings. Other matters were discussed as well. On their request again for a memento, Ma said, “Everything has been placed before you. Take whatever you want.” To which the gentleman declared, “If you are instructing us to take whatever we want, we would like to take you with us.” The conversation went on in this enchanting strain.

People are distressed that Ma is leaving today. Ma will leave for Delhi by the afternoon train. Baachu’s mother said, “Ma, earlier, when you came to our house, you would stay for many more days. You would stay amidst all of us. Once some women attached to the Ramakrishna Mission had come to see you. I told them you were in a state of *samadhi*. Standing at the door of your room, they watched you, and as they were leaving said jeeringly,” O Baba, now our Thakur is Sri Sri Paramhams Thakur. What are you saying that this is the state of *samadhi*? She is lying very comfortably on her bed. Is that called *samadhi*?” I was heartbroken to hear this. I began to pray to you, “Ma, give them the power to understand.”

Ma had laughed and replied, “Vah! What is the need to get so upset? Do you think you understand everything all the time? Whatever they understand, they simply express that. That too is one form of His speech. When they do understand they will regret it. What is there to feel sad about in this? Everything is His form, His speech.”

We left at 11 am for Delhi. While chatting on the train, Ma said, “Some people say - ‘we are unable to meditate steadily-what is to be done?’ To them I said, ‘when your meditation is disturbed, you people start swimming upward. At that point, keep the support in such a manner so that when you fall you land right there. The support with which the meditation is born, should be kept with you always. I had observed in my childhood, this body was tiny, then when I had learnt to sit up, they had erected a fence all around the verandah so that the baby would not fall off. If the baby were to hold on to the bamboo and fall, she would sit down right there.”

### **23<sup>rd</sup> March, 1939, Thursday**

This morning we reached Delhi at about 7 am. Many people had reached the station. The people took Ma to the *ashram*. Ma has never come since the *ashram* has been built. This is the reason that the devotees are very happy that Ma has arrived. The girls sang *keertan* in the afternoon and the boys in the evening. As Ma’s body was unwell, they took leave at 10 pm so that Ma could rest.

Biren, the son of Durgadas Babu, arrived after that. He had not come all day because he was angry with Ma. But now, he was unable to hold himself back any longer, and had turned up. He poured out all his feelings to Ma in a very simple manner. “ I convinced myself the whole day that I would not go to see Ma, but someone within me kept repeating go, go. The whole

day long this conflict went on inside me. At night, when we sat for dinner, I asked my brothers and sisters, 'How was Ma when you went to see her?' They had all come to see you, but I had decided not to go. As the day went on, my mind coaxed me saying "go, go." Finally all my pride left me. I do not remember when I got on to my bicycle and set out. Ma, your attraction is so terribly strong that it did not allow me to focus on anything else."

Ma and we were charmed by the heartfelt simplicity of his words. He stayed for an hour and left.

#### **24<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Friday**

This morning, Panchu Dada arrived with his car and took Ma for a drive. They returned at 8.30 am. I heard of an incident from Panchu Dada. After driving around in his car for some time, Panchu Dada took Ma to his house. On the way to his house, he had taken Ma towards a hilly area. There, at some spot, Ma and some others got down to go for a stroll. A snake was lying curled up on the path. The amazing fact was that everybody was jumping over it and going along the path.

Ma laughed and remarked, "Look at this coincidence. There are so many paths here and there but everybody is choosing to go only on that path. The snake too, has bowed its head and is lying there as if dead. All the people have gone over him but he is lying there unmoving in exactly the same position."

Panchu Dada told us, "wherever Ma went, the snake lifted its hood and watched her. When we spotted it, we screamed, 'snake, snake', but the snake just remained where it was."

Hearing this, I was suddenly reminded of the fact that Ma had had a *kheyal* about snakes and had spoken to me about it.

**25<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Saturday**

This morning Devendra Babu came with his wife and took Ma out for a walk. Finding himself alone with Ma, Devendra Babu said, “Ma, after my thread ceremony, *upanayan*, I perform the *sandhya*, daily worship, regularly. I sit as I was instructed, but I do not think I have made any progress in this direction. Having got a promotion in my office job, I have to do more work. What is this that has happened, Ma?”

Ma replied, “It is true that you people swallow medicines, but then if you do not follow the other rules to get well, the medicine does not have its effect. The Name is the medicine, the rules to be followed are control, *samyam*, and so on. If the rules are not followed, how do you get cured of the disease? You can drink as much medicine as you want, there will be no improvement. Focus on your breath and take the Name. Try to keep the body as still as a rock.”

Dialogues of this kind went on, and we returned at about 8 am. When we returned, we found many people waiting, upset that Ma was not there. As soon as she sat down, Ma addressed each one as “Ma,” “Baba,” and made them forget their impatience.

Then Ma sat down to listen to *keertan*. Sidhu Babu, Anandi Babu and others have come from Meerut. Surprisingly, Anandi Babu’s wife is experiencing labour pains and he has come, leaving her in that condition. Sidhu Babu’s wife is suffering from epileptic fits and he has come away too. Ma’s attraction is so strong, that householders abandon their duties and run to her like mad men.

Everyone is sitting around her, and Ma is saying, “Listen to the essential secret from the Guru.”

**26<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Sunday**

This morning the women sang *keertan* from 7.30 to 11 am. Everyday the crowd of people gathering here is growing. The duration of the *keertan* is also increasing. Every evening Dasu does *arati*, while Abhay, Biren and others accompany with *keertan*. Tomorrow is the seventh day of the *Vaasanti puja*. It is the heartfelt desire of the devotees that Ma be worshipped on this day. Durgadas Babu told Ma, “Ma, your *puja* will be performed for three days continuously. On the first day we will worship you as *Vaasanti*. On the second day as *Annapoorna*. The third day is *Ram Navami*. On that day we will worship you as *Ram* and be blessed.”

Ma laughed and said, “Baba, there is nothing predictable about this mad girl. This body goes anywhere it likes when it has the *kheyal*. Nothing is certain.”

