

MYSTIC PRAYERS AND POEMS



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Author: Sister Sushila Devi
(Ellen Saint Clair Nowald)

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DEDICATION

To
MY BLESSED GURUJI
AND
BELOVED PARENTS
WHO SO TENDERLY INDICATED
THE MYSTIC WAY OF NEW LIFE
AND ITS INFINITE HORIZONS OF
UNIVERSAL LOVE

Reverently,
Sushila Devi.



FOREWORD

MYSTIC PRAYERS AND POEMS are fragrant and exotic flowers gathered by Sister Sushila Devi (Allen Saint.Clair Nowald) while at Shanti Ashram, in the cosmic Gardens of Peace and Silence.

These spiritual offerings of our Sushila Devi's heart, are not for mere surface reading but for deep study, assimilation, contemplation and realization of the Spirit--the Indwelling Presence. Many of these have been already appreciated by our readers of 'Peace' magazine.

Her poems are deep and mystical, like the depths of the Infinite Sea, her prayers are connecting links or bridges, to unite the individual with the Universal, her outbursts are like the bubbles that finally burst and dissolve in the Ocean of Peace and Blessedness wherein is lost all identity of the little self, and her meditations are soul-awakening leading one to the Heights of Supreme Silence.

As a single word is enough for the Truth searching soul, we feel confident that the publication of these words, will be a spiritual beneficence especially to every way-farer, whose feet are treading the Mystic Road.

We take joy in weaving all these fragrant flowers of imperishable beauty into a garland of Cosmic glory and illumination, wherein all the souls of the east and

west are united. We offer this wreath of Love, first to Sister Sushila Devi herself as a token of gratitude on the eve of her departure from our midst--for all the silent work, loving service and sympathetic co-operation given to us, in the manifold activities of Sri Santi Ashram.

May the Almighty in His Infinite wisdom and mercy, bestow upon our blessed Sister Sushila Devi, Peace Health and Eternal life to continue her self-less work of compassion and service to His children, of all religions and nations. At the request of several friends and devotees of the Ashram, we are happy to add a photograph of our Sister Sushila in this book.

Dear Loving Reader, may you be one of the privileged souls, to wear this garland of inspiration and thus make your life a song on the Cosmic-lute. This the prayer of your own brother, Omkar.

Hari Om Tat Sat!

—SWAMI OMKAR



PRAYER

Of

ADORATION

OH Thou Infinite Sea of Tranquillity! Immortal Silence, Ancient Peace from whence falls in an unbroken, rhythmical rain the gold-fire of illumination, on the heads of the Twice-Born Pure Ones, Electric Stillness where sits the ecstatic Yogi in selfless serenity, watching with inner eye, the play of the Cosmic, Stupendous Hush, help us ascend to Thy-Presence, now, in this sacred moment of devotion! Accept our profound silence, the prayer of prayers, the Puja of Pujas which, being Thy very Essence leads us directly to Thee. O Mute Splendour, Supreme Peace, Oh Indweller of our heart's sanctuary, Thee we adore, Thee we adore, Thee we adore!

Om Santi! Santi! Santi!



PRAYER
OF
INVOCATION

O blessed Redeemer whom we adore as the Centre of all Love and Purity! Sanctify our hearts and intellects that Thou can'st work through us. May we share our blessings with others, and our sorrows alone with Thee. Give us a clear unsullied vision of our daily duties, strength to minister unto those who need what we have, courage in the face of fears, serenity in the midst of tumult, self-control when provoked, forgiveness when tempted to revenge, and above all, in our hearts, the Peace that passeth all understanding.

May Thy Kingdom come! Amen!



PRAYER
OF
THANKSGIVING

O perfect Trinity, of changeless love and endless wisdom, how lavish is Thy mercy! How good are all Thy works and creations!

We thank Thee most fervently, for illuminating our inner hearts so brightly, that life's passing shadows are therein transmuted into speechless glory, infinite peace, and wondrous bliss.

We thank Thee for giving us what we most need, and depriving us of that which might separate us from Thee!

We praise Thee for Thy innumerable manifest and secret forms of beauty and light!

We thank Thee for the loving contact with fellow-way farers, for mystic joys and sorrows, and for the stern utterances of conscience, duty and pain.

We thank Thee for Thy Illumination sent to guide us, and for our Angelic Guardians.

We thank Thee for Thy sweet promised Comforter; for healing thoughts, and saving Grace, when body, mind or spirit, droop, in remembering not Thy loving Presence.

We thank Thee for Thy inspirations and the immense possibilities of our ascending to those luminous realms where Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence dwell in unspeakable glory.

We thank Thee that we may at last merge into That, when wholly Pure and Free.

Lord, Thy loving kindnesses far exceed our power of thanksgiving, so accept now our all in all, as we become silent, in adoring Thee.

Holy!

Holy!

Holy!



PRAYER
OF
DISCRIMINATION

BEFORE Thy Illuminating brightness O Lord! let the shadows of ignorance vanish from our souls. May Thy Holy Spirit open within our hearts the treasure house of wisdom, that not only we may be rich in Thy Grace, but share with all humanity our holy inheritance of Love divine, Immortality and Freedom.

