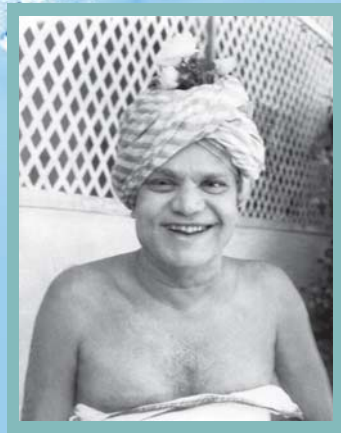


|| HARI OM ||

The Unending Odyssey

My Experiences Of Sadguru Sri Mota's Grace

Prof. S. S. GUPTA



PUJYA SRI MOTA



Published By : Prof. S. S. GUPTA

|| HARI AUM ||

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OF
SADGURU SRI MOTA'S GRACE**

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Hari Om Ashram Publication, Surat.

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**To SadGuru Sri Mota's "SWAJANS"
who are also my Gurubhais.**

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FOREWORD

For the Divine vibrant Life to descend and flower within, and for the receptivity of SadGuru's ever abiding Grace, the book **THE UNENDING ODYSSEY** reveals how one has symbolically to move, in Military terms, from standing at attention, through standing at ease, to marching forward for the final conquering Leap. In other words, totally alert, relaxed, and moving through life with awareness. It also unfolds how to meditatively turn inward for everlasting peace and bliss, though in the beginning it may be intermittent or even spasmodic.

THE UNENDING ODYSSEY is, in the final analysis, an odyssey of self-discovery from "toil to tranquility". A must-read book for the spiritual aspirants, as well as for leading a creative, meaningful and authentic life through thick and thin, ups and downs that are inevitable.

- Lt Gen Vipin Gupta, VSM

INTRODUCTION

Whole of my life, until I was called by my Sadguru Sri Mota to him, I had been trembling at that where I stood before. It was a journey that never felt to be ending: going everywhere, reaching nowhere. Only after I bowed at his Lotus feet, there was a short pause before I again set off on my spiritual quest that is still continuing under his Grace.

I was born in 1934 at Ferozepur, a border town in Punjab. In my infancy, I suffered from a serious, fatal illness during which I was administered holy waters from sacred rivers and got cured by the blessings of a Muslim Pir (Holy Man).

Preparation

The spiritual seeds of divine aspirations were sown in me by my late mother – her devotional fervour, religious nature and temperament – in my childhood. I would attend “Kirtans” (collective singing of “Bhajans” i.e., hymns), “Jagratas” (all night vigils and singing of “Bhajans”) and frequented saints visiting Ferozepur. But as I grew and got enveloped in the alluring delusions of the worldly life, the fog, hails and snow of intellectual scepticism, reason and self-will closed over the seeds and covered them. Although rare, and at intervals, puffs of faith had been sweeping off the mist and snow a

little, recurring snowfalls thickened the carpet and layers of ignorance.

It was only in 1956-57 that the fog of darkness cleared when I was introduced to Saint Gulab Singh, an enlightened Master in the sufi tradition who was often visiting Shimla (HP), where I had got my first appointment in Himachal Government's P.W.D. Department, even being a Non-Himachali, a near impossibility which was indeed a miracle, and sort of rehabilitated my faith in God, but which later my Sadguru Sri Mota observed was not faith. "Faith should be for its own sake", he said, "not because some prayer or desire has been fulfilled". Santji made a tremendous impact on me, and there was fermentation within. With his divinely intoxicated and deeply inspiring personality, he melted the hails and snow and created in me devotional urges. He further introduced or handed me over to Saint Gurudial Mallik (popularly known as Chachaji in Gujrat), a very close, silently working disciple of Gurudev Rabindra Nath Tagore and professor of English at Shanti Niketan, as well as a known bridge between Tagore, Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave, in 1958 at Shimla itself, where he also used to visit every year and stayed and conducted prayer meetings at Brahma Samaj Mandir. His humility, geniality and the glow on his grey bearded face, his innocent child-like laughter, and bright, shining eyes, reflecting his

enlightenment, touched me and I was attracted to him as an iron to a magnet. He influenced me immensely, and levelled the earth—earlier underneath the snow—breaking many lumps and turfs of resistance. During this period, I met my wife who, as she told me then, had seen me in her dream a year or two before as her husband-to-be and we were married under his patronage, followed by a prayer meeting. Sant Visheshar Singh also attended it. Sant Gulab Singh had written that he'd be there in spirit. It was a very simple affair. Rev. Gurudial Mallik prayed for the harmony of our relations and our leading a spiritual life full of love and service.

Strangely enough, all through these years and inspite of my close association with the two Masters, besides being in the presence of many enlightened Masters, known and acknowledged, there persisted in me an urge to find or meet my True Guru ('Sadguru'). How could those seeds sprout unless watered by the nectar of Sadguru's grace and initiation! In those days I used to have dreams, or should I say visions, of beautiful natural scenes, bathed in celestial light as had never been seen before. At that time I didn't understand their significance. I was also blessed with prophetic dreams that would always come true. Not only that, whenever I thought of my Sadguru, an image of a saint, naked except for a short cloth round his waist, standing with a shaven

head and beard, slightly turned sideways, in the act of blessing me while I was bowed at his feet, used to flash before my inward eyes. It would always be the same image.

Beginning of the Quest

Once reading of '*An Autobiography of a Yogi*' by Sri Yogananda Paramhansa, had such a powerful effect on me that I decided to renounce worldly life and go to Himalayas in search of my SadGuru who'd be my saviour. However, both Sant Gulab Singh and Sant Gurudial Mallik disapproved of my intention when I wrote to them about it and dissuaded me strongly from taking such a hasty step and advised me not to be sentimental and run away from my duties, and that I should take to prayers and make my life pious, assuring me that when God's grace descends upon me I'd find my Guru. They advised me to continue chanting His Name, sing His Glories and do meditation. Later, during the same year when Sri Gurudial Mallik was visiting us at Ferozepur, he talked about Sri Mota and his Hari Om Ashrams and silence and solitude rooms ('*Maun Mandirs*') therein at Kumbakonam, Nadiad and Surat in details, covering all their aspects. As I listened to him, I had a strong intuitive feeling that I was nearing my goal of meeting my SadGuru. On my indication, he advised me to write for the reservation of a "Maun" room at Nadiad for 21 days silence and solitude. I wrote

to Sri Mota and I was called. In a subsequent letter he gave me 'Guru Mantra', which was the one I wrote to him I was practising and also, on my request, sent his photograph. Later, I learnt that these were rare gestures as he seldom initiated anyone formally. Here I'd like to mention a strange phenomenon that occurred regarding his photograph. In my prayer room I kept photographs of saints whom I had met and also about whom I had read or heard and felt inspired. I also placed Sri Mota's photograph that I got framed on one of the shelves alongwith them. I used to garland those photographs daily in the morning. But strangely, after I had put the garland on Sri Mota's photograph also, the next morning when I opened the door of my prayer room I found that all the photographs had garlands on them as I had put on them, but Sri Mota's photograph had shed the garland that was lying on the shelf in front of his photograph. It continued so for a couple of days. I also tried to secure the garland on his photograph by inserting its string tightly in the very narrow openings of the two upper corners of its steel frame. But next morning it was found to have fallen from the frame and lying in front on the shelf where it was kept. It was so inspiring and intriguing at the same time. It is, now, however, while I am writing that an intuitive flash has unravelled the mystery, that not the flowers or garlands, but the devotion

and 'Bhava' are to be offered to SadGuru, which He accepts. Even, otherwise, as I remember now, he used to discourage it and advised that it was better to offer garland of 'Khadi' strings that could be converted later into clothes for the poor and, thus, could be used, and not wasted like this.

On my way to Nadiad, when I reached Delhi, I received a telegram at my uncle's residence, where I was staying, from my father asking me to come back as my eldest son, who was less than two years old at that time, was in serious trouble. Hot boiling milk had fallen and spilt over his chest and he was unconscious. I had to catch the train to Vadodra, enroute to Nadiad, next morning. I telephonically told my parents that if I didn't reach by the train next day, the earliest I could go, they should take it that I had left for Nadiad. Meanwhile I went to consult Rev. Gurudial Mallik who was also in Delhi at that time. He advised me to return. But I said that I felt it was a test for me, to which he replied that tests would surely come. He then advised me to telegraphically inform Sri Mota and seek his advice. However, I thought it looked selfish and told him so. His reply was that when one has bowed at the feet of SadGuru why should there be any hiding or concealment. Continuing, he said that on reaching Nadiad Ashram I should tell everything to Sri Mota.

