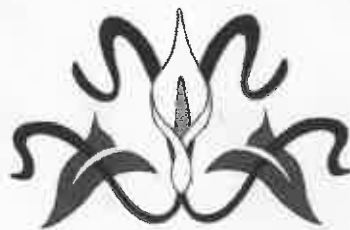


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Letters to the Immigrant

A Collection of Letters
Written by Sri Swami Omkar in
America, in 1929



Letters to the Almighty

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUSE

To my Own Dear Blessed Santa Clause,

Greetings!

My Beloved Ones are telling me that you will bring for me whatever I want for my Christmas Gift, if I write a letter to you. Hence here I am trying to express my cravings of my heart.

My Santa Clause, how I love you! Love alone has been my life and soul from my birth. I cannot live without Love. Oh my Santa Clause, I want more Love. I need nothing more than that Divine Love, which is contented to live as Love embracing the whole world.

I am tired of these forms and names. I am tired of the empty words and lifeless thoughts. I am tired of the dual life of separation and outer talk. I am tired of finite existence and limited conceptions of my life.

Will you bring for me, for my Christmas, in memory of the birth of the Great One, that Love that never changes and which is the same toward one and all?

Will you bring for me that Peace that passeth all understanding and which is the common heritage of the whole of Humanity? Can you get for me that happiness which is eternal and never changes and which is the goal of existence?

Oh, I want that Love! I want that Truth! I want that Spirit! I want that illumination!

I need it, I need it! I need it, for I cannot live another second without it. I want it, I want it! I want it, for I cannot and will not breathe another breath without it.

Oh my Santa Clause, I am so unhappy without the Universal Love. So pray get it for me if you can.

My life is empty and incomplete without that Divine Love, even though you bring to me all the perishable things of the world that can be rusted, eaten by moths or stolen by thieves. However, my life will be full and brimful with that Glorious Love. It will be full of that all-inclusive Love, the interpenetrating Love, even though I may be the poorest of the poor in the goods of the world.

So please do not bring for me any toys of the world but bring the Heavenly Riches of Love.

May you bless the whole of humanity on this great day of memory with a glimpse of that Divine Glory, the only imperishable Gift of God.

Thanking you in anticipation of the fulfilment of my heart's only desire and ambition.

*With Oceans of Love,
Thy own Brother.*

Omkan

FIRST LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

10 August 1929, 8 AM

To the one who is manifesting in the form of the many. To the one in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms of life. To the one Who is the all in all, and the Divine source of power, blessedness and eternal peace.

Beloved God! Greetings!

This morning as soon as I opened my eyes I wanted to write a letter to you, the Unmanifested, for I have been always writing to you in the manifested. So this is a direct letter to you without the necessity of any medium of forms and names.

Oh God! I crave to embrace You in the very breeze, in the sunshine and in the very space. As I chant now Thy holy name, the sacred syllable OM, with tears in my eyes, I long to draw the whole world into myself.

Precious Glory, what can I write to you? I am Thy child. Thou understandest everything even without the necessity of my writing or expressing myself.

Thou art here, there and everywhere. Nay, Thou art myself. Oh, let me recognise Thy sweet face in the very particles of dust, in the blades of grass, in the tiny creatures of the earth, in the flying birds of the air, in the beast of the forest and the brothers and sisters of Thy creation.

Oh God, art Thou not manifesting in those huge mountains, rolling rivers and torrents, in those rising waves of the sea. Nay, Thou alone art shining in the very stars, moon and sun!

Adorations be unto Thee, Oh Divinity in the form of the manifested and unmanifested Nature! May all homage be unto Thee, in the form of the animate and inanimate. Glory be unto Thee in the form of seen and unseen, known and unknown. May all homage be unto Thee, who art expressing Thyself both in sound and silence.

My sweetheart, forgive this childish letter. How foolish of me to write Thee when Thou art throbbing in my heart and seeing in my eyes. Thou art hearing in my ears, thinking in my mind, pervading and permeating my very being, flowing in my breath.

Glory! Glory! Glory!

As I am writing this letter to Thee I cannot help but recall that sweet letter written to You by my innocent little sister Rosalie, asking you to be her Valentine.

