

If I had but one wish, I would wish that every moment of your life God's Name would be in your hearts, in your minds and on your lips, and that you would say it outwardly, in some form, over and over again, with deep concentration, but above all with love and with devotion. Because if you did that, then that word, which you said on the outside, would enter within your hearts and it would repeat itself by itself. And pretty soon, it would cease, and you would be That. And you would experience this bliss and this glorious God.

Who doesn't want it? Are there any so blind? Any in darkness so greatly that they do not want this? But we will not give up these things that we do. And we must! We must make the supreme effort. And there's only one way to do it, not by trying to get rid of the things we don't want, but by taking God's Name, by trying to be those things which we see in Him—of meditating on His wonderful attributes, of not asking anything for ourselves but the privilege and the glory of serving Him, of loving Him, of giving Him our devotion. And if we have that, we cannot help [be] what we should be, to all men everywhere....

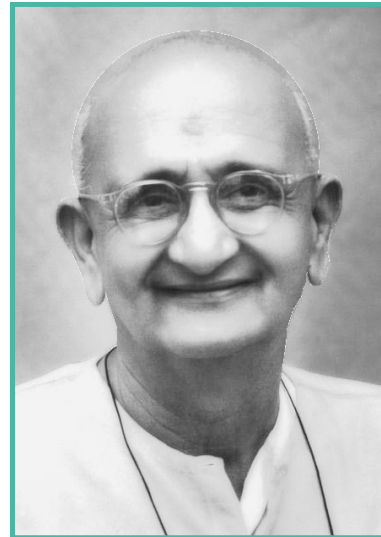
— From a talk by Mother in 1967



Mother, in 1977, having reached the heights of God-realization



My Blessed Papa



**Letters to Swami Ramdas
from Mother Hamilton
1954 –1960**



Mother's Mahasamadhi Anniversary - 2018



This Booklet is Published by

The Cross and The Lotus Publishing

U.S.A.

Website: www.crossandlotus.com

E-mail: contact@crossandlotus.com



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.
Aum-Amen.*

The Reverend Yogacharya Mother Hamilton

© 2018 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.

ANANDASHRAM

(Public Charitable Trust)

P.O. ANANDASHRAM,
KANHANGAD, S. Rly.
Phone: KANHANGAD 36

26th April 1963

Beloved Friend,

Happy to receive your loving letter of the 17th April. It is good news that Mother has recovered from her recent illness and except for slight physical weakness she is all right. She is indeed a great spiritual force and she is imparting the light divine to everyone who comes in contact with her. We are also getting letters from her friends, offering homage to her. May God grant her strength to continue her spiritual ministry.

Both Mother Krishnabai and Ramdas are keeping fairly good health.

Now-a-days we have in the Ashram a number of friends from the West. The Ashram activities are running smoothly by the grace of God. May His grace ever pour upon you all.

Love and blessings to you, Mother and all others there.

Ever your Self,
Ramdas

Thank you for your loving gift of \$10/- R
Mr. Ralph B. Hamilton, Seattle, USA

To Ramdas, My Beloved Papa

[Papa's Birthday – April 10, 1956]

Father of all creation,
At thy feet I humbly bow
To offer Thee in homage
The adoration of my soul.

I see Thy image everywhere –
In every face I meet,
I feel Thy presence active
In the patter of busy feet.

I hear Thee softly dancing
In the raindrops on the roof,
I feel Thy joy transcending
In the murmur of the brook.

The touch of Thy hand, Thy gaze, Thy thought,
Give untold bliss, eternally sought
By all whose hearts soar into flight
In search of God's great wondrous light.

The white clouds rush to meet Thee
On the wings of a gentle breeze
That they might drink of Thy spirit
And scatter Its blissful seeds.

If man could see the vision
Of That which I have seen,
He'd see Thee as Thou really art –
The fulfillment of his dreams.

Thy being is universal
In tune with Heaven above
As Thou sing Thy song eternal
Of His everlasting love.

– In the ecstasy of God, Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton

In Celebration of the 27th Anniversary of Mother's Mahasamadhi

Introduction by Yogacharya David

We celebrate the Mahasamadhi of Mother Hamilton by remembering her life, teachings and ongoing blessings to us as we seek to follow in her footsteps. Celebrating the death of a loved one may seem incongruous; however, it truly is a celebration when a soul such as Mother so spectacularly completes a life full of God and Guru's Grace and whose very Being becomes an uplifting, loving blessing to so many.