At The Feet of The SadGuru

When I met Sri Mota and bowed at his feet, his first query was whether I had come with the consent of my parents and my wife. I replied in affirmative. His next question was if everything was alright in my home. Here, again, was the test. If I said “yes” it’d be a lie, and if I said “no”, it would be selfish. However, I got over this situation and told him everything. His observation was that if I had given him the telegram, he’d have advised me to return. When I said my parents were there to take care of the child, he commented that although they were there to look after the child, how’d my wife be consoled. Continuing, he advised me to write to my people at home and ask them to pray and chant the Name, and assured that by God’s grace everything would be alright. He also asked Sri Nandubhai to send my letters from home inside the Maun room to me. Normally, no such communication is permitted except to and, extremely rarely, from Sri Mota, or the Ashramites for any requirement. Later, after my return I was to learn that my mother had prayed to Sri Mota that their letters should be allowed to me inside and mine to them.

During my ‘Mauna’ I was naturally disturbed by the apprehension that my son’s beautiful body would be scarred with sores and burnt skin patches. I was anxious more because earlier his

back of palm had touched the hot press and the burnt skin's scar was still there (later it was to be his permanent identification mark). However, Pujaya Sri Mota's letter from Surat was so relieving. He had stated that my son's damaged state of body would always be in his mind and that I should not have any worry or tension and focus on my prayers and chanting (See Appendix). Soon afterwards, I received a letter from my mother informing that my son's bandages had been removed and, surprisingly, not a single scar was there on his body and that all of them, including my father about whom I was sceptical, prayed and chanted twice daily, as advised by Sri Mota. I was so overwhelmed by Sri Mota's grace that tears of gratitude flowed out of my eyes and brought great relief and peace of mind. I also wrote to Sri Mota about his recovery. In his rejoinder he wrote "*God is Great and Glory is His*" (See Appendix).

Before entering for the 'Mauna' I was with Sri Mota for a week wherever he went, and after completing it, I went to Surat to be with him once again for a week before returning to Ferozepur. It was there, one morning, when he was going for his bath at the Ashram tube-well, that I met him while coming from the opposite side. And as I bowed to touch his feet and he stopped and stood, turning sideway, to bless me, instantly the image that I used to see of my

SadGuru flashed before me and I found that it was exactly the re-enactment of the same : Sri Mota standing naked in front of me with only a short cloth around his waist, the same face with shaven head, clean shaved, the same pose and the same gesture of blessing my bowed head at his feet. No wonder, Sri Mota used to say “*Your real Guru has already stationed himself in the depth of your heart.*”

PROLOGUE

“Will I feel your presence, Father, and get your help even at Ferozepur when I return there as I have been experiencing in the ‘Mauna’ here”.

“Tell me, Mr Gupta; do you give your heart to your wife and children and other members of the family?”

“Yes, Father.”

“Give that heart to Mota as you give it to them and you would surely feel his subtle presence with you. Guptaji, whenever you have any physical, psychic, mental or economic problems, think of Mota and pray. Your difficulties will be solved”.

This conversation passed between Sri Mota, who always talked in third person and myself at Surat where I had gone to meet him after completing my first “MAUNA” (silence and solitude) at his Hari Om Ashram, Nadiad in May 1961 for three weeks. All these years, even after he shed his physical sheath on 23rd July, 1976 at the age of 78 by an act of his WILL and during which we had to pass through many crises, not till now has he failed me even once. It has never taken more than 72 hours (which is the longest period, for in many cases, the response had been instantaneous) for the fulfillment of my prayers to him. I have invoked his assurance on extremely rare occasions and most critical situation, though. Actually, his all pervading grace

has been permeating our entire joint family down to the last living generation i.e., from my parents to my grand children, including my brothers and sisters and their off-springs. Not only that! All along I have also felt his grip tightening over me despite my succumbing too often to the numerous temptations. Just when I felt I was lost, his help came in its own subtle ways and saved me from falling into utter degradation and penury. What is more, all this is inspite of my not being always true to my words to him or even when I have not been obeying his injunctions.

SadGuru's Assurance

When I expressed my apprehension to him long ago that I might be disowned for being so untrue to him, he wrote me back: *"You are free to leave Mota, but Mota is not free to leave you. Anyone who comes in his Orbit once, Mota cannot leave him"*. This was so overwhelming and eternally reassuring. There is hardly any desire that has not been fulfilled; any fears that have not proved unfounded, any anxieties and worries that have not turned out to be mere illusions. The space is too limited for me to recount them all. Before meeting him, I was a rolling stone, kicked about by the circumstances, neglected, depressed, looking in vain for a permanent career. But afterwards my life turned a new leaf and opened up whole new vistas for me. Not considering my merits or demerits, my SadGuru

Mota has ever been showering his love and grace, sustaining and blessing me with the fulfillment of all my hopes and desires.

However, Sri Mota never compromised in “SADHANA” and always emphasized on efforts and prayers and, as he often stressed, “Volcanic aspirations” that form a cosmic Vortex attracting into its Centre SadGuru’s uplifting and sublimating grace to, ultimately, experiencing transcendence.

The Initiation

On the eve of my second 21 days “MAUNA” (Silence and Solitude) from 1st November to 22nd November, 1964, I requested Sri Mota at his close devotee Late Raoji Bhai’s residence at Dabhan (Nadiad), where he was convalescing from his spinal spondilitis and where I had gone to touch his Lotus Feet on 30th October, 1964, to bless me with “Guru Mantra”. He so kindly acquiesced and called me next day in the evening to sleep there instead of in the Ashram, so that I could get up at 3:00 AM next morning i.e., 1st November when he would give me the “Guru Mantra”. Although he had blessed me with the same in his first letter to me and, later, at Surat Ashram, repeated it asking me to do the same after him, I had been taking it in my ignorance that initiation had to be formal. Naturally, I felt that it was going to be the fulfillment of my long cherished and visualized wish. However, before I requested him I had picked up a magazine in Gujrati lying there

on his side table and started turning its pages to glance at the pictures therein, when suddenly I startled at a solitary highlighted text in English which stated that one should never request the Guru for initiation unless one is prepared to lay down one's life at his command. The coincidence was so significant as next morning after initiating me Pujaya Mota spoke those very words to me. Now, perhaps, to satisfy me he acceded to my request. He asked me to take early bath and change over to the washed clothes and do "Nam Smaran" (remembrance of the Divine Name) in the lawn of the house till he called me. When I got up I found that he had come out of his room sometime during the night and was lying on his side turned towards the wall on his settee placed beside Kirtibhai (the late son of Raoji Bhai) and my beds and was asking Kirti Bhai to wake me up and tell "Maharaj (the cook and the helper in the house) to take me to the bath room to complete my morning chores and get me ready. Actually, I was a late riser and was not sure whether I'd be able to get up in time or not and had also expressed my fear to Kirti Bhaie. And here the Guru was taking care of all the details. As arranged, he sent for me around 4:00 AM and going to him, I prostrated at his Divine Feet.

Then the fulfillment! With what love, compassion and affection, smiling in his benevolence (I cannot express myself), while lying

on his settee with his face turned towards me, he beckoned me closed to him and uttered the Holy Name : हरिःॐ (Hari Om) while placing the palm of his sacred hand on my Heart Centre (“Anhata”), then whispering it in my ears, followed by his doing so in my “Ajana”, the Centre between eye-brows, and finally drawing my head close to him, he pronounced the “Guru Mantra”, rather infusing it in my “SAHASRARA”, i.e, my “BRAHMA RUDRA” on top of my skull. I was faintly, though surely, conscious of his whispering the “Mantra” (Name) in all my spiritual centers. As I remember, and understand now, throughout the initiation process, I was totally thought free, fully aware in my witnessing consciousness and completely saturated with overwhelming emotions.

Afterwards, remembering his own initiation, he recounted how he had gone into “Samadhi” for 72 hours when his Guru gave him the “Mantra”, and after he regained his normal consciousness when he thought only a few moments had passed, he went to an old acquaintance nearby to borrow Rs 5/- to offer as “Guru Dakshana” (offering), but he told him that Guru doesn’t need any money. The best offering is to surrender his “KAMA” (lust), “KRODHA” (anger), “LOBHA” (Avarice), “MOHA” (attachment) and “Ahankar” (Ego) at Guru’s feet, which is the real “DAKSHANA” (Offering). I too had such a thought at that time as what to offer him. He

had divined my thought and told me as such, and then asked me to surrender all of them to him. He further told me that since I had received the “Guru Mantra” from him, I’d now have to obey all his commands in all circumstances and he ordered me to repeat the Holy Name (“Mantra”) twenty four hours, waking-sleeping; eating-drinking; walking-resting; or working, even if my life goes out – “Don’t care for it”. He told me to surrender myself and dedicate my all to him and always pray for the continuity of “NAM SMARAN”. And as I had expressed to him about my feeling a sense of fear, he called out to me while I was leaving for the “Ashram” to enter the “MAUNA” after prostrations to him, that whenever I had or felt any fear, I should bring Mota at that time in between and pray. I may add that during my subsequent experiences of it this helped me the most in overcoming it.