The devotees pleaded repeatedly that Ma should stay on in Delhi at least for the next three days. Ma is replying to each one in exactly the manner in which he or she is addressing her, therefore she is so loved by each one. Ma’s body is weak, so the devotees are doing their best to look after her comfort.

Birla has spent 5 or 6 lakhs and constructed a big temple for *Sanatan Dharma*. Some employees of Birla have come to take Ma to the temple for *keertan*. The devotees are very happy that people of all classes and castes are allowed to enter this temple. Ma is also of the same opinion. Ma will attend *keertan* there with everybody. It was decided that Ma’s *puja* would commence from tomorrow. After the evening’s *arati* and *keertan* everybody would go with Ma at 8 pm to the Sanatan temple.

Ma said, “See, I am a little girl. You people should not try to stop me. I shall eat and play with my mother and father. You people can do your *puja* and chanting. There is no certainty about where and when I will go, where I will stay.”

Finally she agreed to the *puja*. At 10 pm, the people departed, allowing Ma to rest.

### 27<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Monday

This morning *puja* was performed. The devotees partook of *prasad*. For the last two days, Charu Babu has been chanting from the text every afternoon. The devotees offered bhog with 108 varieties of food, and keertan, arati were. Ma said, “You people want to worship this body. All bodies are His. Whoever has whichever desire, you can perform *Kumari puja*, *Bal Gopal puja*, whatever you wish. The arrangements are being made for this.”

### 28<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Tuesday

Today is *Maha Ashtami*. The devotees offered *bhog* with 108 verses, and *keertan*, *arati* were performed. Ma had said “you people want to worship this body. It is all the body of One. If you people want, you can do the *Kumari puja*.” And that is what happened. Some devotees performed the *Kumari puja*. Young girls, *Kumari*, were seated and *keertan* was performed walking all around them. Some carried ceremonial fans, some incense and some a conch as they circumambulated the girls. *Arati* was performed. Then everybody sat down to have *prasad*. Days and nights were spent in joyful celebration.

A woman who was staring at Ma again and again, suddenly spoke up, “Alright Ma, do you not understand the kind of restlessness we experience when we are drawn towards you, from within our very being?” As she said this the woman’s eyes filled with tears. Some women let go of all the responsibilities of their household and come away to be with Ma. Some women go to the extent of telling their husbands - “I have been obeying you all my life. For as many days as Ma is here, I am

going there every day. I will not listen to any remonstrations in this matter.” So many such statements are being discussed here. One woman declared, “Ma, I am observing Sri Krishna’s *leela* with the cowherdesses.”

How much joy is being experienced! Sometimes, Ma starts singing the Name and everybody joins in. *Keertan* was begun after dusk. Rai Bahadur Satish Biswas will sing *keertan* for Ma. Everybody joined in singing the Name. Ma stood up on her small mattress. Her expression began changing. Then she fell to the ground. Certain *kriya* starting manifesting in her body. After a little while she managed to sit up. Seeing Ma in this state and fearing that she may become unwell, the *nama keertan* was halted. Ma’s body began to tremble.

A few moments later, Ma said in a deep voice, “What is this Baba, you people sing *yadavaya namaha*, and other such chants to end the *keertan*. Today you have stopped singing without chanting all that? Why have you stopped singing the Name just because this body was acting strangely? Does anyone sit down for *puja* and then abandon it half way?”

Hearing Ma’s words, everyone resumed the singing of *keertan* and then chanted “*Hari haraaya namaha*” before concluding the session. At 10 pm, people left reluctantly.

### 29<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Wednesday

Today, again one or two people performed *Kumari puja*. Seven or eight women performed *Bal Gopal puja*. Ma had declared, “Alright, do you not do *Bal Gopal puja*? Is there something in your scriptures, *shastra*?”

The priests opened their books and located the descriptions of *Bal Gopal puja*. Today, all the *Gopals* were seated in a row for the purpose of performing *Gopal puja*. Ma also sat on one side.

*Keertan* was sung after the *puja*.

*Gopal bolo, Gobind bolo*  
*Radha Raman Hari Gobind bolo*

Alongside, Manmath Dada has been performing Ma's *puja* in a pot, "*ghat*". Durgadas Babu declared, "Our Ma is *Vaasanti* on *saptami*, the seventh day, *Annapoorna* on the eighth, and *Shri Ramachandra* on the ninth day." All the devotees came together to offer *anjali*, oblations, at Ma's feet. Someone is reading out the *Chandi*. Today the *ashram* is buzzing with festivities. This evening the devotees will take Ma to the Kali Bari. Everybody will sing *keertan* there.

In the evening the devotees took Ma to the Kali Bari. *Keertan* was sung. Quite a few people had gathered. At 10 pm we returned with Ma.

### **30<sup>th</sup> March, 1939, Thursday**

This morning Dr. J. K. Sen came with his wife and took Ma for a walk. After the walk when they returned, he said, "Didi, I will come tomorrow in the morning again and take Ma for a walk."

Ma immediately remarked, "Let tomorrow dawn. Tomorrow's plan will happen tomorrow."

Doctor Babu said, "You are right. I can take you out walking only if you are here. Or else how will I take you out?"

His wife exclaimed, "Why Ma, why will tomorrow, *kaal*, not dawn?" Ma replied, "Why will tomorrow not dawn?, time, is for everyone." Saying this she laughed and got down from the motor car.

As she entered the room in the *ashram*, she said, "Just find Sudden departure for out what time the train to Brindavan Brindavan



leaves.” Someone said 12 pm and someone said 10 am. Ma enquired, “Is there no train right now?” The time table was looked up. It was found that there was a train leaving in an hour’s time. Ma left immediately. Quite a few people set out with her. Some people had come to meet Ma and some went to the station for her *darshan*. People set out for Brindavan with Ma in whatever condition they were. Some others decided to follow her by the 12 noon train.

Ma went to stay in the temple of Vardhaman Raja in Brindavan. In the evening Amal Sen arrived with his wife and took Ma out for a walk. We do not know why Ma has come here.

