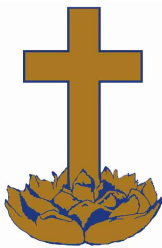


The Cross and The Lotus Journal



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Dedicated to the Realization of God and Service to Him in All Forms



Mother Hamilton (1975)



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The cross and lotus symbolizes the unity between East and West. The lotus is the sign of illumined consciousness, the thousand petal lotus of the crown chakra. The cross is the symbol of the body surrendered to the will of God. Following the way of the cross results in the resurrection of illumined consciousness.

*The Cross and the Lotus, symbol of man.
East and West blended, join hand in hand.
Marching toward the infinite light and life divine.
Lift up your eyes and see the star,
descending from heaven where e'er you are.
Be filled with the peace and ecstasy of God's almighty love.
Om-Amen.*

The Reverend Yogacharya Mother Hamilton

© 2007 The Cross and The Lotus Publishing is dedicated to the publication of materials that promote God Realization. Our spiritual lineage begins with Jesus Christ and Babaji and flows down to us through Lahiri Mahasaya, Swami Sri Yukteswar, Paramhansa Yogananda and Yogacharya Mother Hamilton.

The Reverend Yogacharya David Hickenbottom continues this lineage with the help and support of many sincere devotees. We are dedicated to realizing God and serving devotees of every race, color, creed and religion.

Mother Hamilton often said she was the product of two fully illumined Masters, her own Guru, Paramhansa Yogananda, and Swami Ramdas. We therefore feature articles about Swami Ramdas and Anandashram. We bow to the feet of Saints and realized Masters of all religions.

It is by the power of the Mother that the worlds move,
and all beings live and act.
Verily, every form is Her form,
because form itself denotes motion.
Hence, whatever is revealed,
expressed or manifest, subtle or gross,
spirit or matter, are all aspects of Her Being.
—Swami Ramdas



Dear Friends,

It has been a busy time of travel—from the deepest South, in Florida, to the great north of Prince Rupert, B.C. It seems that wherever I am led, God is there to present Her various forms in a play that includes drama, joy and variety shows. The mask the Divine Mother wears is sometimes of a child, so small, innocent and open; other times of

an older mother who is struggling to understand her life and her place in it; or a devotee who is striving to attain something that can seem elusive and at the same time tantalizingly near, namely God's Presence.

It is really something when you see this world as God's play, and all the actors and circumstances as manifestations of the Divine Mother. For those raised in the West, the Divine Mother is not usually a part of our upbringing or the way we think of God. For Papa Ramdas, Master and many, many others of the East the Mother seems so close, so near and dear. To some it may seem sacrilegious to think of God as the Mother, or indeed of any particular sex at all.

For myself I have related most strongly to the formless, beginningless, universal aspect of God, known to me as the Divine Presence felt within. But I also enjoy all the various forms and aspects of God expressed through His saints, sages and gods of myths and lore.

To me there is no contradiction between the personal attributes of God and the impersonal God of pure Spirit. For God has taken form as the universe and all of its creatures, and simultaneously God stands apart from creation as unbounded universal Consciousness. God the Father stands for pure formless Spirit; Divine Mother is Spirit manifest as creation, Mother Nature.

What delight there is in seeing God in so many forms as well as free from all form. There are many doctrines that would like to say that it is all one or the other, but who can put parameters around that which is beginningless and endless, all-powerful and all-knowing? Surely when God as undifferentiated Spirit manifests as human beings the Creator had to first have that individual aspect within Himself; something cannot come from nothing. Thus it says in the Bible¹ that we are made in the image and likeness of God; image is form and likeness is Spirit. We are made up of nothing but God-stuff. For if God is the single Creator, then what can be made that is not of God?

To worship God as Mother is to relate to God as one would to an ideal mother: She is loving, tender, concerned, self sacrificing, patient, helpful, willing to do anything for the child, all of these attributes and many more. When Papa traveled penniless around India he felt the Divine Mother was so tenderly taking care of all of his needs and even his smallest desires. When Master's own mother died he prayed to the Divine Mother who eventually revealed Herself to him and stated it was She who had loved him through the eyes of his own earthly mother.

And what of you and me? What would it be like to relate to God as the Divine Mother? To feel that the Divine Mother is looking after you with all the love and attention an ideal mother would look after her small child; what wonderful closeness there is in that relationship. Master used to say, **“Mother is closer than the Father!”** What tenderness and solicitude there is as the Mother looks after you and guides you.

¹ Then God said, “Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness;” Genesis 1:26 (New King James Version)

There is a funny image God once gave me that is familiar to all who have observed children. The child is sitting on the floor trying to do a project. The child is becoming more and more upset as he unsuccessfully tries to get the project to work. The mother is behind the child watching all this. She reaches around the child and says, "Now child, just let me guide your hand here and you will see how easy it is to do." The willful child thrusts up his hand and says, "No! I want to do it." The mother stands back and waits until the child is in tears of frustration, unable to do the task; now in compassion she reaches back around, "Now, let me guide your hand dear, let me help you." The child is finally able to let the mother guide his hand and suddenly it all fits together and works!

How would it be to let the Divine Mother guide and direct us from the beginning? To not be the willful child, but **the willing child!** What surrender and grace there is in letting your hand be guided by the Divine Mother, to feel Her love and compassion flowing through your heart, to feel Her wisdom and understanding of Her creation unfolding in your mind, to experience Her Spirit and purity expanding through all creation.

You may enjoy the Infinite as unlimited Spirit (Heavenly Father) as well as Spirit manifested in all forms and guises (Divine Mother) freeing you forever from the darkness of separation within and without. Now your heart is throbbing with love and compassion for all creation and your mind is filled with the unlimited wisdom of Infinite Spirit. You are now free, free forevermore! †

Yogacharya David

O heavenly Father, Divine Mother,
I feel the wonder and the beauty of Thy glorious Presence,
in every part of my Being.
I kneel in adoration at Thy feet,
and surrender myself to Thee.

—Mother Hamilton



Mother in 1976

Your Dialogue With God

This article comes from a Talk that Mother gave in Seattle, Washington on June 30, 1981.

