



# **With My Master**



**In Celebration of the 29<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
of Mother's Mahasamadhi &  
Centenary Anniversary of Paramhansa  
Yogananda's arrival in America**



**2020**





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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.  
Aum-Amen.*

The Reverend Yogacharya Mother Hamilton

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© 2020 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, Yogacharya Mother Hamilton and Reverend Yogacharya David Hickenbottom. The three ordained ministers, Rev. Larry Koler, Rev. Jill Hough and Rev. Peter Schultz continue this work with the help and support of many sincere devotees.

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 are dedicated to realizing God and serving devotees of every race, color, creed and religion. We bow at the feet of Saints and realized Masters of all religions.

## Editors' Note

*In celebration of Mother's 29<sup>th</sup> Mahasamadhi we are featuring something Mother wrote in 1955 about her beloved Guru. She read it to devotees during a talk in 1980. In the article, Mother began with the story of first meeting Paramhansa Yogananda and then included some life-changing interactions with him. But mysteriously, God did not let her complete the article—Mother told the devotees listening, "And then I stopped." Although "incomplete" it is a wonderful narrative of her time with Master and we are thrilled to present it for his 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. Below Mother explains how and why she wrote the article.*

### **From Mother's talk, "Guru-Discipleship" on June 16, 1980**

Many, many years ago, I had been to the Ashram and I was asked to write an article for a book that was being published for Mother Krishnabai's 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary. I'd had a tremendous revelation about her and about Ramdas and about my own Guru and myself. In that revelation I saw Ramdas as God Himself in human form—and believe me, there was nothing but God in that form; he was totally impersonal—he wasn't personal and laughed and played and hugged like I do with you. But he was a tremendously God-realized man—total. I was shown that Mother Krishnabai came on the continent of India with him, as God the Father, and that I had come on this continent with my own Guru, who had been pictured to me as the Christ. And strangely enough, in his [Master's] early magazines, and if any of you can still get them, you will find there was an article entitled, "The True Second Coming of the Christ."

Now, I don't know anything about anything except what I was shown. But I was asked to write an article and I started this article. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I was lifted very high up, and all of sudden I got a soul sickness inside of me, and that's all that God wanted me to write. I couldn't send the article. No matter how hard I tried, and even though I had promised that I was going to—they wanted to know how many pages to reserve and all like that—it didn't go. But I found it in searching through things and I thought I would share it with you. I entitled it, "The Second Coming of the Christ." This was to appear in her book. †

# The Second Coming of the Christ

By Yogacharya Mother Hamilton

Pronams, blessed Mother Krishnabai. Greetings and congratulations from your many friends in America on this, the silver jubilee of your glorious and selfless service to God and the Holy Father, Swami Ramdas, our beloved Papa. I prostrate myself before the altar of God, and with utmost humility pray that His will alone will manifest itself through the written words of this chapter in your book of life.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand. (Revelation, 1:3)

This is the chronicle of the second coming of the Christian event so tremendous, so world-shaking that it is beyond human comprehension. The task which I approach is a herculean one. Words must be used to describe the indescribable to a waiting and a disbelieving world.

*Oh, Lord, Divine Beloved, saturate my being with the perfume of Thy presence. Fill my heart with the ecstasy of Thy love. Entrance my soul with the music of Thy angels until the bliss of my communion with Thee pours forth to tell the beauty and the wonder and the glory of Thy second coming.*

You may well ask what place does "Revelation" have in the story of your life. However, if you will journey with me back through time while God unfolds before our vision the infinite grandeur and beauty of His Divine Plan for this age; if you will share with me some of the moments and the experiences which led to my tremendous awakening in Him you will see that your life shines like a jewel in the vast expanse of His heaven.

## Yogananda Comes to America

It was in the year 1925 that the glorious sun of my Divine Master, Paramhansa Yogananda, first burst forth across the horizon of my life. He had come to America in 1920 as the Indian delegate to the International Congress of Religious Liberals which was held in Boston, Massachusetts. His first trip to Seattle on the West Coast was in 1924, but apparently God, who is all wise, did not deign that I should meet him until the following year.