### **1<sup>st</sup> April, 1939, Friday**

In the afternoon, we went towards the *ashram* of the *sadhus*. As soon as Ma returned to the temple, the priest said, “Ma do not get down from the car, come let us go to see the *phool jhoola*, floral swing of Govindji.”

Ma replied, “Let me get down from the car right now. When others arrive then we will see.”

Ma went in and lay down on her bedding. At 9 pm, someone came and said again, “Ma, today there is the *phool jhoola* ceremony.”

Ma said, “Khukuni, come let us go out for a walk.”

Then she took all of us along and went towards Govindji’s temple. On returning from there there was talk of returning to Delhi the very next day.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> April, 1939, Saturday**

This morning Ma set out for Delhi in Amal Babu’s car. We returned in a train. The devotees in Delhi were getting ready

to organise a *nama yagna*, continuous repetition of the Name, the next day, to celebrate Shri Shri Ma's advent, *agaman*. This evening is *adhivas*, invocation. In the afternoon, Charu Dada started the *paath*, reading of the Chandi. Ma said to him, "For as long as this body stays here, keep doing the *paath* every day. It is not right that people remain seated just like that. Sing *keertan* or read - *paath*, or do *japa*, repetition of the Name." That is what is happening.

In the afternoon, while conversing, Ma said, "Govindji came to me and said, 'Will you not go to see the *phool jhoola*?' Because He said it 2 or 3 times, I went there."

On Abhay's repeatedly questioning her, the gist of what Ma said was, "2 or 3 people, (first the priest, near the car, then two or three others in the temple in Brindavan) came and said, 'Ma, come to see *phool jhoola* today.' I could see clearly that Govindji was speaking Himself through them, what can I do if I see Him, tell me?"

Ma's eyes are both a little bloodshot, and are watering slightly. In this state of *bhava* Ma was speaking and we were all watching her enchanted.

Commenting on this incident, Abhay said, "Ma had said in Puri, that Jagannath Dev had come and fed me with betel leaf."

The incident was real. One day, a man had come running and put a betel leaf in Ma's mouth and gone away. No one had ever done such a thing before this. Ma's wonderful influence is making people behave very strangely. One woman took Ma aside and said, "Ma, I am a staunch worshipper of Gopal. I think of that form all the time. Ever since I saw you in Shimla, every time I sit down to do *japa*, this form of yours begins to swim in front of my eyes. I cannot see His form. For the last 22

years I have been performing service to and meditating upon Gopal. Why is this happening now?"

Ma laughed and replied, "Whatever you say, I am verily that, Ma."

As soon as she heard this the woman, embraced Ma and kissed her face. Her eyes were filled with tears.

Another woman started saying softly, " Sometimes I long for God. Ever since you have come here, that feeling is gone. When I came to know that you had gone to Brindavan, that state has left me."

Ma said, "Have you gone mad?"

"What can I do Ma?"

Ma said, "Pining for God is a good state. Take *deeksha*, receive the Name."

"I think that not having taken *deeksha* has caused a suppression of all these tendencies. I desire to take *deeksha*." In this manner so many people were experiencing Ma's influence in different ways and forms.

Ma went for a drive in a motor car. At a particular junction, the car was having trouble in taking a turn. Ma said, "Taking a turn at a junction we can get confused. Just as we turn carefully and go on the right path, so should we try to navigate every crossroad in life and travel only on the right path."

Hearing that Ma had returned from Brindavan, people came flocking in large numbers for her *darshan*. As Ma had left suddenly, many people had come and returned without seeing her. They were complaining about that. Ma told them that for the last 2 or 3 days Mauni Ma (Krishna Mataji of Kashi) had been coming and standing near her. This time when I had gone to Kashi, she had come to specially talk about certain

matters. Nowadays she is in Siddhi Ma's *ashram* in Kashi. I have often observed that people open their hearts to Ma. Some go to the extent of saying that they are never able to speak in that manner with anyone else.

In the afternoon, Ma began singing the Name,

“*Jaya Krishna Govind Shri Madhusudan Ram Narayan Hare*”

The devotees joined in the singing.

In the evening all the devotees decided to celebrate *adhivas* the next day with *nama yagna*, an uninterrupted offering of the Name. After this the devotees took Ma to the *keertan* that was in progress in Rai Bahadur Satish Biswas' house. All the devotees gathered there. Satish Babu is a disciple of Shri Harnath Thakur. They had decorated a photograph of Thakur. Every Saturday they sing *keertan*. Ma returned at 10 pm.

### 3<sup>rd</sup> April, 1939, Sunday

From 9 am this morning,

“*Shri Krishna Chaitanya Prabhu Nityanand  
Hare Krishna Hare Ram Shri Radhe Govind*”

*Nama Sankeertan*, was started. Wearing sandalwood garlands, men and women were singing *keertan*. Ma is going around along with them. When Ma begins to join their *keertan* they sing and move with doubled enthusiasm. Meanwhile, *bhog*, food offering, was also being prepared. The *nama keertan* is progressing with great joy. The whole building of the *ashram* is lit up and the atmosphere in ten directions is echoing with the sound of the Name.

This evening there was yet another change in Ma's *bhava*.  
A change in Ma's *bhava* She started rolling over. Her expression was unusual, and people were enchanted

to witness this. Although this state lasted only for a short while, those who witnessed it for the first time started saying that they had never seen any sight of this kind ever before in their lives. Nor would they ever forget it. A *Vaishnav* had come from Brindavan to sing *keertan*. He declared, "I am rather staunchly bound to my path, but today I could not stop myself from bowing down at Ma's feet."

I am observing something special - nowadays once this kind of *kriya* occurs in her body, Ma is able to manage it very fast, so that it appears like a flash of lightning. Earlier, when these kinds of *kriya* appeared it took Ma quite some time to return to normalcy.

Devotees perform *arati* for Ma every evening. This evening also they did so. Ma's speech is slurred. Her eyes and countenance are radiant, extremely beautiful. It was 12 midnight by the time we went to rest.

