

HOMAGES

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1. MY HOMAGE TO SWAMI VIRAJANANDAJI MAHARAJ

(To the sacred memory of Sri Swami Virajanandaji Maharaj, the President of Sri Ramakrishna Mission)

Great men are always full of compassion, affection and humility. During his stay while convalescing at the Visakhapatnam branch of Ramakrishna Mission, Sri Swamiji Maharaj was kind enough to pay a visit to our Shanti Ashram sanctifying it with his holy presence.

Later, while leaving Waltair for Calcutta, Sri Swamiji was kind enough to come again to Sri Shanti Ashram in spite of inclement weather. He brought a *dhoti*, and an autographed photo of his as gifts for me. Unfortunately, however, I could not receive these gifts and blessings in person on that occasion being away at our Totapalli Ashram.

Swamiji Maharaj was kind enough to write to me from Dehradun and Belur Mutt, always conveying his richest blessings of love. At my request he very kindly sent me the photos of Sri Guru Deva Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Holy Mother and Sri Vivekanandaji and also that of Sri Swami Sankaranandaji, the Vice-President who had also blessed our Ashram with his presence, it was indeed very kind of him to visit us and give us his blessings inspite of his failing health and many pressing duties as the President of a great world-wide organization. He always had a word of praise for my simple message, Great Soul!

Now that we have been publishing our Peace Journal again, I was planning to send him some copies of the journal for his blessings but alas I hear now with a heavy heart that he is no more.

Where has he gone? I long to offer my homage to his blessed soul. I long to follow his spirit in spreading *dharma*, the Eternal Truth and Peace. A consecrated soul like Virajanandaji Maharaj is ever liberated even in the body. From the form it bounds to the formless and becomes one indivisible whole. It gives me comfort and consolation to feel his presence within and without, in my very breath and in the cool breeze of Sri Kailas Ashram.

What can I offer him in return for all his infinite love? As I meditate trying to reach his Great Spirit to offer my homage, I feel his great affection and tender love pouring on me. Dear Blessed Swamiji of Compassion, Affection and Love, please accept my homage as the humble token of my Love.

May thy loving soul rest in eternal peace and may thou be our guiding star, is the prayer of the members of Sri Shanti Ashram.

Om Om Om

(Peace June 1951)

2. IN LOVING MEMORY OF SRI PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDAJI

One of the brilliant stars of the East has set in the West giving out its radiance, until the last moment of its consecrated life. That radiant star is Paramahansa Yoganandaji, Founder of the Self-Realization Fellowship and its branch churches of All Religions and the Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society in India and America and Lecturer and Author of numerous Spiritual classics, etc., including the Auto Biography of a Yogi.

To the physical eye, every night the stars come, and with the dawn they disappear, but to the spiritual eye, they neither come nor go. They are always there, shining ceaselessly. Such is the life of man too. The real life, the eternal life, is same. It neither comes nor goes but keeps on shining unceasingly and it is above day and night and birth and death. It was the Poet Tagore who said of death that it is not extinguishing the light, but it is putting out the lamp because, dawn has come. Swami Yoganandaji left this world for higher realms because, dawn has come to him. So long, as he lived on the plane of earth, he has been a dynamic and terrific worker. He is here, there, everywhere in East and West, propagating his scientific system of Yogada.

It takes a volume of space to write about all that he has done in East and West, for only the good of humanity. Hence, I like to confine myself to some aspects of my personal contact and close touch with him. One can read and hear of all the public good he has done in his books and lectures. It was only in his last letter he has written to me from U.S.A that he has 85 centres all over the world and that his Autobiography of a Yogi was translated into 12 languages.

He has nearly conquered half of America with his Yogoda in his ceaseless attempts to conquer the whole world. Such has been his dynamic power and zeal to spread his message to the farthest corners of the world. But alas! The end has come so suddenly. One of the ladies, a devoted friend of the Ashram, writes now from California that Sri Paramahansa Yoganandaji, while introducing His Excellency the Ambassador of India in a big meeting, suddenly fell back and the shock result in heart failure. One cannot believe that Paramahansa Yoganandaji is no more and that we could never see His powerful personality with physical eyes again.

With all our wisdom and knowledge, how significant we are before the glory of God! How frail and uncertain is life on earth! No one can ever tell when the hour or call comes from the Greater Beyond, neither how it comes, whether it comes today or tomorrow in the form of heart failure or some other malady, blessed is the one who can face death, and is ready to receive it when it comes suddenly and unexpectedly. If ever I have a wish or desire, either for myself or for others, it is only to wish, to be ready if the call comes, now or at any other distant future. There is not the least wish to live long but there is the wish to be ready if the call comes this moment.

Now coming back to my personal and close touch with Swami Yoganandaji, it was nearly 20 years ago when I was spending the summer by the beach side in Atlantic City, that Swamiji was kind enough to pay me a visit and to spend a day with me. As there was then only one cot, both of us had to sleep on it. At the hour of dawn, he asked me smilingly, "Swamiji, did I snore in my sleep, I hope that I did not disturb your sleep."

I replied: "Dear Swamiji, it was not like snoring, for, I never heard in all my life such heavy breathing. It was just like the pumping of a big engine and I took it for some kind of Yogic Exercise and I was watching it all the night." In his sweet loving way he roared with laughter at my words. Later on, he cooked some Indian curry and other dishes and we partook the meal in His name. Again when I was in India, when he came from America, he came to know that I was in hospital in a plaster cast and he was kind enough to visit me and Sister Sushila Devi. He has always a kind word, a loving joke and a thoughtful suggestion and an interesting story to narrate to his students and friends or audiences, whether it was in a big meeting place or during the hour of meals with individuals.

On behalf of the members of Sri Shanti Ashram - the Mission of Peace - I offer my prayers for the Eternal Rest of the Eternal Spirit of Sri Paramahansa Yoganandaji in the Eternal Light. We offer our deep condolences to all his disciples, devotees and followers, scattered in East and West for their great loss and bereavement.

(Peace March & April 1952)

3. AN OFFERING TO OUR BELOVED AND DEDICATED SISTER SUSHILA DEVI

Thousands of devotees of the Ashram all over India and abroad will be sad and shocked to hear that our devoted Sister Sushila Devi is no more.

She is no more physically only.

In Spirit, Sister Sushila is alive now more than ever.

Sushila Devi had dedicated her young life to the cause of peace and to Mother India, whose sick and suffering children she served. Year after year, she has laboured offering her free services cheerfully, working with famous surgeons and physicians like Dr. M.G. Kini, Dr. Prasad Rao, Dr. Mahadevan and Dr. Ramana Murthy, and other doctors assisting in the Peace Clinic of Waltair Ashram. When she received a call, a telegram from America, she went to nurse her ailing mother intending to return to her home in India. But God willed it otherwise.

For years, she was trying to come back to India in order to resume her silent work. But as someone or other was often sick in her home, she was looking after them. Finally she resolved to come this year without fail and was trying to get the necessary papers from the Indian Embassy and Visa from the United States Government for the journey.

With her only brother, she was returning to her home in New Jersey, after attending a meeting in New York. We were shocked and stunned to receive the following message from her Sister Charlotte:

Dear Brother Omkar,

Greetings. Sorry, I have such very bad news, to write you. My beloved sister and brother was killed last night on the Boulevard, right near home, when they came from New York. A doctor ran into them with terrible force. They were hit by the car and were immediately killed. I am still so dazed, I just sit and weep

Claire - Sister Sushila had such a happy birthday. She received your letter of Birthday Greetings and had planned to visit you this winter. I will miss them dreadfully. The funeral is on Nov, 19th. Thank you for all your kindness to my sister, when she was in India.

Lovingly,

Charlotte.

In reply to the above fateful message, the following telegram was sent to Sister Charlotte in her great sorrow.

Deepest condolences from India.

Thanks for both the letters. Be brave.

Feeling God's presence.

Letter follows.