## Mother Rejects Her Early Religious Training

My early religious training had been orthodox, and from the moment I received my initial introduction into the scheduled routine of church attendance at the age of seven, every fiber of my being revolted against accepting the things which I was taught. The sermons I listened to dealt mostly with fear of the wrath of God, everlasting punishment, Jesus, the man of sorrows who was crucified on the cross to save us from sin, and quite frequently how large the unpaid mortgage on the church still remained, and what should be done about it by those present if they expected to go to heaven.



Mother as a child

As I grew into adolescence I began to feel a conscious awareness that the Infinite Creator could not be as He had been

described to me. As my consciousness expanded I felt a sense of seeking and of reaching out for something that I could not put into words. It was as though some mystical force took residence in my body temple, causing me to envision God not only in the personal sense, but in nature as well. I saw Him expressed as beauty, happiness, love and perfection in all people and things. I felt a tremendous urge to travel to far-distant places in search of food to satisfy the hunger of my soul. All of this was in direct contradiction to the actual experiences in my life. Perhaps it happened because of them.

## Mother's Life was full of Suffering

From the time of my first conscious memory at the age of two my life has been one long series of unusually difficult experiences. These have been constant without any space for respite and have covered every phase of woman's existence. There were times when the burden was so heavy and my suffering so great that I cried out to God to lift the load from my shoulders, if only for a little while that I might recover from the effects of one test

before another one appeared. However, such was not His plan, and became a never-ending battle between my will to live and a terrific opposing force, which seemed to require that I pay a tremendous karmic debt and which also sapped almost every ounce of physical strength I possessed.

When I reached the age of 18, I decided to leave the church my parents had chosen for me. Because I was an only child and the focal point of their attention this was not an easy step to take. However, no power on earth could have dissuaded me from my decision, so great was my inner conviction that this was God's will for me. I had secured a position as secretary in one of the large business firms in the city, and it was here that I came in contact with the man who later proved to be the instrument chosen by destiny to arrange for the most momentous event of my life. This man, Robert Steinhouse, was an accountant who came in once a month to audit the firm's books.

### **Mother Attends Master's Talk**

One never-to-be-forgotten day as I sat engrossed in my work, Robert, or Bob as we called him, knowing of my interest in philosophy and religion, came into the office and told me excitedly that Swami Yogananda, one of the great rishis of India, had arrived in town and was to lecture at one of the large auditoriums that evening. He said he had heard many wonderful things about the Swami during his visit the preceding year and urged me to go and hear him. At first, I was hesitant but, after considerable prodding, I reluctantly permitted myself to be persuaded. That evening when I arrived at the auditorium I found it so crowded that it was only with great difficulty that I was able to obtain a seat. As I sat there gazing at the hundreds who lined the main floor and the balcony, I became filled with eager anticipation to see this man who had the power to draw so large an audience.

Suddenly, the murmur of voices ceased and there was a hushed stillness. All eyes were turned toward the platform. Mine too followed their direction and then I saw him. He stood there, a man of medium stature, garbed in an ochre-colored satin robe. His long, dark wavy hair flowed around his shoulders and framed the most beautiful, Christlike face I had ever seen. The olive-texture of his skin served only to enhance the beauty of his large, brown eyes, aflame with the light of God. Eagerly, I



absorbed every detail of his exquisitely molded face, his perfectly shaped hands, his noble bearing. He began to speak, and as I listened, my whole life changed, never to be the same again. The dynamic power of his voice and his personality, impregnated with the spirit of God, penetrated every soul in the audience as he told in golden words of unearthly beauty the wonder and the glory of his Heavenly Father.

I do not know how long I sat there; it could have been minutes or years.

Time and space had ceased to exist. It was as though I'd been caught up in the seventh heaven and found myself in paradise. For the first time I realized that God was within me and around me, everywhere equally present. Doubt and fear disappeared, leaving only a feeling of infinite peace and bliss.

As he brought his message of eternal truth to a close, he said that he would like to shake hands with everyone there. Not a person moved from his seat until the Master walked down the aisle and stood at the door. Then, quietly, one by one we stood and waited in line for the blessed privilege.

### **Master and Disciple Meet**

As I moved closer to him, it seemed as though I must fall at his feet, so overpowering were the emotions which shook me. Suddenly, I was before him and as he looked into my eyes and held my hand, my soul dissolved into light, and wave after wave of electricity coursed through every atom of my being. In that moment, Master and disciple met, to be linked together for all eternity.