THE UNENDING ODYSSEY

'I am omnipresent'
-Sri Mota

1

THE SUBTLE PRESENCE

It was during my first 21 days “MAUNA” (Silence and Solitude) itself at Nadiad from 7th May to 28th May, 1961 that I received Sri Mota’s letter, when just four days of my ‘Mauna’ period were left, in which he had stated that although physically known Mota would leave that evening for Surat Ashram, subtle Mota was still inside the Maun Room and I could feel his presence if earnestly and ardently aspired for (See Appendix). Besides, his unfailing assurance, as also expressed to me, had been that whatever may be the experience inside, anyone who goes in the “MAUNA”, will come out after completion of his period most hale and hearty, atleast in the same physical, mental and psychic state, without any damage. There is every chance that he may walk out much better and cured of some old, chronic disease. He also used to say that “no thought, no dream, no vision and no experience can come in the “MAUNA” without any significance.

As advised, we maintain a daily diary of all the experiences, whatever these may be, and a day before coming out of the “Maun” Room, we write a report based on these entries, called “Atam Nivedan” and submit it to the Ashram for

their record. Sri Mota used to listen to it and answered all the questions. I am quoting or extracting the details of some of my experiences during my “MAUN” periods over all these years from these reports in order to maintain their authenticity and to avoid any exaggeration or dilution that usually creeps in when recalled or expressed in retrospect.

During my “MAUNA” periods early on, I was subjected to the onslaughts of anti-devotional, hostile and dormant forces, challenged for the first time in this way that, as told to me later, usually create struggles in the mind of the inmate. Its consciousness and brave determination to fight them and the faith that the higher-self would dominate, and also prayers to SadGuru Sri Mota would ward off their influence. The struggles are, actually, created by the “Blacks” or “Asuras” as they are also called, on physical, psychic and mental planes to divert the spiritual aspirant from his path which would undermine their sway on him. Accordingly, I also suffered from physical and constitutional complications, such as constipation, nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, sore throat, ulceration of gums, hyperacidity, headache, psychic and mental troubles, like depression, non-existent fear that create specters and illusions in the imagination, nostalgia, sense of waste and

emptiness, surging of old, recent or even forgotten “SANSKARS” and “VIRITIES” (impressions and tendencies) and sinful acts and thoughts – all of which were of intermittent and passing nature, though. These overtake the inmate, as I, now, understand, to train and prepare him to stick to his chosen spiritual practice under all circumstances and at all levels, undaunted and undisturbed, so essential for doing “Sadhana” in life. As advised, I tried to remain in witnessing consciousness, without getting involved in them or remaining indifferent towards them, focusing, rather, on my chanting, which inspite of my hoarse throat, was spontaneous, loud and clear, the voice coming out automatically. Later, however, their consciousness and prayers in repentance for forgiveness would make me feel depressed and brought forth tears. Of Course, some of the ailments were of the nature of relapse. But after coming out of the “MAUNA” all of them disappeared and recurred rarely.

However, all these troubles were punctuated with spells of divine bliss, visions of beautiful, shining, crystal clear natural scenes and of known and unknown saints and sages – a couple of whom I met later or saw their photographs and recognized them as such, with bearded faces, glowing, majestic and over-awing looks (in one

or two cases they sat on the edge of the platform on which was placed Sri Mota's Photograph and where I used to sit and chant), besides, of course, the images of Sri Gurudial Mallik and Sant Gulab Singh that floated past my inward eyes with the reminiscences of my past associations with them. In addition, there was spontaneous springing of hymns and prayers in verses (even though never written before) in English, Hindi and Urdu (See Appendix), and host of other spiritual experiences, indicating Sri Mota's grace and his subtle presence inside.

On the third day of my "MAUNA" (ie., 9th May), one thing strange happened. Suddenly, I became deeply conscious of a strange, strong and incense like smell flowing out of my body even when it was drenched in sweat or after fresh bath and drying of body with the towel – at all hours. It was not stink of sweat or anything, nor could it be fragrance of incense sticks because I lighted them early in the morning only and their smell could not be absorbed in the body or room for a little over an hour or so; whereas this smell had been coming out throughout the day, in the mornings, afternoons, evenings and nights too. It was not there before and continued only for almost a week, ie., upto 15th May. Afterwards it did come but very rarely and in passing whiffs.

During the last days it was totally absent and despite my desiring, it did not come. On the same day, occasionally and more frequently thence forward upto the end, whenever I closed my eyes, while preparing for sleep or during early hours, half-awake and half-sleep, or during chanting of the Name or contemplation thereon, during the day even, I had been beholding in the infinite darkness of my closed eyelids before me sometime white or grey, spreading 'Dawn shots or spots' and more frequently faint, yet, occasionally, intensely shining or glimmering, melting, golden or orange gold rings of light, and enclosing in them thick darkness whenever these were orange gold specially, or even golden ripples, twinkling and spreading and vibrantly disappearing in the infinite darkness. A couple of days later I became conscious of Sri Mota's sure, subtle, sustaining and protecting influence in an unusual manner which saved me from a serious head injury. In the afternoon, while reading verses of Nam Dev, Dhanna and other saints from the "**Sacred writings of the Sikhs**", a UNESCO published English translated book of Hymns, celebrating "NAME" and the Grace of True 'Guru ("SadGuru"), my mind was suddenly caught in a spiritual, ecstatic frenzy, and while chanting loudly I started dancing, enjoying

unexperienced divine bliss, so that for a few moments I was totally unconscious of my body and my surroundings and continued dancing, moving and jumping with increasing frenzy when suddenly I found myself in a cloud of thick darkness, pressing against me on all sides, suffocating and compelling me to jump and hop at the same spot while chanting more loudly Lord's name. My breath became increasingly disrupted and my heart was beating fast in a breathless manner, for the increasing pressure of darkness – my body generating very intense yet pleasant heat – when my eyes suddenly opened with a deep feeling of pressure on my heart and I found that I was jumping and hopping very close to the wall where I had reached unconsciously in the ecstatic mood and would have certainly struck and wounded my head, had the cloud of darkness not retarded my movements. I thanked my SadGuru and bowed my head for such protection. Afterwards to test its authenticity I consciously closed my eyes and moved deliberately towards the wall with outstretched hands but no such cloud of darkness appeared again.

On Saturday night of my first weekend in the “MAUNA”, I had a dream in which a young fair complexioned “SANYASI” in his late thirties,

clothed in white 'Kurta and 'Dhoti', a white turban on his head, with black beard, appeared and said in English, "*Son, get up and chant the Divine Name. It is the highest yoga and the most direct and easiest method to realize self and reach God*". From the 10th to the 19th day of my "MAUNA" period I had been conscious of a unique phenomenon. While I chanted the Name with absorption, devotion and happiness and, therefore, loudly, I had been occasionally, abruptly, conscious for a second or two, though recurringly during the period, of a faint and later a bit more articulate, vibrant and slightly resonant sound – as if coming from within towards the right side or as if some one very near and close to me on my right was humming in monosyllable or echoing the second word of my chanting of the name "HARI OM" ie., OM, or extending it a little and making it longer – I was unable to explain, but there was some spreading sound which I heard within and towards my right. It stopped while I suspended chanting. It could not be an echo as there was no echo in the room and it did not come during first nine days and the last two days. It was not there when I chanted mechanically. Of course it impelled my mood and increased my enthusiasm and gusto and I chanted with greater absorption and delight,

although sometime it gave me a sudden start and a pleasant surprise. Once, just three days before the completion of my 'MAUNA', while I was chanting in the evening with closed eyes in deep absorption, I beheld in the grey, golden, circular, spreading frame of light that instantaneously and unexpectedly appeared most vividly between the two eyebrows in front of me, in the infinite darkness, a closed Lotus flower standing in the water in the twilight, in the act of rising and opening and blooming. The same day I was seized by a thought that if somehow or other I got good amount of money in lump sum, a branch of Sri Mota's Hari Om Ashram might be opened at Ferozepur at a particular place, where there is a beautiful, lovely and shady spot. Next day in the evening while chanting and looking at Sri Mota's photograph placed inside, focusing my attention on his "Anahata" (heart chakra) 'in the middle of his chest, I beheld, as never before, though I had been concentrating at that spot for so many times, that Mota's glowing face was changing and assuming different features and forms successively and rapidly as if they were his faces in the past generations or his different forms in the present one. At one moment it appeared bearded with long flowing hair and the next moment with the hair wound over the head

into a ball, like that of old “SANYASIS”. Immediately afterwards, the face in the photograph resumed its original form with clean shaven head and beard, in the sitting pose, cross legged, and naked. This could not be a case of hypnotism or hallucination as I was very conscious and awake.

On the morning of the last day while I was chanting in the faint light of the dawn I observed that either my open eyes cast or there appeared itself in twinkles and flashes small vibrating golden spots and lines or golden shadows on the wall – as never before in front of me. Once for a second or two with open eyes, I beheld a small opaquely circular, vibrating spot in the upper limb of Mota near his heart in his photograph placed before me. Even otherwise, different images of Mota, smiling, shining, contemplative and brimming with love in different situations and states – as I saw and observed them during my stay with him – had been predominantly floating and moving before my eyes like a cinema reel through out the “MAUN” period and encouraging and inspiring me. I also had an intuitive feeling that I was related to him in my previous birth.