With Reverend Larry and Cate, and Reverend Jill happily ensconced at Anandashram at this time we are putting this booklet together, it is natural that we highlight many writings that emphasize Mother's connection with the Ashram and, of course, with Papa Ramdas. There was a poignant time in Mother's life that, not without humor to it, shows how deeply connected Mother is to Anandashram. This occurred when Mother was very ill from repeated heart attacks, strokes, and a terrible case of shingles on her face and head. During some of this most difficult time, Mother felt she was at Anandashram, and not the Eden Nursing Home in Seattle. Mother's daughter Billie arrived at the nursing home. Mother was surprised to see Billie in "India," and asked her how she had gotten there. Billie naturally responded, "Mother, I drove here." And Mother replied, "Oh, I see, that is very interesting!"

Of course, Papa was next to Master in Mother's life and spiritual experiences, and while Master was always Mother's Satguru, there can be no doubt of the important role Papa played for her. At one point, when Mother was going through the Mystical Crucifixion, Papa was saying that he stood at the door of death and kept Mother from leaving the body. As he was saying this, Mother's eyes closed and she saw Master with inward vision. Master said, "It was not him, it was me!" Mother would say with a laugh, *I guess Master was jealous of his prerogatives!*

Papa did not explain to those around what the nature of Mother's experiences were, so many thought perhaps she was having a mental breakdown. But, as Mother lay in her bed suffering, Papa pointed to her and said, *This is what it is like to kill the ego*. Many spiritual masters appear to be mentally unbalanced in times of intense spiritual sadhana. Once, Papa was walking down the street and one man said to another, referring to Papa, "Look, that man is half cracked!" Papa walked back to them to inform them, "Ramdas is not half cracked, he is fully cracked!"

It is fitting that in celebration of Mother's life we focus on her journey with Papa through the various states she went through. This could easily be an entire book and one day will be, but we seek to give you a glimpse of the many experiences that Mother went through – from pain to ecstasy, heartbreaking separation from God, to complete blissful yoga-union with the Infinite.

Blessings to you on this holy day. May Mother's enduring Grace ever lift you into God-consciousness.

[Editors' note: We have retained some alternate spelling and punctuation from Mother's letters because Mother used them; furthermore they are correct, just not as commonly used today in the USA. Some references to Mother's spiritual group and other organizations have been omitted for reasons of relevance and sensitivity and we have indicated where these edits were made. We do not know if Mother signed every letter in the more formal way, having only seen her signature once in these letters. (We have only carbon copies of the typewritten originals.)

You may also enjoy reading: Mother's first meeting with Papa: <http://crossandlotus.com/Anandashram/GodComestoVisit.pdf>

And the page about Papa on the Cross and Lotus website: http://crossandlotus.com/Saints_and_sages/papa_ramdas.html. This page has the "God Comes to Visit" link.]

Mildred Hamilton would be in the state of divine inebriation when the thought of God came into her mind. She is also a great lover of saints. She came one early morning before any other friends arrived to meet Ramdas. She said that in Ramdas' presence she felt elevated into the divine consciousness.

Ch. 13 - "Seattle" *World is God*

which I am not aware? Others want me to establish an ashram so they can become renunciates under my guidance. Can God so use one in such a state as I am? What is to become of me Papa – what am I to do?

I will gladly do anything God wants me to but He must give me the strength, the wisdom, the power and the courage to do it. In short, He must do all things through me because I am helpless.

Father, too, is in a similar state unable to find his way or his place.... We are both in a sorry state, little Papa, and need your help and prayers. Know one thing of sure – that we love you with all our hearts, that we want God-realization more than anything in the world and that we are willing to serve Him day and night but He must make it possible by destroying our egos.

We look often at our pictures of India, particularly those of the Ashram, and feel poignantly the great love we have for you all. I can hear you say now, "You are all He." If only we could remove the veils of ignorance from before our eyes so that we might meet Him face to face!

Give our love to blessed Mother, to Satchidananda and all others there. We pray that God may give you health and strength so we may be blessed with your presence for many years to come.

...Please be with me Papa in all that I do.