Prayer is The Connecting Link

I want to speak to you tonight about *Your Dialogue with God*. Prayer is the connecting link between God and man. It is too bad that we wait until we are in trouble to pray to God, because if we are what we should be in Him, His Name should be on our lips at all times. As you all know, Swami Ramdas was a votary of the Name, and he got his God realization through repeating the Name of God alone. "Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram," which means, "Victory to God, Victory to God." He did without food; he did with only a simple garb on his body. His feet were cut and bleeding. Many times he fasted for days on end, or he took just a little bit of milk or rice, something of that nature. And he went from place to place seeing God everywhere, speaking to God, singing to God, chanting His Name until there was nothing for him but God.

Dialogue With God

How wonderful it would be if all of us took to chanting the Name of God, to having a dialogue with God constantly. I have many dialogues

with God; constantly I am speaking to Him, and then I listen for His answers. Because you see, a dialogue means that it is a conversation between two, not just one. You can pray to God, you can ask Him for the things that you want in order to help you if you are ill, if you need a job, if you need someone to love, regardless of what it is. We all know all of the things that we pray for. But we have to listen for God's answers to our prayers. If we would learn to be good listeners, then we would learn the truth that God is constantly speaking to us.

It has come to be in my own life where there is truly not a moment but what I am listening to the voice of God. For some time now He has been speaking to me in many ways. And sometimes He gets very funny just like He did when He said, "I Am That, I Am," [chuckle] instead of "I Am That I Am." And that was really a joke on me; that was a joke on my chest [actual quote is "jest on my chest"], as Meher Baba said. He [God] says many funny things, as I have told many of you when I was being funny and joking with you that God is my Father.

God The Father

I didn't have much of a relationship with my father because of the events in my life and the way he was, and I've often wondered what it would be like as I was growing up to have a father that I could go to and tell my troubles to, who would take me by the hand, take me places, and just look after me, but I didn't have that. But as I came into the full spiritual consciousness of my need to search for Truth, to search for God, I took God Himself as the Father. Many people worship God as the Mother, as the Divine Mother, because, as the Master said, "Mother is always closer than the Father." The Father aspect is the stern aspect of God, and yet to me, He isn't.

And so I have told some of you that when I go inside, I open the gate of heaven within myself, and I go inside. And I literally visualize myself climbing on God's lap. And I hug Him, and I place sloppy kisses all over His face, and I tweak His nose and pull His hair. And He loves it, and so do I. And I have a lot of fun talking about Him. I refer to Him as the Man in the White Nightgown sometimes. Sometimes I refer to Him as the President of the Universe. He knows that I am being totally respectful to Him when I am like this, but I am just His child play-

ing with Him. It's a wonderful thing to have that sort of a relationship with God.

You Are Never Alone

But as the soul reaches out, it knows not what for in the beginning, many times. But you know that you are totally dissatisfied with your life as you are living it, that nothing seems to be going right, that the people that you trusted, that you loved, cut your throat behind your back or they get upset with you at the least little thing, and you're left in the lurch. Sometimes you feel terribly alone. But you are never alone, because don't forget that God and the kingdom of heaven are within, and He is that life, that eternal companion within yourself that is ever there for you to go to in time of trouble, in time of loneliness. When you're in need of anything in the world, go to Him; tell Him about it. And yet, strangely enough, it's a paradox, because you don't need to tell Him. He already knows, because He lives inside of you.

“Father, reveal Thyself; reveal Thyself.”

“Lord, Jesus Christ, make me perfect in Thee.”

Feel God In Your Heart

When you come to the prayer of the heart, when you actually can feel God in your heart, and you reach out for Him with deep longing, with deep love, and you lay yourself at His feet, and you pray to Him, “Father, reveal Thyself; reveal Thyself,” and then you say to His Son, the Christ, “Lord, Jesus Christ, make me perfect in Thee.” Don't say, “Lord, Jesus Christ, have mercy on my soul,” as the Pilgrim did. Don't say that, because that denotes separation from God, but rather realize that you are already one with Him through Christ, but you have to realize it within yourself. And so you are reaching out not for negativity, not for further separation from Him, but for oneness with Him. And you can find that oneness through concentrating your mind fully upon Him.

The Healing Power of Prayer

Prayer is a tremendous thing. Through the power of prayer, nations

have been moved. Through the power of prayer, men's lives have been saved. Through the power of prayer, the sick have gotten up and walked; they have been healed. People who have even had the spinal cord severed have gone to a sacred shrine, and there is definite historical evidence that, somehow, God healed that individual because of their prayers and because of their faith. And when they weren't able to pray for themselves, their families prayed for them, and the miracle happened. My own life is one series of miracles of prayer, one after the other. I am here because of the prayers of my Guru, the power of the Christ within him, and believe me he had power. When I used to write to him or wire to him for help, immediately when he got that, I felt this tremendous power surging through every part of my body, and where I was so sick I could hardly move my body before, all of a sudden I was filled with strength, I was filled with power, and I knew that my prayers were being answered.

I told you before that the doctors told me that I had tuberculosis. I saw the X-rays myself, and I had two spots on my lungs the size of a half dollar piece. For some reason I wasn't permitted to go to a hospital; I couldn't get anyone to take care of my children, and so I wired my Guru. He wired back and said, "Don't fear. You have just a small portion of this disease, and God will take care of it." And the next month I went back for an X-ray, and there wasn't one shred of evidence that I had ever had that which I had seen myself having with my own eyes. I had a corpus luteum cyst which was as big as a grapefruit, and I was told that if I didn't have surgery that I would die. And I knew that if I did, because I had just been through surgery, that I would die. So there I was between the devil and the deep blue sea, you might say. So I knelt down at the side of my bed, and I prayed to God. I asked Him what I should do. I went to three different doctors, and every one of them gave me the same answer, so I decided that the only thing I could do would be to pray to God, to trust in Him, to have faith in Him that He would heal me. I wired my Guru and, again, that healing came. One week later when I went to the doctor, there was not one shred of evidence of this ovarian cyst left. It was totally healed. So I, myself, am the subject of the power of prayer and certainly the power of healing that was manifested through my own Master, my own Guru.