Subsequently at Surat, where I went after completing my “MAUNA”, I had a personal talk with Sri Mota regarding my experiences inside the

'Mauna' room, during which I also read my 'Mauna' report to him. His response was that outside the 'Maun' room such visions and experiences might be mixed up with wishful thinking and imagination, but inside these were true, spiritual without any alloying, and very good tips and signs, indicative of his subtle presence and symbolizing God's grace and blessings on me. No one could, otherwise, pass 21 days outside confined in a room like that, which was a challenge, in the climax of summer heat, without any electricity and with all doors and windows closed and air vents screened, though with blue thin net sheets to allow the air inside and to shut out the light, so essential and congenial for "Sadhana" (i.e., "Japa and Dhyana"), because, as according to Sri Mota "*The atmosphere of sound and thought waves in normal atmosphere affects the mind. Hence, the necessity of going to a place with a minimum of disturbance*". He told me not to doubt, and that it was not a dream or imagination or even wishful thinking, that I had family relations with him in my previous birth and that's why I had come to him from such a long distance, the only one from Punjab till then. Regarding assuming of different forms and features by his image he told me that sometimes back he did keep beard and flowing hair and also

kept his hair tied into a ball (“JOORA”) on his head as I had observed in the “MAUNA”. He called Shri Nandubhai (his chief disciple and Secretary) and asked me to verify about it from him. Of course, Nandubhai confirmed the same. When I asked him about the swami who appeared in my dream and advised me to wake up and chant the Name of God, his indirect indication was that it was he who had himself appeared in that form to inspire me. In reply to my question that why didn’t he show his original form, he answered that that was the custom and way of SadGuru, and that very rarely he shows his original self. He added that his own SadGuru used to do the same. However, I don’t know why and how, inspite of such unusual experiences my doubting mind could not reconcile to both these statements at that time, though it is also very significant and revealing how these doubts were cleared months afterwards.

It was after almost six months when Swami Premanand, Secretary, Divine Life Society of India, Rishikesh, visited and blessed our house at Ferozepur, that my doubt was cleared. On seeing Sri Mota’s photograph as he entered our drawing room and on my informing him that he was my GuruDeva, he took the photograph and gently pressed it to his heart in veneration and closed

his eyes in silent greetings and remarked; *“Yes, I have also met him. But long time ago. At that time he used to keep beard and grow hair”*. I was lost in thoughts. After about two months of my “mauna”, I had to go to Dehradun (Uttarakhand) to meet the Presiding “MAHANT” (Head) of Guru Ram Rai Darbar, H.H. Shri Indresh Charan Das in connection with my interview for the post of a Lecturer in English in Guru Ram Rai College, NAHAN (HP) which was being run at that time by that Mission. He turned out to be a class fellow of my uncle Shri N.N Goel, a leading advocate of Dehradun who accompanied me to him. As soon as I saw him I recognized him to be the same “SANYASI” (ascetic) who had appeared in my dream during my “Silence and Solitude”. He was in the same white dress and turban, in his thirties, fair and with black beard. He talked in English. Later I learnt that he was M.A in English Literature. This resemblance puzzled me, for Sri Mota had assured me that he himself appeared and inspired me to chant the Name. Of course, I had never met him before. At that time, I didn’t ask him anything. Early next morning, I again went to meet him alone, as advised by him. We had detailed discussion regarding the job and remuneration etc. However, before coming away I told him about

my dream without any reference to my “Silence and Solitude” and Sri Mota’s remarks. His reply was very significant. *“Mr Gupta this was not a dream but a vision, and such visions are always reciprocal. I’m glad you saw me in that vision. But I’m sorry to say that I did not have your vision. However, it does not mean that your vision was unauthentic or wrong. God or Guru can inspire a devotee in a vision in any form he chooses”*. In my heart I at once felt a thrill and a sense of guilt for doubting Sri Mota’s statement. If “Maharaj” had said that he too had my vision then it could not have been Sri Mota. This proved that Sri Mota had himself appeared in my dream in the form of ‘MAHARAJ” and as I doubted him, I was led to Dehradun so that I might be relieved. And of course, I was not selected for the post in their college. Much later I also read in the life sketch of a saint (perhaps of Sri Rama Krishna Paramhansa) that SadGuru shows his true form to that devotee who has not met him physically and appears in a different form to him who has already been in his presence.

It has taken all these years for me to experientially realize the truth of Sri Mota’s saying that one’s true Guru is he who does not let one’s doubts persist for long, which are eventually cleared convincingly. In his presence one’s

unasked questions drop and lose their importance or urgency, or even answered. Above all, love and reverence for him overwhelm the devotee. Otherwise, he is not for the individual devotee, though he may be for others. Neither his dress and manners, nor his facial expressions, his so called intelligence and knowledge or the extent of his following and the social status of his followers, besides his own standard of living, are the authentic signs of his Divinity. Actually, it is one to one relation as ordained by the Divine or one's own "Sanskars". It may be as Sri Mota used to say due to "NIMIT" which SadGuru has for the individual concerned from the past.

2

THE INNER GUIDANCE

The initial period of my second “MAUNA” (silence and solitude) at Nadiad was extremely disturbing and unnerving because of my incessant and involuntary lose motions and nauseous feeling – I soiled my “Dhoti” etc for a number of times. On the forenoon of the 2nd day of my “MAUNA”, I impulsively got so unbalanced that I requested the Ashram for taking me out as even medicines were not having any effect. I decided to abandon “MAUNA” and return home. In the meantime, Pujya Mota, who was informed of my condition, sent Kirtibhai to take me to a doctor – one of his devotees – if I did not improve. The doctor told me that besides acidity and Diarrhoea, I was heading for jaundice. He gave me some capsules and, inspite of my repeated requests, did not charge anything for medicines and consultation. He advised me, however, to continue the “MAUNA”. On returning to the Ashram, I was still fickle. However, the love, persuasion and declaration of Mani Kaka (the Manager of the Ashram) that for myself he would relax the Ashram rules to accommodate me in respect of my diet etc, the encouragement of Sh Jayarambhai Patel from East Africa (an N.R.I) who later returned to settle in Vadodra and who told me that I should not worry about my Diarrhoea

as whenever anything pure (in my case “Guru-Shakti”) enters our body which is impure, physical reaction is bound to be there, and the narration by Shri Nandubhai of his experience regarding his severe physical complications which doctor said might be a cancer of throat and piles, as well as, relapse of 24 tumours in his head and still his determination to complete his “MAUNA” for 120 days which he completed – as he thought that if he were to die he would do so even outside; so better to die inside – gave me fresh fillip and I decided to re-enter there and then. Nandubhai advised me to wait for a day or two but I did not agree and told him, as I felt from within, that if I were to re-enter I must do that on that very day. So I was re-ushered in the “Maun” room. Soon afterwards in the evening, Pujaya Mota again sent someone to enquire after my health. Thence forward he had been regularly sending someone to enquire after my health, till I told that I was completely alright. Later, when he visited the Ashram, he first of all came outside my Maun room and wished me by pronouncing loudly “HARI OM”. So full of love and affection he had been! I silently thanked Sri Mota for encouraging me to re-enter and criticized myself for betraying such weakness. Subsequently, not only during this “MAUNA” but even afterwards, during the successive “MAUNA” periods up till now, the physical ailments as well as mental and

psychic complications have been tapering off by SadGuru's grace and, if I may say so, his divine indulgence, as the understanding of their usefulness or their inevitability in "SADHANA" (spiritual practice) has been growing within. All through the "MAUNA" I had been feeling prickling sensations in my body off and on. The occasional shivers passed down my spine, raising the hair of my body on their ends. Late in the evenings while reciting Lord's Name before Mota's image I often got conscious of the spiritual – I must say so – vibrations entering my body through the fingers of my feet and hands and enveloping my whole self.

Actually, while trying to face or overcome the so called impediments, irrespective of their dimensions or levels, a still small voice from within indicated, and also prompted me, to contemplate that "MAUNA" was, as it ever is, a test of "Sadhak's" (spiritual aspirant or practitioner's) progress and his love for Lord. Here one gets a chance for introspection and self-assessment.

I found that I was very much attached to the worldly things and relations. Not only that! Now, whenever I remember that episode I, somehow, have a feeling that that was once a lifetime opportunity which I lost by coming out of the "MAUN" room even though for a couple of hours only. SadGuru's voice from within took up the

thread and said to me; “*When you are in the worldly atmosphere, you can, rather you do, boast of love for God and of detachment. But you never had the chance for testing yourself and for self analysis, which is provided in the “MAUNA” by the manner in which you take all these struggles. This gives you clear self-picture*”. Moreover, it develops control and will-power, for unless you pass through these struggles resulting from “NAM SMARAN”, voluntary seclusion and meditation, how can you subjugate them. It is very essential to counter-effect the intrigues of the ‘Blacks’ (the anti-devotional forces) which definitely come into action the moment one stirs up to spiritual aspirations and evolution. I was, again, this time conscious of the puffs of fragrance. This fragrance had been coming to me in whiffs throughout the “MAUNA” at first many times a day but towards the end once or twice daily. However, it would come unmistakably around 9 A.M. daily, when I would sit for recitation and meditation.