After his initial lectures he offered a series of classes to those who wished to enroll as students. It is needless to say that I was among those present. For five unforgettable nights I sat spell-bound, quenching the thirst of my soul with the living waters of his infinite wisdom, absorbing the techniques which were to act as the media for attaining oneness with the Perfect One who sits on the throne of Universal Consciousness.

His departure left me with mixed feelings. On the one hand, I was desolate and felt that I must renounce all earthly ties and follow him to the ends of the earth. When in direct refutation my ecstatic soul bore proof of the fact that he had never left me, and I recalled to mind the glorious promise of the blessed Lord Jesus when he said to his disciples, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (St. Matthew: Chapter 28, verse 20)

### **Mother's Initiation into Kriya Yoga**

Eight years elapsed before my next meeting with my Master, years filled with tremendous experiences. In retrospect, I see each test met and overcome as a precious pearl in the rosary of my ascension to God.

When I received the announcement that my Guru was to return to Seattle my joy knew no bounds. Once again, I sat at the feet of wisdom and tasted the ambrosia of spirit. Once more I heard and saw proof beyond question of my Master's oneness with the Builder of the Universe. The supreme experience came when we were initiated into the science of Kriya Yoga. The power and the beauty of that holy ceremony will remain engraved on the pages of my memory for all time to come.

### **Mother's Pilgrimage to See Master**

It was the spring of 1946 when I first journeyed to see Master at his hermitage in Encinitas, California. He was now addressed as "Paramhansaji," having received this further monastic title from his master, Swami Sri Yukteswar, when he visited India in 1935. I spent three blissful days in the beautiful ashram which stands in stately dignity on the edge of a cliff overlooking the vast, blue Pacific. Who can describe the hours spent in the presence of a master? Whenever I close my eyes, the wings of memory take me back to every precious moment I shared with him. As I knelt to take the dust from his sacred feet, it seemed



as though I touched the robe of God and in so touching, I felt the quality of the material out of which I must fashion my own destiny. I shall forever hear his voice pouring forth the worship of his soul to God, "Oh, my Beloved, my Infinite Beloved."

### Master Heals Mother

The following year marked another milestone in the road of my life. I was stricken with paralysis and had but very little use of my arms and legs. In my affliction I prayed to God to save me from the bottomless black pit into which I seemed to be falling. His voice, speaking with certainty, sounded in my ear, "Your time on earth is finished. You must now experience the state called death." To add to my despair, my physician who was a specialist in his field gave me no hope. He said that so far



medical science had been unable to discover a cure for my ailment. Like a man about to drown, I saw passing in review the pageantry of my life. I was filled with deep repentance for my transgressions and eternal regret that I had not attained at-onement with God before it was too late. I remember telling God that if He would only spare me I would use His gift of life in everlasting service to him.

In utter despair, I had a telegram sent to my Master, asking him to intercede for me with God. He replied, saying that I would have his deepest prayers. One week later I had so far recovered that I was able to go to the doctor's office alone. He expressed complete amazement at my miraculous improvement and asked me if I could account for it. With my heart filled to overflowing in gratitude to God, I told him the story of my Christ-like Guru. Needless to say, the doctor of medicine became a student of God.

I could go on endlessly recounting the miracles he has wrought in my life, but space does not permit. When I next saw him, I knelt at his feet and attempted to thank him for his great goodness to me, but he would have none of it. He lifted me up and said gently, "Please do not thank me. God was so wonderful to grant my request. We must thank Him."

### Mother Experiences a Sense of Separation



During one of my numerous visits to Mount Washington we were seated with Master in his study. My husband, son and youngest daughter sat directly in front of him, but because I had been privileged to spend so much more time with him than they, I decided to sit apart so that they might have his undivided attention. My husband had come armed with innumerable questions, but the Spirit of God speaking through the lips of my blessed Guru answered his every thought.

Master's chair was placed sideways before a window. As I watched and listened to him, the room became filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, and I saw a great light streaming down from heaven and enveloping him like a cloud of flame. My whole being was lifted up, and then I heard his voice saying to my children, "Your mother looks like St. Theresa, and she is like her." I could scarcely believe my ears.