Everywhere Is God

...Constantly have a dialogue with God. You know, the tongue of thought is the greatest manner of speech that you can have with God, who is to be found within you. When your tongue is still, when, through the technique of breath control, you have stilled the functions of your body, and your mind is fixed totally upon Him, then your tongue of mind can commune with Him. No words need to be spoken, but the thoughts that you direct to Him can be beautiful, can be wonderful, and they can take you to that moment of total surrender when for you the whole world is filled with light, the whole world becomes one with God. And no matter, as you open your eyes and look, wherever you look, you see Him in every form, in every tree, in every flower and shrub, in the sun, the moon, the stars. Everywhere is God. That is where my Christ is. He is everywhere equally present. There is no place where He is not. I see Him in form; I can visualize Him as perhaps He walked the earth 2,000 years ago, but I see that Universal Christ, that one that first came out from God without form and yet entered into every single form that is, as the light, the essence, the ability to think, to speak, to bring forth fruit.

Become Great Shining Souls

We are all children of God. Let us continue with our dialogue with Him. Let us speak to Him all the things that are within our hearts. Let us tell Him about the things that are not good within us and beg His forgiveness. Tell Him we're sorry, and ask His help in changing everything that needs changing until, finally, we are lifted up, and we become great, shining souls filled with the light, the bliss, the power, and the love of His Presence. †

Culture Habit of Meditation

Your engagement with business is important, but your appointment of serving others is more important, and your engagement with Meditation, Home, God and Truth is most important. Don't say you are too busy with worries and cares of keeping the wolf from the door to get time for the culture of Heavenly qualities.

Break your self-satisfied, immovable old dogged bad habits of idolizing your less important engagements and utterly ignoring the most

important engagement with wisdom. No one else will answer for your actions, though others often become instruments in keeping you enmeshed in useless frivolities and so-called important engagements.

O sleeping Image of God, wake up—make the determination and the effort to know the right law which will enable you to keep your most important engagement with yourself—to know thyself (Soul).

Do not say, “I will mediate on the Cosmic Being tomorrow.” That tomorrow will never come. Begin your mediation today. Today’s practice will stimulate the desire to meditate tomorrow deeper, whereas this day’s negligence will weaken your craving. Do not be lured by bad habits and paltry useless-vanity-engagements into crowding out God-contact.

The world creates in you bad habits, but the world will not stand responsible for your actions springing from those habits. Then serve even an hour a day for actual soul to soul God-Realization. Doesn’t the Giver of everything, deserve one twenty-fourth part of your time?

Your greatest and most important engagement is with God and seeking His Truth through the eyes of wisdom and daily discipline!

—Paramhansa Yogananda

If There Be Love

If there be lust, how can love be there?
 Where there is love, there is no lust.
 Lay hold on your sword, and join in the fight.
 Fight, O my brother, as long as life lasts.
 He who is brave never forsakes the battle,
 He who flies from it is no true fighter.
 In the field of this body a great war goes forward
 Against passion, anger, pride and greed.
 It is in the kingdom of truth, content and purity
 That this battle is raging,
 And the sword that rings forth most loudly
 Is the sword of His name.

—Kabir

In Memoriam: The Reverend Patrick Downey

October 9, 1941–June 17, 2007

by Yogacharya David Hickenbottom



Pat was a brother disciple and friend of mine for many years. He had an important influence on many of Mother’s disciples as a Center Leader and a spiritual man. Upon meeting Pat one felt a warmth and generosity of spirit.

Pat met Mother Hamilton in the early 1970s and was much loved by her. He became a Center Leader for Victoria B.C. and had a very active Center for two decades. During these years Pat was involved in social services delivered through the Y.M.C.A. and later went on to form his own company that grew rapidly and became an important fixture in the social and mental health services community of Victoria.

Throughout this time Pat continued on with his spiritual practice with an emphasis on bhakti yoga: expressed by Pat through loyalty and devo-

tion to Mother. In 1987 Mother ordained Pat as a minister and gave him the rare permission to initiate others into Kriya Yoga. Pat purchased a church near Victoria and held services there for some time.

In the 1980s Pat had a massive heart attack that was to have far reaching consequences for him. After the heart attack Pat went through some business reversals and difficult personal times. Throughout this time Pat evinced a constant enthusiasm for continuing his work for Mother and how he might best serve this world.

Pat always had a great sense of humor, a laugh that came from some place deep, and an unflinching desire to help this world. His friends and colleagues knew him to be loving, generous, loyal and affectionate.

Mother once told this story about Pat: Mother and Bonnie Barnowe had traveled to Hawaii and were eating in a restaurant when she heard a distinctive laugh coming from a distant table in the restaurant. Mother said she would recognize that laugh anywhere in the world and got up from her table and followed the sound; sure enough it was Pat—both had come to Hawaii and to the very same restaurant without the knowledge of the other's plans! Such is God's wonderful play between Guru and disciple.

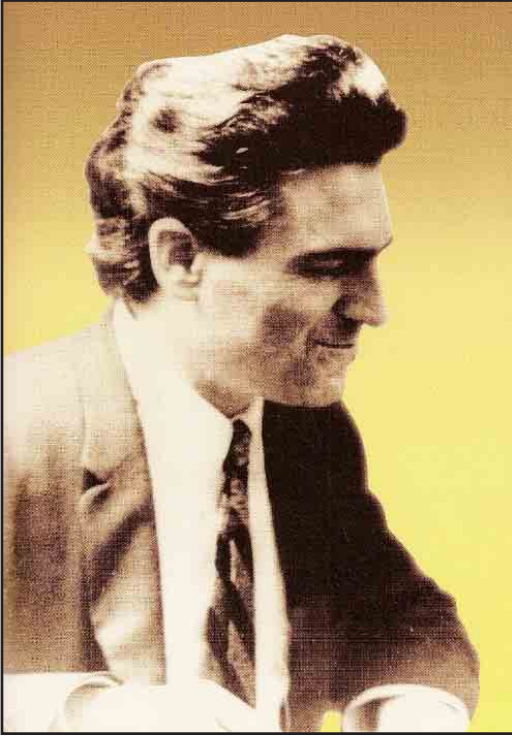
Pat was a loving father and grandfather; he had two sons, Sean and Michael, and a step-daughter, Aja. Mother always had great love for these children who have now grown to adulthood. Pat's three grandchildren, Jaime, Bryce and Logan gave him great joy.