*Dear God, will you be my Valentine?
I am ours and you are mine.
Be my sweetheart always, God.
And I will be your Rosalie.*

Blessed God, I too can live no more away or separate from Thee, not even for an moment. Pray, take me into thy sweet embrace. Yes, I am already in Thy embrace. Here are a few simple tears of Love unto Thee. Please accept them and let me be ever centred in Thee, filled and saturated by Thy Holy Presence.

Take away the eyes that cannot see Thee and the ears that fail to listen to Thy Glory. I do not need the mind that cannot think of Thee. Oh, I do not want this life, even for a second, which fails to live in tune with Thee.

I want Infinite Life, for Thou art That. I want Universal Love, for Thou art That. I want Supreme Silence, for Thou art That.

Dear God, it is wrong to say I want this and that, for as Thy own child, I am nothing but Infinite Love, Universal Love and Supreme Silence. Verily all that the Father hath is mine!

I am wondering where I am to address this letter. Oh! Do tell me now where you are, so that I can send this unto Thee.

My Adorable Lord, Thou are pervading and permeating from the tiniest atom to the biggest planet. Therefore, I am to send this letter to the Universal Whole.

Oh sweet-smelling flowers, you are wafting your fragrance far and near. You are so beautiful. God must be abiding in beauty and fragrance. Will you please help me in carrying my message to my Lord of Love?

Oh ye fowls of the air, you are soaring in the freedom of the cool breeze and free life. Can you not carry my message to my Sweet God?

Oh, ye fleeting clouds, I see that you are making a trip towards heaven. Will you not carry my letter to my loving Lord?

Oh ye stars, planets, moon and sun; ye are shining in the heavens, declaring God's Glory. Can you not help me in uniting me with my Sweet Beloved by conveying my message?

Oh ye sacred tears that are gushing out from my tender eyes, how kind and loving you are! Are you coming out to convey my message to the Lord of my Love?

Blessed be your glistening forms. Thou art the only medium to unite me with my God of Glory.

Yes, a single tender tear is of more value than a million dry sermons and lectures.

Hence, oh my God of Sweet love, I will drench and dissolve this message of mine in my innocent tears of love unto thee. Then Thou shalt surely receive my letter. Be sure to write to me a word in reply at your earliest convenience. I know I will receive your reply when I am calm, like the waveless sea; spotless like the self-shining sun and silent like the unmanifested and incomprehensible Supreme Silence.

My Beloved, am I tiring you with my long letter? If so, forgive me, let me enter more into Thy Infinite Heart of light, life and love, allowing this ego or tiny 'I' to dissolve in Thy Infinite Glory of millions of suns splendour.

Now I am the All in all, for Thou art the all in all!

May Glory be unto Thee, Oh God of my life and soul, within and without. May homage be unto Thee, above and below. May Adoration be unto Thee, all around.

MAY PEACE BE UNTO ALL!

*With oceans of Love,
Eternally Thy own.*

Omkar

SECOND LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

16 October 1929, 12 AM, Philadelphia, New York

God of my Love!

Adorations be unto Thee on every side and all around.

Here I am sitting in the train in the Broad Street Station of Philadelphia, while the train is about to leave for New York. It is after a hard day's work of wandering in the streets with two heavy bags in my hands. This was all done in the name of Thy work, to get something printed.

I feel joy and consolation now as I sing and chant the sacred syllable AUM, sitting in the corner of a seat, feeling Thy Presence and Glory.

Where art Thou, my Lord? How lonely I shall be without Thee. How lovely and strong I am with Thee.

My Beloved, I crave to speak with Thee. I am not satisfied with Thy abstract or unmanifested aspect. I want to feel Thee, nay, to embrace Thee. How can I live even for a moment forgetting Thee, when Thou art my life and soul? I need Thee, I need Thee! I need Thee, for Thou and I are never two, but One alone.

My Lord, I love to write to Thee now and then. Is it wrong to write to Thee?

My Blessed One, be my friend and companion, be my Guide and Shepherd in all the conditions of outer life.

Thou art the beginning, middle and end. Where is the moment when I am away or separate from Thee? My life is in my unity with Thee and my death is in my separation from Thee.

Whether I can recognised always this inseparable unity with Thee or not, Thou art ever present with me, whether it is in waking, dreaming, or sleeping states.