#### 4<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Monday

Today on the occasion of the birthday of her son, Sukumar, Baby Didi wanted to organise *keertan* to be held in Ma's presence till sundown. In the afternoon, from 12 to 4 pm, ladies have been singing *keertan* every week and they did that today too. Ma also joined them in between.

After *keertan*, everyone gathered around Ma to hear her advice. Ma said, "I do not know anything. Whatever kind of space you people give, that kind of sound will emerge." Then she said, "Try to maintain *samyam vrat*, a vow of control, at least one day a month. Meaning maintain discipline in all activities - eating and enjoyment-to the extent that you serve your children as manifestations of Bal Gopal. Behold your husband as the Supreme Lord, and your daughters as Kumari, the manifestation

Ma's advice to women

of Shakti, and serve them. At least on that one day, do not get angry with anyone. However, that does not mean that you save it all up and release all your frustration the next day! Whatever happens on that day, do not stow away the forgiveness you exercise. See, as long as there is the fire, the wound exists inside, understand this. When the wound persists the burning sensation is experienced.”

After dusk, *arati* and *keertan* were performed. Then Charu Babu did the reading of the scripture in a room packed with people. People listened to Ma’s speech with the greatest respect. They were gazing at Ma with longing. One gentleman recited *stotra*, verses of praise, in front of Ma.

At 9 pm we went with Ma for a drive in a motor car. We went towards Qutub. We returned at 10.30 pm.

### 5<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Tuesday

This morning at 7 am, Ma was taken to a Kaviraj’s place. Ma was taken by Dr. J. K. Sen. Doctor Babu said to Kavirajji, “You can question Ma about anything you want, but Ma does not speak of her own accord. I do not want to ask any question.”

Ma remarked, “Baba, questions arise when necessary, what do you say? As you do the work, you understand where the mistakes are happening and then there is a question with respect to that.”

The question that ensued was, “What is the proof that God, Does *Ishwar* exist or not? *Ishwar*, exists?” Ma responded with, “What is the proof that you exist?”

“Vah! I am seeing myself as a real manifestation.”

Ma asked, “Who are you?”

In the midst of this exchange, Kavirajji exclaimed, “Let us

drop this discussion . Tell us, does *Ishwar* exist or not?”

Ma replied, “Just as you are so *Ishwar* is.”

At about 8 am we returned to the *ashram*.

Today Ma will perform *keertan* with the Harijan in the Valmiki temple. After 7 pm we went with Ma to the Valmiki temple. All the devotees arrived soon after Ma reached there. Ma performed *keertan* for about two hours with the Harijan. Then food was served. Before the meal was started we returned with Ma to the *ashram*.

### 6<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Wednesday

Today we set out for Dehradun by the 9 pm train. Hearing that Ma was leaving the devotees were aggrieved. The spectacle of people repeatedly entreating Ma to stay on for a few more days, was worth witnessing.

Ma laughed and replied, “I tell this body again and again, ‘these people are telling you to stay, so stay on,’ but this body does not listen to anything. What shall I do now, tell me?” And saying this she burst into laughter again.

Here, people had immersed themselves in *keertan*, the reading of scriptural texts, *puja* and other such spiritual activities. Today, it seemed there was a mantle of silence all around. Watching us pack our luggage, some expressed their opposition to the departure. They do not want to let Ma go but they also all know that it is not possible to say anything against what Ma wills.

### 7<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Thursday

This morning we reached Dehradun. At night, I was the only one sleeping in Ma’s room. At about 11 pm, Ma said, “Khukuni,

just come here for a moment.”

As soon as I went near her, she said, “The body is not alright. One person will have to stay beside it.”

I sat next to Ma, and stroked her hand continuously. At about 2.30 am she said, “Go and sleep.” I said, “ But you had said that one has to stay beside your body.”

Ma replied, “It is not necessary now. Go and lie down. Tomorrow do not wake me until I get up myself.” If anyone wishes to come into this room and do *japa* or *dhyana*, they can do so. Otherwise keep the door closed.”

I know that Ma gives such instructions often. I obeyed her instructions and went to sleep.

### 8<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Friday

Ma woke up at 11 am today. Many Punjabi women had arrived. Ma was speaking to them in Hindi, “Just as I speak to all of you, so was I speaking to some others. Therefore I had said I should not be woken up. Many come into your midst as well, but you are unable to see them. If anybody has the power to do that kind of meditation and concentration he would be able to discern who was seated next to him- what was happening and where he had to go. Sometimes, again, dialogue can happen seated here as well.”

I asked, “Last night you had said one person should stay with you. What was happening then?”

Ma said, “At that time, the body had gone elsewhere.”

I looked at her carefully. Ma was looking well now. She said, “My morning just dawned. Sometimes, it is daytime during the night and night during daytime.”



I washed her face and made her eat something. After the meal she started walking about. Just then Hariram and another gentleman came to meet Ma. Ma strolled to the motor car and sat inside it saying, "I shall go for a drive, some distance."

When she returned we came to know that she had gone to Sharada's house. After dusk more people started arriving. Ma was talking to everyone, from children to the elderly. She was speaking to each one in a manner that would give joy to him or her. It was 8 pm when Ma went into the *Maun Mandir*, the temple of silence, and locked the door. At 10 pm she emerged and went straight to her room and lay down to sleep.

During conversation the next morning she said, "Three subtle bodies had come and conversed for a fairly long time."

### **9<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Saturday**

This morning Ma woke and started conversing with everybody. At 11 am, after her meal, she again went into the *Maun Mandir*. There is no saying when she may emerge. Just before sunset, she came out and sat on the verandah.

All the people present sat all around Ma. Some people had been waiting for Ma's *darshan* from 12 noon. Ma sat on the verandah in one spot till 10 pm, speaking to all the people. Then she came down and went to sleep.