- OMKAR

The Birthday was celebrated on the 9th November both in her home in the U.S.A. and in our Ashrams in India. Sister Sushila Devi mailed her last letter on 13th at 8pm., writing in it, that she was getting ready to leave for India. On the very next day, she had the accident with her dear brother Frank, on the 14th night. The funeral took place on the 19th of November. Everything was over in a short span of ten days!

How frail is the finite, outer life of the body!

But how Infinite and Eternal is the Inner Life of the Immortal Spirit!

The ways of God are incomprehensible. Not our will, but may His will be done now and always!

To all of us in the Ashram, the sad accident, this great tragedy has been most cruel and dreadful. It is heart-rending, and an irreparable loss for the Ashram to which all her life had been dedicated from the beginning. It is a loss to Mother India too. When distinguished people like Dr. Mahadevan, the Head of the Philosophy Dept. of Madras University, the Chief Engineer Sri G.V.Narasimharao, the Highways Engineer Sri K.K.Nambiar and several others used to visit U.S.A. Sister Sushila was their hostess receiving them at the airport and inviting them to her home, during their stay in America. She has been a real friend of Mother India ever wishing its progress and welfare, with great admiration for Mahatma Gandhiji, Lady Amrit Kaur, Sarojini Devi, Pt. Nehru and all the selfless and dedicated daughters and sons of Mother India. During her stay in India, she travelled all over the country from Rameswaram to Himalayas, visiting all the important places and sowing seeds of peace in the devoted hearts of the children of God, irrespective of caste, creed, colour and religion.

In the spiritual field, Sri Swami Narayan, the chief disciple of Swami Rama Tirthaji, Sri Swami Bodhanandaji of Ramakrishna Mission, New York, Sri Swami Yoganandaji of Yogoda, America, H.H.Sri Swami Sivanandaji, the Founder of Divine Life Society, Sri Swami Ramadasji of Anandashram and H.H.Sri Swami Rajeswanandaji of the Upanishad Vihar and many other sages and saints were having the greatest respect and veneration for her dedicated life of selfless service. With added zeal and inspiration, as she was about to return to resume her great work, now the terrible and dreadful tragedy happened.

Alas! We will see no more the lovely form of Sister Sushila Devi who has hailed as a messenger of peace and an angel of service. She was considered as the most precious gift of Mother America to Mother India. The tragedy was so cruel and unbearable. Tears do not come, neither do they help her nor help us. I stare into the vacant space looking for the Great Spirit of our Sushila Devi. I feel closer now and in close touches with her loving spirit. Instead of mourning, I rejoice, for her spirit of love, service and compassion has entered into me now. We were told that we do not live where our bodies are, but we live truly, where our minds are. Although sister's body was in the U.S.A., her mind, heart and soul were in India, in her great work of service to dumb animals and to the poor and sick children of God. We were also told that the spirit of free souls enters into God, when they leave the body.

Q: - Where is God?

A: - God has no other body on earth than ours. Hence, as it is natural, her spirit has entered into all of us.

Sister Sushila's life of selfless service and love universal reminds me, unconsciously of the life of Suka Deva. It seems Suka Deva was leaving home and going into the forest to do *tapas*, austerities. His old father Vyasa was very much attached to him and he was going after his son calling his name Suka, Sukka, Suka. He was surprised to hear the hills and dales, the trees and shrubs responding to his call. Every creature and object was answering him, for suka was no longer confined to a particular body, but lives a life of love universal feeling for all, loving all, seeing himself in the whole world. Such has been the simple and dedicated life of Sister Sushila Devi, whatever she had, she used to share with the less fortunate, with the poor and sick, without allowing the left hand to know what her right hand did to alleviate the sufferings of her fellow beings. She tried to live as love, feeling for all. Her love excluded none but included all!

In my heaviness of spirit, as I look around in the world, I see Sister Sushila's love and presence in the hills and dales, in the trees and shrubs. In song of the birds, in the fragrance of the flowers, in the cry of a kitten and the smile of a babe, I feel Sushila's presence and love. Has she not entered into all these forms? Are we not told that a free soul, when it leaves the body, becomes free and formless, like a bubble merging in the ocean of God!

While alive she worked, breathed lived and dreamed of service to God's helpless children. While in death, the so-called change of the body also, she is still dreaming of her unfinished great service. How shall we perpetuate her loving memory, now?

The Mobile Medical Unit is about to start. There is the Peace Van for spiritual propaganda from village to village and town to town, to establish peace in the hearts of individuals and to help the devoted people to convert their homes into heavens. Let us name this van in the memory of our Sister.

Sushila Peace Van, for it was Sushila Devi who sent us Rs.2500/- to buy it wishing to extend the progress of the Ashram. The Indoor Hospital which is going to be constructed soon will also be named Sushila Hospital. As Sister's American name was St. Claire Nowald, it is our hope to have a St. Claire Maternity Ward, in the Sushila Hospital.

Let our humble tribute and offering be to our Sister Sushila Devi, for all her selfless service, be this Sushila Hospital, with St. Claire Maternity Ward. As she is with us now more than ever, she will rejoice to see her dreams fulfilled, by her dear and devoted friends.

Poor and naked we came into the world.

Poor and naked we leave the world.

It is only what we do for others that follows and helps us in the long run.

May I appeal to all the devoted friends and well-wishers of Sister Sushila Devi, to send forth their ardent prayers for the early materialization of her found dreams of practical service.

Let this Sushila Hospital, which has been a great need and long felt want for the sick and poor in these lonely hills, where medical aid is totally absent, be a monument to the dedicated life of our Beloved Sister Sushila Devi, in India.

Now our Sister Sushila Devi is with us and she is alive in us, more than ever! May her dedicated soul, rest in God, rejoicing in service!

May all glory be unto God!

May peace be unto all His children, in the East and the West!

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti

AMEN

(Peace Dec 1957)

4. MY HOMAGE TO DR.M.G. KINI AND MRS. R. KINI

Everything in this ever changing world passes away, except the good that we render to God's children. Blessed are they, whose minds are fixed on the changeless, which is the only reality the soul and goal of human birth! Dr. M.G. Kini was a famous Orthopaedic Surgeon. His efficient services were recognized, not only in India but also abroad. It was Dr. Kini who helped us in starting the Waltair Ashram. He had contributed much for the progress of the Peace Clinic and the Waltair Ashram. Besides his day and night free services he took our Sister Sushila Devi and myself to a devotee by name Sri Padma Raju and made him to construct the Prayer Hall in the Waltair Ashram. He took us to another devotee and made him to construct a well. He was kind enough in taking us to the Maharani of Vizianagaram and his other friends and patients in getting their sympathy towards the progress of the Ashram.

His dedicated heart of service used to throb and feel always, to help and relieve the sufferings of the poor and the sick. It was a great disappointment, when he moved to Bombay, lending his efficient services to a big Orthopaedic Institution. As if God calls to Himself, His chosen children, it was most shocking and saddest news when we heard of the sudden demise of our dear Dr. Kini, who was the silent friend and the great well-wisher of the Ashram, the cause of peace along with his devoted life-partner Mrs.Kini and their children. After God has taken away our Doctor Kini, we used to find consolation, in the sympathy and love of Mrs. Kini and their children.

Three years ago when we were in Coimbatore, while about to return to Totapalli, Mrs. Kini came to know of my visit there and she rushed to our quarters, with all their dear ones bringing a big basket of fruits and also her generous love-offering too. How good, kind, devoted and thoughtful she has been always with a generous heart of devotion full of compassion and love. Mrs. Kini was reading our monthly magazines Peace and Santi regularly and wanted to spend some time in peace, in the Totapalli Hills and was requesting MotherKamalaDeviTambat to take her to the Mother Ashram. For some time I was not able

to know her address and was writing to her relations to send me her address, for she has been near and close to my heart more so since the passing away of Dr. Kini.

Man with all his tiny knowledge and wisdom is so finite and ignorant. This year while coming to our Kotagiri Peace Centre, at the request of friends we stayed six days in Bangalore, even having meetings at different places. After our return, through Mysore to our Kotagiri Peace Centre, imagine our sad surprise, when we heard from our Dr. Vepa Narasimham, one of the members of our Managing Committee and the Ex. Editor of Peace Journal, that he himself was in Bangalore and he did not know of my visit and stay there.