These are some of the outward signs of the man. Of the Soul who Pat is, this can only be intimated. Spiritually, Pat's thoughts always centered on how he could best serve his Guru. He won the affection of his Guru and she always stood behind him through thick and thin. Surely the love of such a tremendous God-woman, his Guru, is evidence of the greatness of his Soul. May his Soul ever reside in the loving Presence of God and his beloved Guru. †

Humanity is one. The spirit that resides in them is one. All life is one eternal Principle—one deathless Reality. Be heroes of Divinity. Be fearless of death. Aspire for immortality in the fight for real freedom and peace on earth.

—Swami Ramdas

AND THERE WAS LIGHT¹



And There Was Light is the autobiography of a remarkable man, Jacques Lusseyran; the book was recommended to me by an Ashram resident, Chandra, while I was at Anandashram. I checked the book out from the Ashram library and found the book wonderfully written, insightful and moving.

Jacques Lusseyran was born in Paris in 1924; when he was 8 years old he was blinded in an accident; he was fifteen at the time of the German occupation and at sixteen he had formed

and was heading an underground resistance movement called, *Les Volontaires de la Liberté* which grew into a six-hundred member secret organization. He did all of this while blind, and his blindness was considered an asset due to the greater sensitivity he had for reading people; both with a heightened sense awareness and through his honed intuitive skills. Eventually Jacques was arrested by the Gestapo and was sent to Buchenwald. Here he survived the hellish experiences that defy adequate description in ways that were remarkable and filled with Grace. This closing statement of the book first published in 1963 tells much about the man and who he was:

“And now, in conclusion, why has this Frenchman from France

¹ AND THERE WAS LIGHT, *Autobiography of Jacques Lusseyran, Blind Hero of the French Resistance*. Pages 15–29. A Parabola Book second Edition 1998. Translated by Elizabeth R. Cameron.

written his book in the United States to present to his American friends today? Because today he is America's guest. Loving the country and wanting to show his gratitude, he could find no better way of expressing it than in these two truths, intimately known to him and reaching beyond all boundaries.

"The first of these is that joy does not come from outside, for whatever happens to us it is within. The second truth is that light does not come to us from without. Light is in us, even if we have no eyes."

Yogacharya David Hickenbottom

It was a great surprise to me to find myself blind, and being blind was not at all as I imagined it. Nor was it as the people around me seemed to think it. They told me that to be blind meant not to see. Yet how was I to believe them when I saw? Not at once, I admit. Not in the days immediately after the operation. For at that time I still wanted to use my eyes. I followed their usual path. I looked in the direction where I was in the habit of seeing before the accident, and there was anguish, a lack, something like a void which filled me with what grownups call despair.

Finally, one day, and it was not long in coming, I realized that I was looking in the wrong way. It was as simple as that. I was making something very like the mistake people make who change their glasses without adjusting themselves. I was looking too far off, and too much on the surface of things.

This was much more than a simple discovery, it was a revelation. I can still see myself in the Champ de Mars, where my father had taken me for a walk a few days after the accident. Of course I knew the garden well, its ponds, its railings, its iron chairs. I even knew some of the trees in person, and naturally I wanted to see them again. But I couldn't. I threw myself forward into the substance which was space, but which I did not recognize because it no longer held anything familiar to me.

At this point some instinct—I was almost about to say a hand laid on me—made me change course. I began to look more closely, not at things but at a world closer to myself, looking from an inner place to one further within, instead of clinging to the movement of sight toward the world outside.

Immediately, the substance of the universe drew together, redefined

and peopled itself anew. I was aware of a radiance emanating from a place I knew nothing about, a place which might as well have been outside me as within. But radiance was there, or, to put it more precisely, light. It was a fact, for light was there.

I felt indescribable relief, and happiness so great it almost made me laugh. Confidence and gratitude came as if a prayer had been answered. I found light and joy at the same moment, and I can say without hesitation that from that time on light and joy have never been separated in my experience. I have had them or lost them together.

I saw light and went on seeing it though I was blind. I said so, but for many years I think I did not say it very loud. Until I was nearly fourteen I remember calling the experience, which kept renewing itself inside me, "my secret," and speaking of it only to my most intimate friends. I don't know whether they believed me but they listened to me for they were friends. And what I told them had a greater value than being merely true, it had the value of being beautiful, a dream; an enchantment, almost like magic.

The amazing thing was that this was not magic for me at all, but reality. I could no more have denied it than people with eyes can deny that they see. I was not light myself, I knew that, but I bathed in it as an element which blindness had suddenly brought much closer. I could feel light rising, spreading, resting on objects, giving them form, then leaving them.

Withdrawing or diminishing is what I mean, for the opposite of light was never present. Sighted people always talk about the night of blindness, and that seems to them quite natural. But there is no such night, for at every waking hour and even in my dreams I lived in a stream of light.

... Still, there were times when the light faded, almost to the point of disappearing. It happened every time I was afraid.

If, instead of letting myself be carried along by confidence and throwing myself into things, I hesitated, calculated, thought about the wall, the half-open door, the key in the lock; if I said to myself that all these things were hostile and about to strike or scratch, then without exception I hit or wounded myself. The only easy way to move around the house, the garden or the beach was by not thinking about it at all, or thinking as little as possible. Then I moved between obstacles the way they say bats do. What the loss of my eyes had not accomplished was brought about by

fear. It made me blind.

Anger and impatience had the same effect, throwing everything into confusion. The minute before I knew just where everything in the room was, but if I got angry, things got angrier than I. They went and hid in the most unlikely corners, mixed themselves up, turned turtle, muttered like crazy men and looked wild. As for me, I no longer knew where to put hand or foot. Everything hurt me. This mechanism worked so well that I became cautious.

When I was playing with my small companions, if I suddenly grew anxious to win, to be first at all costs, then all at once I could see nothing. Literally I went into fog or smoke.

I could no longer afford to be jealous or unfriendly, because, as soon as I was, a bandage came down over my eyes, and I was bound hand and foot and cast aside. All at once a black hole opened, and I was helpless inside it. But when I was happy and serene, approached people with confidence and thought well of them, I was rewarded with light. So is it surprising that I loved friendship and harmony when I was very young?

Armed with such a tool, why should I need a moral code? For me this tool took the place of red and green lights. I always knew where the road was open and where it was closed. I had only to look at the bright signal which taught me how to live.

... You always think of sounds beginning and ending abruptly. But now I realized that nothing could be more false. Now my ears heard the sounds almost before they were there, touching me with the tips of their fingers and directing me toward them. Often I seemed to hear people speak before they began talking.