Om! Om! Om !



PRAYER
OF
UNDYING FAITH

On the Middle Path, I await in silent bliss, the rustle of Thy robe, the transcendental music of Thy coming feet. Ah! Let no clamouring desire drown that all beautiful sound, nor draw me away from our joyful tryst.

Alas! I have no gift to lay at Thy Lotus feet of Light, only a little, white rose of undying Faith. Wilt Thou accept it, Lord of my love?

Om! Om! Om!



**PRAYER
OF
UNFOLDMENT**

Immortal Vein whence life doth spring,
Teach us now our hearts to bring,
To that state which knows no fears
Where we shed ecstatic tears,
Grant that we that realm behold,
In our loving hearts unfold,
Of which saints and sages sing,
“How stupendous is this Thing!”

Om Tat Sat Om!



PRAYER
OF
COMPASSION

Make us pure O God, thru deepening our understanding!

Make us kind O Lord, thru Thy Indwelling Love!

Make us fountains thru which Spirit may flow out to help, heal, and quicken others.

Make us free of criticism and condemnation of our weaker brethren.

Let us see Thy beauty unveiled in all things.

Inspire us with the highest mysticism the invincible armor of purity, love and everyday goodness.

Give us Infinite compassion for man, beast and all that lives, breathes and evolves.

Om Tat Sat!



PRAYER
OF
TRUST

Morning-tide, noon-tide or still even-tide,
We feel Thy all wonderful Goodness abide,
It helps us and hides us and fills us with light,
It lifts us when weary and gives us new might,
It makes yells of joy within us to ring,
When we but behold Thee in every wee thing,
It keeps our heart treasure untainted and pure,
When everything fails, then art Thou most sure,
We love and adore Thee and praise Thy sweet
Name,
At morn, noon, and night our Redeemer the same!

Om! Om! Om!



**PRAYER
OF
STILLNESS**

All creature-pain thru other lives
Than this---serene and free,
Has torn ajar the door of heart,
Love all-lovely, enter Thou!
With the blood of dying self
Have I cleansed it for thy Presence.
Stilled are intellect and mind,
Waiting in the tensest hush
Thy light step and Silent Voice,
Enter Thou, Celestial Host!

Om! Amen! Om!



**PRAYER
OF
UNIVERSALITY**

O Saviour dear, they give Thee many a name,
The pilgrim-folk who really seek the Same!
On, on, they press from north, east, south and west,
And clamour loud, "I love Him best".
But when at last they reach Thy breast.
They'll whisper, "Father, all are blessed"
Impartial star of Cosmic love,
To Thee my heart soars like a dove,
In endless hymn my voice I raise,
To that God whom all races praise!

Hosana, Glory, Amen, Om!



**PRAYER
OF
SURRENDER**

My God, sustain me now,
In my most solemn vow,
To pay salvation's price,
With self the sacrifice.

Offering libations to Thy feet,
White tapers, flowers as is meet
I knew not peace from worldly ire,
Till plunged in Thy Baptismal Fire.

Emerging from that Living Spring,
I proffer gladly, everything;
Constrained by Love entirely
I take my cross and follow Thee.

AMEN!

PRAYER
OF
COMPLETENESS

O sweet Love, that dispels all fear, woe, and limitations!

O precious Love, that flows from our hearts to our eyes!

O satisfying Love, that makes our lives perfect and complete!

O unseen Love, wherein we consciously or unconsciously abide!

O brooding Love, that sanctifies and preserves us!

That Holy Love, be our All forever!

AMEN!



PRAYER
OF
ILLUMINATION

O Fountain head of Love and Bliss!

ILLUMINATE our hearts with a Baptism of thy living waters. Fill us with the realization of our immortality in Thee.

Purge us of all fear and doubt. Make us conscious of our inseperable unity with Thee, in recognizing Thy Presence in all animate and inanimate things. Bathe us forever in Thy Eternal Life, Light and Love.

Om! Tat Sat Om!



PRAYER
OF
UNION

HOLY and incomprehensible 'I AM', enflame us we pray, with unquenchable ardour of mystical union with Thee. Purify our bodies, hearts and minds, that we may fully realize the promised Peace of Thy continuous Presence, therein.



PRAYER
OF
HARMONY

ADORATIONS be unto Thee, Who art singing
so ever sweeter, from year to year, in the cloistered
stillness of our hearts!

Witness our joyful tears at the endless
beauty of Thy Celestial Lyric.

Attune O Lord our ears unto the intricacies
of Thy motif!

Let us dissolve in Thy Harmony!

O make us one with Thee, Exquisite Song
of Creation!

Om! Om! Om!