He further writes that Mrs. Kini was also in Bangalore and she was anxious to see me. Always making inquiries about me and the progress of the Ashram, which was near and dear to her heart, as well as to her devoted husband Dr. Kini. I felt happy for hearing about her again, although I missed to see her in Bangalore and requested our Dr. Narasimham to send me her address and he was kind enough in sending the same promptly. While I was musing, to write Mrs. Kini a nice long letter, giving her the details of the progress of the Ashram and its branches and also to request her to come to our new Peace Centre in Kotagiri and spend a few days in real peace here, imagine my surprise when I heard the shocking news from our Dr. Narasimham that Mrs. Kini passed away suddenly on 21st from cerebral haemorrhage. It is needless to say, how my heart became sad and heavy, inspite of knowing that death is only a mere change for the mortal body and not for the soul, the immortal *atman*.

Change or death comes to all of us to one and all. I am more sorry and depressed for my neglect and for not writing Mrs. Kini promptly, as soon as I got her address, sending my greetings of peace and love. How she would have been happy to have heard from me in her last days, knowing that I am staying nearer to her and also to receive our invitation to come to our peace centre, to spend her closing years in rest and peace. Now it is all too late.

Sometimes, what we fail to do in the right time, makes us sad and remorseful all our life. For a day, I tried all methods of reasoning and satisfying myself with some lame excuses and thus to drive away, the sadness and depression. Finding no other way to rise above depression, all because of my neglect and want of promptness, as a last resort, I tried to have a deep meditation. How merciful and good is God! The meditation was so deep and intense that cities of Kotagiri and Bangalore were forgotten and all the dead and living disappeared, only the self-effulgent light remained, wherein I felt the immortal spirit of our devoted Sister Kini. It was a blessed state of freedom, where the body, mind and world disappeared. I was happy for a while to be in that disembodied condition, forgetting all forms and names rising above time and space.

Sister Kini is free and happy now than many of us. She has joined the immortal spirit of her husband Dr. Kini. They are both with us now, helping in the peace work which has been dear and near to their devoted hearts. Sometimes, even the living may fail and neglect us but the so-called departed, because they are so unattached to the things of the world and are free, they will never fail us will stand by us in all the good things that we are trying to do, for the good of the world.

Our deepest condolences to their children and all the dear and near ones of Dr. and Mrs. Kini in their great sorrow and bereavement with prayers for their peace.

May the noble and dedicated spirit of Dr. M.G. Kini and our devoted Sister Kini, rest in God continuing even in their disembodied condition, serving the humanity from their new unseen spheres of invisible worlds; above all, may their selfless and exemplary lives of devotion and selfless service, be an example to the “living – dead”, nay, to all of us in doing our part to the best of our ability for the peace of the world.

May peace be unto the departed as well as to the living.

May peace be unto all

5. THE MAHA SAMADHI OF H.H. SRI SWAMI SHIVANANDAJI MAHARAJ

Great souls like H.H. Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj never pass away from the world with the demise of the physical sheath. Only the selfish people of the world are dead, even if they are alive physically. The selfless souls like our H.H. Sri Sivanandaji are ever alive now more than ever. As disembodied beings, they pervade and permeate the whole universe. Even if we are Swamis and Yogis there is the human side also, as there is the heart that feels and loves. The shocking news of the demise of Sri Swamiji has been very sad to all the Ashramites.

In bearing this great sorrow, it is a comfort to have with us now in the peace centre, Sri Nityanada Vibhuti Swamiji, a close friend and companion of Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj, who was stunned at the heart-rending news. I was sitting in the Prayer Hall of Lakshmi Vihar, in our Kotagiri Peace Centre taking part in the spiritual study of our Sri Ram, when the sad news was brought to us by Br. Bhojan, the Manager of our Ashram here. I was shocked for, it was all so unexpected and sudden for, it was only recently last week, and Swamiji has written a letter if thanks appreciating the basket of pineapples sent to his Abode of Himalayas, from Totapalli Santi Ashram.

As I heard the saddest news, unconsciously I closed my eyes and tried to feel Swamiji's Presence. The very thought, that his great spirit of compassion and service and love has entered into me now is my comfort, consolation, joy, strength and inspiration. I feel Swamiji's great love for me now, more than ever. How blessed and inspiring it is to feel his presence and love here and now. This is the only real way to overcome any sorrow or depression.

Swamiji and myself have never been two but one in our aspirations since nearly 40 years. How we loved each other, how Swamiji loved me, cannot be expressed or described in these cold and finite words. Santi Ashram was blessed to have Sri Swamiji Maharaj even before he started his great mission of service in the form of the world famous Divine Life Society. I still see the small *kutir* in the Santi Ashram, Totapalli, where Swamiji Maharaj used to do *tapas*, penance making intense study too. He was very much interested in reading the manuscript copy of "The philosophy of pain, one of the messages written in U.S.A." I see him still praying ceaselessly meditating deeply with closed eyes, during his stay of nearly two months, with his chosen disciples. Swami Paramanandaji, Swami Atmanandaji and Sri Swami Swarupananadaji, who still cherish the happy memory of their stay in Totapalli Santi Ashram. We were all taken to the place of Lakshmi Narasapuram Rani Saheba, where we had wonderful meetings with *bhajan*, inspiring messages etc. the Rani Saheba gave donations to the Santi Ashram as well as to Sri Sivanandaji Maharaj, when the latter at once gave his share also to the Ashram, for he has been always too generous.

We were also taken to the homes of the Ex. Vice-Chancellor Sri Lakkaraju Subba Rao and some other *zamindar* devotees of the Ashram, where Swamiji Maharaj conducted wonderful and inspiring *bhajans* with his melodious music. Swamiji great love and admiration towards the American Sister Sushila Devi cannot be described. In their great love and admiration towards each other, they used to spend several hours every day in spiritual study, exchanging their great thoughts. Now Sister Sushila Devi has passed away suddenly in U.S.A. always doing service for the Ashram till her last breath. Sri Swamiji Maharaj also passed away, suddenly, ever loving his own old Santi Ashram deeply. Did they both really pass away? A thousand times no. Their great spirit of compassion, service and love are alive now in the Ashram and in all of us more than ever. Because of their presence we are able to

do our humble work, feeling their great inspiration in our lives, in little things as well as in big things. May all glory be unto the great spirit of the ideal and exemplary lives who are setting an example to the whole of humanity.

Now coming to the personal side, I wish to share some of my personal experiences gained in my close contact with Sri Swamiji Maharaj, Sister Sushila and myself, with some other workers of the Ashram paid a visit to Himalayas. When Swamiji Maharaj was staying in Swargashram, which is opposite to the famous Divine Life Society now, facing the other side of the bank. How can I express or describe all the love and attention paid by Sri Swamiji Maharaj in making our stay memorable and happy! Especially one memorable scene I recall with great joy. Sri Swamiji Maharaj arranged a big meeting in one of the spacious halls of the Swargashram building. It was not a town to draw people of the world but a big Ashram drawing *sadhus*, *mahatmas*, *yogis* of every kind and stage. I still see with great ecstasy, *sadhus*, *swamis*, *yogis* of all sects, some with shaven heads, some with malted hair, flocking to the meeting place, Swamiji introduced Sister Sushila Devi and myself, to the holy audience in a most inspiring and touching way, giving out some of his happy experiences, during his stay in the Totapalli Santi Ashram. Then we gave out our messages to all the *mahatmas*, expressing also our deep gratitude for all the sympathy and deep love of Sri Swamiji Maharaj.

Even now when I recall with great joy that happy day of the holy gathering of all the chosen great *mahatmas*, I feel that it was a convocation, not on earth but in heaven itself, with all the *devas* and *devatas*. Verily, the meeting was held in Swargashram, The abode of Gods, by the side of the holy Ganges under the auspicious of Sri Maha Mandaleswar Sri Swamiji Maharaj, the presiding deity, Shiva Himself. When such was the occasion, how else could be the meeting, except as a spiritual feast for both the layman and the adepts.