### **10<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Sunday**

This morning when she was questioned on the same subject (as that which was raised on the evening of Friday, 8, April) she replied, "I could see that three people had come. One of them did not muster the courage to touch this body (indicating to herself). Just like people of lower caste are unable to gather the courage to enter the house of a Brahmin; they stand shyly

Subtle bodies come to ask how Ma is doing

at the door. The attitude was exactly like that - he was standing far away and watching this body. The second person was standing having the bearing of a body guard and saying to the first one, "Beware! Don't touch!" (Indicating her body) - he would not allow this body to be touched. The other person shook his hand and said, 'No, no. I do not have the right to touch this body. I will not touch it.' Another person had also come."

I asked, "Why had they come?"

Ma replied, "To find out about how I was doing. I had a long conversation with them."

Ma was offered *bhog* around 10 am. Then she lay down in the meditation room, *dhyana mandir* around 2 pm. Just then Seva arrived with some ladies to perform *keertan* in Ma's presence. Ma got up and came out. *Keertan* was sung, *stotras* were chanted, and *arati* was performed. Then fruits and other items were placed in front of Ma as *bhog* and a song was sung about the *bhog*. Everybody was filled with joy. All the people took leave before dusk.

One woman had come with her daughter. The daughter had a disfigured forehead and probably she is difficult to manage at home. However, she sat peacefully next to Ma. Pointing towards her daughter's forehead, the mother said that she had tugged her own hair and scratched herself repeatedly. The girl had left very little hair on her head. Her face was full of scratches and it looked strange. The mother showed all this to Ma and then started weeping.

Ma pointed to the girl and said, "See what a state she is in. You people take this thing made of mud and experience enjoyment? It is nothing but mud, *ma-ti* is it not? You live on creepers, leaves, fruits and roots that grow from soil, drink the

juice, that is milk, of the cow that lives on grass and that is what this body is made of. Then when the body is destroyed, you use the wood of trees that grew out of the mud and burn it and that also turns into mud. Therefore, think about it, there is nothing here other than mud. *Ma-ti* that is mud.”

Again she said, “ Look at her condition - she has pulled out her hair, scratched her face and inflicted so many wounds. She does not feel the pain in her body. It is like that.”

Again, she laughed and continued, “Just like me, what else? I would sit with a burning coal on this body. In truth, this state occurs as you do *sadhana*, there is no body consciousness. And then what happens, is this dual state - there is no consciousness and there is also consciousness. Those who are at a level in *sadhana*, they will speak of it as a stream. Like *bhakti*, devotion, *jnana*, knowledge, *karma*, action, and declare one is superior to the other. But those who are at a higher level, they will perceive that there is no difference between these, there is nothing superior or inferior, they are all equal.” With all these discussions, the evening drew on and I took Ma out for a walk. Soon after she returned, Ma lay down to rest.

In some context she said, “Look, as long as there is a wound inside so long there is a fire - wound, meaning a feeling of insufficiency. And then it also happens, that the wound does not have a fire but it keeps growing; that is an even worse situation. As long as the fire appears that is a slightly better state. As long as the burning is there the attempt to remedy it will exist.” She spoke on many such matters, it is beyond my capacity to write all that down. Every word was invaluable and sweet.

**11<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Monday**

Sadhu Singh from Punjab has arrived. Ma had eaten her meal and was walking about on the verandah at 11 am. Sadhu Singh declared, “Ma, a *sadhu* in Haridwar has said that it is not necessary to do *puja* and reading of scriptures and such things. Just turning the mind away from objects is sufficient, and knowledge will dawn of its own accord. I was not fully convinced by his words and therefore I decided I would place this matter before Mataji and seek more insight on it.

Ma replied, “Whoever speaks from whichever level, it is alright, because from that level that is all he sees and talks about. It is not the same thought for all. It is harmful to talk without authoritative discernment. *Sadhana-bhajan*, *puja-paath*, are all practised to keep the mind away from worldly objects. But if anyone does not have the need for all this then we could say that he has done all that earlier. No one can leap onto a tree.”

Sadhu Singh said, “The *sadhuji* in Haridwar also said that the study of scriptures, *shastra*, was sufficient to get knowledge. There was no need to have a *Guru*. We were also told that if a snake or tiger approached a *brahma jnani*, one who has realised the Brahman, why should he kill them? But he said not killing them is foolishness. It is better to kill the snake or tiger to protect one’s body.”

Ma said, “I would say that the attainment of knowledge from *shastra*, is in one way the receiving of guidance from a *Guru*. *Shastra* is *Guru*. Namely, those who wrote the *shastra* are the *Gurus*. And if someone is a *brahma jnani*, he cannot attain knowledge of Brahman from just the knowledge of his body. The only knowledge to be attained is that after giving up everything there is only Him. Then where is the question of killing or not killing? Just as your own nails scratch your body,

where is there another apart from the One? It is not as if he is trying to kill whilst in a violent mood. There is no question of violence in a *brahma jnani*. Who will perpetrate violence on whom? Consequently, this cannot happen.”

After this conversation, Ma told Akhandanandaji to go to Haridwar and then went to lie down in the *dhyān mandir*. Swamiji left as soon as he received the instruction. Ma said, “Go by the 3 pm train.”

Ma’s work is done in this manner. She does not think about matters all around. She does not work with forethought. Whatever is needed at any moment, she organises it there and then.

This afternoon Ma had no inclination to sleep. That is the reason she came out of the *dhyān mandir*. I made arrangements for her to sleep in the room upstairs. As she had no desire to sleep, she called me to her and said, “There is no desire to sleep.”

We started conversing. Suddenly, there arose the smell of babies and the room filled with that scent gradually. I was startled and said, “what is this? Why is there this scent that comes from babies?” Ma smiled sweetly and said, “There is a reason for this.”