Pronam,

Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton

The path is hard. The way is steep. But it is worth every single thing that we have to go through. Many times we stumble and we go backward, and we are pierced by the thorns and the bushes along the path. But still, through faith and through patience and perseverance, we must go on. And if we do, God reveals these tremendous things to us, and He gives us all power over heaven and earth.

– From a talk by Mother in 1963

190 S.E. 12th Avenue
 Portland 14, Oregon
 March 10, 1960

Beloved Papa:

Even though I haven't written to you in some time you are always in my heart and in my prayers. My gratitude for the love and the help you have given me grows ever deeper as I perceive the greatness of your wisdom and the magnitude of your God-realization. I fully realize, even as it was shown to me in a vision, that it was God Himself who stood before me in your form. Ah, Papa, how I long to kneel once more at your holy feet, to see your blissful smile, to hold your hand and bask in the radiance of God's presence! Surely He must take me to you once again so that I may know the bliss of eternal oneness with our Beloved.

"God alone" you said over and over again. What a tremendous journey we must take in order to realize "God alone!" How many things there are to overcome and what a battle it is! We think we conquer one thing only to find it bobbing up its head in another direction. I am trying with all my strength to surrender to Him completely. I go wherever He takes me and do whatever He directs each day but still I am a soul in torment.

...My state since leaving India has been so strange. After the experience about which I wrote to you I have had, alternately, lapses of memory, states of depression and a feeling of complete inactivity as though I were living in a void. I feel that I am nothing, I have nothing and I know nothing; also, that I am unable to do anything. Many times I am overcome by great waves of physical weakness. I have not the slightest bit of self-confidence. In January my situation was so desperate that I spent almost all of one night crying and praying to God to release me and show me His will.

...In spite of my condition so many people are looking to me for guidance and I feel so inadequate to deal with them. The love and devotion they give me is beyond my ability to comprehend. Many insist that I am their Guru. Some say that I have appeared to them in the flesh. I have letters from people in other cities telling me they have had this experience. How can this be when I know nothing of it? Is it possible that I have attained a state of



Mother with Papa and Mataji at Anandashram in 1957

Swami Ramdas had come to America in 1954 and he had visited our home and had talked to our group of people and I felt tremendous bliss from this man. I felt nothing but God.

And so at the end of his visit, he invited my husband and myself to go to India and visit him. I had no idea at that time that I would ever do such a thing because I was so glued to my Guru that I wasn't interested in going to any master. But still I had a great love for Papa and I remember one evening he stood in the hallway of our home then, which was in the university district, and as I stood before him I felt such tremendous bliss coming from this man that I started to cry. And I said to him, almost involuntarily, "Will you be my Papa too?" And he said, "Ramdas is Papa to all."

– From a talk by Mother in 1976

7057 - 19th Avenue, N. E.
Seattle 5, Washington
October 29, 1954

Blessed Papa:

How can I find words to express the great love of God I feel for you. Ever since your coming I have been filled with ecstasy. It is as though I am swimming in the sea of His infinite bliss. As I sat at your holy feet asking the Perfect One to take complete possession of this body temple I realized that He was before me in the form of the beloved "Papa". How clever He is to change the name of God, the Father to the gentle, loving and wise "Papa" so that His children will not be afraid and can come closer to Him. I can only say again and again as I did when God gave me the tremendous revelation about which I told you, "Why I, Oh Lord? Why should I who am less than nothing be so greatly blessed?" Again He has come to me to verify that I am the Divine Mother in human form come to protect the universal teachings of the Christ so that all paths may converge into the one road of truth and light which will lead us to the castle of His Presence. Your coming was the fulfillment of His promise to me.

...You have told me that that which God revealed to me was true and you have promised that the Divine Mother will take complete possession of this temple soon. How can I say which way She should come – with a "rod (the lightning of God) or in love, and in the spirit of meekness?" I ask you, "What is Her will?"

I want the fire and the wisdom of Her light so that all may see the flame of Her glory and I want Her love and spirit of meekness to flow gently to all thirsty souls. Will you tell Her that I can no longer live in separation from Her?

...I kneel at your feet and offer you my love on the altar of my devotion to God. May I have your continuous blessing in Him.