Oh God, let there not be another moment when I forget or neglect Thee. May I not forget Thee in the name of anything in the world, even amidst the trying circumstances of life. How can I forget Thee when Thou art my all in all?

Glory be unto Thee my Lord. Adorations be unto Thee, my Divinity. All Homage be unto Thee, my Love.

Looking through the window as I turn my eyes toward the sky, I behold the great cross on the steeple of a church. It is teaching me to make this body just like a cross. This body must be empty like a flute. It must be free from all words and thoughts. I must be a "nothing" to be fully worthy of the Cross. It is only when I am nothing that Thou shinest in full glory, as the Sun of suns from this cross-like body.

May this cross manifest nothing but illumination, in rest or work and in solitude or activity.

Sweet Beloved, I write so many letters every day to all my Sisters and Brothers all over the world but I never feel so much joy and strength as when I write to Thee. When I write to friends I have to wait a long time to get their response but with Thee it is quite the opposite. I can feel Thy love and responses spontaneously, even before I scribble on the paper and without expressing my self in words.

How close, how near and inseparably One Thou art with me! Thou art the heart of my heart. Thou art the life of my life. Thou art the Soul of my Soul. What is there to be said in words? What else can I write to Thee? Thou knowest everything, for Thou art All in all. Teach me, my Lord, to be more silent in Thee. Teach me to work, breathe, and live in Thee and finally to dissolve to Thy Supreme Silence.

I can write no more. Take me now into Thy Infinite Glory and let me rest in Thy bosom, feeling Thy sacred hands around me. Now I am in Thy sweet embrace to abide there forever.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE.

OM SHANTI OM.

Every Thy Own Manifested Child.

Omkar

THIRD LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

3 November 1929, 10 AM

Beloved God,

Greetings!

Here I am on my way to Niagara Falls. How I am wandering like a rolling stone, gathering no moss. However, I have the consolation in that whatever way I am rolling, I am rolling toward Thee alone, for Thou art everywhere.

My Lord, the other day I gave my little pal, Russell, a Jumping Jack. It is a doll that jumps aimlessly at the slightest motion. It jumps high above and goes down at the same moment. It jumps to the right, to the left, not only aimlessly but even restlessly.

Is not the state of man just like that of Jumping Jack? From down till late in the night, until sleep makes him a slave, he jumps and jumps, doing the same things over and over again. A few bumps and knocks will bring tears and a few candies or dollars will bring laughter.

What is the goal of human life? What is the ideal of the life of a man as the Child of God? Is it only to be a Jumping Jack? Is it only to live like an empty doll, aimlessly jumping all around? Is there anything beyond this state of restlessness? Where is that Peace that passeth all understanding? To whom does it belong? NOT to Jumping Jacks!

It belongs to those whose desires are entirely cooled down. That Peace belongs to those whose minds are calm, collected and well controlled. Verily, Infinite Peace belongs to the one who has mastered his mind and who is not a slave of vain imaginations. One who does not allow his mind to break into ripples and waves is a Master of Masters. May all Homage be unto such Ideal Souls.

God of my heart, make me free from all kinds of restlessness, even in the name of Religion. I do not want any religion that makes me separate from Thee. Oh, I want to feel Thy presence physically, mentally and spiritually, in thought, word and deed. My highest religion is only to live in Thee as Thyself.

My Lord, I do not want to waste my precious life any more, playing with empty words and life-less thoughts. I know Thou art patiently waiting for me where all sound is stilled and thought dissolved. That is our meeting place. It is for me now to meet Thee in that great state of Supreme Silence. It is for me to listen to the Divine song of Thy still small voice.

Glory be unto Thee my Lord! What can I say or write to Thee? Thou understandeth my heart, for Thou art my all in all.

I behold Thee in the clouds and in the sunshine. Thou art in the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. Thou art both the sound and silence. Thou art the manifested and the unmanifested. So, let me dissolve in Thee now. Let me thus help and serve in the manifested. Let me also be silent and waveless in the unmanifested, wherein all desires are completely cooled into nothingness.

My Beloved, accept my fond embrace in Silence!

*With Oceans of Love,
Thy Own Child.*

Omkar

FORTH LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

4 November, 1929, 10 AM Auburn to New York

Beloved God,

Greetings!