PRAYER
FOR
MERGING IN HIM

O! Universal God, set our hearts afire with all-embracing holy love, by but a single interpenetrating glance of Thine eye. We are heartily tired of treading the Karmic Wheel, and would find rest in the Presence and knowledge of Thee. Ah! Without Thy completing Grace even self purification is in vain. Mystical Union only will satisfy and heal. Since Thou art a lover of beauty, made us also beautiful and perfect in Thine eyes, by covering our blemishes by Thy divine and lovely Light. In the great beatific vision, and fusion with Thy glory, let our ignorance, self, ideas, efforts, plans and pains dissolve in unspeakable bliss.

Om! Hari! Om! Tat! Sat!



PRAYER
ON
BIRTHDAY OF AN AVATAR

O Divine Redeemer and blessed Saviour of men,
help us to attend Thy holy birthday feast in joy and
purity!

Transmute us into Spirit by fusion with Thee!

Extinguish this day, the last ember of selfish desire
in us, and kindle instead the flame of love in our hearts'
shrine.

For this alone Thou cam'st in human form this
day!

With thine own loving hands move us
heavenward!

Fill us with devotion so complete that we behold
Thee even in Thy least ones!

Make this day indeed a divine Love feast, that
we partake of the Bread of Life and drain in cup of
Immortality!

In bliss supernal, may every atom adore Thee
anew, O Lord whom we universally adore this blessed
day, of Thy, manifested form, among men!

Om! Om! Om!

PRAYER
TO
THE SAVIOUR

FROM those lucid realms descending,
Where reside the All-transcending,
Thou Redeemer meek and mild
Thou to earth as fondling-child
Cam'st to lean on woman's breast,
Cam'st imparting love and rest,
Saviour by Thy sweet compassion,
After Thine, our own lives fashion,
Who upon this day of days,
Honor Thee in song and praise!



PRAYER
OF
SELFLESSNESS

FATHER! Heal the physical and mental pain of
all that languish!

Satisfy with daily bread all that are hungering!

Lead to Light and Illumination all that are in
darkness!

Graciously cut the bound-souls loose to Freedom
in Thee!

May Thy Peace pervade all beings that live and
breathe!

AUM!



PRAYER
OF
DEDICATION

(REPEAT EACH MORNING ON AWAKENING)

HERE I am O Lord! Offering my all, silence and speech, strength and weakness, thoughts and desires, senses and actions, aims and volitions. May Thy Servant be acceptable for Thy service! Transmuted by Thy Eternal Flame of Love, may I be called worthy to build on Thy Temple, to help restore Thy Tabernacle.

Om! Om! Om!



MEDITATION

FOR

SURRENDER AND CONFIDENCE

I have yielded myself entirely to Him, hence-forth
Divine Wisdom guides me in all things.

I shall not err, fail, or fall for Divine Light illumines
my inner being, and I direct my life according to that
Light.

I do not brood over past sins, for Divine Law allows
me retribution. These mistakes of ignorance, form rungs
in my ladder of Cosmic-consciousness.

I know that the flame of Love in my heart,
consumes all error, as fire burns away the dross from
refining gold.

Though I appear to lose and renounce all, in the
eyes of the world, I know God's Child gains, and wins-
All.

Om! Om! Om!



MEDITATION
FOR
POSITIVENESS

I have exchanged the dust of delusion for the Diamond of Truth.

Divine Wisdom holds me from error by deepening my understanding. I marvel at all the good within me.

I am poised, peaceful, healthy and happy, for I love all that lives, no malice strife or bitterness finds room within me, for Spirit and Light fill every cell.

I can meet all conditions of life cool and serene, Infinite Spirit imbues me with health, wisdom, power, peace and joy.

I neither fear evil nor recognise negativity for Infinite Love is with me eternally.

The Lord God is my All in All.

So be it!

OM! TAT! SAT!

MEDITATION
FOR
PURIFICATION

Love, Love, Love,

Light, Light, Light,

Silence, Silence, Silence,

Peace, Peace, Peace,

With Infinite Spirit, we draw ourselves slowly,
steadily inward: to that deep, calm Center of Oneness
abiding.

Nothing can be added, nothing detracted, we are
complete in the Mind of God-Now!

Holy! Holy! Holy!



MEDITATION
FOR
HEALING

In deep Meditation I withdraw into the centered
Silence.

The One Truth floods my consciousness.

My body forms a channel thru which the
radiant Water of Life and Lethe flows directly to all
creation.

O joy beatific! Infinite Spirit imbues and
quickens me for greater service.

I am now the manifested electric expression
of God.

Om! Om! Om!



MEDITATION
FOR
PROTECTION

A Pillar of Living-light immures me from the Great Heresy and Liar, and those who appear Angels of light but who are the authors of evil, malice, hallucinations and sophistry.

I am God's little child resting on His loving heart of Endless Space, viewing in shadowed safety how in the Fire of Love, evil, destroys itself, and good fructifies and is fulfilled.

Om! Om! Om!



MEDITATION
FOR
PERCEIVING THE PRESENCE

The consciousness of Peace and Harmony
vivifies the cells of my body into nebulous ether.

Deep and penetrating is the calm, established
Truth within me.

I am not this body which enfolds me, I am that I,
which is fearless, ageless, birthless, deathless and
Divine.

I perceive the Presence, It is my key to liberation,
Samadhi, and Akhanda Satchidanand.