Your humble servant in God and Guru,
Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton

look for the savior, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." [Philippians 3:20-21]

As you gazed at me in pity, you promised me this, even blessing my body that it might be renewed in Christ. My faith was complete, and you agreed that to God all things are possible. This I know beyond all doubt. I have seen your power in operation. I have experienced it within my being. I speak to God within you, not His servant, although I know that they are not different.

The door of heaven is still locked, the banquet table empty, the throne unoccupied. The soul still wears its old garment. How long, O Lord? How long? Do you think to test me further, I who have given all, who am empty of self? Know this then: I shall never turn back. I shall stand before the door forever, turned into a pillar of stone. Mute testimony that all may see my eternal love for thee.

Perhaps an angel, passing by and seeing my pitiable plight, will shed a tear and, in compassion, remind thee that I still wait without. Perhaps then in thy mercy, remembering, thou shalt open the door and lift me up, and I shall be held in thy arms of everlasting bliss forevermore. How long, O Lord? How long?

Six o'clock this morning I was up crying my eyes out because I was being drawn again. It's just as though all of the blood, the energy, is receding from my head, from my brain, and I just feel myself slowly going out, and I fight to get back. I fight to keep on my feet. So I went out, and I stood before Master's picture and I talked to him. I looked him straight in the eye, and I said, "What are you going to do about this? I'm in a sad state."

And this is one instance now...what does one do without a guru? A guru is absolutely necessary to go through these things because where in God's name are you without one? Now, Ramdas is in India. Master is not in the body. And here am I.

– From a talk by Mother in 1960

How Long, O Lord, How Long?

[Poem Mother sent to Papa after her sadhana in the Ashram.]

With bleeding heart and weary feet, I came to thee, O shepherd of souls, seeking to prove the truth of God which transcends human understanding. Skillfully you probed into my soul, revealing thoughts as yet limited, vision as yet bound.

Master craftsman that you are, you parried my every thrust, designed to wrest the eternal secrets from your grasp. Like duelists we fought, in turn advancing and retreating, intoxicated with the joy of battle, each seeking only to do the will of God.

With what infinite patience you widened the channel of my understanding until my heart found sanctuary in the universal vision, enabling me to offer myself as a fit sacrifice at the feet of God.

Willingly, gladly, I surrendered myself to thee in full measure, that the world within might be redeemed. The cost was great, greater still the suffering, but I count it as naught, compared with my love for thee.

How can I thank thee for saving my life which is already thine? Like the Christ, I can say, "But for this cause came I unto this hour." But what now, O Lord? What now? Where is the fulfillment of His promises?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." [Revelations 3:20-21]

And further,

"For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we

2528 E. 107th
Seattle 55, Washington
May 21, 1959

My blessed Papa:

It was just a year ago today, that we left the holy soil of Anandashram and the living presence of God in the form of our beloved Papa. My longing to be with you and once again lay my head at your lotus feet is so overpowering that it seems the very force of my desire must transport me there at once.

What a year this has been! I have tried and tried to write to you but it seems as though a power greater than myself has kept me from doing so. Perhaps it is because you said at the beginning of the sadhana I went through under your guidance that I should not try to write letters but should spend the time in perfecting my God-realization. Strangely enough, I was in the process of writing to you on November 24th when I went into another experience which took me out of body-consciousness for three weeks and into the Astral plane. It has taken me from then until now to adjust myself and return to the normalcy of human existence. This experience, too, although not as devastating physically as the one I went through in India, was terrible because the adverse forces kept trying to take me forcibly from my body. I fought with everything I had and, as you had previously instructed me, hung on to God alone and prayed. Believe me, I know that only He brought me through.

How many times I have wished that I might talk with you because I do not understand all that has happened to me. I have been shown Truth in great measure but also much that I have experienced has been terrifying and hallucinatory. While in that state I who have only a mediocre voice at best, sang more beautifully than can be imagined; danced as though I had been trained for years as a ballerina and performed all of the asanic postures, none of which could I do before nor have I been able to do them since. I was in a tremendous magnetic field which even made my hair stand up on end and go only in one direction and I actually experienced burns on my body which were seen by others than myself. While it lasted I took almost no food or water and slept hardly at all. Again I have been taken to the Bible, 1 Peter,

Chapter 4, Verse 12: “Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing has happened to you.”