Sounds had the same individuality as light. They were neither inside nor outside, they were passing through me. They gave me my bearings in space and put me in touch with things. It was not like signals that they functioned, but like replies.

... At first my hands refused to obey. When they looked for a glass on the table, they missed it. They fumbled around the door knobs, mixed up black and white keys at the piano, fluttered in the air as they came near things. It was almost as if they had been uprooted, cut off from me, and for a time this made me afraid.

Fortunately, before long I realized that instead of becoming useless they were learning to be wise. They only needed time to accustom them-

selves to freedom. I had thought they were refusing to obey, but it was all because they were not getting orders, when the eyes were no longer there to command them.

... All I needed was to leave my hands to their own devices. I had nothing to teach them, and besides, since they began working independently, they seemed to foresee everything. Unlike eyes, they were in earnest, and from whatever direction they approached an object they covered it, tested its resistance, leaned against the mass of it and recorded every irregularity in its surface. They measured it for height and thickness, taking in as many dimensions as possible. But most of all, having learned that they had fingers, they used them in an entirely new way.

... With smell it was the same as it was with touch—like touch an obvious part of the loving substance of the universe. I began to guess what animals must feel when they sniff the air. Like sound and shape, smell was more distinctive than I used to think it was. There were physical smells and moral ones, but of the latter, so important for living in society, I shall speak later on.

Before I was ten years old I knew with absolute certainty that everything in the world was a sign of something else, ready to take its place if it should fall by the way. And this continuing miracle of healing I heard expressed fully in the Lord's Prayer I repeated at night before going to sleep. I was not afraid. Some people would say I had faith, and how should I not have it in the presence of the marvel which kept renewing itself? Inside me every sound, every scent, and every shape was forever changing into light, and light itself changing into color to make a kaleidoscope of my blindness. †

If in the midst of the diversity of the world of appearances you make a sustained effort to do all your work as a faithful servant of the Almighty Father of the Universe, love and devotion for Him will awaken in your heart. As the confining prison walls of the ego are broken down, you will become more and more persistent and wholehearted in your pursuit of Reality. Then all the manifold pictures you perceive will merge into one single picture and all your divergent moods and sentiments will be engulfed in the one great ocean of Bliss. —Anandamoyima

Spiritual Interpretation

of the

Bhagavad Gita

Absorbing the Rivers of Desires Into the Inner Ocean of Peace.

By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

Chapter 2—Stanza 70

Literal Translation:

He finds contentment into whom all desires move as channels of water into the ocean which is constantly being supplied and is ever without motion. He has not attained peace who is ruffled by the inrush of little desires.

Poetic Rendition:

As streams of rivers keep the sea ever filled and changeless in its apparent vastness, so rivers of desires absorbed in the ocean of human self keep him overflowing with energy, contentment, and a peace which never oscillates. He never feels the mind-brimful sea of peace who lets his vast inner powers flow out through the channels of continuously cropping desires.

Spiritual Interpretation:

The above *Gita* stanza was one of the oft-quoted favorite verses of my great Master, — Swami Sri Yukteswarji. Often he would feel this vast ocean of peace which he created within himself by absorbing all material desires, and then he would express in a sonorous voice all he felt within. His very face shone forth everything he felt within, and a spiritually sensitive soul could feel my Master's perception of peace, transferred within himself. I often inwardly hear him recite the above *Gita* verse in Sanskrit as I used to in days long gone by.

When the vast reservoir of inner peace is let out through the complex channels of little desires, those accumulated waters of contentment are absorbed and lost on the soil of material perceptions. As a great dam of water can be scattered and lost by opening the various gates of the dam, so the peace of the soul is lost when a man indiscriminately opens the gates of all his desires.

The Vasty Deep

The sea unlike a small reservoir is vast in its flood of waters and keeps itself supplied by the rivers which flow into it. Besides, the sea is deep and seldom becomes shallow enough to lose its waters on dry land.

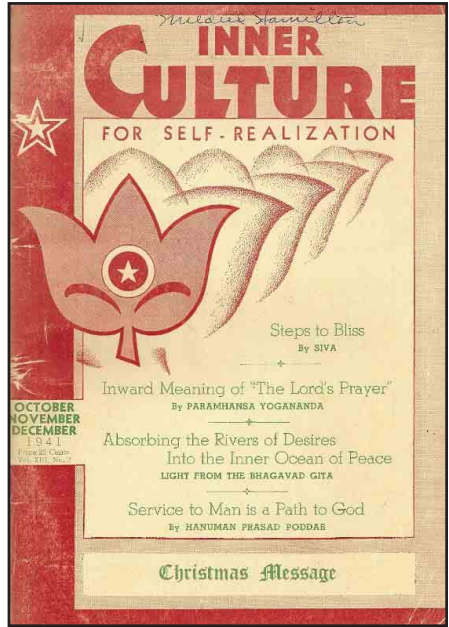
So the mighty man of peace keeps his soul a sea of contentment. Instead of losing that peace through the avenues of small desires he lets all the rivers of desires become absorbed within himself. This keeps his sea of peace filled to the brim.

On the other hand, a man who has a small reservoir of peace and, instead of reinforcing it with more waters of peace from other souls, loses his contentment by letting its waters run out through a million channels of harmful desires, becomes unhappy, having lost his stored-up joy-giving peace.

Every man should be a vast deep sea of peace, drawing unto him the rivers of joys of other's [sic] souls and turning back towards the self the streams of desires which through ignorance are hidden within man.

In other words, do not empty your soul's peace by constantly diverting it by running after small but ever-growing desires. The wakeful soul desires less and less and finds his soul a sea of contentment. This does not mean however that we should not cultivate the desire of helping others to know God. In noble desires the soul does not lose its peace, but like watering channels which combine themselves with the streams of joys of others who have been fulfilled, the soul's good wishes bring back the reinforced joys of other souls into the sea of peace.

A desire to give joy to others and the outgoing activity of giving peace to others bring back greater peace and joy to the soul. But the satisfaction of any lustful desire of yielding to the senses is spoken of as bringing dissatisfaction and loss of energy and peace.



Good Desires Are Helpful

Letting the soul-peace run out through the channels of harmful desires is wrong, but reinforcing the soul with good desires which yield joy is extremely beneficial. So the man who constantly cuts channels of wrong desires in his little reservoir of soul-peace is constantly disturbed and ultimately becomes empty.