Again after several years, when Swamiji firmly established and organised his great work, we paid a visit to Rishikesh with Miss Moti Manekji, Jnaneswari and some other members and children of the *gurukula*. Even though Swamiji's health was not so good, he was taking wonderful care of us all both day and night, keeping special devotees to take all good care of us. Almost every hour Swamiji used to send us gifts of apples, oranges, books, medicines, garlands of flowers, biscuit tins and many other things. He was drowning us in his great love getting all the Andhra preparations also specially made for us. This great love of Swamiji recalls to my mind a little personal incident during his stay in Totapalli how he asked me once as he used to consider me as his own and never separate or different from himself "Swamiji! Let us have some Andhra preparations." He was so childlike always with infinite love and great compassion. For our little service, almost insignificant service, rendered to Sri Swamiji Maharaj, when we were blessed to have him in the Totapalli Santi Ashram, he has multiplied his love and service, by a thousand fold by showering all his love and affection and blessings on us during our stay of nearly 10 days with him.

On the last day of our departure, inspite of his ill health, he saw us all, lying himself on bed and made the children to sing the songs that were sung when he had been in Santi Ashram. It was touching to see Sri Swamiji how he was thoughtful and considerate in giving expenses for our return journey and several of his inspiring books and medicines, Himalayan Honey etc., etc., separately to each and every member of the Ashram and even to the children of the *gurukula*. We had two wonderful and inspiring meetings in the spacious hall of the Divine Life Society which will ever remain memorable in our lives. During our stay of 10 days Sri Swami Paramanadaji, Sri Swami Madhavanandaji, Sri Swami Venkateswaranandaji and all the other swamis and *mahatmas* had showered their love and care on us. Swami Srinivasanandaji was extra devoted towards us, taking us to his *kutia* and we all had peace prayer and *bhajan* there also.

Out of my deep love to H.H. Sri Sivanandaji Maharaj, it was my happy privilege to preside over the All India Divine Life Conferences and All Religions Conference held in Mysore during my stay in our Kotagiri Peace Centre held in Mysore in 1960.

Sister Lalita Devi and other members of the Peace Centre also were present taking part in the conference which lasted 10 hours at a stretch, with 5000 people and devotees of all faiths.

For want of space, I refrain myself from writing even the most important and inspiring incident of my close contact with Swamiji Maharaj. Here is his soul awakening and inspiring Foreword written to my little Soham booklet.

FOREWORD

“To gild refined gold is ridiculous waste. His Holiness Sri Swami Omkarji has beautifully said all that is necessary to be known about the mystery and glory of *soham*. This little brochure would certainly prove to be a great inspirer and a good guide to every aspirant.

May the Almighty Lord bless His Holiness Sri Swami Omkarji Maharaj and every one of the readers of this soul elevating booklet, with health, long-life, peace, happiness, prosperity and *kaivalya*, liberation.

--Sivananda

Like *kama dhenuvu* or *kalpa vruskha*, Sri Swamiji was always fulfilling and granting any of the least of my requests. He was, I do not wish to use the word was, I love to say, he has been like a doting mother to a little baby always so full of love and compassion taking wonderful care of me. In his great love, the distance between Totapalli and Rishikesh disappeared and we were both living in the heaven of peace and love, forgetting Santi Ashram and Sivananda Ashram, the outer symbols of our service. The outer Ashrams disappeared, only the deep love which is one without a second, which includes, all, and excludes none, remained in both of our lives. I begin the day with *chavan prash* of Sri Swamiji for body, with *brahmi* oil for the brain and reading a few words from one of his inspiring books as spiritual food for my soul. How can I ever forget him or be aloof or separate from Sri Swamiji who is all love?

Strange as it may sound, I was having a photo of Sri Swamiji in my room in Lakshmi Vihar since the last 2 years and on the day of his *mahasamadhi*, I took it from the wall and kept in the adjoining room of a devotee who came from Andhra Pradesh.

On the day of maha samadhi of Sri Swamiji as if Swamiji's Great Spirit entered into my being, I shifted his outer photo into another place..000000000 Since then inspite of the heaviness of heart, I feel Swamiji's real strength and God's Omnipresence, Omnipotence and Omniscience more and more. I am a new being now with added strength of his love and inspiration.

Dear Loving Readers of Peace Journal and all the devotees and admirers of Sri Sivanandaji Maharaj in the East and West, how can I tell you now in these finite words, the great ecstasy and bliss of ever remaining in the holy embrace of Sri Swamiji. During our long contact of many many long years. I was and now am privileged to be in the Swamiji's embrace not only now and then, but now I am blessed to be in His eternal embrace never to be separated again.

There are no longer the days of words running after the passing clouds of name and fame. These are the precious and priceless days of living deeds of selfless service. If we really love our Sri Swamiji Maharaj, let us express him, in our daily lives ever walking in his sacred foot prints, with great compassion, and with deep love of humanity. Let me close my humble offering to Sri Swamiji Maharaj, with the peace chant which has been dear and near to his dedicated heart of service.

OM OM OM

AN OFFERING

An Offering to all ardent disciples and admirers of H.H. Sri Sivanandaji Maharaj in the East and the West wishing their illumination and peace.

(Peace Aug 1963)

6. OUR HOMAGE TO SRI Pt. JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Although man thinks that he is all powerful and the master of his own destiny, yet it seems, the very life of man his end, the destiny, is in the hands of His creator only. How true are the words: Today man is and tomorrow he is not. No one can tell what is going to happen on the morrow and when the call is going to come from the great beyond. Swami Ramananda Tirthaji and Sri Chitraji brought to me, the shocking news of the sudden demise of Pt. Nehruji resulting from heart malady, to Kailas on 27th at 5p.m. I too have been heart malady since the last six months; but God is not yet pleased to take me and He has taken away His chosen and dynamic instrument, blessed Nehruji into His bosom. God knows what is best for each and every individual. With all our mighty intellects and vast learning how ignorant we are before God! All the wise men and the all-knowing *mahatmas* in the East and the West and the great astrologers, could not predict or tell us about the impending death of Pt. Nehru or of the dastardly assassination of Mr. Kennady, the late President of U.S.A. Thus, with all our wisdom and scientific knowledge and mastery over the mind, we are only children, mere babies playing with the tiny sand particles of the world, considering them as our all in all, forgetting the indwelling light.

Great souls like Mahatma Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru, can never die with the demise of the ever changing bodies. I feel they are alive now more than ever in all of us. Selfish people who live for themselves are already dead, though alive, whereas selfless people, though physically dead, are more alive in us, for their souls are immortal. Where is death for the immortal spirit?

It was on the morning of 28th. I was sitting on the corner hillock of Kailas, facing the ocean trying to begin my usual meditation on the rising sun from the horizon. But my heart was heavy and sad as I was thinking of the great spirit of compassion and universal love of Sri Panditji towards all the oppressed people in the world inspite of their nationality.

Unconsciously I was communing thus facing the waves in the ocean and rays in the sun.

Q: Oh Nehruji! You have left the body only a few hours ago. As you have left the form, where are you now? Where is your great spirit hovering now?

A: Behold! I am now in the form of these waves, I am in the form of the rays of the sun. While alive, I was working only through one body, now I have become more free, nay I have chosen all these forms, all in all. Nay, my spirit has entered into the hearts of all the 44 millions of people in the mother-land, nay it has entered into the hearts of all the four thousand millions of people in all the creation. I am more free and happy now, for I can work and serve the humanity through all these forms.

Hearing these words of comfort, I was consoled, my heart became lightened, for, a great soul like that of Pt. Nehruji cannot be fettered or lost by the demise of the physical body. Strange as it may sound to some of the readers, exactly at the hour of the demise of our beloved Nehruji at 2p.m. on 27th, our Peace Flag which was installed in Kailas wishing peace unto all, came down the tree on its own accord in the high wind, half way joining all the flags of the nations all over the world. The Ashram children brought this touching incident to my

notice on the sad day of Pt. Nehruji's sudden demise. May his great immortal soul reset in peace! OM OM OM.