When I think of the things which have happened to me since my first experience of Samadhi in 1954 I can only say over and over again in utter amazement, “My God, my God”, as I try to understand and adjust myself so that I may continue toward my goal. Tremendous changes have taken place in my consciousness as I continue to receive ever greater visions of the Universal pattern. I now fully realize how greatly God blessed me when He released me from bondage to an organization and set me free to operate only in the Spirit. How blind we remain until the dawn of God-realization comes to remove the veils of darkness and limitation from our inner vision.

...That I have gone the way of the Christ and the Cross I cannot doubt. What I have yet to experience God and Papa alone know. My only desire is to become one with Him and to live and serve Him in the bliss of His eternal love and light. I am not content to settle for anything less than what you describe to be the ultimate—Sahaja Samadhi. The human in me sometimes cringes from additional horror and suffering but the spirit knows that it must and will persevere to the end. The end I speak of is the absolute destruction of the human ego and the birth anew in the consciousness of the Christ. As I remember, you said there were four levels or phases to be experienced before liberation would be attained. Will you please again refresh my memory with regard to these four states?

Recently I have been greatly depressed because I have not as yet been able to reach my goal. I cry for Him and to Him to relieve the terrible agony of separation which I still experience. I beg of you Papa, to intercede with Him for me. Ask Him to fill me with His bliss and the radiance of His presence forever. Father has gone hand in hand with me each step of the way. What a great soul he has become! It has been like Swami Gnanananda said, “You will be on the same train but in different compartments.” It has been very difficult for him also but in a different way. We have grown very close together in our search for God and have a most wonderful marriage. How much we both love you Papa, there are no words to describe. When we think of your saintliness and the infinite goodness and patience

his highest good; that when he is ready and it is God’s will that he serve, the way will open up for him most wonderfully and he will be directed to whatever part he is to play in the great drama which is unfolding. We know that only when one comes to the point of total submission and complete nothingness can he be used as a pure channel through which God works. As for myself, I at last know the joy of total surrender. I am but a babe in the arms of my Father, dependent upon Him every moment of my life for all things. And how wonderfully He cares for me! Better far than anything I have ever known before.

Do you remember the poem I wrote to you after the sadhana I experienced while with you? I am enclosing a copy of it to remind you that I am still waiting. The final experience must come soon. How long, O Lord, how long? I am also enclosing a copy of something which was given to me recently. I have experienced this but still my realization of oneness is not total and complete.

We still look forward to the day when we may return to India to be reunited with you once more, to kneel at your holy feet, to have you touch the lotus petals of our awareness and awaken us forever from our dream of separation from Thee, our blessed Papa, our Father God.

Ever thy Self,

Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton

[Mother, in 1978, talking about the poem referred to above and printed on the following page.]

I wrote [this poem] to Swami Ramdas 21 years ago when I was in India. I had been through the experience of releasing the consciousness from the physical body, and still I had not gained the bliss of God that I thought He had promised me if I would go through all these things. I looked terrible. I had been through a battle. I had died. And now I was coming back to life and nothing seemed to be as God had promised that it would be. So I wrote this poem to Ramdas because there was nothing but God in his form.

Now many years have passed, and I came to know that that was only the beginning of the experience, that it was only the crucifixion of the gross ego of the five senses, and that there was much to follow....

indescribable? I am experiencing all of these things within yet “I” am still not in complete control; my ego is still not securely fastened on God’s peg. How long it takes, no matter how great the effort and how overwhelming the desire! I well remember the time when you said you were hungry for egos but none wanted to feed you. The desire of my heart is to offer you my own ego in full measure so that your hunger may be satisfied. Be merciful. Take it from me and feast to the point of satiety that I may be completely consumed. “Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?” Job 3:20-22.

I have been traveling constantly since my return from New York; first to Bend, Oregon, then to Seattle where most of my time was spent with the devotees there; next to Bremerton and Bellingham both of which are in Washington, a return to Seattle and then Portland. The numbers contacted were not great but the need of the few compensated for it, otherwise God would not have arranged it. The feeling that I should return to Seattle using it as headquarters seems to have subsided since my recent visit there and I am content to be away from the incessant activity in which I am constantly involved while there. Those who love God in me seem to feel like I and countless others feel about you – they want to be with me constantly, absorb me, feeling that only through physical contact can they go to Him. You so completely dominate my consciousness that I speak to them mostly of you recommending always that they send for all of your books and The Vision.