I was told by my innerself that I should pray to Mota for the continuity of the Name with concentration, which alone can give joy, instead of expecting and imagining the spiritual experiences which are the means or rather symbols of Divine help, if one is prepared and is sufficiently pure to receive them. Their desire not only obliterate their chances to come but also affect the blissful chanting of the NAME, thus

creating greater struggle in the mind. Moreover, these do not always increase devotion as Pujya Mota had observed so many times while referring to many of his devotees. Rather these, as in my case that I realised later, make one showy and blind to one's correct assessment. It is better that devotion and love for Lord increase than that one gets these physical and spiritual experiences – whose purpose in the end is the same – and afterwards feel depressed and disappointed for their not coming. If these come spontaneously and automatically then it is alright and very good. But I felt that there had been a desire in me to have them and also the impression that one must have them in order to progress. But actually all depends upon the will of God and Guru. Whatever is good for the evolution of the “SADHAK” happens according to his capacity for reception and retention. These experiences, though good and helpful, do not however, necessarily indicate progress, nor their absence show stagnation.

All through the “MAUNA”, my recitation of Name had been interspersed with the recollection of Sri Mota's words that he spoke to me during and after initiation. One morning I was gripped by his words when he asked me to open a “Maun Mandir’ in my home at Ferozepur and which triggered the plans for starting it coupled with the visualization of its arrangements. In respect

of the purpose of “Maun” room “Sadhana” the lines from the book INITIATE came to my mind which state that *“The man who fights his own character is a greater hero than the man who fights the most formidable foe, for the struggle between a man and his foe can last but a short while, but the struggle between a man and his own character lasts a whole life time”*. And isn’t it (the Maun) – my inner self spoke to combat the inner struggle in me – in its own way an excellent training to a “Sadhak” for fight with self and his character which he must wage, if he has to tread the spiritual path. “MAUNA” offers an ideal ground for it by providing various types of necessary opportunities and situations through introspection, incessant recitation of holy Name, and seclusion – the necessary atmosphere – that stir up the higher self to dominate, inspired by the Name, “Kirtans” (singing of God’s glories), hymns and spiritual literature to which the sadhak takes recourse to. The Anti-devotional forces, seeing that they are losing the ground, shake up and try every stratagem on all the three planes – ie., physical, mental and psychic – to distract, disgust and demoralize; and hence the struggle starts. The Sadhak now makes efforts to combat and overcome it with prayers, strong determination and faith that the higher self will dominate in the long run which it, without fail and invariably, does if he persists undaunted in his resolve and fight.

In his own surroundings, while leading a worldly life, a Sadhak may lead a spiritual life, but he is not sure of his progress. The so called development may turn out to be a bar as he goes on inflating his ego by thinking that he takes Lord's Name continuously and has love and devotion for Him. He may think that he has no attachments, and is charitable, compassionate and truthful. But he never had a conscious, voluntary and sound chance for self-assessment. And when he goes in for such "silence and solitude", punctuated with incessant chanting of Name, the ensuing struggle provides him with the opportunity. The manner in which he combats and reacts to this fight with self, determines how far he has progressed. If he is successful he gets the right training and control for greater fight that lay ahead for "Diligently working out his own salvation." If he, on the other hand, fails and shows his weakness, he prays, weeps, and Guru's grace and subtle influence sustain him. In this manner he not only learns his place – which is very important to shatter his Ego – but he also imbibes the correct attitude of humility, prayer, resignation, surrender and, of course, strong determination which alone are his shield in the great battle of life. The attendant spiritual experiences that he may have alongwith this struggle inspire and elevate him and cement his faith in his Guru who alone can lead him to realize his own Self.

As a result of surging of such thoughts from within, I not only got revealingly enlightened but also felt relieved of the disturbance that the inner struggles were creating. The inner voice, the brief spells of introspection and flashing of past life before me convinced me that I lacked devotion, love and surrender, and was attached to wealth, personal wants, anger, avarice and sex. Prayed to Mota for eradication of such sinful tendencies, for devotion and love, and for incessant recitation of Divine Name. Actually, the betrayal of sexual, sensuous weakness and forgetting of Lord had been haunting and unnerving me. This realization, as well as the nature of SadGuru, who is always forgiving, persevering and loving, brought forth tears in my eyes and saturated me with feelings of grief and gratitude. I prayed to Mota to burn all my desires, weaknesses and attachments and to develop in me devotion, discrimination, love and surrender.

It appeared Sri Mota was very particular about my health as was revealed not only from his regular enquiries on physical plane but also from encouraging promptings from within and early spiritual experiences on the subtle plane because, perhaps, as I felt then, he would not like me to repeat the incidence of coming out again. In this context a strange thing happened one night which at once startled and dazed me.

That night, as even during my previous nights, I did not sleep with my quilt on. Once before I had slept with only my bed cover on during my attack of diarrhoea. At about 12:30 in the midnight I got up to go to wash room fully conscious and returned to bed. I did not pull over my quilt or even the bed cover which was placed on it, folded, as I did not feel any need of it. Of course, I would have liked to pull over the bed cover, but not the quilt in any case. But I did not do that as I had already stretched myself and did not feel like getting up again to take it. I switched off the light – we had a bed switch – and slept. In fact, the Ashram had got the electricity connection by that year, though during my earlier Maun it was not there and we had to use our torch to move about during late evenings or early mornings for performing our chores. In the morning, however, when I got up around 3.45 AM, I found myself under the quilt. I remained in the bed for about 15 minutes enjoying the warmth of the quilt, as by that time it had become cold, before sitting up. But at once, I felt surprised as to how the quilt came over me, for I definitely remembered that I had not done so, and thought over it for a long time, even after I had started moving about. The bed cover was very carefully and neatly placed, on the side of my pillow without its folds being disturbed. In case I had pulled over the quilt, between 12:30 to

3:45 AM, the bed cover should have dropped on the floor. I was completely sure and certain that I had not done so. Moreover, at home also I never took the trouble of sitting up to take the quilt or even bed-cover if it grew colder during the night and there was need for it, but preferred to remain uncovered, sometimes rolling into many funny postures as had been observed by others in the past. However, if my mother or wife happened to get up and spread the same over me that was a different matter. If on the other hand, on any one or two solitary occasions I did it, I definitely remembered the same on waking. After that night, of course, I had been taking either woolen shawl for two or three days and later the quilt upto the end as it got chilly after that particular night, so much so that even during day time I wore woolen shawl and pull over. This incident had been very surprising and inexplicable for a long time till the realization dawned on me that that showed Sri Mota's subtle presence inside the Maun room and his ever available help. Later, I learnt that some inmates had also experienced such incidents, like discovering the flowers on their bedside on getting up in the morning that had been placed there by some unknown or unidentified identity during the night despite all the doors and windows, including that of serving one, closed firmly, bolted and locked on both the sides. Although Guru Dev's inspiring

faces and forms had been coming to me throughout the “MAUNA”, one afternoon on the third day his face seemed to have possessed me. His lustrous, bright face (I saw only his bust) with liquid, shining, smiling eyes and smirking lips appeared over the terrace of my inward eye and was overwhelmed in a golden aura. He was pensive, gazing into the eternity. It remained for quite a long time. As a result there was no struggle and distracting thoughts during the afternoon and evening. Heart had been mellowed and not depressed as before. Next day, in the morning, the thought and images of Rev. Gurudial Mallik and Sai Baba possessed me. Of course, Mallikji had been more than often coming before my mind’s eyes to inspire and bless me. But Sai Baba thus appeared for the first time. He seemed to be constantly looking at me with his old, wrinkled face, sitting on his usual famous stone, wearing crimson orange “Safa” (a long piece of cloth wound tightly over the head).

The struggles, the promptings of the inner voice and the spiritual experiences continued as such intermittently during the “mauna”. Now, the still small voice from within cautioned me to be careful and diligently watchful of the mind, which is very tactful and tempts you unaware into your weakest points. It drifts, allures and seduces you away from the devotional thoughts and puts you amidst the worldly scenes and thoughts which you

like most to contemplate. Nandu Bhai's words often came to me that *"there are no short-cuts on the spiritual path. Though the realization and bliss can come in a moment, if His Grace descends, it is, otherwise, a long, hard and trying path. It is not a juggler's show, where one should expect miracles on every turn – though these are not ruled out as symbols of God's help and Grace but these are not the conditions for progress"*. As someone has said that *"faith by mystical experience is not faith but persuasion. It is sustained by its own self"*.