Strangely enough, at that moment, a subtle force entered my being, causing me to feel a sense of separation from him. Always I had felt completely at one with him, but now suddenly that feeling of oneness disappeared, and I was left alone. I was at a loss to understand this because outwardly there had been no change in his attitude toward me. He was filled with love and kindness.

### **Cannot Live without His Love**

We left that night for Encinitas and the feeling of severance grew to such a degree that upon arriving at the ashram I threw myself on my bed and sobbed in uncontrollable grief. What was happening to me? I searched my soul and cried out to God, asking Him what I had done to cause my Master's displeasure, but He answered only with silence. My emotional upheaval was so great that it seemed as though I had descended into the depths of hell.

We returned to Mt. Washington in a few days. However, this experience had such a tremendous effect upon me that it brought on a recurrence of my former illness. Master was away at the time and was not expected to return until that evening. Upon his arrival, he was advised of my illness, and immediately sent word that he would pray for me. It was only moments until I felt the healing effect of his prayers. Where before my circulation had been stagnant and my body cold, the blood now ran through my veins like a river of molten fire. At first I was in great pain, but gradually this feeling subsided and I dropped off into peaceful slumber. By the next day I had fully recovered my physical strength.

Later, as I was having dinner, Master sent word that he wished to see me in his study. I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. He sat on a davenport and I on a straight chair in front of him while he questioned me carefully about my illness and the events leading up to it. I told him of the strange experience I had had, and he said to me, "If you had not been affected I would not have seen you again." Strange words, but it did not occur to me at that time to ask him what he meant. I was not to receive their full impact until much later when they were to repeat themselves over and over again in my brain, causing me a thousand torments. I told him that I realized for all time that I could not live without his love, and he said, "That's right, you cannot."

### **Blissful Evening with Master**

As our conversation continued, he asked me if I would mind if he relaxed. I said of course not. I shall always remember how he looked as he took off his slippers, put his feet up on the davenport, stretched out and propped himself on his elbow. It

was as though having chosen me to be one of his spiritual children and knowing how much I loved him, he knew also he could feel free to discard, for a short time, the robe of formality which he was ordinarily expected to wear.

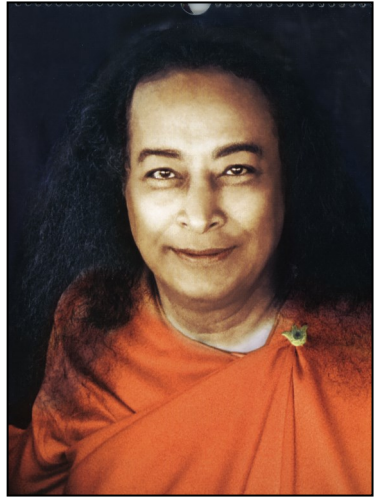
We talked for hours. From time to time, one or another of the disciples would interrupt to remind him of an appointment. He thanked them graciously, but continued on with our discussion. Many times since but particularly during the last year I have had occasion to remem-

ber many of the things he told me about people and coming events. How wise he was in the instructions he gave me.

As our interview drew to a close, I told him that the world had lost its hold on me and that my one desire was for God alone. However, I lamented the fact that I had never had visions such as had been described to me by other people. I told him that many things had been given me but only through my intuition. Then he said, "To see the light is good. To hear the voice of God is better still. But to feel God is to be one with Him and is the greatest thing of all."

As we arose, he stood there for a moment looking at me. Then he took me in his arms and placed a kiss upon my forehead. It lasted only a moment, but it was as though God had held me in His arms while all the angels in heaven sang their song of bliss to my enraptured soul. I was so drunk with ecstasy that I could scarcely stand on my feet. I do not even remember saying good-bye to him, but as I reached the door he called out, "Mildred." With difficulty, I turned around and answered, "Yes, Master?" On his face was the sweetest smile I have ever seen. And he said, "I just wanted to look at you once more." That was the last time I ever saw my Master as I had known him.