When I pressed her for the reason with great insistence, she said, “On Friday, April 8, some subtle bodies had come, I have already told you about them. After that, I was awake for quite a long time that morning. The desire to sleep did not arise for a long while. The same day (April 8 morning) I saw that many had come (people in their subtle bodies), and amongst them two babies in a maternity room, lying a little far away. I was also lying down. Amongst those who had come, one had the thought

The coming of Shiv-Vishnu  
as babies in the subtle form

that the two babies had appeared from this body (indicating her own body). And so they were saying these are her (indicating herself) two babies. Then someone else spoke - "What nonsense are you speaking - are these two babies hers? You do not know and hence you are speaking in this manner. These are the offspring of the One who is creating every moment, who is present everywhere in the universe." Saying this, he began to pray to this body with special intensity - Ma, why don't you rid them of their mistaken belief? On hearing this prayer I stood up and started walking, where I do not know. Seeing the way I walked, the first person who was speaking about the babies, was freed of his delusion. He started saying, 'Truly, can an ordinary being walk like this?' Seeing his delusion being destroyed, the other person who had voiced the prayer said, 'The way in which we believe in Ma, why are Abhay - Tabhay not able to do this?' Immediately a third person responded, 'They are caught up in hatred, that is why they are not able to do this.'

"Both babies were lying at a distance. As we watched, they started shaking their limbs, as if they were indicating this body and saying 'we want to go there'. One of the subtle-bodied people picked up both the babies and brought them to me and put their heads on me and lifted my hand and placed it on their heads, but seeing the manner in which my hand was placed, one of them said, 'How did this happen? Why is there no attention directed towards the babies?'

"As we watched, both babies grew up and started walking about. Just as gods are accompanied by a halo around their forms, so did they have halos around them. One child's form and colour was like Vishnu with four hands. The other child was white and had the appearance of a Maha Yogi. There are many others there. Just as people here are at different levels,

the people there exist in exactly the same way.”

“I just said that I conversed with them. But it was not through articulated speech, because the mouth was shut tight. The conversation was carried out symbolically, all contained within. These exchanges happened so clearly that everything was perfectly understandable. Sometimes a couple of very sweet sounds were audible - how are those to be explained? They were extraordinarily sweet tones. Yes, so I was saying, that as we watched, both the babies grew considerably. Do you know how? Just as when you rub soap on your hands and the foam expands, they grew exactly like that.”

I was listening to all this with great astonishment. Then I said, “Ma, from your narrative I understood that the two children were Shiv and Vishnu.”

When Ma did not negate this I asked again, “My body is tingling all over. What are you Ma?”

Ma replied laughing, “Vah! I see so many such things. What is there to get astonished about? This is an ordinary occurrence. You kept going on about the smell of babies, did you not? That is why the topic arose and I said so much. One of them felt that both babies belonged to this body, those babies that had appeared, about who you just heard. Therefore it was the fragrance of the bodies of the babies that manifested and that you were able to sense.”

### **12<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Tuesday**

Today, after her meal, Ma said, “Come, let us go to the room upstairs or some other place - I have to speak to you. I do not want to sleep - when I feel like it, I will go to sleep.”

As per Ma’s instruction I took her bedding upstairs and began to converse with her.

Since last night Kalachand Dada has typhoid, and so Ma has instructed the other *brahmacharis* to go and stay elsewhere. She said, "In these kinds of diseases, people do not serve of their own volition, in fact it is better to stay away."

Ma attends to everything everywhere. In the afternoon, I conversed with Ma for some time. Then Ma instructed me to also proceed to Haridwar. She said, "Yogesh and Kamalakant will stay here."

That was what happened. We all work according to the orders we receive. I came away and Ma stayed on in Dehradun.

### **13<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Wednesday**

We are staying in Mangalanand Giri Maharaj's *ashram* in Kankhal. Didi Ma has been called. Tomorrow, Didi Ma will take *deeksha*, initiation, from Giri Maharaj. Along with her, Manoranjan will take on *naishtik brahmacharya*, the vow of celibacy until death.

### **14<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Thursday**

This morning Manoranjan was initiated into life-long celibacy (*naishtik brahmacharya*). He was given the name Mahanand. Oblations were performed with *mantras*. In the last *prahar*, 3 hour period, of the night, Didi Ma was initiated into the *sanyas mantra*, renunciation. Her hair had been shaved off. Someone has gone to Ma with a special request. Just before dusk Ma arrived. Ma came by car and devotees arrived by bus.

The Raja of Solan is here these days. He and Dr. Pant accompanied Ma. Mangalanand Giri Maharaj does not like excessive crowds. He enjoys living by himself, appears rather stern on the outside, but is not like that within. He took Ma indoors with great joy.





Ma and Didi Ma

Thinking that perhaps so many people would not be allowed to stay in the *ashram*, some were planning to go to a *dharamshala*, but Maharaj did not let them go. Everybody stayed on in the *ashram*. It was decided that tomorrow Ma would return to the *ashram* in Dehradun. The group of *brahmacharis* would stay in Raipur and we would stay on here. Ma would stay in the *ashram*.

As Giri Maharaj does not usually host too many people in his *ashram*, the atmosphere is quiet and peaceful. But today it is resounding with the sounds of so many although Ma had told everybody not to destroy Giri Maharaj's peace by being noisy. Ma sat with many of the people next to Giri Maharaj for a long time. Conversation was in progress. Ma sat quietly. Only Giri Maharaj spoke. Everybody was very happy to hear his words.

Most people are afraid to go to Giri Maharaj's place. Ma herself goes there with quite a crowd once in a way. Giri Maharaj declared, "I do not allow anyone to come to the *ashram*. I display anger and show them a stick. Because of that people are afraid to come here. I stay here alone in solitude. I love solitude."

Hariram Bhai said, "When you first saw Ma coming to this *ashram* did you run with a stick?"

Giri Maharaj said, "She knows everything. Therefore she does not fear the stick. What stick will I wave at her?"

Ma was also speaking a few words like an innocent little girl. Giri Maharaj has provided a carpet with an *aasan* and a cushion on it for Ma to sit on. The day was spent most joyously. There was an auspicious time for bathing in the Ganga from 8 pm to midnight, *Ganga snaan yog*. Many people went for a dip and bathed during these hours.

At 3 am a Biraja Homa, a special sacrificial fire ceremony, was started. There was a hut underneath a tree in which the sacrificial fire, *yajna*, commenced.

Didi Ma receives *deeksha* and the name Muktanand Giri We took Ma there. All the people sat down. Giri Maharaj explained the significance of the *sannyas mantra* very clearly.