One afternoon, while reading, a strange phenomenon occurred. I was reading extracts of Bhagwan Ramana Maharishi's sayings from a book. All at once I became conscious of a strange numbness as if abruptly I became insensible to all feelings. Previous to that I had been undergoing very strong spells of uneasiness, heaviness and depression. But now I felt strangely light and completely blank. There was neither joy nor sorrow. No thought. I felt absolutely empty and strangely calm from head to foot, both from inside as well as outside. For a moment I was not conscious of any chanting, mental, soft or loud. Later it was only mental. When I tried to recite loudly I could not make myself do that for some time. Afterwards I continued reading for half an hour or so. The lull persisted. I was, however, completely aware of myself and my surroundings. But my mind was still without any disturbing

thought. I could not call it ecstasy, nor could I term it depression. It was all relaxation, mental, physical and psychic. Looking back I had the similar experiences in the presence of Ma Anandmaie Ma at her Dehradun Ashram, and also, later, during my pilgrimage to Vaishnoo Devi temple in J&K after we had just crossed the “SANJHI CHHAT” (the midway spot where there is also a Helipad) and had the first glimpse of the Holy Shrine; and again while going round the Holy ARUNACHAL HILL at TIRUVANAMALAI (T.N), as well as in Sri Mota’s Nadiad Ashram where he used to sit while in the Ashram.

Now, after finishing my reading, I got up and stretched myself on the suspended couch from the ceiling, fixed in the ‘Maun’ room, in the same state of blankness, which continued till afternoon, during which I remained in the witnessing consciousness, observing myself, my movements and all around me, as if all these were happening themselves without my doing it. Then all of a sudden, instantaneously, the middle portion of my chest felt an extremely burning sensation, concentrated to a point as if a burning, flying spark had landed on it. I rubbed the place for a second or two and the next moment it was alright, as if the spark had died out. Soon after the lull was broken. I felt mild heat in my fingers as well as toes and fingers of the feet which were having strange vibrating sensations. Years later I

was surprised to suddenly discover a tiny red wart like point exactly at the same place in the middle of my chest. It is still there.

Earlier when I had come out on the 2nd day of my “MAUNA” and during my intercommunication with Sri Nandu Bhaie, he also introduced me to the process of meditation, which he suggested could be supplemented with “JAPA” (ie., recitation of the Divine Name). So on the third day of my “MAUNA”, before retiring to my bed late in the evening, I tried to meditate for the first time seriously – as previously I only did recitation and chanting – while concentrating on Mota’s image, trying to bring it in-between my eyebrows, besides reciting the name first loudly but then silently and mentally. But I could not continue for more than a few minutes as Mota’s image disappeared leaving behind, if I may say so, bursting spots and shots of golden and dark bluish shining hues. My head became very heavy as if it would burst out and I felt a great pressure on the heart with difficulty in breathing and tendency to swoon. So I got up. It could, perhaps, be the one reason that Nandu Bhaie advised me to concentrate on, or meditate on, my Heart Centre.

Next day in the afternoon, during chanting of Lord’s Name I saw more distinctly in front of my closed eyes, flickering, twinkling and bursting shots and spots and stars of colours – blue,

green, golden and grey, disappearing vibrantly in the infinite twilight in front. However, the same day in the twilight – the light entering through the ventilating holes create such atmosphere during the greater part of the day – while concentrating with open eyes on Mota's photo and mentally chanting, I saw, as never before or afterwards, throughout the "MAUNA", the upper part of his body – above the neck, consisting of his face and head – changed. In the first instance I beheld the face of Lord Budha – as often depicted in his statues in the meditating pose, with long ear-lobes, closed eyes, bliss and calm reigning on his face – appeared on his body, so completely joined as if it was a statue of Lord Budha in meditating posture – there was complete unity and harmony with surprising resemblance in his upper and lower portion of the body, although only Mota's face disappeared, yielding to the face of Budha which I could discern happening clearly. Immediately afterwards, as I was looking at the strange phenomenon in front with open eyes and mixed feelings of misgivings and belief, it changed again – the whole of Mota's photo just for a second, into a tall statue of Lord Budha in his standing position. Next moment I found Mota's own image in the framed photo. Yet again, instantaneously, his face changed and assumed the face of Bhagwan Ramana Maharishi, giving a vivid

impression of his posture as he used to sit, and as often shown in some of his pictures, with thin and short grey beard (it is not full grown but as it so happens when it is not shaved for the last fortnight or so) and thin, plain moustache (I wonder if I can use this word) and with radiant eyes and compassionate expression. At that moment I was concentrating at his heart centre (middle of the chest). These twin visions were bathed in greyish golden twilight.

On another occasion, two or three days later, during meditation, I found projected before my closed eyes bubbles or drops of golden colour and golden ripples, bursting and spreading in circles as do the ripples of water when one throws a stone on its surface. Twice or thrice I saw an aura of light. Also I beheld shining in golden misty light (as the light of the morning sun in the misty Autumn) once a plant with large, two or three softly, very softly, moving leaves – only the leaves I could see – of a plant. It was followed by elephants – one at a time I could see in front – lustrous, shining and simmering in beautiful colours, on one or two occasions coming towards me; and sometimes other creeping, snailing creatures, as well as huge, beautiful, colourful, bright snakes, creeping on the trees or twisting and coiling on the shining ground, and also others which I could not identify as I had not seen them before. Once or twice I saw lions, one at a time,

in simmering colours, either in a roaring gesture, or coming towards me. Initially, these gave me the creeps, but then instead of getting involved and feeling afraid of them, I sort of became a spectator and allowed them to come towards me. Instead of trying mentally to avoid them, I resigned and allowed them to come forward. This method worked and I did not have any fear, and later their vision of coming towards me melted and did not repeat. However, during my subsequent meditations, I saw four or five times a luminous and colourful snake coiled up, standing on its hood – I could see only the upper portion – just in front of my “spiritual” eye, enveloped in an aura of golden lights – dazzling and misty at once – calm, meditative, reflective, looking intently towards me quietly (I could perceive its two tiny brights eyes). I must say that the atmosphere of light was celestial, for it was enchancingly beautiful and lovely. Later, I also beheld –twice or thrice – a ball of lustrous, golden, dazzling light, revolving in front of me while I meditated on Sri Mota. It was, perhaps, more than four decades afterwards that while witnessing a D.V.D, entitled “Spiritual Reality”, produced by the Managing Trust of PYRAMID SOCIETY OF INDIA, founded and being presided over by Brahmishi Subhash Patriji, showing among others, the phenomenon of the opening of the 3rd eye during meditation, I was overwhelmed to observe the

similarity between the visuals therein and my own such experiences during meditation in the “MAUNA”, as described above.

An other experience of meditation! Whenever I sat for it, after about 5 to 7 minutes, I found that my crossed legs upto knees and interlocked fingers of the hands upto the elbows and sometimes shoulders were slowly and steadily, in rising tendency, anaesthetized and became, so to say, lifeless and numb. Later, even the upper portions of my legs and arms got affected by numbness. So much so that I could not move or cause tension in them. But that never happened when I sat for recitation even for longer periods. Nevertheless, the mind was not as calm as it should have been. However, when I opened my eyes after finishing meditation or suspended it due to pain in my back or pressure on my heart (which had been gradually decreasing), I was not disturbed by these handicaps as much as by my own rush of thoughts sometimes. However, during the last days of my “MAUNA” I felt quite calm and sober, peaceful and serene. I found it – though I was sincerely practicing it for the first time, after my initiation into it by Sri Nandubhaie – very much instrumental in controlling much of my restlessness and impatience.

Again Guru’s voice from within indicated that concentration is very essential for a sadhak (spiritual aspirant) to be receptive to Guru’s grace

and spiritual vibrations which are constantly being emitted. That is why even fearlessness is so essential as, otherwise, concentration cannot be obtained.

However, since my entering for “MAUNA”, one thing very disturbing had been happening. Every night I had dreams in which I confronted situations (not so prominent during my previous “MAUNA”, as I recollect now) dominated by sexual, sensuous, material and mundane events, or where I betrayed my anger, lust, avarice and other undesirable sentiments. All such feelings that laid suppressed – or didn’t get free play during day time – rose up during night. It appears Pujaya Mota had been revealing to me the pitfalls in which I was prone to fall and indirectly indicated to me to avoid them, besides impressing upon my mind thoughts that came to me to correct my point of view on life consequent upon my introspection and self-assessment, which those revelations led to and which are so important for any sadhak’s progress.

The still small voice, or the voice of Guru reminded me that “MAUNA” is a “*search into self*” and I should not waste the opportunity by getting absorbed in the play of mind, but have constant watch over my thoughts. Reminding me of the days already passed in “MAUNA”, and the days ahead which appeared to be as a dream, the voice impressed upon me that I should be

particular about the present and make it beautiful by chanting Lord's NAME always.