Everyone should try to become an ocean of peace by bringing within rivers of joy from steams of goodness from other souls. While doing so he should dig the inner bed of his soul-sea deep and deeper with the dredging-machine of profound meditation, so that the incoming joys of others and powers of goodness may find a vast place within to contain themselves instead of flowing out.

Thus the man who is an ocean of peace is constant and changeless in his joys, keeping himself a vast deep ocean in which he attracts all other goodness of souls to flow in by good company, study of the scriptures, philanthropic activities, good desires, spiritual ambitions and meditation.

[First published in "Inner Culture" Magazine for Self-Realization, October/November/December 1941, Vol. XIII, No. 2] †

Allah

He is of pure essence, free from all impurities, free from all defects, self-sufficient, self subsisting, self-effulgent, light of all lights, possessing splendour and glory, self-dependent and ever-existing, an ever-living God, omniscient, omnipresent, imperishable even when all comes to naught. He is the beginning and the end, the manifest and the hidden, the Absolute and One indivisible, the minute of the minutest, the greatest of the great, the most intelligent, the most patient, the most magnificent, the most exalted, the high of the highest. He is beyond all attributive description, He who pervades the universe and whose knowledge extends over all; He who breathes life into the body and He who takes it away, He who created at the beginning and He who begins again with subsequent creation; He who watches everything and keeps everything within His knowledge.

[from the Quran]

Purana Purusha

Yogiraj Sri Shama Churn Lahirjee

by Ashoke Kumar Chatterjee

Imparting spiritual enlightenment about the esoteric mystery of idol-worship Yogiraj [Lahiri Mahasaya] would explicate to His devotees—“Look at the Image of Bhagavan Krishna. The sages to explain the essences of this *yogasâdhana* to common men have made remarkable arrangements.

Krishna holds a flute in His hands and this flute has six holes. This is allegorical of the six *cakrâs* [chakras]. Above there is another hole, it represents the *Sahasrâra cakrâ*. Krishna is piping His flute, this implies the internally oriented airs' actions that is [sic] *Prânâ-*



karma in the path of the six *cakrâs*. Practicing this *Prânâkarma* regularly, *Kutastha* is visualized. Therefore Krishna dons peacock feathers on His head. The eye design in the feather is symbolic of *Kutastha* [Third Eye]. He stands in the *Tribhangamurâtî* position (standing posture of Bhagavan Krishna having three bends at head, waist and legs) representing the release of obstructions of tongue, *anâhata* [heart center] and *Mûlâdhâra* [1st or base] *cakrâs* which in turn symbolizes releasing the obstructions of *Brahmâ*, *Vishnu* and *Mahêsa* respectively. He stands on His left leg and His right one is aslant across it, this is symbolic of *Ômkara Kriyâ*. Know that the complete *yôga* essence pervades the images of Bhagavan, in this manner. One who worships Krishna likewise is the true worshipper of Krishna.”

He would remark—A woman can never pose as an impediment to man. If woman acts as a deterrent to man, then it is imperative that man would also pose as an impediment to woman. Both have been created by God and to maintain that creation both are required. Both have the equal authority to practice *Âtmasâdhanâ*. Thus none act as deterrents to the other. Reckon upon the Maxim of God, He has noted—

O Partha (Arjuna), those who are born of sinful progenitors or the downtrodden like Vaisya, Sudras, even if they take shelter in Me shall surely attain salvation.

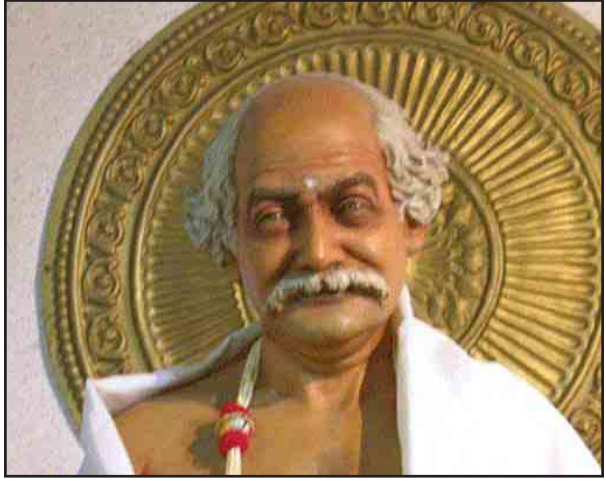
Money is required for food, clothing, medicines, etc. One should execute one's existence on one's own earnings rather than depend on others, but at the same time it is not proper to become a slave of money in any manner. You consider that earning an immense amount of wealth as a mark of manly prowess. It is not so. True manly prowess is how spiritedly you can practice *Âtmasâdhanâ*. Reorient a portion of the mind you constantly keep engaged in the earning of wealth, towards *sâdhanâ* and endeavors should be made by all for this. You say that you do not derive any time for *sâdhanâ*, this is not correct. Everyone should make efforts to find a certain amount of time off from his daily routine for the practice of *Âtmasâdhanâ*. Therefore the compassionate *sâdhaka* has expressed—

As long as life exists you will not derive any spare time from work; you have to reserve a certain amount of time from work to unite yourself with God.

Establish a yogic bond with *Âtmarâma* and remain united with Him in *Kutastha*.

Attachment cannot completely be relinquished with the help of the present kinetic mind because it remains kinetic. As long as the mind is kinetic, attachments will prevail till then. Passion, anger, greed, illusion, arrogance, envy, mind, intelligence, intellect, pride, hunger, thirst, sleep, sloth, visualization, audition, olfaction, thoughts, anxieties, attachment, love, affection, vanity, body consciousness etc. [and] all types of physical and mental propensities and dispositions which are existent have all been derived from the dynamic *Prana*. In a word, all that can be observed in a

living state, have all originated from the vibratory *Prana*. Immediately after birth, *Prana* becomes active and breathing commences. As long as *Prana* will remain dynamic, till then breathing will continue and a living being will remain



alive. Therefore as long as *Prana* remains vibratory or breathing continues, till then all the aforementioned types of physical and mental propensities and dispositions will be prevalent. Again the more *Pranakarma* is practiced, the more *Prana* will progress towards stillness. The more progress is made towards stillness the more those propensities and dispositions will decrease. In this manner when *Prana* becomes completely still or there is a cessation of vibration, then none of them will exist, as in a still *Prana* any type of propensity or body-consciousness does not prevail. This is the true purification of the elements. After vibration has been exterminated, this five elemental body becomes purified. Therefore the dead loses all kinds of differentiation. Again this is the real *Upavasa* (fasting). *Upa* means near. When *Prana* becomes still, settlement occurs near the soul. Abstinence from food is not actual fasting or *Upavasa*, again *Prana* is the *Purhita* (*Puro* means body-abode and *hita* means benefaction). *Prana* maintains an equilibrium on either side, one is dynamic, the other still. If one side increases, the other side decreases.