Beautiful time, space, hour and people, all just beautiful! The *ashram* situated on the banks of the Ganga is charming, and Ma is present in the last quarter of the night, and Giri Maharaj is giving Didi Ma initiation in the *sannyas mantra*. The sacrificial fire and the meaning of the *mantra* created a feeling of deep profundity in each one. As the ceremony was completed, it was light all around.

Didi Ma was clothed in saffron. Ma said, “You have always asked why is it that you say so much to all other people but never say anything to me?’ Now I have spoken, and whatever was the best has been said. People are caught up in householder duties day after day. How many are able to break out of it like this? Now try to engage only in *atma chintan*, thought of the Self, of the One. If you do not gain knowledge and *svarup*, the form of your Self, nothing is gained.”

Didi Ma’s new name is Muktanand Giri.

### 15<sup>th</sup> April, 1939, Friday

Makhan arrived early in the morning. He is the only son and has just got married. He has a young bride. His father died very recently. Seeing his mother in that state he was greatly distressed. But Ma was able to console him greatly through her words.

Today there is a feast, *bhandara*. Many *sadhus* came here in

the afternoon to partake of the feast.

Hariram has come with an American gentleman, who has been practising *yoga - kriya* for the last five years. He wanted to spend some time alone in Ma's room. That was arranged. On emerging from the room, the American gentleman said, "I have been trying for quite some time, but I was unable to empty my mind even for a short while. But as soon as I sat near Ma, my mind became so quiet that I was unaware of the room, the doors, my body, everything."

He then sat near Ma and received instruction at great length. In the evening, just before leaving, Ma went and sat next to Giri Maharaj for some time. Everybody was seated. Ma spoke about Abhay and asked him to go and sit near Giri Maharaj. Abhay did that.

Giri Maharaj first asked Abhay why he had left his home. He then, gradually spoke about the impermanence of worldly life and such matters. He also said, "You are with Ma, that is excellent! Serve Ma, and slowly everything will happen. Walking on the path, you will slowly reach the destination."

At about 5 pm, the Raja of Solan, Durga Singh, set out with Ma seated in his car. On the way Ma gave *darshan* to Nanki Bai in the Nanki Bai *dharamshala*, and to Dr. Pant in Peet Kothi.

The Raja took Ma to his place of residence. The Rani, Rajmata and others had *darshan* of Ma. After a short halt there, Ma set out for Dehradun. She has told us to go there after a few days.





## Glossary of Sanskrit and Other Indian words

- Akhanda** uninterrupted, unbroken.
- Arati** A devotional ceremony in Hindu worship with the waving of lights, incense etc before the object of adoration.
- Asana** (i) Yogic posture or physical pose. Every posture corresponds to a particular state of mind.  
(ii) Small mat or carpet used as a seat by each person individually.
- Ashtami** The eighth day in a lunar half month. The main day of Durga Puja, which is performed on Saptami, Ashtami and Navami of the bright half of the month of Ashwin (September/October).
- Bhandara** public feast.
- Bhava** (i) State of being, inner disposition.  
(ii) Divine mood.  
(iii) Devotion for one's object of worship.  
(iv) Spiritual ecstasy, transcendental mood, generally emotional in nature.

- Bhog** Food offering to the object of worship.
- Bija mantra** Literally 'seed mantra'. A mystic syllable which is, as it were, the seed of a particular aspect of Divinity. By concentrated, sustained repetition of the seed mantra that aspect can be realized.
- Brahmachari** A religious student who devotes himself to studies, to spiritual practices and to service, and observes strict celibacy.
- Dandi** A renunciate carrying a staff.
- Darshan** Sight, vision. One speaks of having darshan of a saint, sage or deity, which means to be blessed by his sight and presence.
- Devi** Goddess.
- Dharmashala** a rest-house for pilgrims. An Inn.
- Deeksha** Initiation into the spiritual life, effected through the grace of the Guru who represents the Divine. During deeksha a mantra or one of the potent names of God is usually communicated to the disciple, who is asked to repeat it regularly and in a specific manner.
- Ghat** the bathing places on the bank of a river.
- Homa** Fire Sacrifice, also called havan or yajna.
- Harijan** a member of a hereditary Hindu group of the lowest social and ritual status.
- Ishta** literally 'Beloved'. The chosen deity one worships. Ishta is the particular aspect of the Divine with which the disciple will have to be in perfect Communion before the Supreme Divine Gnosis becomes possible.

- Ishta mantra** The mantra received from one's Guru for the invocation of the chosen deity.
- Japa** Repetition of a mantra or a name of God, imparted by the Guru at the time of deeksha (see deeksha). The repetition, as one of the daily disciplinary exercises may be for a fixed or indefinite number of times. There are three kinds of japa, namely vocal (*vacika*), semivocal (*upamshu*) and mental (*manasa*). The last is supposed to be the best. The sound should, as a rule, be inaudible to others. Japa may be done either without rhythm or rhythmically, following the natural rhythm of one's breath. The counting during japa may be done with the help of one's fingers in the prescribed manner, or with the help of a rosary.
- Jiva** Individual consciousness, monadic in character. It is conceived either as an eternal aspect of the eternal Brahman or as an artificial manifestation of the Brahman under the influence of *maya* or *avidya*, (ignorance of the true nature of Reality) and ceases to exist when that influence subsides through the supervention of *jnana* (see *jnana*).
- Jivanmukta** One who has attained to *mukti* (Liberation) while living in the physical world.
- Jnana** literally, knowledge. True Knowledge is immediate and represents the unity of Reality. Every other knowledge belongs to the category of *ajnana*.
- Kali** a name of the Divine Mother. Kali is the destroyer of evil. In Bengal Kali Puja is celebrated during the dark night of the Diwali festival in the month of Kartik (October/November).