It was during the time of my heart disease, from my sick bed, I had the opportunity of writing a letter recently to Sri Pt. Nehruji. Our Br. Pokermal Dadhichi came to me with a cheque in the name of Pt. Nehruji for Rs. 51/- and requested me that it was his ardent wish that I should write a letter to Sri Nehruji and that he should receive this amount through me, to be used for children's care. Accordingly I wrote the letter to Sri Nehruji and sent the cheque mentioning the wish of Br. P. Dadhichi and in reply the Secretary of Pt. Nehruji wrote to me a loving letter of thanks. Nehruji has been all along a friend of children repeating in the words of Christ: 'Come unto me!'

Today as I sit for meditation facing the ocean and the ranges of hills, when my heart was heavy over the tragedy of life and sorrow in the world, a little bird comes and flies over me and sings, as if asking me to be cheerful, recognizing the Changeless in the change, the Immortal in the mortal. I feel content at the thought that Sri Nehruji is now more free, happy and contented like the little bird, giving me the message of trust and freedom, trying to be happy in the present living moment, burying the dead past and ignoring the hazy, dim future.

Here is the often quoted verse from Bhagavad Gita on death:

"As a man, casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, causing off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new."

The wise words of Ramana Maharshi on death are also consoling.

"After the death of the physical body the mind remains inactive for some time, as in dreamless sleep, when it remains wordless and therefore bodiless. But soon it becomes active again in a new world and a new body, the astral, till it assumes another body in what is called a 'rebirth.' But the *jnani*, the self-realized man, whose mind has already ceased to think about all activities during physical life, remains un-affected by death. The chain of illusions has been snapped for ever for him. It is the mind which creates and maintains the illusion of reality in this process, till it is destroyed by self-realisation. Death is the oblivion of one's real nature."

Let us listen also, what the poet Long Fellow says on death:

There is no death, what seems so is transition
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call, death.

Verily, there is no death, especially to our Pt. Nehruji, the immortal soul, who is the embodiment of selfless service and universal love, whose vision included the whole world. It is most touching to see all the homage and tributes paid by all the great men of the world, Presidents, Premiers, Dictators, Kings, Queens and Leaders in all the nations and religions of the East and the West, to the great soul of Nehruji. Where does it all lead to? Does the Panditji need all these high tributes that were paid out of our love of the hearts of his various devotees and admirers all over the world?

Do not all this homage and all the words pass away, with the passing of time. Pt. Nehruji worked, lived, and breathed until the last moment dedicating all the 74 years of his precious life, for world peace alone. If our leaders in different nations all over the world, who were kind enough in paying highest tributes to Pt. Nehruji, wish to do something real, helpful and practical, the least that they could all do is to fulfil the greatest longing of our Panditji, by helping now to establish peace on earth and good will among nations in memory be the cessation of all bitterness, hatred and other communal differences, and let peace and understanding be established now in the individuals, harmony and love among nations!

In the name of Pt. Nehruji's so-called death, may his great spirit unite us all into one world of love with harmony and peace! In memory of the demise of our Pt. Nehruji, let our one slogan be, no more strife and wars, but peace and love, for we are all the children of one indivisible God. What Nehruji could not fully achieve while he was alive, let us all help him, if we really love him, in establishing peace on earth permanently. May I conclude now my humble tribute to Sri Pt. Nehruji with the chanting of the Universal Anthem!

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHEM

One cosmic brotherhood,
One universal good
One source, one sway,
One law upholding us,
One purpose moulding us,
One life enfolding us, in love always.

* * *

Anger, resentment, hate,
Long made us desolate,
Their reign is done,
Race, colour, creed and caste,
Fade in the dreamy past
Man wakes to learn at last
All life is one!
Om Om Om

May the indomitable, unconquerable, nay immortal spirit of Sri Nehruji enter into all our aspiring hearts now, more than ever and be a blessing to all the world, bringing peace to individuals and harmony and goodwill among different nations in all the world!

May peace be unto all

My homage is not only unto Sri Panditji; but also to you my loving readers and also to all the citizens of the one world of one God and to the one religion of the one love, the love universal that excludes none but includes all.

OM TAT SAT OM

OFFERING

A humble offering of love to all the devoted followers, friends and admirers of Sri Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru who worked, lived breathed and died, wishing the welfare of all the children in the world.

(Peace June)

7. HOMAGE TO OUR Rev. GOLDSMITH

Rev. Joel S. Goldsmith is an internationally known spiritual leader and great writer. His books, lectures and study groups are eagerly waited and followed by thousands of truth-seekers in both the East and the West. Some of the names of his inspiring books are!

The world is new. Our spiritual resources. The art of spiritual healing. The art of meditation. The infinite way, practising the presence. The master speaks. The thunder of silence etc., etc.

Ganga Mayi (Irmgard George Schultz) of Germany has been a close follower and admirer of Rev. Goldsmith translating his inspiring writings into German language. She always writes that Goldsmith and Omkar are not two but one in thought word and deed too, hence that we should meet with each other on the physical plane too. By God's grace we have known each other only recently. Rev. Goldsmith was kind enough in writing to me some of his precious letters and send me also some of his precious books.

Suddenly I hear now, from our Ganga Mayi, Germany the shocking and saddest news that Rev. Goldsmith left the body in London, while busy with God's work. How frail is the physical life! I am reminded of one of my old messages "who is next?" Rev. Goldsmith might have left his body but his immortal spirit ever remains fresh in the hearts of thousands of his followers in all the world.

May His great spirit of service and illumination continue to be a blessing to all the seekers of peace in all the world! Rev. Goldsmith is silent now permanently but we can always hear, his thunders from his silence. All our homage be unto our Rev. Goldsmith, the embodiment of service, peace and silence, who is deathless and birthless as his great spirit is immortal. Our deepest condolence to all his dear and near ones and to all his ardent followers in the East and the West.

May peace be unto all

OM OM OM

(Peace Aug 1964)

8. HOMAGE TO OUR VEDA DEVI

Vida Reed Stone, has been a gifted writer and a great soul that was blessed with cosmic consciousness. Her writings have been deep and original, helpful to all the seekers of truth in both the East and the West, for they come from personal experience from within. She has been a silent friend of the Ashram, always helping the cause of peace, above all highly appreciating every word of my messages in the Peace journal. Vida has not been rich in the goods of the world, but very rich in spiritual wealth, sharing the same with all the aspiring children in the world.

Sooner or later the end will come to all of us. It was a sad and shocking day, when we heard the sad news of the demise of our Veda Devi. By the way, as she represents the essence of all religions, and as she is the soul of the Vedas, I felt from within that I should bless her with the spiritual name, Veda Devi, Goddess of Wisdom. What a sad surprise, when I received a registered letter from the Security First National Bank with the news that our Veda has written in her will, and bequeathed three hundred dollars in my name! Now I feel that she is my Mother and I am her child more than ever, I never expected material wealth from our Veda but only relied on her perennial flow of Cosmic Light, always coming from the far away California Hills towards the Totapalli Hills filling me, with Light Infinite, Life Eternal and Love Universal.

God's ways are mystical and incomprehensible. Now, my one thought and ardent wish is, how to make best use of this love-offering of Rs. 1500/- to keep up the memory of Veda, alive in her sacred name for ever.

It gives me joy, always to expand and to do something practical for the progress of the Ashram and for the good of all the seekers of peace. Recently we extended our Ashram land towards the foot of the hill, further on it is almost on the hill itself.

The *Jnana Tapovan*, was started and two *kutirs*, meditation places were in contemplation to be constructed one of which is *Jnana Kutir* and the other is *Santi Kutir*, providing a place of Meditation and Silence for the aspiring *sadhus* and *swamis*, who wish to meditate alone in silence.