Thus one devotee asked Him—“By what means can this restless mind remain quiet well?” Yogiraj rejoined—“If there is an absence of mind’s existence.”

Love, devotion, affection all these depend upon the existence of *Prana*’s dynamic state in the body. The love between mother and child; between husband and wife; the devotee’s love towards God; the root of all these is that *Prana*. Body cannot love body. *Prana* loves *Prana* because the source of love is *Prana*. In a body sans *Prana* there is no

love or affection. The source by which one embraces one's wife, the same source is adopted to embrace the daughter. Therefore you must first love your own *Prana*, nurse Him (by practicing *Pranakarma* only, one can serve Him). If this is performed the universal *Prana* can be comprehended, then you will have an equality of vision in all creatures and all elements. Just as knowledge about the sea can be acquired by observing it from the seashore, it is not necessary to see the entire sea; similarly if [your] own inherent *Prana* is realized knowledge of sublime *Prana* can be attained.

Like other days even on that day Yogiraj went for an evening promenade along the banks of the Ganges at Ranamaharal Ghat with Krishnam. Sometimes a little distance away, the helmsmen could be heard steering their boats with a splashing sound. At a moderate distance away in a temple, above the cemented ghat, Siva-invocation by assembled devotees could be heard. A newcomer arrived and paying obeisance with folded hands to Yogiraj, started developing an acquaintance with Him. The newcomer said—"I have heard your name before, but I did not have the fortune to meet you all these days."

Yogiraj smiled and engaging in a pleasant conversation with him, enquired about his name, his habitat, etc.

While walking, the newcomer suddenly asked—"If You give me courage, can I ask You one question?"

Yogiraj said—"Surely, you can."

The newcomer humbly enquired—"I have heard You practice *dhyana* in Your room. But of which God do you practice *dhyana*?"

Yogiraj smilingly replied—"I do not know about that."

The newcomer further enquired—"You must be practicing *dhyana* of Siva, Krishna or Kali?"

Yogiraj answered—"I practice *dhyana* of that One Who is prevalent in Siva, Krishna or Kali, you, Me and everyone else."

The newcomer was amazed and stated—"I could not follow what You said."

Yogiraj replied—"Neither can I explain, nor can you understand."

Ed.—This article is published here in honor of the great master's birthday and mahasamadhi in September. See Calendar of Events, inside the back cover. †

Memories of Mother

Ed.—The article below is excerpted from an open letter Marge Ranney sent to fellow devotees August 25, 1967 after a trip she and Mother took to Montreal. Marge writes about the great efforts the Guru undertakes to prepare for a Kriya Initiation.

Dearly Beloved in God:

Mother and I were so busy during our recent journey to Montreal that it was literally impossible for either of us to take time out for correspondence. However, surely you must have felt that in truth you were with us every moment, because Mother's love for each of us is so great that She carries us forever in Her heart wherever She goes and prays for us constantly. My own heart is so filled with the love and bliss of God which came to me as a result of this, the most glorious experience of my life, that I cannot help but want to share some of the details with you.

... Our schedule was unbelievably strenuous as we were contacting both old and new devotees. Never did She deny them what they asked for in God. I am strong and healthy and I was only just able to keep up with Her. And then came the transition which appears to mark the end of a spiritual era that began a year ago last April and the beginning of a new one for Her. The pain in Her body disappeared and She was given new strength which radiated in a most beautiful way and with great power. Her God-Self transformed all those who came into Her presence and I witnessed physical, emotional and spiritual healings. Although She has always had a very special and wonderful love in Her heart for us, still now there is a new power manifesting through Her which lifts all who open their hearts to God.

The whole adventure really started with the Kriya Initiation which Mother was directed to give after a four-year interval. She was still recovering from the serious bronchial attack which kept Her in the hospital for a week; and the nine succeeding days at home spent in physical recovery and the extensive preparation required for the Kriya Ceremony itself seemed a very short time in the human sense for such an important effort. But as always, God gave Her exactly the strength needed to do His will and the Ceremony was very powerful as Love and Light manifested



in a far greater way than ever before as She lifted those there into His bliss and glory. Many were moved to tears.

Whenever there are great forces of Light manifesting, the forces of darkness gather their ranks and prepare for battle. Mother has told us this many times and I have had many occasions to witness the truth of this statement when I have been with Her but never more so than when for the first time, I helped Her in the great and intricate task of preparing for the Kriya Initiation. From what I had read in the *Autobiography of a Yogi* and from the few things Mother had told, I had not the faintest conception of the tremendous amount of effort necessary—physical, mental and spiritual—in order to give us this greatest of all initiations that we might attain our God-realization. I know I need not tell those of you who were there how beautiful it was nor how great was Her power and radiance. I am sure that you, like I, will never forget it and that your gratitude to Her equals my own. †

Marge

Mother Teresa, Following in Her Master's Steps

by Rev. Larry Koler



Recently, a startling revelation about Mother Teresa of Calcutta has been published in the book *Mother Teresa: Come Be My Light*. From the early reviews it is apparent that Mother Teresa had a very different inner experience than what one would expect of a great saint. She experienced a great travail of the soul—that of not being able to commune with Jesus or to feel His Presence as she so strongly desired.

It is evident from some of the quotes from the book (from reviews in the press) that she was cut off from earlier intimate experiences that she had previously been having with her Lord. So well did she know Him that He spoke to her and she to Him (this happened in 1946). He asked her to perform a special task for Him. He commanded her, “Come, Come, carry Me into the holes of the poor,” He told her. “Come be My light.” After she did the hard work of getting permission from her superiors and then embarking on this great work a year and half later,

He withdrew from intimate dealings with her.
This left her to languish in grief and internal hardship
that is **simply heart-breaking**.