Om! Om! Om!



MEDITATION
FOR
ENLIGHTENMENT

BRIGHTEST Gleam of Spirit, Grace divine: pierce
now the veils of unknowing that imprison within us Thy
sacred beams of Life, Light and Love, that they may
escape to revivify, heal and comfort all that lives and
breathes!

AUM!



MEDITATION
FOR
MERGING IN HIM

SWEET Presence now around, below, above
Accept again the first-rose of our love,
We offer it in shriven purity
With reverence and a silent litany
Upon the secret altar of the heart.
In Thee is peace, the world is but a mart,
Confusion reigns, and we are lonely there,
Thy sad lost children, seeking everywhere
Our Father's sweet influence, Touch or Word.
Ah! Thee to find, and home like bird,
To that Sweet Rest--"The Place of Reeds".
Where Fullness is, and wholeness
dispossesses needs.

Always to feel Thy Grace and meditate, to serve
and love

Thy Tender Lambs, and feel Thee close, around,
below, above:

This, grant us Lord, in our brief earthly day,

In heaven too, when birth and death have passed
away—

When Liberation stills the Karmic Wheel

And in bless'd Union we perceive the Real.

Om Santi! Santi! Santi!



MEDITATION
FOR
ENTERING THE SILENCE

LIKE incense curling thru some Temple nave,
Thy sweet Influence fills me wave on wave.
Rich Light, Rare Fragrance, Presence blest,
Pervades my soul with quite, joy, and rest,
Love's nightingales within my heart grow mute,
The lotus of my mind bends toward its Root,
And all my cells light as the star-lit air,
Dissolve within the Word; Stupendous Prayer
That gyrates fiery suns thru space,
And confines oceans in their given place.
Ah Singing – beauty, Wonder and Delight,
I melt into Thy gliding waves of Light!
All sense – all time, all words – now fail
Hail, Immense Silence-Hail!

Om Santi ! Santi !! Santi !!!

MEDITATION
OR
DAILY THOUGHTS

NOW meditate on God.
Earnestly search thy heart.
Wipe out all selfishness.
Yearn only for the Imperishable.
Enter His Kingdom even to-day.
Aim for the highest good.
Righteously deal with all.
Go in the straight, narrow way.
Remember thy Divine Heritage.
Embrace all the world in thy love.
Endeavor to think only pure, holy thoughts.
Turn now thy gaze within thine own heart.
In serving thy brother thou servest thy God,
Never despair though sorrows assail.
God is above, below and around,
Save thyself first then the rest of the world.

Om! Om! Om!

MEDITATION
FOR
ANAND OR BLISS

HAIL Lord!

We are glad because Infinite Spirit is with us!
Peace, joy, completeness lies in this Supreme Good!

Every cell of our being is filled with illumination,
vitality and love, as we now think of God's all pervading
splendour.

We rejoice because we can serve Him thru his
manifested forms---all beings. We His servants are
Blessed. We are blissful in the knowledge that Nirvana,
the Kingdom of Heaven and Samadhi is within, so near
at hand.

May we enter into it now with happy hearts thru
the door of Silence and Holy Calm!

His Presence is here! All is Harmony, Peace, Bliss
and Oneness abiding!

Om! Om! Om!

MEDITATION
FOR
UNITY WITH GOD

NOW and always I am with God!

I am not this body of name and form, I am Infinite Spirit.

For, in the beginning, there was God, Reality.

I came from That, God-mind, therefore I am a Spiritual Reality, as I consciously identify myself with Him, who is Complete and Whole--All Illumination Bliss and---Perfect Silence-into which I now merge.

Om! Om! Om!



POEMS**GOD THE UNIVERSAL**

1

In a little temple shrine,
Half concealed by fragrant thyme,
A Hindu maid prayed Hari, Om!
And bowed her forehead to the loam,
She laid a garland at His feet,
And lit a piece of camphor sweet.

2

At Nara, Nipon, at gong's chime,
In rosy cherry-blossom time,
A reverent boy did softly hum,
Aum, Mani, Padme, Hum!
He burned a stick of sandal-scent,
And with the Presence homeward went.

3

A minister on Sabbath day,
Raised up his gentle voice to pray,
“Our Father who in heaven art,
The Heaven in each sacred heart,
Let Thy sweet Presence fill this room,
Be with me all unworthy, whom,
By Grace Thou led'st to Light from gloom”

4

In Notre Dame at even-tide,
As vesper doors stood open wide,
A Padre sang “Magnificant”.
Alone before the holy-shrine.
Where stands the sacred Bread and Wine,
His earnest gaze was steady fixed,
Upon a golden crucifix.

5

In old Jerusalem at dawn,
An aged Rabbi came to mourn.
Beside the ancient wailing wall,
That saw the Chosen rise and fall,
Where old and young Jews come to pray,
For Zion's restoration day
And sadly "Eli! Eli!" say.