In spite of this being America with its formal church-going and orthodox methods of doing things I am convinced that the only true way to take people to God is through personal contact in the way of the Masters of the East. We now hold informal meetings on a question and answer basis and wait for the “pigeons to come out of their holes.” The power of God flows freely and all are delighted with the new arrangement.

Father and I, while completely willing to do whatever God directs, are delighted to be united once more. The companionship and “togetherness” we feel in God is truly wonderful. Father still rebels at his inactivity but I am sure it is for a purpose and all for

both you and Mother Krishnabai displayed toward us each moment of our stay with you, our hearts melt to overflowing. It is scarcely humanly possible to conceive of such unselfish love and service. And, in spite of all that you must have been inconvenienced because of us, even though we couldn’t help it, still your last words were “You are welcome to come any time.” Would to God that we could return to finish our Sadhana at your holy feet. Perhaps God in His infinite mercy will make it possible and under much more favorable conditions. The worst must be over and the darkness behind us. The next step must be a lifting up in exaltation. Surely the adverse forces must know by now that their cause is hopeless and that I will never give up until I have become one with my Beloved.

Our little group continues to function under God’s direction. Although their faith has been tested beyond endurance still they remain with us and are faithful and loyal. There are some wonderful souls among them and we are very grateful that God had so blessed us.

...I remember Papa’s injunction not to start Ashrams and am in full accord with His wisdom. There must be no regimentation – only full liberty for each one to worship God in accordance with the law of his own being. How greatly you have changed me, little Papa, and how grateful I am! Your only wish was to “eat” my ego and take me to God. Even the physical and mental were sacrificed to the utmost to accomplish God’s purpose.

I remember so well the day you said to me, “You will be a tremendous power for God in the Western World.” And on another occasion I said to you, “It promises to be very interesting, does it not, Papa”, and you answered, “Interesting is scarcely the word.” I then asked, “Terrific, tremendous, colossal?” and you said, “Ah yes, that is what it will be.” I look forward to that day knowing that if Papa said so it will happen. God will help us because He knows we both want only to serve Him. I know beyond doubt that the first and only important thing is to become one with Him no matter in which direction it leads us, and then all the rest will follow. The blind cannot lead the blind. One must have full God-realization before he can be the channel through which God can liberate others. But also one can serve as God directs while gaining enlightenment. In fact, it is sometimes the very means by which he reaches his goal. Would we refuse a

cup of water to one who is thirsty just because we do not have the ocean beside us? Each Sunday now as I give a sermon to our people I feel the power of God ever-increasing – sometimes to the point where I have difficulty returning to a state of consciousness where I can converse normally with them after service. Through the very act of permitting me to serve them, am I not becoming ever closer to Him? I know that I of myself am nothing. My ignorance is colossal. It is only my Father who doeth the work. You have put your stamp of God upon me for all time, beloved little Papa, and I can never be the same again. And for this I thank God with all my heart.

Even though you had discontinued writing, you will remember that you promised you would write to me, guiding and directing me in the work I must do. Please let me have your comments, criticisms and suggestions in free measure. We both know that your blessings are with us always.

...This is an unusually long letter and I hope it does not tire you to read it. However, I had a lot to report to you regarding our progress and a year is a long time.

Please convey our love and devotion to Mother. I shall be grateful to both of you all the days of my life for all that you did for me. Tell her that I now understand the true Guru-relationship and I know what she meant when she said that you and my Master are but different sides of the same face. Give our love also to our beloved Satchidananda and all others there who worked so hard to carry out your teachings and to serve us.

May the light of God which so completely illumines your being continue to shine forth for many years to come, beckoning all with whom you come in contact to forsake the darkness of ignorance and follow Him, “the Light of the World.”

My love and devotion for you burns forever on the altar of my soul.

Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton

If you accept what I teach you as Truth, know that it was not gained through intellectual study in a theological school, nor was it garnered from books or from people, but from within my own temple wherein I found the living God.