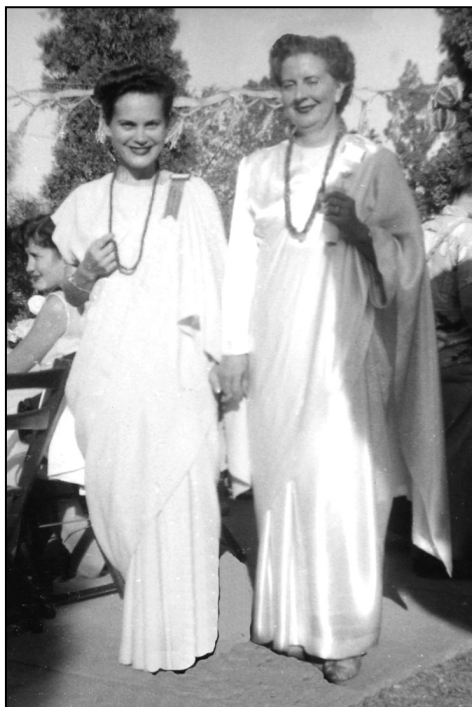
When I returned to my room, I did not turn on the light, thinking my husband to be asleep. But I heard his startled voice exclaim, "What has happened to you? You are surrounded by such radiance that I can scarcely bear to look at you."



As I sit here at my typewriter—my eyes closed in meditation, listening as God dictates these words—tears are streaming down my cheeks and I am shaken with uncontrollable sobbing as I re-live this most precious experience of my life. Once again I have been in the presence of my Holy One only to awaken to the realization that the beloved form has departed from this earth. I saw him only twice after that. In the meantime, I died a thousand deaths. The feeling of separation had returned immediately after I left him, only now it was more greatly intensified. Doubt crept in, doubt and a criticism of his every word and action. Much of it caused by stories told to me by other people. It was as though I, like Jesus, was led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. I would have given everything I possessed if only I could have turned back the pages of time and found our old relationship unchanged, but I was denied that comfort. I searched everywhere for an answer, but I found none. My love, loyalty and devotion to the Master I had known was unswerving, but my soul found no recognition of this stranger.

### Master Burdened

In 1950, we attended the Kriya Yoga Convocation initiated that year by Master to celebrate Self-Realization Fellowship's thirtieth anniversary in America. During our stay we, as well as other out-of-town guests, were invited to have dinner with him. Even though he had seemed delighted to see me and had extended an invitation personally, still the feeling of being at variance with him continued. I noticed him studying me several times during the evening with a very thoughtful expression on his face. However, he said nothing



Mother at an SRF convocation

to me. As I watched him, I noticed that a great change had taken place in him since my visit of the preceding years. His face looked drawn and tired, and it was with apparent difficulty that he carried on his duties as host. Even so, ever willing to give of himself and his time to everyone, he said he would see each of us privately if we would all wait in the hall.

When I re-entered the room, he was sitting in his chair looking like a small forlorn boy. My heart overflowing with love and tenderness, I put my arm around his shoulders and said, "Poor, little Master, you are so very tired, aren't you?" He looked up at me, very pathetically, and he nodded his head in affirmation. What blessed memories of my Christ-like Guru who, in spite of his tremendous spiritual stature, yet had the appealing qualities of a little child.

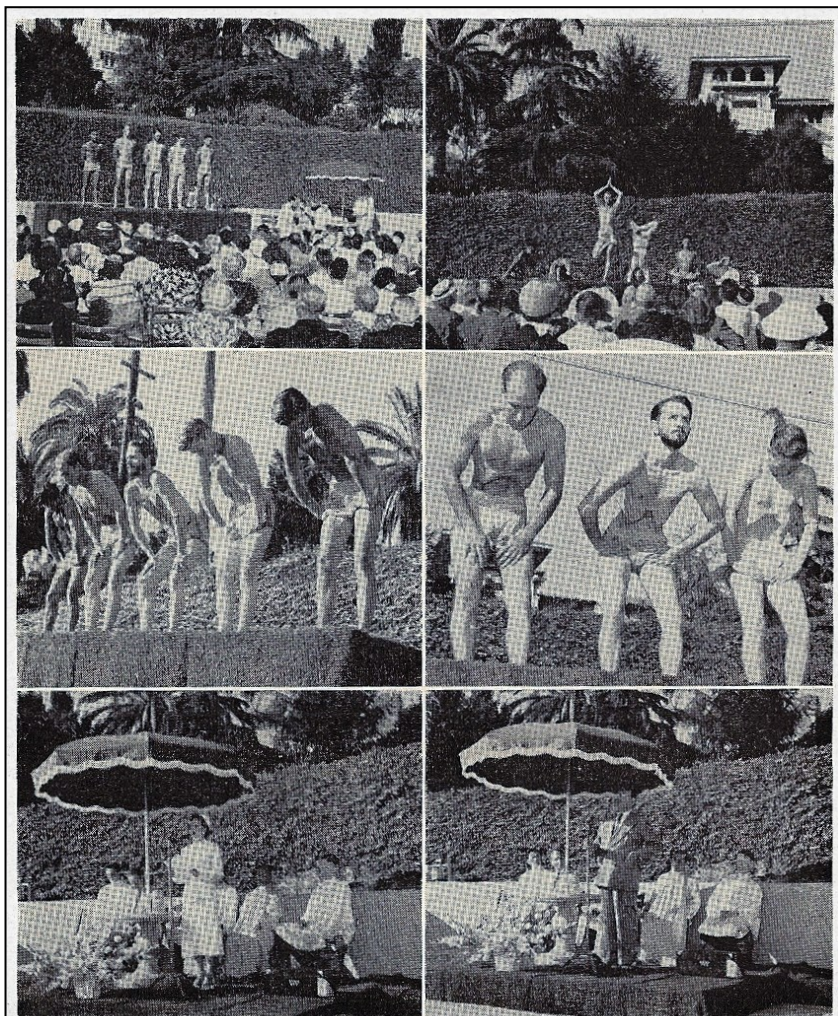
### **"I am Going to Make You a Minister"**