6

At Mecca near the Prophet's Tomb,
A Muzzein blind from mother's womb,
Cried, "Allah hu Akbar", at sunset,
Called all to pray, from minaret.
The tears fell from his sightless eyes,
That saw not sunset's fiery dyes,
But Glory, past both earth and skies.

7

The One of diverse form and name,
The One Great God who is the same,
Whom all men worship far and near
Beheld these children all so dear,
And sent His Angels to their side,
They blessed, "May Peace in Thee reside,
Who 'neath the Wings of Love abide"

AUM! AMIN! AMEN!



TONGUES OF FLAME

Holy Sun-ray God's sweet Love
Radiant gleaming from above,
Even in Avidya's gloom,
Even in my lowly room.

Thy bright Presence, Spirit-flame,
Flashes as I call Thy name,
Light pervading mind and soul,
Cleansing Fire that maketh whole

Feeling which my being cried,
Hail O Lord of earth and skies
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall
Lord of Love my All in All!



LOVE LIKE A VEIL OF GOLD

Love Like a veil of gold long, long impended,
Love from the hand of God softly descended,
Silent as snow at night,
Fell a cool veil of light,
Mantled His child of love,
Like wings of brooding dove,
Gone is all pain fear,
Dried is the falling tear,
Love in a veil of gold,
My quiet heart doth hold,
Safe as a nestling bird;
Safe from the arrowed word;
Demon nor sin'ster star;
Can such rapt 'Santi' mar;
O sisters Joy Supreme!
No more the wistful dream,
Jewel bright, in misty gold;
God my Nirvana holds!

SOW PEACE SEEDS

O golden Peace seeds sow them everywhere,
That New Earth come, a garden fair,
Where man and beast in blessed harmony,
Regain Edenic-rest 'neath Living-tree,
Within that Golden City four sides square,
Which St.John said---"Has no death there".



WORSHIP

Some pray for riches land and fame,
And cry aloud His many a name,
Because of darkness in the soul
Light candles, incense, prayer – beads roll,
When Wisdom comes to wed with Love,
We know around, below, above,
The Great Friend is, by name “I AM”.
And yearn for naught like blissful lamb,
Full nourished with the milk of Peace,
With shriven heart as white as fleece,
Pervaded by the Grace of Peace,
Wherein e’en uttered prayer doth cease,
And all is Glory, Light, and Love
Below, around us and above!



SCATTER GOLDEN SEEDS

Each mortal heart is like a furrow on your way,
Ploughed and cross-ploughed by Unseen Hands
each day,
With shares so keen of Karmic Woe and pain,
O husbandman of heaven let Thy Peace seeds
rain,
Into some Furrow---waiting human heart,
When one is richly sown upon another start,
And so thru life let many golden seeds be sown,
Until the Lord of Harvest, gathers home his own.
Om! Om!! Om!!!



GRACE

O'er thorns and swords if mortal way,
My bleeding footsteps long did stray,
Yet in a moment, as Grace gives,
I realized, A Savior lives----
And craving pain attains that hall,
Where light, angelic footsteps fall.
Bright as a cloud of flame and gold
A Glory round me did unfold,
From which emerged a Being New,
Upon whose Way all flowers grew.

Om! Om!! Om!!!



SONG OF SERVICE

Sowing Peace seeds along earth's broad roads,
Resting contented in strangest abodes,
Happy to share a crust in a hut,
Joyful to feast in a palace or Mutt,
Sunshine or rain sharp scorn or fame,
In sameness to know Thee and make known Thy Name,
In east, north or west or sun fondled south,
Dropping Peace seeds from head, hand or mouth,
On, let us press the goal ever Truth,
On, to the bosom of our Lord of ruth,
Pause but a moment to cheer a faint heart,
Spread the sweet message that all have a part,
As you go dropping His pearl-precious seeds.
On! and take others to That---Place of Reeds!
Om! Om!! Om!!!

AT HARIDWAR BY GANGES

The evening bells are ringing,
At Haridwar by Ganges,
The Brahmacharies singing,
And conning Vedic hymns,
A lute is playing softly,
As twilight blends with dusk.
The air is sweetly burdened,
With jasmine, rose and musk.
The pilgrims chant their mantras,
And take their evening plunge.
The women float their flower lamps
Upon the rushing stream.
The young moon gilds the eastern sky,
And fills the world with dreams.
But God---The Great Reality,
At Haridwar, nearer seems
The bells grow still,
The voices mute,
And Ganges still flows on.
O Little, slender, silver moon,
Hear what my soul doth croon-
Shine, shine, these words of peace and bliss-
OM! HARI OM! TAT SAT!

THE OUTCAST'S CRY

O brother pray deny me not
The birth-right of a better lot!
Stretch forth thy hand, O fellow-man!
Help me Avidya's gulf to span.
Too long it held me in its toils.
My march is where the flag unfurls,
Its mystic emblem far on high
Of Freedom, in creations sky,
Where rosy fingers of, New Age,
Scribed "Union" on heart's golden page.
For Freedom, saints and saviours died.