– Mother in 1960

190 S.E. 12th Avenue
Portland 14, Oregon
June 29, 1960

Most beloved Papa:

Although I have not had an answer to the letter which I wrote to you while in New York, still I feel the urge to write to you once again. I feel your presence so strongly and know beyond doubt that you are guiding me each step of the way to final liberation. Even in the short time which has elapsed since my last letter to you the change which has come over me is overwhelming. I am reaching out for complete and utter freedom. It is as though I cannot be bound by a name, an organization or even a group but only by God alone. This leads me, at least momentarily, even to want to reject the demands made on me by people which reaction, of course, they are naturally completely unable to understand. It is not that I do not wish to serve God in them but rather that the command to serve must originate from within rather than from without. The immediate result is their withdrawal and hurt feelings.

...it has been suggested that I write a book entitled, “Autobiography of a Yogi’s Disciple” describing my meeting and discipleship with Yoganandaji and the history of my ensuing encounters with the organization. Certainly it would make fascinating reading – but would it fulfill a good purpose – and is it God’s will? I do not know. There is eager acceptance and the demand to hear more about the revelations I experienced with regard to the true teachings of the Christ under your direction and guidance while in India, and since. If it is God’s will that I am to be the channel to take people to Himself, then, of necessity, He must work through me in whatever way is necessary to supply their need.

I seem to be at the beginning of a whole new cycle with untold numbers of things waiting to be written, to be said, to be done and yet I feel no positive direction. My efforts are still lethargic. Initially, I felt the urge to put at the top of every first page I wrote, “God is the Master. We are all His disciples.” A few days later that seemed impossible and the need was to write, “I and my Father are one. Blessed Spirit, I am He.” There could be no separation! Still later I felt that the page should remain in its virgin state because how could words be used to describe the

Recently we spent a week in Portland, Oregon, having been invited there by the group with all expenses paid. What a wonderful week it was, in full surrender to God alone. Many lives were changed, not the least of them my own. How wonderful it was to let God speak and work through me and the results were beyond my wildest dreams. There are some great souls there filled only with the desire for God. They would like for us to go to Portland to live but I feel as you do that too much closeness acts as a retardant rather than a stimulant to spiritual progress.

My health is still only fair. It has been a long, hard struggle to regain what I lost. I am still in a great deal of pain at times but I try to live with it accepting it as God's will. At least the paralysis has passed and I am able to move about freely, which is a blessing. My memory is certainly not what it was but my mind seems to operate normally which I am also thankful for. I still do not have too much resistance and tire very easily...and the doctors have been able to do nothing to eliminate the difficulty.

I am so happy to know that Papa is remaining in fairly good health and pray that it may continue for many years to come.

...Be with me always, Papa, to guide and direct me on my way to God-realization.

May God who is the Father of us all, forever hold you in His arms of eternal bliss.

Ever thy Self,
Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton

When we were in India, we asked Papa what we should do.... And he made a most astounding statement, "You must do nothing, you need do nothing." Right away I was up in arms, with this great big ego: "What's the idea, come all the way over to India, spend all this money, and I'm to do nothing?"

...What he was trying to say is that the human self, the human ego, the human consciousness, must do nothing. There must be a complete surrender to God, a complete recognition that we...the human manifestations of God, must do nothing. We must realize the oneness with Him, and that He does all things through us.

– From a talk by Mother in 1960

7057 – 19th Avenue
Seattle 55, Washington
September 12, 1959

My Beloved Papa:

What joy it was to receive Satchidananda's letter telling us all the news and with your loving instructions and messages contained in it. I have read and re-read it until the paper is worn thin.

Each day I sit and remember our beloved India and the wonderful (and terrible) days at the Ashram; the tremendous power of God which we all experienced as you led us gently day by day to ever greater depths of understanding until we were ready for the great battle which ensued. I think of the nights when we all gathered together under the Indian moon with a million stars shining overhead while you told us of your "Quest for God" and lifted us up into realms far beyond the earth. I remember, too, those moments of rare ecstasy when we saw you filled with His effulgence which spread as far as the eye could see, and I am filled with a great longing to once more touch my head on your lotus feet and bask in the beauty and divinity of your smile. Ah Papa, what a saint you are! Bubbling with joy, childlike, yet filled with the wisdom of the ages; weak in body but with the spiritual stature of a giant; meek and humble, mixing with all freely, yet sitting on the highest pinnacle of eternity; with no will of your own, having surrendered it all to God, but with all of the power of His will at your command.