That evening he chose to talk about his plans for the organization, particularly with regard to those of us whom he had personally appointed to do the pioneering work in the field. As he continued to draw a word picture of his blueprint for the future, I became fired with enthusiasm. "Won't it be wonderful, Master, when we can have not only center leaders but trained ministers to serve people in every city. They are so badly needed." Without an instant's hesitation he said, "I'm going to make you a minister." If the ground had opened up at my feet and swallowed me, I could not have been more dumbfounded. "But, Master!" I protested, "I cannot be a minister. I have not had sufficient education nor the benefit of the training which you personally give the disciples here." My need to escape the added responsibility, which seemingly I had unwittingly brought upon myself, became vitally urgent.

[Master:] "It is not my purpose to produce ministers who get their teaching diploma after a course of intellectual study. Our Doctors of Divinity must gain their spirituality in the fire of testing. I have looked into your heart and I see that it is pure. That is all that is necessary. God will do the rest." He then gave me the spiritual initiation which made me forever his servant in God.

His words have since returned to me many times to remind me of that moment. How great the testing was to be, God, in His mercy, did not reveal. [End of article]





(Upper and Center Rows) SRF renunciate disciples demonstrate various yoga postures—part of the threefold physical, mental, and spiritual training they receive as monks of the Order of Self-Realization—for Garden Party audience.

(Lower left) Rev. Mildred Hamilton, Conducting Teacher of the Seattle SRF Center, speaking before the large group which attended the Garden Party at Mt. Washington Estates August 26th, final event of the Convocation.

(Lower right) Prominent Los Angeles attorney A. Brigham Rose addressing the Garden Party audience. Behind him on the platform are Rev. R. C. Stanley of the SRF Lake Shrine; Mr. J. Oliver Black, Conducting Teacher of the SRF Detroit Center; Swami Premananda of the SRF Church at Washington, D.C.; Rev. C. Bernard of the SRF Hollywood Church.

Mother is in the lower-left photo, standing under the umbrella. She is speaking to a large group at the SRF Convocation, on Aug. 26, 1951. —

— From the November edition of SRF's East West Magazine.



I consider it my greatest blessing to have met the Master, Paramhansa Yogananda. What a God-man he was—the greatest! They even had a stamp with his picture put on it all over India, and he's had streets named after him. They consider him one of their greatest saints, and I had the privilege of being with him for many, many years—29 I think, something like that. How wonderful he was, and he was certainly good to me.

I read some place where he had 59,000 devotees around the world, and I'm the only woman in the whole organization to whom he gave the title of "Yogacharya" which means "master of yoga." So he did me a great honor, and he gave it to several men at the same time. I was sitting in the audience, in a pew, and all of a sudden he said, "And Mildred Hamilton, because she's always been loyal to me." I just about fell off my seat. I don't feel that I'm a master, but I do the best I can with what I have.

– From a talk given by Mother in November, 1989