In spurning me, God is denied,
Whose Spirit-flame doth ever burn,
In all, from me not turn!
For lost indeed is loveless-man.
Who doth his own, poor brother ban.
The Hand that made the roses grow,
Did also useful herbage sow.
What blasphemy 'gainst Higher-law,
Are caste distinctions, racial war!
Serve God in men with love and ruth,
Beneath the emblem, "Freedom, Truth."

Om! Om!! Om!!!

CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas anthems ringing,
Hearts good gifts are bringing,
Royal Guide of Heavens Way,
In Bethlehem was born to-day.
Jesus Christ, the meek, the mild
Took the form of human child.
May we spread His message 'Peace'
Avatar of West and East!
Serving God in serving all,
Doing Love-deeds great or small;
And the Age of Light will dawn,
Yea, when men are Spirit-born!

Om! Om!! Om!!!



THANKS GIVING

T hankful O be, for God's mercy and love
H ealth, bread and shelter and sunshine above,
A ll gifts of mind, and spirit, and matter,
N ew hopes and dreams when the old, life doth shatter,
K ind souls to help us, on the straight way,
S weet inspirations, sent, after we pray,
G lories of nature to thrill us with joy,
I nfinite peace that knows no alloy,
V ital truths voiced in all and new scriptures,
I n seasons, the ever varying pictures,
N aught that is evil and all that is good,
G od gives to us; praise His great Fatherhood!

Om! Om!! Om!!!



SOME HEARTS BELIEVE

Some hearts believe their Savior dear was born,
In Bethlehem, and rose from death on Easter-morn;
And some Swastika-marked mid India's Lotus
flowers
To change man's pain to gracious hours;
Some in Ayodhya, Brindavan, or ancient dayed
Cathay,
While other devout souls say, "In rose - scented
Araby."
His twice-born children who attained a part
In Nirvan-Heaven's Kingdom, whisper, "In my heart,
There was the Savior born one wondrous day---
When Grace joined Love, in Fiery and transmuting
Ray
When silence reigned and mind and sense was still
There came the Lord, my Temple-shrine to fill".

Om Santi! Santi!! Santi!!!

MYSTICAL OUTBURSTS**I**

“Pearl rolls to pearl,” is sung in Persian poetry,
One pearl of Love, is mother of a rosary,
Grace adds a pearl, and virtues throng,
As thoughts within a sacred song.

II

One spot of soot casts blemish on fairest face
and whitest robe. Think then my soul, how one black
sin can mar the beauty of thy sacred heart.

III

All outer dirt can be by water cleansed, but only
God can wash a sullied heart, and make it clean.

IV

On luminous waves of Silence my soul was
swept to confines of the Mystic Borderland. Ah! perfect
day, or was it centuries? And then the “silver cord” drew
me again to earth, the tear-wet vale. If there should
come again the sweet grace of a perfect day, O Lord!
Pray break that subtle binding cord, and set me Free
to pass the Gates of gem-starred gold, and roam the
sun-less, moon-less realms where Glory lends, Its
nameless lustre to all forms and things, where bliss
like nectar pours incessant-rain, into the lovely lily
chaliced souls, who wander there in rhythm dance of,
Om! The Word!

V

Soft fingers of Love knocking at the door of my heart, I almost heard not, for my sleep was deep, centuries long. Yet thru my dreaming, came that gentle tapping and the sweet voice of a servant of my Lord, "Arise my child, the dawn of thy New Life is here, adorn thyself with jewels of purity and truth and come to meet thy Lord".

VI

How kind is God! Every day vagrant souls like mine, appear at Thy shining gates of heaven, and everyday Thou dost bid them welcome, and clad their nakedness with Thine own lily-hands of love, in robes of Peace and Righteousness, and feedest them with all manner of delectable breads of knowledge and precious Nectar of Immortality. How kind is God!

VII

I shall not be clean of the dust of the world till I bathe in Thy Ocean of Glory. Ah! Let me fearlessly leave these shores of birth and death, floating far into the nameless region of Infinite Love!

VIII

I am weary My Lord! Everything comes and goes, the earth of Nama and Rupa is as quicksand beneath my pilgrim feet. Thou alone O Shining Wonder of my

Heart! Art Changeless and Eternal sure; swing low Oh!
Beloved, Thy golden rope of Grace divine, that I may
climb to safety and to Thee!

IX

Ah! I was a real outcaste, guilty of a thousand
sins 'gainst God and fellow-man, but He deigned to
touch me most untouchable, and His touch the All-
beautiful's, transmuted me, so clean and whole. I
scarcely know my erstwhile form of clay, for it became
pure-gold, this from one touch of Brahman and
Alchemist divine!

X

Take back O! World thy dear delusive gems, their
lustre charms no more a God sick soul. Thy richest
treasures lie like dung beneath the feet of these imbued
with Him.

XI

Dying for Him, my loved ones brought me doctors,
affirmations stethoscopes and pills. Alas! dear hearts,
my hurt lies deeper than all earthly aid can cure. I weep
for Him, my languished state is such as nothing, but
His Touch can help or heal-the All-Beautiful's. O sing
and sing His soothing Name, to me.