This love-offering, the thoughtful gift of our Veda Devi will be used in constructing the above *Jnana* and *Santi Kutirs* for meditation, so that our Veda Devi's spirit will rejoice always, that her thoughtful gift, while leaving the world was made best use for the good of all. Near by the same *Jnana Tapovan*, we have dug out a place for water, to serve as a water reservoir. Being rocky as it is on the hill as we could not get water, we have decided now, to make it as a cave for meditation so that it will be useful and helpful for all the aspiring souls, who wish to spend their time, in real silence in the cave of peace, far away from the din and clamour of the world. When we get help for the cave of peace from unknown hands either from the dead, the departed, or the living ones, it is our wish and prayer that the *Santi Cave* also will be constructed for the benefit of all seekers of peace and votaries of silence. In the meantime may the compassionate, loving spirit of our Veda Devi, continue to be a blessing to all the children of God in both the East and the West, above all, may her great soul of Universal Love and Infinite Light and Eternal Peace rest in God! This is the prayer of Omkar on behalf of the members of the Ashram.

OM OM OM

(Peace March 1966)

9. LOVING HOMAGE TO DADA VASWANIJI

Dada Vaswaniji is more alive to me, more than ever, for his great spirit of compassion, kindness, love and selfless service, not only to human beings but also to all the helpless, dumb animal friends is ceaselessly shining; nay, burning in every heart which is dedicated to the service of His children, in the East and the West.

Although these physical eyes had never had the privilege of seeing Sri Dadaji physically, I feel that I am seeing him always as I feel his great love, deep compassion and selfless service to all the living creatures in the world every day. Dadaji's great life and his deep love of humanity, makes me feel that what is most essential is not physical contact but spiritual understanding and affinity. I am glad to notice that his lifelong attempts to construct a bridge between the East and the West are bearing fruit slowly by His grace.

He was too kind and too good to me always sending his blessings and even love-offerings, when I happened to be in the hospital with a bone graft or a fracture. It gives me joy to see Dadaji's living images in Br. J.P. Vaswani, Br. Gangaram Sajandas and other dedicated workers of Saint Mira's Collage and other philanthropic activities, working for the good of the motherland, as well as humanity.

The highest tribute or loving homage that I can pay to the great selfless and universal spirit of Sri Dada Vaswaniji is by feeling and facing his presence and love not only in the

human kingdom but also in the mineral, vegetable, animal and celestial, known and unknown kingdom.

May the great spirit of Sri Dadaji be the guiding star to lead erring humanity to *satyam, ahimsa*, truth and non-violence, above all, to his sweet and all-embracing melody of compassion. This is the ardent prayer of one who loves Sri Dadaji, striving ever to walk, though with faltering steps, in his blessed foot prints. If everyone in sacred Bharat, especially leaders, during the centenary year of Mahatmaji, follow in the practical footsteps of our beloved Dadaji, we are sure to have harmony and peace not only in our country, but also in the world.

May Bhagawan bless all to follow the ideal life of Sri Dadaji.

May there be peace on earth and may it begin with us.

May peace be unto all.

OM OM OM

(Peace Feb & March 1970)

10. ALL HOMAGE TO BE UNTO THE IMMORTAL SPIRIT OF OUR SWAMI RAMANANDAJI

From his bed of *tapas*, suffering on 21st January, he was kind enough to send felicitations for my birthday, on the next day the 22nd, Sri Swami Ramananda Tirthaji entered into *mahasamdhi*. Death day is succeeded by the birthday.

I felt something wrong which made me uneasy, sad and restless on the day of Sri Swamiji's passing. But on the following day I felt at rest and peaceful, for his great immortal spirit has entered into me. Now I take joy in repeating that 'God has no other body on earth than yours.'

Sawmi Ramananda Tirthaji's spirit has taken possession of my new body now. Now let his half-finished dreams be fulfilled through our selfless service. This is no time for mourning. Every moment is precious. Kindly show your love for Ramanandaji in hard work, in helping to realise, to complete the dream of Pujya Swami Ramanandaji Tirthaji.

May his message of selfless service, compassion and truth be expressed now by all of us, in our thoughts, words and deeds, more than ever before. Sri Swamiji's one aspiration and dream was to see the centenary of Swami Rama Tirtha, which is fast approaching in 1973. Often he used to say: "Let me live until I have seen the Centenary of Swami Rama. After Centenary I may as well close my eyes."

But where is the Centenary to see? It is not anywhere for seeing. Swamiji himself wanted to work hard day and night to create the Centenary by getting all the devotees and admirers of Swami Rama in India and the whole the world interested and thus create a Centenary that would remain memorable for all time to come. Even the Saint Vinobaji also gave his blessings and wise suggestions for the coming Centenary.

Man proposes and God disposes. Swami Ramanandaji has left us all suddenly, having done his good deed until the very last day, giving his blessings, felicitations, on the 21st January and then leaving on the very next day. He left us all in darkness with heavy responsibilities. Now who will shoulder the heavy burdens and who will come forward to fulfil Swamiji's dreams of the Centenary of Swami Rama, which is coming now in 1973?

Here is the good news:

Swami Ramananda Tirthaji left his frail and sick body and has entered into all of us so we may do the great work of making the Centenary a blessing to all God's children in the East and the West. Had it not been for the indefatigable exertion and the silent work of Sri Ramananda Tirthaji there would now be no Rama Tirtha Institute of Peace in the lovely Totapalli Hills! May all the glory be unto Sri Swami Ramanandaji and may the Rama Tirtha Institute of Peace be a blessing to humanity, creating world peace with brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of the one indivisible God as its foundation.

On the day of 22nd, as Swamiji was entering *mahasamadhi* without knowing of his departure, I felt restless, sad and worried. Yet the following day, after having heard the shocking news I felt reconciled and contented for I knew his great spirit of service and compassion had entered into me and taken possession of this body.

In this new birth Swami Omkar's work has ended and Swami Ramananda Tirthaji's real work begins, with the sympathy, co-operation and prayers of all the admirers of Swami Ramanandaji and the followers of Swami Rama. I longed to be silent, observe *mounam*, at least for two years on the advice of Doctor Pichayya who has given me a new life, having fought with death for many days. But now, with the demise of Swamiji I wish to have some modifications in my resolution of silence so as to, help and realise the great ideals of Ramananda Tirtha. I am still in bed, unable to walk and yet my soul longs to fly to Tehri in the Himalayas, where Swami Rama spent his last days, by the side of the holy mother Ganga. Tehri is the place where Swami Ramanada Tirthaji longed to celebrate Swami Rama's Birth Centenary.

My prayers are with the Rama Tirtha Pratisthan in Lucknow also, as they have been doing good work for many long years in memory of Swami Rama. May God's richest blessings ever be upon you all and may the great spirit of Ramanada Tirthaji work and serve humanity through all of us. In memory not only of Swami Rama but also of Swami Narayan, his chosen disciple, and our ideal devotee and disciple Ramananda Tirthaji, who has left us all so suddenly, leaving the unfinished works to us, trusting in our faith, loyalty and devotion, may the Centenary of Swami Rama Tirtha in 1973 inspire and lead us all towards world peace.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.
May peace be unto all

OM OM OM

(Peace Feb 1972)

11. SRI VISWANATHAMJI IS ALWAYS ALIVE

(Swamiji's condolence message in Sri Santi Ashram on 11.11.1979 at 10.a.m. paying Sradhanjali to our ideal president of Ashram beloved Viswanathamji)

Our beloved Viswanatham lived and sacrificed his entire life for truth and justice as true Gandhian. He never swerved from his path of truth and justice even in any odd situation both in his political field or spiritual life. He used to read and explain Yoga Vasistha to the ashramites and also insisted all to recite Bhagavad Gita. Sri Viswanathamji is alive now more than ever. Cannot believe yet that our beloved Viswanathamji is no more and that we will never see his sweet face of purity, truth and innocence any more. So you will be happy to note great joy and strength in the great truth that our puja Sri Viswanathamji is never dead but is always alive. Let us recognise His immortal spirit by dedicating our lives following his ideals of truth and justice ever-walking in his footsteps. These are finite words to express my sorrow. He is eternally alive, a *jivanmukta* even though disembodied. Let us worship our Viswanathamji in silence as God is silence and life too. As He is universal and all-embracing energy and power may we ever eternally abide in our Viswanathamji as he is the Lord of the Universe, the *adviteeyam* the one without a second, the Omnipresent, Omnipotent and Omniscient Viswanathamji. Om namo Viswanathayah. Hari Om Tat Sat Om. AUM. Our deepest condolences especially to all His devoted followers especially to Vidwan Diwakarala Ramamurthy and Sri Rangarao, advocate and Sri Akella Suryanarayana Rao of Visakhapatnam in their great sorrow over the greatest calamity to Motherland and to Sri Santi Ashram.