I am sitting in the observation car facing Thy Glory all around. Thou art the changeless in the change, the permanent in the passing, and the Eternal in the transitory. All that I can say of Thee is 'Thou art That.' I am silent, dumbfounded before Thy Glory.

How incomprehensible Thou art, my Lord! Yet Thou speakest in a million tongues. Thou art manifesting in manifold ways. Thou art expressing Thy splendour in numerous ways.

Thou art silent in the stone and growing in the plant. Thou art creeping in the insect, moving in the creature, flying in the bird, jumping in the animal and talking in man. In a saint or a sage Thou art silent and waveless like a stone. To You, the extremes look alike, though they are different and far apart in degree.

Glory be unto thee, my Lord, my all in all! How good You are to me and how bad I am to You. how merciful Thou art to me and how ungrateful I am to You. Thou art all goodness and mercy. Thou art infinite. Where am I in Thy Infinite splendour of the sun of suns?

Oh! I am dissolving into nothingness in Thee. Thus alone can I understand and comprehend Thee.

My Lord, I cannot express my gratitude unto Thee, even with a million tongues. Thou hast made the earth and heaven for me. Thou has filled the earth with Thy manifested glory and the heavens with Thy unmanifested splendour. Thou hast created the world for my playground. Thou hast given to me pure air to breathe, crystal waters to quench my thirst and green pastures to lie down in for rest. Thou has made the flowers to give their fragrance and the birds to sing to me. Thou hast created beasts of the forest to be my friends.

Above all, Thou hast created men and women to be my companions and co-workers in sharing Thy Love. In loving any of the least of these children in the form of mineral, vegetable or animal or human kingdoms of life, I am living Thee alone. For, Thou art the indwelling Presence of the whole creation, from an atom to the sun.

The most touching part of Thy goodness is Thou art always standing by me in all my tests and trials, as the guiding star of my life, ever pointing my way towards the goal.

Thou art my Shepherd when I am a lost sheep and a loving Father when I am a prodigal son; and a resurrected Christ, when I am a crucified ego.

Thou art my strength in weakness, joy in sorrow and health in sickness. Thou art my wealth in poverty, light in darkness, life in death and glory in depths. Above all, Thou art my immortality in my mortal life.

My Lord! Thou art watching me when I am sleeping, protecting me when resting, standing by me when I am falling, always stretching Thy loving hand to steer my faltering steps.

Oh giver of all blessings, what can I say to Thee? Accept my homage! Adorations be unto Thee on every side, in every form, forever and ever!

My Beloved, the sweet consolation of my life is that even though I am neglecting and forgetting Thee a million times, Thou art never neglectful or forgetful of me. Thou art with me always, from eternity to eternity. On whatever side I look, I behold Thy glory everywhere. In the depths of the caves or in the heavens above, I behold Thy Splendour. In the sweet face of granite or in the calm waters of my soul, I behold Thy Glory. In the tender eyes of a tiny insect and in the beautiful eyes of an angel I recognise Thy Splendour. In the fragrance of the lilies and in the taste of the heavenly manna, I feel Thy Glory.

Thou art in the enchanting dawn and bewitching sunset. Thou art in the tiny dewdrop and snowy flakes. Thou art the One in the cooling showers of rain and in the mighty torrents of Niagara Falls. Thou art the stillness of silence and the thunder of activity.

Oh, the silent ecstasy of recognising Thee, beholding Thee, feeling Thee, above, below, everywhere, in everyone and in everything. How can it ever be expressed in words?

Above all, make me worthy of Thy Infinite Love by making me to feel Thy Presence in my very breath. For, Thou art the breath of my breath and soul of my soul. In feeling Thee within my self, I can feel Thee everywhere for Thou art the Universal Breath.

My beloved, I think that I have exhausted the whole vocabulary of expression in writing this long letter in my finite words. Oh forgive me and take me into Thy sacred arms of Love where I am speechless, above thoughts, waveless and even breathless. I am there with The now, in Thee!

OM! OM! OM!

*With Oceans of Love,
Thy own Child, the Chatterbox*

Omkar

SIXTH LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

15 November 1929, 10 AM, Peace Centre New York

Beloved God of my Life,

Greetings.