XII

I am in Love with a sweet, sweet Voice, it comes thru the silent garden of Peace with All. Have you heard it? Be still and know God! O Heart! And you shall hear that silvery Nightingale fluting its Cosmic-songs, in the quiet garden of Heaven, within.

XIII

The spring-time of God's gracious Love has filled my heart-garden with fragrant thoughts. After a winter so sear and still, warmed by the tiny fire of faith, came sunshine of wonderful Love. Now in delirious dancing joy, I would scatter my flowers all over the world, and sing like a bul-bul all the day long---God is Love, God is Life, God is Light, God is Everything to me!

XIV

One wrought and prayed. God answered, "What do you want my child". One said, "To be the lowest servant in the Order of Melchizedek". God whispered, "Make Thy body clean". One wrought and prayed again. God answering said "Make Thy mind clean". Again one wrought and prayed. The Holy-Ghost then came with sweeping flame. The one that wrought, and prayed was servant made, initiate of priesthood of Melchizedek: They are the Immortal Ones of God, who are not wed, nor given to wed, and are not of a woman born, but of His Spirit-fire, reborn. Such is God's Grace!

Om! Om!! Om!!!

A Review on MYSTIC PRAYERS AND POEMS' by the *Swarajya*, a leading daily news paper in Madras in the year, 1933

Mystic Prayers and Poems by Sushila Devi (Ellen Saint Clair Nowald)

This book is a collection of Sister Sushila Devi's beautiful songs and mystic poems which she has poured forth into the pages of PEACE while staying in Santi Ashram, Thotapalli Hills. Sister Sushila Devi belongs to that rare band of young spiritual aspirants who are not bound by race or nationality, in whom Divinity the one primary urge in human beings to selfless service expresses itself in boundless love for all beings. Born in America, she came to India fascinated by oriental spiritual wealth and stayed for several years. Her writings are not new to readers of Peace magazine. Living in seclusion and silence in the hills she has devoted her entire time to spiritual development. We earnestly wish that in the flux of time she shall prove a Besant, in establishing a strong link between India and America and promoting greater understanding between these two nations.

The present book, containing a collection of her rarest gems of composition is her first contribution to spiritual literature. It may well be said to be her first gift to the world. It is given only to a few to enjoy Divine Ecstasy; it is given to fewer still to express it in song and poem. Sister Sushila possesses these two gifts to an extraordinary degree. Her experience of perpetual ecstasy of Divine Peace and Joy finds outlet in these pages; each line mirrors her purest and most innocent nature. The songs are aptly compared to a garland of flowers, each flower is so fragrant, so vibrant with love and life. Where can the beauty of such lines as:

*Alas! I have no gift to lay at Thy lotus feet of Light,
Only a little white rose of undying faith,
Wilt Thou accept it Lord of my love!*

to be found except in the pages of Tagore's *Gitanjali*? Her songs are not mere outbursts in moments of ecstasy but are pregnant with deep thought and rich spiritual experience.

They read like a page from the Vedas and may well serve for a daily morning prayer and worship. Sushila Devi is America's present to India; may we hope she will be India's gift to the world.

OM! OM! OM!

SISTER SUSHILA DEVI – AN INTRODUCTION

Born as Miss Ellen Saint Clair Nowald, in the State of New Jersey, U.S.A. and qualified as a medical nurse, Sister Sushila Devi ultimately sacrificed all her possessions, kith and kin and came to far-off India to dedicate her life to the Mission of Peace and to follow Swami Omkar's ideals. From the very first meeting she began to silently help the peace work both in America and in the Mother Ashram in India, in all possible ways.

Beginning with her loving service to animals, her love and care extended to all the sick and suffering inmates of the Ashram as well as the village poor, and soon she became the 'all in all' in the ashram, serving it for nearly 25 years.

Of her services to animal kingdom, Swamiji says, "Strange as it may seem, the dumb animals, cats and dogs, used to talk and express all their joys and sorrows to our Sushila Devi. Understanding their troubles she took care of them in accordance with their particular needs; sometimes it was washing the sore eyes or cleaning the puss and dressing the wounds, or washing them with carbolic soap and warm water. When they were thirsty, hungry, sick or even healthy, all these animals used to wend their way towards our Sushila, to get relief and treatment. Sushila Devi worked hard, slaved and served all these helpless creatures both day and night, always with a smile, for she recognised the One Divine Presence in all of them!"

Some of the most touching instances of her selfless labour and infinite love include tending a little calf (afflicted by a fatal epidemic), which came to her doorstep one day at midnight; another was avoiding sitting in horse carriage or bullock cart because she could not bear to see the animals being whipped. A third incident was when the dog, Rammy was attacked by a cheetah, Sister Sushila not only snatched the frightened animal from the very mouth of that terrible creature but also tenderly nursed Rammy to life again; keeping awake the whole night.

There were also several instances of the nearby villagers falling dangerously ill at odd hours of the night; she would unhesitatingly rush to their aid nursing them to life sometimes keeping up the whole night. It is no wonder that the villagers looked upon Sister Sushila as a Goddess of Love, Mercy and Compassion.