She did not share this with anyone except her confessors. She worried that if she had breathed a word of this, the work she was doing for God would have suffered. So, though she had the full weight of work to do—a Herculean task set before her—she felt alone in this world as only a celibate nun in a foreign country can be.

And what was it that Jesus had asked her to do? He asked her to give succor and relief to thousands of poor and destitute people. And the

numbers of these poor people were incredible — incredible anytime in history but made worse by what happened next.

In August of 1947, India separated from what was then East and West Pakistan. A great movement of population began between the countries: Hindus poured into India (especially Calcutta) and Muslims left India for the two Pakistans. Forced migrations of populations under these dire circumstances brought the most destitute refugees on the planet to Calcutta (and, of course, other parts of India and Pakistan).

Then again in 1971, East Pakistan (eastern part of old Bengal) broke with West Pakistan in a civil war. Again, a flood of refugees poured into Calcutta. Mother Teresa was one of the people who was there to help these poor souls.

Surely, Jesus knew of these events that were unfolding and He commissioned Mother Teresa to help with Christian charity and example. He chose well—because she was faithful and committed for five decades.

Mother Teresa's Dark Night (decades) of the Soul

Oftentimes I have been struck by the countenance of Mother Teresa. In the picture which accompanies this article, it is apparent that she is both determined and also bearing a huge weight—God is “pressing rather hard” as the famous French Mystic Simone Weil (1909-1943) says. In pictures she is seldom seen smiling.

Yet, we have it from Mother Hamilton that Mother Teresa's very skin seemed to glow with spiritual light:

She is tremendous, this woman. She has such a light, a love in her whole being that you couldn't believe it. She just radiates. [From Talk 801123]

She is a world-famous Christian saint and, certainly, she shouldn't have to wait until after she has died to be canonized because she is a saint now. I have but to close my eyes, and I see this woman's face before me—not beautiful in the human sense, in the ordinary physical sense at all—her face is lined with wrinkles, her features aren't too good. But she has a light blazing in her eyes and a light on her skin such as I have never seen before. It is beautiful. [From Talk 801221]

Is this not another case where it is important to realize that saints do not fit into any preconceived pattern? God's expressions that come through

his saints (and all great ones) are manifold and multi-faceted. For me, the above picture is a picture of the crucified Christ. We think that Christ was crucified just once 2,000 years ago, but in reality that historical event (however it actually occurred) was an archetypal image of the travail man experiences during the death of the ego.

When I first read about the contents of these letters from Mother Teresa I was thunderstruck. But also... I felt a lightening of my own burden.

When love beckons to you, follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep.
And when his wings enfold you yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.
And when he speaks to you believe in him,
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays
waste the garden. [Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*]

The man who has known pure joy, if only for a moment... is the only man for whom affliction [*malheur*] is something devastating. At the same time he is the only man who has not deserved the punishment. But, after all, for him it is no punishment; it is God holding his hand and pressing rather hard. For, if he remains constant, what he will discover buried deep under the sound of his own lamentations is the pearl of the silence of God. [Simone Weil, *Gravity and Grace*]

Affliction makes God appear to be absent for a time, more absent than a dead man, more absent than light in the utter darkness of a cell. A kind of horror submerges the whole soul. During this absence there is nothing to love. What is terrible is that if, in this darkness where there is nothing to love, the soul ceases to love, God's absence becomes final. The soul has to go on loving in the emptiness, or at least to go on wanting to love, though it may only be with an infinitesimal part of itself. Then, one day, God will come to show himself [*sic*] to this soul and to reveal the beauty of the world to it, as in the case of Job. But if the soul stops loving it falls, even in this life, into something which is almost equivalent to hell. [Simone Weil, *Waiting on God*]

Oh Dear Mother Teresa, the stakes were indeed high. But, did Jesus not find in you the perfect disciple, following in His steps?





Maple Ridge Kriya, June 2007

Back Row (l-r): Stephanie Morgan, George Baldigara, Christine Baldigara, Charles Lamb, Honor Wells, Brad Kelley, Tonia White
 Front Row (l-r): Joy Putnam, Lauren English, Yogacharya David, Carla Hickenbottom, Chad Hickenbottom, Lois Hickenbottom

Calendar of Events

- | | | |
|-------|----|--|
| Sept. | 3 | Labor Day |
| | 12 | Rosh Hashana (Sundown–to Nightfall on Oct. 14) |
| | 13 | Ramadan (lasts one lunar month) |
| | 21 | Yom Kippur (Sundown–to Nightfall on Sept. 22) |
| | 23 | Fall Equinox (2:52 a.m. PDT) |
| | 26 | Lahiri Mahasaya’s Mahasamadhi Day (1895) |
| | 30 | Lahiri Mahasaya’s Birthday (1828) |
| Oct. | 11 | Mother Krishnabai’s Birthday (1903) |
| Nov. | 12 | Swami Satchidananda’s Birthday (1919) |
| Dec. | 21 | Winter Solstice (10:08 p.m. PST) |
| | 25 | Christmas Day, Mother Hamilton’s Birthday (1904) |
| | 27 | Swami Ramdas’ Sannyas Day (1922) |

Journal Editors: Larry & Cate Koler

Your mind's attention is like opening a flow of water into a garden. The water of attention brings seeds into action, the seeds send out roots and branches that bloom, bearing some fruit or seed. Depending on what you focus your powerful mind upon will determine whether you bring to life weeds of endless desires or a harvest of perennial peace. Cut off your attention to disturbing desires and water only the highest thoughts; your future will then blossom with the incomparable beauty of Self-Realization.

Yogacharya David Hickenbottom

Said the disciple to his Master, "How may I see God, and hear Him speak?" The Master answered: "When thou standest still from thinking and willing of self, then the eternal hearing, seeing, and speaking will be revealed in thee. Thine own hearing, will and seeing hindereth thee, that thou dost not see or hear God."

Paramhansa Yogananda

The infinite power that controls the destinies of the universe and the countless worlds and creatures in it is a deep mystery. This great secret has baffled the intellect of the keenest thinker and eluded the cognizance of the greatest scientist.

Swami Ramdas



Mother Teresa of Calcutta

(10th Anniversary of her Passing is September 5, 2007)