Where art Thou my Lord? Oh, I am feeling Thy glory and Presence so intensely that I am hastening to express my gratitude in these futile words.

Blessed Divinity, I behold Thy Glory on every side, in every sound and in every form. In the silent tick of the clock and in the still small voice of the heart I recognise Thy sweet presence. In the stillness of my being and in the surging waves of the outer life I behold Thy own splendour and manifestation.

Thou art the animate and inanimate. Thou art the object and the subject. Thou art the judge and criminal, manifesting both in the condemned and the one who is condemning. Thou art the Christ and the Judas. Thou art the manifested and the unmanifested.

My Lord, who can describe Thy Glory? Thou art the low and high, poor and rich. Thou art the sinner and saint. Thou art all in all. Thou art That.

Silent Adorations be unto Thee my Lord! My Speech has become silent and my thought is dwindling into nothingness. Oh, I want to express but I am not able to express Thy Glory. Oh, I want to write and I do not know what to write of Thy Beauty!

It is Thy Light from an atom to the Sun. It is Thy splendour from an insect to an angel. It is Thy Glory from a blade of grass to a mountain. It is Thyself everywhere.

Oh, it is Light, Light, Light in everyone! It is the Divine Light all around me. It is the Invisible Light above and below. It is the sacred Light far and near. It is the glorious Light in both the foe and friend, in the neighbour and stranger. It is Infinite Light in earth below and in heaven above.

Oh, I am dissolving in this Light! I am pervaded and permeated with this Light. I am saturated and soaked in this Light. I am floating and soaring in this Holy Light. In every atom and cell of my being it is the Light of Lights!

In my every expression it is the Light. In my every thought it is the same Light. It is the one Indivisible Light in all words and thoughts. It is the same glorious Light in my Supreme Silence.

O! GLORY, GLORY, GLORY!

Oh illumination where art Thou leading me? I am loosing the hold of myself. No more I or He but all is one inexpressible Light.

I am Thyself, the Light of Thy Love. Oh God, Thou great Light, may I ever live in this continuous and unceasing flow of never ending Light of Lights consciousness, shedding the same at every step, with every heart beat and with every life breath.

*With Oceans of Light,
Thy own Child.*

Omkar

SEVENTH LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

28 November 1929, Philadelphia, PA, Thanksgiving Day

My Adorable Lord.

Greetings.

This is the happy day of Thanksgiving, hence I am striving to express my gratitude and love in these finite words.

How can I ever succeed in offering my thanks and gratitude for all Thy Blessings? It is sacrilegious to attempt to show my gratitude in empty words and life-less thoughts.

Thou dost not need my words for Thou art within and without. Thou dost not need my prayers for Thou art pervading and permeating my being. Thou understandest my innermost thoughts even without the necessity of expression.

Beloved God! When such is Thy incomprehensible Glory, how am I to show my gratitude on this Thanksgiving Day? I can show it by my Universal Love. I can show it by rising above all words and thoughts. I can show it by including one and all in my Infinite consciousness, without excluding even an atom or tiny insect. Above all I can express my gratitude in the highest aspect by my Supreme Silence.

Blessed One, those that understand and those that cannot understand me are also my dearest and nearest ones, for they are all the same manifestations of Thy Sweet Self. Verily, Thou art all in all!

May Adorations be on this great thanksgiving Day: to the dead and to the living, to the animate and inanimate, to the manifested and unmanifested.

I bow down my head in deep gratitude and humility unto Thee, my Lord, who art in the form of mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms of life. I worship Thee in the winds, in the planets, in the stars, in the moon and sun.

Thou, the Indweller of the sacred Sanctuary of my simple heart, I merge in Thee now to express my gratitude in the stillness of my heart.

OM! OM! OM!

*With Oceans of Love,
Thy own child in Glory.*

Omkar

EIGHTH LETTER TO GOD

Tuesday 10 PM, New York

My Beloved God.

Greetings.

Today I am feeling so tired and exhausted, unable to speak or to listen to a word. In spite of the utter exhaustion it gives me joy to open my heart unto Thee from my Bed of Roses.

The pain is continuous and intense in the ribs and I am striving feel Thy Presence in the very pain.

Beloved One, I have nothing but gratitude and love for the Doctors, Nurses, Friends and other dear ones who are doing so much for me. However, still I am painfully realising the fact that I am wasting my precious time in the name of a fleeting pain.