- Karma** action, the result of action, as well as the law of cause and effect by which actions inevitably bear their fruits. Karma originates from the individual self in its ignorance functioning as an active agent. When man realises his own true Self, karma ceases for him.
- Kaviraj** Ayurvedic doctor (in Bengali).
- Kheyal** ordinarily a sudden and unexpected psychic emergence, be it desire, will, attention, memory or knowledge. Ma, however, has given the word a much wider meaning. She describes as Kheyal the incomprehensible acts of the Supreme, as for instance His dividing Himself in creation. In Ma's case there is no ego to account for Her movements, feelings and thoughts. When She uses the word Kheyal with reference to Her own person, it must be understood to denote a spontaneous upsurge of Will, which is divine and therefore free.
- Kriya** Creative Action. In tantric literature kriya is used in the sense of activity that is eternally associated with knowledge and leads to perfection, in which knowledge and action are found to be identical.
- Leela** literally 'play'. Movements and activities of the Supreme Being that are free by nature and not subject to laws. Vaishnavas explain creation as the leela of God.
- Mandir** Temple.
- Mantra** a series of sounds of great potency. It is the sound representation of the Ishta Devata. Name and form are inseparable; if therefore, the name is instinct with life, the form that it represents is bound to

*Glossary*

reveal itself, provided the practice is intensive enough. A mantra is a word of power, divine power transmitted through a word.

**Mahapurusha** a saintly person, an elevated soul.

**Maun** the practice of silence. It may either mean to abstain, from speech; or to abstain from signs, gestures and writing as well as from speech; or the complete stilling of the activities of the mind as well.

**Maya** The Supreme Divine Power by which the One conceals Itself and appears as the many.

**Mudra** Particular pose of the body as a whole or of its parts; representing the expression of a particular deva shakti (higher natural force). Without that pose the particular shakti cannot function. The performance of these mudras produces necessary changes in the mind or character. In Ma's case these mudras came spontaneously.

**Nama** name. Singly, it generally means a Name of God.

**Navami** the ninth lunar date, the last day of Navaratri.

**Path/Patha** recitation (mainly of scriptures).

**Pranam** obeisance. An act of surrender, indicating the sense of one's own smallness in the presence of the One to whom obeisance is offered. There are various ways of doing pranam; the most common is to kneel down and touch the ground with one's head.

**Prasad** food offered to a deity or saint becomes prasad

when it has been accepted and blessed. It is then partaken of by the devotees.

- Puja** ceremonial worship of the Hindus. Offering to the object of adoration various articles representing all aspects of oneself.
- Rishi** Seer. The Rishis are said to form a class of beings by themselves, distinct from gods, common men, asuras (demons) etc. They are those to whom mantras are revealed.
- Roti** flat, handmade bread.
- Sadhana** spiritual practice performed for the purpose of preparing oneself for Self realisation.
- Sadhu** One who has dedicated his life to spiritual endeavour and is free from family and business entanglements.
- Samskara** Impressions, mental dispositions, psychic traces left in the mind after any experience. They act like seeds and have a tendency to germinate into action. These samskaras are often brought over from former births. They are burnt up when the Light of Supreme Knowledge (jnana) shines forth. Samskara in this sense means very much the same as vasana.
- Sandhya** Specific spiritual practice performed daily as a duty at sunrise and sunset. The hour of midday is the third sandhya. Together, they are called Trisandhya. Midnight is the fourth and unusual sandhya specially important for Tantrik sadhana.
- Sankranti** the passage of the Sun from one zodiacal sign into another. Celebrated as a festival by Hindus.

## *Glossary*

- Sannyasi** One who has taken sannyasa (vividisha sannyasi) or one who has spontaneously become a sannyasi (vidvat sannyasi).
- Satsang** The company of sages, saints and seekers after Truth, either the physical company, or in an applied sense by reading holy scriptures or the lives and teachings of saints. Also a religious meeting. In its widest sense the practice of the presence of God.
- Shakti** Power that in its spiritual sense is eternal and supreme and of the nature of consciousness. It is the moving power of Nature and Super Nature. In Hindu mythology Shakti is often symbolised by a divine woman or a female deity.
- Siddhi** (1) Success; achievement of perfection.  
(2) bhang, an intoxicant offered with milk to Lord Shiva.
- Shiva** literally “Good”. A form of the Supreme Deity. The aspect of the Divine Personality that is associated with the dissolution of the universe. The destroyer of that which is unreal. Shiva also stands for the Supreme Being Itself.
- Tithi** a lunar day.
- Tratak** Tratak is a method of meditation that involves staring at a single point such as a small object, black dot, or candle flame without blinking. It could also be the sun (surya). Tratak is said to enhance the ability to concentrate, for by fixing the gaze the restless mind comes to a halt. To practice Surya Tratak one looks at the sun, usually within the first hour after sunrise or before sunset. This is to minimize the effect of infrared exposure.

*Volume Eight*

<b>Vasana</b>	latent desire stored in the subconscious.
<b>Yagna</b>	Fire Sacrifice, also called havan or homa.
<b>Yantra</b>	a Tantrik design symbolising a deity, carved on metal or crystal or painted on paper.
<b>Yoga</b>	literally 'union'. Various methods for realizing the union of the individual Atma with the universal Atma.
<b>Yogi</b>	one who practices yoga or has mastered it.



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# Shree Shree Ma Anandamayi

Sri Gurupriya Devi was one of the oldest and foremost disciples of Shree Shree Ma Anandamayee. She was fondly called ‘Didi’ (elder sister) by all the devotees. Volume VIII is a recording of Ma’s leela on this earth from November 1938 to April 1939 as meticulously maintained in a diary by her.

*“If anything is to be had — whatsoever, in whatever way — it must be had of Him alone. Man’s bounden duty as a human being is to seek refuge at His Feet. Days glide on; already you have let so many go by; anchored in patience endeavour to pass the few remaining. In his thought and remembrance.*”

*Let His Name be ever with you imperceptibly and relentlessly time is creeping away. To concentrate only on Him, the remembrance of Whom brings release from all anxiety, is a must. At all times endeavour to sustain the contemplation of God and the flow of His Name. By virtue of His Name, all disease turns to ease.”*

~ Anandamayi Ma



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