This is the resume of my experiences, thoughts, visions and physical, psychic and mental struggles during my "MAUNA" – at once spotlighting my weak points, exposing my false notions, revealing and reminding me the correct approach, and symbolizing beloved SadGuru's infinite love and grace and sustaining influence on such a wretched as I am. When the past panorama of my life and train of thoughts and vistas of wishes unroll and spread themselves before me, my head goes down with shame. The weaknesses I thought I had overcome proved to be miserable failings – swayed and tossed me like a helpless reed in the currents of satanic mind.

I can only pray that in the light of what Guru dev had impressed upon my mind through the inner voice I may forget the past in the spirit of repentance and resolve to fight relentlessly with my own self. May the Master bless me with strength, will and courage to do so. May Pujya Mota in his infinite love that he had manifested in condescending to initiate me, uplift and elevate me on the wings of Divine Name to soar and transcend from gross, mundane and sensuous pleasures. May I dedicate my all good and bad and surrender myself completely at His Lotus feet. May devotion and love for Him be ever enshrined

in my heart, and undaunted, in all humility, I move towards Him. May I deserve His indulgence, inexhaustible tolerance, grace, love and mercy. May He be ever in my thoughts, in every beat of my heart, in every breath that sustains me, in the blood that courses my veins, in the food I take, the liquid I drink, and the air I breathe.

It is better I die if I cannot remember Him and take His Holy NAME. May the bread become poison and the very air stifle me.

May I completely and indistinguishably melt and merge in Him – my beloved SadGuru.

3

THE INSTRUMENT

Sri Mota, fulfilling my long cherished desire, regarding which he had asked me to wait when I referred to it during my conversation with him after my first “MAUNA”, asked me on the eve of my second “MAUNA” to open a “Maun” Mandir at my place in Ferozepur. His words were. “Guptaji, make arrangements for a “Maun” Room in your home. Turn it into a temple”. Naturally, he wanted not only our family members but also others to undergo ‘Silence and Solitude’ there. Before leaving Nadiad, while I was seeking certain clarifications from him regarding the establishment of “Maun Mandir”, he advised me to start its functioning or to usher in the first person only after hearing from him. He also advised me not to write to him if there was any problem or doubt or even question while running the “Maun Mandir”. His words were: “Retire into your room and pray to Mota. You will get the solution of the problem. You may come across it in a book or have a dream or find it in your inner voice; or use your common sense and decide”.

On the eve of the first “MAUNA” in Hari OM Maun Mandir on the premises of our house which was undertaken by my late mother, we received a telegram from Sri Mota : “May God’s Grace pervade Maun Mandir – Mota”, and subsequently

a letter from him in which he wrote: "I shall pray to my Lord to keep his Diving Presence in Maun Mandir – Mota". My wife, who was in the family way (pregnant with my youngest child), was the next to go in for "MAUNA" – both of them for 7 days each. They had very nice time without any problem and were blessed with inspiring and elevating experiences of the subtle presence of Sri Mota. Whatever they felt they required and relief they needed, they got unasked and came out in a blissful mood. About five years later i.e, in 1970, my eldest and the second son who were eleven and ten years old at that time, also insisted and went in for 3 and 2 days "MAUNA" respectively. Naturally they were sustained by Sri Mota's grace only. Otherwise how could they remain in seclusion in a single room without any contact with anyone outside at such a tender age. The same year I also undertook two weeks "MAUNA" that led me to the realization that SadGuru's physical presence or absence did not make any difference, for his grace is all pervading, ever shining and eternally available, provided the heart was attuned with HIM. It also dawned on me the significance of Sri Gurdial Mallik Ji's reply when I asked him, during his visit to our house in 1960, about the future turn of events in the course of my Career: "*where shall I go, and what shall I be?*" Beaming with smile and with a twinkling glitter in his eyes he said: "*Sham ji, here*

is your Mecca and here is your Madeena”! Incidentally, it was during that visit that he had talked to me about Sri Mota that eventually led me to His Lotus Feet. At that time, though, I couldn’t comprehend his meanings and perhaps it was also a little disappointing to my “Wander lust”. Really, Sri Mota had created this Mecca and Madeena for me by asking me in his compassion to open the Maun Mandir in our house. It proved to be not only my spiritual Mecca but also my vocational Madeena, for later I permanently settled here in my teaching profession in a local degree college from where I retired in 1994 and, subsequently took up my post-retirement stint in another local college, before shifting to Solan (HP) for the rest of my life in the year 2004.

The “Maun Mandir” functioned for number of years w.e.f. February 1965 to 1977. Besides our family members, local people from the town itself and other places, an NRI and foreigners entered “Maun Mandir” for silence and solitude for different periods of time, ranging from 7 to 15 days. All of them speak of great change that was brought about in their outlook, behavior, thoughts, feelings and approach in life. They enjoyed such a bliss as they had never felt before. And there was hardly anyone who had not been conscious of Sri Mota’s subtle, sustaining and sublimating presence and influence inside. Some

of the saints visiting Ferozepur also blessed the “Maun Mandir” by their presence inside for a little while during which, as per practice, the inmate had to hide himself. Swami Chidanand, President Divine Life Society of India, Rishikesh, at that time, graced the premises. He told us that he had also met Sri Mota some time back, and remembered him so divinely intoxicated totally. Swami ji was accompanied by Swami Umashankarananda, a German Yogi who remarked: *“I’ve not seen the like of it anywhere in the world”*, and Swami Karunanandji, an Australian Saint who said: *“I wish I could stay here for sometime”*. Swami Bhrahmananda and Swami Krishnananda of Vrindavan who also told us that he had already met Sri Mota, and Swami Vigyananda of Haridwar also visited and gave holy discourses on the premises of “Maun Mandir” on different occasions.

Mr Michael K Riggs from USA was in the “Maun Mandir” for seven days. He experienced levitation of his body and he said that although he had travelled through the major part of the world, it was only inside the “Maun Mandir” that he undertook the real journey. When I heard from him last, sometime after he had left, he had renounced worldly life and was at Swami Prakashananda’s “Swarg Puri” Ashram, Dehradun and had been given a new name: Swami Shanti Prakash by his spiritual Master. He wrote to me

that he would again like to go in for silence and solitude for a longer period. Mr Megh Raj Sharma, an NRI from England who, like others, had come to India to seek spiritual guidance, was about to return disappointed, when he happened to come to our place by chance and met me. Next day he was in the “Maun Mandir” for 7 days. His experiences ranged from astral projections of his subtle body to the hearing of “Anahat” sound and the music of planets and visions of various spiritual centers in the body. After completing his “MAUNA”, he went to Sri Mota’s Hari Om Ashram, Surat for 21 days silence and solitude. Mr Robbins Armstrong, a young science student from Canada, stayed in “Maun Mandir” for 7 days and then went to Surat Ashram where he remained in the “Maun” room for 98 days and thence to Sri Mota’s Kumbakonam (TN) Ashram in “MAUNA” for 385 days at a stretch. He told me that since he left Canada to come to India through many countries, in search of spiritual light, he had all along been conscious of an unresisting power pulling him towards itself. His spiritual yearnings were so acute that by God’s grace he landed into “Maun Mandir” shortly after he crossed the Indo-Pak border (7 kms from Ferozepur). Within seven days of his stay in the Maun Mandir, the transformation was so fast and sincere that he had made up his mind inside to break all the remaining worldly ties as soon as

he came out. He decided to settle in India at the Lotus Feet of Sri Mota till his Self-Realisation for which he had come to India. He undertook a couple of Maunas later on, before finally returning to Canada, where he is running a “Maun Mandir”, besides practicing Astrology and Astronomy. He last visited India in 1998 to participate in Sri Mota’s birth Centenary Celebrations. One of the local devotees, Sh Raj Kumar Sharma who is known as Moni Baba, remained in the “Maun Mandir” at Ferozepur for 308 days continuously from November 1966 to October 1967 for the first time in his life, although he had gone in for 21 days. He was very cruel, violent, arrogant, merciless, confused and undecided, though he had been practicing Yoga for the last ten years. Within the first month of his stay inside the “Maun Mandir” he wrote to me that most of his doubts, problems and questions were cleared. However, he had to come out after about eleven months, cutting short his already extended period to one year four months at the Command of Sri Mota, and much against his wishes on account of Tubercle Adenoids (as diagnosed later by the specialist) which he developed inside. He admitted afterwards that that was due to his own folly and mistake. His experiences inside, nevertheless, were so many and varied, from the feelings of spiritual currents, visions and numerous other phenomenons which he was too

chary to disclose. He also had visions of many contemporary happenings outside and also of the future which according to him, were coming true. Subsequently, in addition to many spells of silence and solitude at Surat and Nadiad from 40 days to 154 days, he undertook many longer “Maunas” at Sri Mota’s Kumbakonam Ashram ranging from a period of 343 days to over one year. All the experiences of the inmates of the “Maun Mandir” were recorded by them in their reports.