Oh Blessed One, Thou art aware of the floods of tears which I have shed during my sickness. Yet, I have the consolation and joy, as I examine and analyse those sacred tears one by one, that not even one single tear was shed in the name of pain but all tears were shed in the name of Divine Love, as an offering unto Thy sacred feet.

Oh my Sweet Beloved, how good Thou art to me! Did I even dream of this blessed privileged rest in Thee, to attain to the heights of my full glory? With all this rest and peace if I cannot attain now the final beatitudes of realisation, I must be an ungrateful being.

Lord dear, since Thou art so good to me I am striving to pay to Thee my great debt of gratitude by ever living in Thee. What else can I do? Thou dost not need my prayers and meditations for Thou art beyond these finite exercises.

What dost Thou need from me, my Lord? Thou needest Love, the Love that expects not any reward but which is contented to live as Love. Oh, my Sweet Beloved, here is my Love, here is my heart, here is my breath, here is my soul!

My hands are stretched wide to embrace Thee. Now I am in Thy Sweet embrace.

My Lord, if these physical pains are so unbearable, how much more unbearable must be that pain of separation from Thee who art the life of life and the soul of soul. I would rather bear a million excruciating pains rather than bear the real pain of separation from Thee.

Oh God, I need nothing from Thee for Thou hast blessed me with everything. Thou knowest well that I am the happiest man in the whole world in spite of these fleeting clouds of pain.

My Beloved, only bless me to be more and more worthy of Thy Infinite Love and Blessings. How good Thou art to me, my Lord, my all in all! Now let me rest in Thy arms of endless compassion and Divine Mercy.

*With Oceans of Love and Gratitude,
Thy own child in Glory.*

Omkan

NINTH LETTER TO THE ALMIGHTY

20 December 1929, 1 PM, New York

Beloved God,

Salutations.

Where art Thou, my Lord? Canst Thou not listen to the long wailing of my sacred syllable AUM, craving for Thee, with tears in my eyes? Oh, I need thee, my God, for I can live no more without Thee!

Here I am on the Bed of Roses, feeling Thy Presence and glory. I stretch my hands to reach Thee. I grope for Thee both day and night, to touch Thee. I open my eyes to find Thee leaning over me, looking into my soul. How patient, merciful and compassionate Thou art, my Lord!

Sweet Beloved, away with the mournful prayers and gloomy meditations. I am dissatisfied with them. I can wait of Thee no more.

Have I not lived enough of days without Thee, consciously or unconsciously? Is life worth living even for a moment, away from Thee? I can bind Thee no more to a time or place. I cannot bear to wait to see Thee in clouds and heavens. It breaks my heart to confine Thee to churches and temples.

Thou art everywhere, to so let me behold Thee everywhere. Thou art all in all, so mayst Thou be my all in all. I need no more visions of imagination. I need no more demonstrations of mental hallucinations. I can live no more on imaginary food.

I want Thee as Thou art, in the abstract and in the form. I want Thee as Thou art, in the activity and in the silence. I want Thee both in the manifested and unmanifested.

OM! OM! OM!

Oh, how silent I am, merging in Thee, dissolving in Thee! How real Thou hast become to me. Oh, I can feel Thee. Nay, I am feeling Thee now. I am bathing now in Thy glory, surrounded by Thy Splendour. I am saturated in Thy Love.

Oh Lord, how I love to play hide and seek with Thee. With a bewitching smile I close my eyes to find Thee, rejoicing in Thy full Glory in the sacred sanctuary of my heart. I open them playfully again and again to behold Thee all around me.

Oh, how inseparably one Thou art with me! Oh, what inexpressible happiness it gives me to stretch my arms and to embrace Thee in the very space.

How can I describe this Divine glory, this ecstatic Love of Thine in life-less words to the people who are dead to the Divine Live of Love? Oh, let me describe it only by merging in Supreme Silence.

Let me express it only by ever remaining in the sweet embrace of Thy Universal Love. Let me manifest it by my ideal and silent life and by ever living in Thee as One without a second.

GLORY, GLORY. GLORY!

*With Overflowing Love,
Thy Own Child I Silence.*

Omkar