On 23rd September itself we celebrated very enthusiastically His birthday and today we are observing His vardhanthi the day of dissolution. Life is so short on earth. How limited and finite is the knowledge of finite man it took 85 years for me to realise that I cannot change others. But I am trying to change and reform myself living in one world of God-consciousness. Sri Swami Rama Tirtha Institute of Peace, this Vedanta Colony is for such trainees and *sadhaks* who want to reform themselves. That is the reason why Swami Rama Tirtha said: "wanted reformers not of others but of themselves." But the *maya* is so deep. It is making individuals very busy to reform others but not themselves. *Maya* is so difficult to be controlled. I always tell something not from Bible, Upanishads or Vedas or any other books but what I experience from within. As a matter of fact in the early hours of the dawn today I wore the usual and loving letter to our beloved and ideal president of Sri Santi Ashram, Sri Tenneti Viswanathamji to be sent to him through our General Secretary Sri Ch.V.Raju as he is going to attend the special meeting of the committee members of the Waltair Ashram. Now I realise that the knowledge of finite man is like this because I received and heard through radio such shocking and saddest news today morning about the sudden demise of our Viswanathamji. But it has been my nature to make such calamities to convert them as a stumbling blocks for my future progress.

After silent prayers and meditations after hearing such unbearable shocking sad news. I closed my eyes and realised in my deep meditations and communion with the eternal light that our Viswanathamji is never dead but always alive. I made up my mind to see our beloved Viswanathamji in every flower, plant, bird beast and in all dumb animals in this world.

How can the immortal Viswanathamji, the universal energy and the universal power die? It is because of his presence you are listening now, because of his presence that I am speaking. But *mayais* so deep and we are in its delusion that the energy is within and without. In memory of this catastrophe, let Viswanathamji is in each and every moment of our life in everybody at all times to forget Viswanathamji is to see anything other than him not to see any other thing in this universe than Viswanathamji from the tiniest atom to the biggest

planet is equivalent to death, for forgetfulness of God is real death. So I wish you all to cling to our Viswanathamji's ideal of *satyam* or truth and *nyaya* or justice. Viswanatha is the Lord of the universe *eswara*. So see Him in all. He used to perform one lakh of *bilva* leaves *pooja* at Viswanath Temple inside the Mother Ashram at Totapalli hills on every birthday 21st January for the peace of all.

This calamity and saddest dissolution of our Viswanathamji is an eye-opener to all the aspiring soul not to forget the following motto, "He who wastes moment's wastes all his life". Each and every one in this special sitting in today's Sunday prayers should feel that all of you have taken up a new birth on this saddest day of our beloved Viswanathamji being his holy spirit dissolved in universe. Let all of us also dissolve like that and feel new birth dissolving ourselves totally and completely in God.

Even though disembodied, our Viswanathamji is always alive for his self-less services to Motherland and to the Peace Mission. Om Om Om.

Our beloved Viswanathamji is alive more than ever. Om Namo Viswanathaya.

May Peace be unto all

HARI OM TAT SAT OM

(Peace Nov & Dec 1979)

12. PASSING AWAY OF OUR BELOVED THAMMU

Thammu is the Rajakumar of Pithapuram. He is a Thammu, brother not only to me, but also to you and to everybody in the world. I had the joy of knowing him since he was a young boy. He came to U.S.A., along with his parents, Sri Rama Rao Bahadur, the Yuvarajah and all the family members when I was there. He has been dear and near to my heart always, because he has been a real Thammu to me, more than to anyone else. The name of his residence he calls it Omkar. He keeps a small photo of Omkar in his ring on his finger. He keeps a small photo of Omkar on the altar in his puja room. In his devoted and dedicated heart also he has installed Omkar.

He has been a healthy and strong person with good and simple habits, although he was born in a royal family as a prince. Recently I heard that he has been sick and a telegram was sent by his devoted life-partner Srimathi Padmavathi Devi, for my prayers and again another telegram, made us happy to note that he has been improving by God's grace.

This morning two telegrams were received, one from Madras and another from Bobbili, about the shocking news of the passing away of our beloved Thammu, it is almost unbelievable. I feel Thammu's presence now closer and nearer, more than ever. He is here standing by my side with folded arms in all devotion. He is there waving his head in the fragrant flowers as if saying: I am with you always. Thammu is alive. His spirit is in us. He can never die. The four statues of Gandhiji, Buddha, Christ and Sri Krishna in front of my Nirvana Mandir console me with the following message.

Gandhi: Thammu is there still serving the sick and the poor through so many welfare organisations.

Buddha: Thammu has annihilated the ego, hence he is here enjoying *nirvana*.

Christ: Thammu is childlike and the kingdom of heaven belongs to the children. He has come to me now.

Krishna: Thammu is in me and I am in Thammu. Thammu is immortal. My devotee is never lost.

Thammu was like a Hanuman to me, helping the cause of peace in all possible ways. The scriptures teach us that Anjaneya or Hanuman is a Chiranjeevi. Chiranjeevi is the one who is above death and lives eternally. Thus I feel like Hanuman, Thammu also is eternal and lives for ever.

Verily, there are two kinds of people in this world.

1. Those who are dead even though they are alive, for they have forgotten God, the light within and living only for the little self, as a burden to mother earth.
2. Those who are alive even though dead, for their dedicated lives of selfless service are the greatest blessing to all the world.

I cannot believe that Thammu is dead. The very thought hurts me. The thought that Thammu is alive, he is now with me, more than ever in the Ashram, which has been dearest and nearest to his heart gives me joy, strength and consolation. Is not our blessed Sister Sushila Devi's spirit with us, working and helping in all the Ashram activities now? Similarly our Thammu also is with us, helping his Ashram, now more than ever. By the way Thammu was having the highest regard for Sister Sushila Devi. Hence, I feel his spirit has joined the loving spirit of Sushila Devi and both of them are helping the cause of peace now for the good of the world.

To me Thammu is alive now more than ever. May all those who really love. Thammu in the sick, the poor and the helpless, for our dear Thammu has entered into the heart of all these forms and requesting our love, service and sympathy for the good of all. Above all, our simple peace prayer, which has been dear and near to the heart of Thammu, unites the dead, the so-called departed and the living. It makes us to feel the presence of God as we repeat it, so let us repeat it as often as possible, wishing the peace of our beloved Thammu invoking God's richest blessings on his compassionate and all-loving spirit.

It was our dear Thammu who got our peace prayer printed as a book mark and distributed it at the time of the marriage of his dear daughter, chy. Chinnamamba to the citizens of Madras and to all his royal friends, *zamindars*, *Rajas* and *Maharajas*. What a thoughtful, memorable and lasting gift is the peace prayer, as an inspiring and helpful book mark! Strange are the ways of *maya*, the thick delusion in the ever changing world. We do not seem to realize fully the great love of our dear ones. While they are with us alive. It is only when they leave us physically, we realize and regret their great loss and deep love alas, when it is too late.

The great future of Santi Ashram, the Mission of Peace has been always foremost in the heart of our Thammu. He was the President of the Ashram for three years. Whenever we used to pass through Madras, we were his guests and he was arranging Peace Meetings in his lovely home, inviting all his relations and friends for the meetings. Thammu's close friends. Rajah Saheb and Rani Saheba of Siva Ganga were introduced to us and they were kind enough in taking us and all the members of our peace tour to their home. It was Thammu who made the Maharaja of Pudukkota, a life patron of Sri Santi Ashram. Once he tried to take us to see the Maharajah of Travancore, when he was passing through Madras to foreign lands. Thammu has done much for the Ashram and wanted to do much more for the cause of peace. Busy as he was he visited Waltair Ashram and attended one of the committee meetings and had time to spent some time with me in Kailas on the top of the hill, during my days of silence. He treated the Ashram children as his own children taking them out and giving them ice cream, biscuits, sweets etc. Chy. Jnaneswari has been his favourite child. He was a good athlete and fond of dumb animals too, loving all his children.