God indeed brought you to me that you might help me to ever higher spheres of realization and while, for you, the burden may be overheavy, for me it is a lifting up into the knowledge that He is all. No matter what I read, I am again drawn to your writings and find in them the essence of purity, the height of wisdom and understanding and the acme of Truth. The thought of you absorbs most of my waking moments and I am drawn to you as the sun draws water from the earth. I know not what my state because I am neither what I was nor am I that which I hope to become. I know only that I am swimming in the ocean of God's love, held safe in the hollow of His hand. Sometimes I float on the water gently, in full surrender to His will, at other times huge waves carry me again into the depths of ego and I find myself drowning in the creations of my own mind. When I discover this

I attempt once again to use my own will and swim with powerful strokes toward the shore of Infinity only to realize that I am still beyond my depth and that God alone can rescue me and give me the “Pearl of great price”.

Papa’s reply to some of the statements in my previous letter reminded me of Mirdad’s words to his disciples:

“Because your I and mine are not the same, I am constrained to wage on you a war of words that I may vanquish you with your own weapons and lead you to my quarry and my well.

“And only then shall you be able to go forth into the world and vanquish and subdue it even as I shall vanquish and subdue you. And only then shall you be fit to lead the world unto the silence of the Consciousness Supreme, unto the quarry of the Word, unto the well of Holy Understanding.

“Not till you be so vanquished by Mirdad shall you become in truth impregnable and mighty conquerors. Nor shall the world wash off the ignominy of its continuous defeat save when defeated by you.”

That I shall return to India I know beyond question. She is a strange country, a country of great opposites – extreme poverty and great riches, beauty beyond imagination and ugliness beyond disdain, mental brilliance and utter ignorance, spirituality not to be excelled and materiality at its lowest ebb – but how I love her! She contains all of life and beyond. Once having visited her shores one can never escape her. The call of the Mother ever resounds, drawing her children back to the cradle of infinity. I realize only too well, and with a full heart, your care for me in advising me to stay here to complete my sadhana. However, Papa should know by now that my great desire for God would let nothing stand in the way of my attainment no matter what the cost. How often during my illness there did Father insist with all the vehemence at his command that he was going to take me home where I could get the things necessary to restore me to health only to be defeated by my greater determination that I would not leave until it was God’s will. I remember one afternoon, the only afternoon you and I were alone, and I asked you to give me the authority to ordain ministers. You refused saying, “When you leave here you will go with the full authority of

God.” How differently I interpreted the meaning of those words at that time yet, when I did leave, I knew with all my heart and soul that I had God’s full authority to go. I knew that I had passed the test and that He came first even to the point of death if necessary. Hardship and suffering are no strangers to me, having been my bedfellows most of my life. When I was going through the tremendous experience of sadhana I was most grateful that this had been so because if I had not been inured to suffering I could not have stood it. Truly God does all things for the best. I am willing to submit to His will in all things but I remember, too, that you said we should always listen to the inner voice of the Guru. The waiting seems interminable but I know that my great desire will be fulfilled only when I am fully prepared for it.

...I have discontinued our group here for the present. God directed me to do this some time ago but I continued on until the last of June our usual time to close for the summer months. It seemed as though we had brought them as far as possible under the old system of operation and that now, if they were to be helped to greater spirituality and enlightenment, we must do as Papa does and let them come to us. Only then would we know that they truly wanted God and were not merely interested in hearing a sermon given on Sunday because it is the customary thing to do in America. Strangely enough, they have started coming, one after another – some with personal problems, others because they are hungry for God. I am convinced this is the only way. The best of the East and West must be combined. No one will ever go to God merely by attending church for one hour on Sunday and listening to a sermon, no matter how God-inspired the speaker may be. Direct contact is necessary either in person or by letter if good is to be accomplished. While India has perhaps too many religions, too many gods, we, too, have too many religions under Christ and too much dogma. The fanaticism in both cases is equal and a start must be made to dispel it before people can be lifted up. I often think how completely you serve God, inviting all, no matter what race, color or creed, to worship the one supreme God, imposing no restrictions or regimentation upon any human being. We shall try with everything in our power to emulate you. The results will be in God’s hands alone.