But Sushila was not only a loving nurse with a big heart, who took care of animals and sick people, she was all in all in the ashram. She was the clerk and stenographer and answered the heavy inland and foreign correspondence; when visitors came from America and Europe she would cook and wait on them like a servant. For a period of time she was the Secretary and even Vice-president of the ashram receiving the visitors and representing the silent work of the Mission of Peace. She was the disciple of all liberated souls and a convincing teacher for seekers of truth. She had the capacity of drawing congregations towards the one centre of truth through her selfless life of infinite love. In Swamiji's own words, "Once in a gathering of highly cultured and spiritual souls, she made everyone forget their forms and names. One and all began to shed tears of ecstasy for they forgot their little selves in the name of God. It was an hour of stupendous silence and infinite tranquillity where only Immortal Silence reigned. No one could speak or move for a long time. It became dark and everyone departed without even the usual saluting words. There was an enshrouding Silence. It was a most sanctified day of sacred memory, not only to me but to everyone present in that meeting, for all had, had a touch of His Love in Stillness."

"What the Missionaries could not do with all their toils of many long years of hard life in India our Sister Sushila Devi succeeded in doing with her unostentatious, unassuming, simple life of love, ever walking in the footsteps of the Blessed Lord Christ. Even the most orthodox Hindus of the highest caste adored and worshipped her and even took her into their Sanctum of Sanctums, the highly consecrated Puja Rooms. It touched my heart to see in some homes that the spiritual people realised and recognised in Sushila the Presence of their ideal Deity, the Goddess

of their worship. Can there be anything more touching than to recognise Truth, the Impersonal God, through Universal Love, forgetting all castes, creeds, colours and nations? Verily, where Love is, there God is”.

In the context of the setting up of a Peace Clinic in Waltair Ashram, Swamiji writes “Fortunately sister Sushila Devi had been a trained Registered Nurse in New York and her presence and selfless services were a great blessing and reminded us of the ideal life of Miss Florence Nightingale. Sushila Devi was full of kindness, compassion and deep love for the childlike, poor and innocent fisher folk. The helpless, sick and poor flocked in not by dozens but in hundreds to be treated by the most skilled and famous surgeons of the day, who had come to their very doorsteps to help and serve them in their need and suffering.” “Sister Sushila, out of her boundless love for the sick and poor helped some of the unfortunate people, not only with her tender care but also with food and clothing. She was so attached to selfless service that she would serve ceaselessly, even after the Clinic hours, treating patients at odd hours, giving medicines, serving the suffering in all possible ways, ignoring her health and sacrificing all her time, energy and money, for the welfare of the fishermen and the other sick people who came to the Peace Clinic from nearby villages and from Visakhapatnam.” Sister used to clean the wounds and boils of leprosy patients even without any gloves on her hands and when warned by the doctors to take precautions she would reply that not a blade of grass moves without God’s will and since it was He who was serving through her humble instrument, He alone would take care of her in her selfless services.

The tragic and sudden demise of this loving soul came on 14 November 1957. It was a shock to the devotees of the Ashram all over India. She was in America nursing her ailing mother and though she tried to come back to India several times, someone or other was often sick in her home and she had to stay back to look after them. Finally when she resolved to come and finalised all her visa papers from U.S.A. for the journey, even wrote a letter on 13th November 1957 that she was coming; the

very next day she met with a fatal car accident along with her brother; while returning to her home in New Jersey after attending a meeting in New York. It was an irreparable loss for the Ashram to which her whole life had been dedicated from the beginning to the end, as well as to Mother India.

In memoriam, Swami Omkarji writes, "In the spiritual world, Sri Swami Narayan, the chief disciple of Sri Swami Rama Thirtha; Sri Swami Bodhanandaji of the Ramakrishna Mission in New York; Sri Swami Yoganandaji, Yogoda; H.H. Sri Swami Sivanandaji, the founder of the Divine Life Society; Sri Swami Ramdasji of Anandashram and H.H. Sri Swami Rajeswaranandaji of the Upanishad vihar and many other sages and saints had the greatest respect and veneration for her dedicated life of selfless service."

" Sister Sushila's life of selfless service and Love Universal reminds me, unconsciously of the life of Suka Deva. It seems that Suka Deva left home and went into the forest to do Tapas, austerities. His old father Vyasa was very much attached to him and went after his son calling his name: Suka, Suka, Suka. He was surprised to hear the hills and dales, the trees and shrubs, responding to his call. Every creature and object answered him, for Suka was no longer confined to a particular body but was living a life of Universal Love, feeling for all, loving all, seeking himself in the whole world. Such has been the simple and dedicated life of Sister Sushila Devi".

In order to perpetuate her loving memory, the least that the Mission of Peace could do was to name the mobile medical unit's van as Sushila Peace Van and the Hospital which was to be constructed then was named as Sushila Hospital. This hospital was much needed for the sick and poor of Thotapalli hills and nearby villages where medical aid was totally absent. This is the monument to the dedicated life of beloved Sister Sushila Devi in India.

OM! OM! OM!