Even on the letter heads and envelopes of our Thammu one finds the sacred syllable OM in Sanskrit, and the inspiring words God is love. As he was fond of music and dumb

animals you will find on his letter heads the picture of Goddess Saraswathi with her *veena*, and also the holy cow with her calf and the lovely lotus. Thammam was always considerate and thoughtful over my welfare. It was touching to see him telling our Chy. Jnaneswari, Chy. Santi and other members as follows: As I am far away in Madras, I am not fortunate to serve our Swamiji personally and look after his needs, but as you are privileged to be near him, I request you all on my behalf also to serve our Master in every possible way.

He was always addressing me by the precious and sweet name Master. To perpetuate the loving memory of our beloved Thammam, I feel from within that there should be a Sri Thammam *Prardhana Nilayam*, Thammam Prayer Hall in Santi Ashram which is badly needed. With a photo of Sri Thammam where daily prayers and *bhajans* can be held and devotees can meditate wishing peace, to the loving spirit of our Thammam. I feel confident that all those who love Thammam will help us now with their prayers and sympathy in doing this monumental work in memory of Sri Thammam. I long to forget my sorrow and loss in doing something worthwhile and helpful to keep the memory of our beloved Thammam ever fresh and lasting in the Ashram.

May God bless all the friends, relations and well-wishers of our dear Thammam with his richest blessings of peace in their great sorrow. May His blessings of comfort and strength, be especially upon the members of the family and children of our Sri Surya Rao Bahadur, the Rajahkumar of Pithapuram, our beloved Thammam now and always, in their irreparable loss and great bereavement! Above all, may the compassionate and loving spirit of our dear Thammam, even in his disembodied state, ever abide in peace with God!

May peace be unto all
Loka samastha sukhino bhavanthu
OM OM OM

(Peace Dec 1961)

14.OUR BELOVED LAL BAHADUR SHASTRIJI

One cannot believe that our beloved Shastriji, the life and soul of India, is now no more. Yet, we see the whole nation is mourning over his sudden and tragic demise in far away Russia, while doing his best as a Messenger of Peace and Blessed Peace Maker between India and Pakistan. May his great sacrifice bring permanent peace among the nations uniting individuals and communities, for he has set for us all a good example by his simple and ideal life, both in life and death.

These eyes never had the chance of seeing Sri Shastriji physically, yet, I feel he is very close and near to my heart. The shocking news of his sudden demise makes my heart sad and heavy. To overcome this sadness and depression, I try to feel that Shastriji is more alive now than ever, for his consecrated soul, merged in the universal spirit. I feel joy now instead of sorrow; for, I can feel his presence, within and without. I find my consolation and strength in feeling that Sri Shastriji is the Breath of my breath, for, there is only one universal breath, wherein we are all like waves related and inter-related in the ocean of *akhanda sat chit ananda*.

Q : Why am I drawn towards Sri Shastriji so intensely?

A : Because he has been an ardent follower of Sri Rama Tirthaji and a close friend of Pujya Ramananda Tirthaji, with a big heart of love, compassion and service.

In fact, for the Rama Tirtha Memorial, Swami Ramanandaji is the Chairman and Sri Shastriji has been the Vice-Chairman. Pujya Swami Ramanandaji tried his best, moved earth and heaven, by going all the way to Delhi and arranged a meeting between us, when Shastriji came to Waltair last month, somehow the men of the world prevented this meeting. I too longed to have a deep meditation with Sri Shastriji and thus help and serve him in his great work of establishing Peace in India and the world, for, my life too is dedicated from the boyhood days to live in God and help others to live in Him.

An old friend and well-wisher of the Ashram, and a big officer in the Indian Navy, writes in his recent letter from Bombay the following words:-

Dear Swamiji! Pranams. Above all I miss your physical presence which had given me the will to live for God. In my travels I have met a number of men of God but through you alone, I have learnt how to get rid of the negative thoughts out of my mind. It was only this way that I was able to enjoy the peace and happiness that was there for us to have on 21st of this month, we celebrate your 71st birthday. We all pray to God to grant you many more of these birthdays to be with us and guide us through these difficult days. Your message of universal peace is very much wanted everywhere. I wish our Prime Minister, has taken you with him to Tashkent, to invoke the Spirit of peace into the hearts of the President of Pakistan and other leaders.”

Nothing gives me greater joy than to be serviceable to the individuals as well as to the nations. In spite of my love solitude and silence, indisposition or illhealth, due to the recent accident of fractures. I would have certainly gone to the other end of the world, if I could serve the cause of peace in the least way. These days my heart longs to help all the people to feel the presence of God the peace within.

Now our beloved Shastriji is no more physically but his great spirit of love, service, peace and goodwill is before us all to establish first, peace in the heart within ourselves and to help to spread the same inherent peace far and near, from heart to heart over the world. I raise my voice again and again and take joy to repeat that it is the personal experience of God or inner peace that helps permanently to the progress of any undertaking, be it political, social, economical or spiritual.

Sri Shastriji, based his devoted life on spirituality, love of God. Love of God is love of humanity, serving all His children everywhere in all the world, where all is universal and all embracing. It excludes none but includes all! As Rama Tirtha memorial, in Tehri Garwal in Himalayas, where Swami Rama left his physical sheath, the body in the holy Ganges, was proposed to be inaugurated by Sri Lal Bahadur Shastriji in the coming summer, we were all looking forward with joy to see him at the holy function. But alas! Man proposes and God disposes! Our consolation now is to overcome our depression a disappointment in the absence of Sri Shastriji physically to feel his great love and invisible presence, in his disembodied, formless form of his great spirit in our beings, filling our minds, hearts and souls.

Our beloved Shastriji is alive now more than ever. As disembodied spirit he is no longer bound to a form or name, he is more free and happy now than any of us. May his simple life of service, love, dedication and sacrifice lead us all to purification and perfection ever walking on his foot-prints. May God's richest blessings be upon his unfortunate family. His devoted life-partner Lalita Shastri and Sri Shastriji's aged parents and his precious children and all his dear ones in this great calamity and irreparable loss. May the following

wise words be our consolation and strength in the sudden demise of our great leader, the blessed peace marker, whose devoted life has been a burning flame of dedication to the nation and the world, from beginning to end and above all, may his great spirit ever test in peace profound - the goal and soul of humanity. The following poem: Take My Life, represents the selfless and consecrated life of our Shastriji.

Take my life and let it be
Humbly offered, all, to Thee.
Take my hands and let them be
Working serving Thee, yea! Thee
Take my heart and let it be
Full saturated, Lord, with Thee,
Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.
Take this mind and let it be
All day long a shrine for Thee.

May I conclude this message with the last words of Swami Rama on Death, more so as Lal Bahadur Shastriji has been one of the real followers and ardent devotees of Swami Rama Tirtha, the apostle of freedom and God-consciousness!

OH DEATH

“Oh Death! Take away this body if you will. I have many more bodies to live with. I can afford to live happily wearing the silver threads of the moon and the golden rays of the sun. I shall roam free singing in the guise of hilly brooks and streams; I shall be dancing happily in the waves of the sea. I am the graceful gait of the breeze and I am the wind inebriated. These forms of mine are wandering forms of change. I came down from the tops, knocked at doors, awakened the sleeping, consoled ones, wiped the tears of another, covered some, and took off the veils of others. I touch this and I touch that, I doff my hat and off I am. I keep nothing with me. Nobody can find me.”

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o’er the earth with silent tread:
He bears our best loved things away:
And we then call them ‘dead’.

Verily, death is the entrance into the great light. The best way to help the soul of the departed, our Shastriji, is to offer the following prayer:

O Lord! Grant unto him, eternal rest and let light perpetual shine upon our Lal Bahadur Shastriji!

May Peace be unto all

OM OM OM

(Peace Feb 1966)