Almost all of them told me that Sri Mota worked through me as I had always been ministering to their needs of the body and mind at the proper time and when they desired the same the most. So much so that they had been getting those things inside, including the edibles, more often than not, instantly the moment they felt their urge very intensely within. And surprisingly I was unconscious of such a subtle design of Mota Maharaj. Usually I had found myself acting for the “Moni” inside (the inmate of the “Maun Mandir”) in various manners without any premeditation in a very impulsive and natural manner – writing to them encouraging chits, sending in some book or particular edibles they desired the most and doing or arranging “Keertan” (singing of hymns) under sudden and unexpected inspiration when they felt the need of it most. It is also on record that all their questions were answered, their doubts cleared and their

problems solved, without even our being aware of them outside, although we were often the instruments. They did not have to write to us outside. Things were taken care of intuitively. Hardly ever there was any problem in the running of “Maun Mandir”.

May Sri Mota abide ever with us and may we deserve to be the fit instruments in his mission of “lighting with love another soul”. May his Lotus feet ever rest in our hearts, and may our hearts ever rest at His Lotus Feet.

4

THE SUSTAINING GRIP

“It is hypocrisy – coming here all the distance. This body is just clay and the Ashram, an edifice of mortar and bricks. Unless you lead a “Sattvic” (pure and positive) life, observe complete “Brahmacharya” (celibacy) and constantly recite NAME with love and devotion, coming here to meet Mota or entering for “MAUNA” will be of no use. Without active “SADHANA” (spiritual practice) and “Sat-Karmas” (pure and positive actions) no progress is possible. Only by your doing so would I become receptive and act for your spiritual uplift through some “Nimit” (an instrument or medium or a person chosen for a special mission) and possess your spiritual heart. If you practice so, you may have some Divine experiences in “MAUNA”, otherwise only pure and good “Sankalpas” (impressions on the psyche) will be formed. Cry to HIM, May God bless and help you.....”

These were the words with which Pujaya Sri Mota greeted me as I bowed at His Lotus Feet when I went to meet him and to enter for “MAUNA” at Surat Ashram in May 1968. This was my third visit over the past seven years. In one stroke he had fixed me to my place and shown me his assessment of my pace of development to which I was not unaware, though.

This was also, perhaps, in answer to my unexpressed wish for a long time past to request Sri Mota to bless me with an experience of “SMADHI” (trance with awareness) just once so that I may pine and struggle for it throughout the rest of my life.

Yet it was not for the first time that he had blessed me – for the blessing it was to be addressed in such a frank, straight forward and piercing vein by, of all the persons, Sri Mota. Even on my two earlier visits he had occasions to come closer to me in that thought-provoking, jolting and fault-finding manner. Obviously, he was tuning my heart-strings. Besides, he had also been regretting and expressing his sorrow over my failures. One afternoon he was finding some difficulty in passing urine on account of his prostrate glands and I suggested that why he did not get that operated. His answer was: “This passing of urine is no trouble to me. If it does not pass now, it will pass after some time. But I feel greatly pained and troubled if someone proves untrue to Mota”. I remember that once, a day before entering for the “MAUNA”, I was sitting in the compound of Nadiad Ashram, waiting for him, and as he approached me on his wheel-chair, I stood up to bow at his feet. But before I could move forward, I was greeted by him with the remarks: “*Here it is not Heaven, and there (i.e., at my place) it is not hell as you think*”

it so". On other occasions during my subsequent visits for "MAUNA" he, couple of times, perhaps to shake me out of complacency, said: "*Don't come here. When you go back, you don't do any active "SADHANA". I speak what is true. What's the gain in coming here if you can't continue the practice*".

During my "MAUNA", and after overcoming a strong urge to come out, I soon became conscious and realized for the first time what degradation is. My heart was just a stone and I got painfully aware of the stagnation. I felt as if it was a dry, barren, unwatered wasteland. A disturbing desperation grew within me. There was a glaring lack of "Bhava" (feelings). I learnt how one's virtues melt by forgetting the Lord and leading a sensuous life. Only after four or five days, the nectar of Name began to spread and soak in the parched field, and my prayers, repentances and resolve to lead a better and pure life stirred up some spasmodic waves of "Bhava". I now felt relaxed, relieved and hopeful. I prayed that instead of visions etc, I develop a change in my outlook on life and my heart be filled with devotion, divine aspirations, love for my SadGuru whose word I must carry out in true spirit. During the later part of my "MAUNA", one morning around 9.00 AM, I at once became conscious of a calm descending in me. My heart felt very light. No restlessness, no struggles and no thought for some time. While chanting, I

simply felt cool and relaxed. In the same late evening, for the first time, I enjoyed one pointed concentration in chanting. Sri Mota's lovely face stood in front of my closed eyes and all other thoughts and images were shut out. No distraction disturbed me till I went to sleep. How I wished such a state could be sustained forever. On the same night I had his first and only dream during that period. Throughout the "MAUNA" a thought had been often rising in my mind, which sometimes surfaced even before and afterwards too, that in my previous birth I was a yogi, engaged in active "SADHANA", and that at one stage I succumbed to "KAMA'S" (sexual) temptations and fell from my path. Perhaps that was the reason, because of my strong "SANSKARS" of "KAMA", that whenever I tried to move on spiritual path, the "KAMA" seduced my mind and carried it along with it as if on a tidal wave. But since the "SANSKARS" of spiritual aspirations were also there, I stirred up again and again from my sensuous enjoyments and moved on by fits and starts. Which showed that I had to make a very brave effort and keep a constant vigil in order to make progress and fulfil the real aim of life.

"All men have access to the Guru, but a mere glimpse of Guru does not save them. Without understanding the Guru's word, the self is not made clean nor the love of Name implanted."

Outside the “MAUNA” or, so to say, in normal life Sri Mota was very accommodating, soft and tender like a mother. Inside he was very strict, ruthless and exacting, as is revealed by his own words: *“If you cannot avail yourself of the Guru, he Himself will not do anything.... He would not give anything for nothing. SadGuru must feel at heart, how much you’ve the capacity for total sacrifice at heart... how needy and restive you are.... How intense is your desire.... He must feel all this”*. He actually acted according to the “SADHAKS” need differently on different occasions, and as Nandubhai also told me, he worked on, and according to, your sub-conscious mind. And one thing of which I am convinced and which I realized very late in my life is that he was never casual. Whenever he talked even though, as it appeared, in passing, he was very serious and his words were very significant which were not to be taken lightly. And the other, which was most important, was that once he took hold of you, he would never leave you even if you proved untrue to him and did not heed to him, of course at your own peril. He was a fountain of compassion, love and mercy. Since I met him for the first time in 1961, I have all along been conscious of his loving grip that has never relaxed its subtle hold on my mind although I have often been acting contrary to his injunctions. No doubt my behavior has stood seriously in the way of

my spiritual progress, but I have always had the awareness that he would never let me go beyond the point of no return.

I often complained to him of my want of “Brahmacharya” (celibacy) and pleaded for his help on every meeting with him, but, unfortunately, whenever his help was available, I missed it through my ignorance and also because I did not understand the significance of his casual remarks, as I took them to be. During my first visit, before I returned, he presented me through Nandu Bhaie, a pair of his loin clothes, which earlier he had asked me to wear in “MAUNA”. Unfortunately, one of them has been lost. During my second visit when he initiated me formally, on my request he presented me with his photograph in miniature embossed on a stone. I wore it in my ring and I cannot express its symbolical power in sustaining me and a couple of others whom I gifted it for a short while to tide over their physical complications that were not getting cured. But as I gradually slipped towards degradation over the years I found it one day, to my utter surprise, missing from my ring. So that I might not take it as a chance, the similar thing happened to a friend of mine within a couple of days who had also got it from Surat Ahram during one of his “MAUNAS” and who had also gone off the track – he has since then rehabilitated himself and progressing on the

spiritual path. I have only been able to preserve some flowers which Sri Mota was so gracious to bless me with during my early visits. These have been of tremendous help to me and other members of my family in tiding over many calamities in our lives.

However, I have observed that as I have been falling headlong on the precipitous path of my life from one mistake to another Sri Mota has been bearing with me with such a patience and tenacity that I don't find sometimes in one's parents. I remember that when I started drinking again, during early stages, he would invariably appear to me in my dream on that night in one form or the other. It was very intriguing and I could not understand its significance till it was too late. I did not take the hints that by thus coming to me, he was reminding me and warning me of my lapses. For a pretty long time he persisted in this way and I persisted on my own and a time came when these visions would not recur.

With the dropping of his stone embossed photo from my ring, he also changed his method. Now he was becoming more strict and the "grip" was tightening. I opened a poultry farm adjoining my house in partnership with one of my relatives, who shifted from his place to our house after his retirement though his wife, elder sister of my wife, stayed back at the same place of their posting to

complete her remaining tenure, to supplement my income. I did not have the heart to write to Sri Mota. Within a few days of the arrival of one day old chicks, one evening I got suddenly conscious of the growth of a nodule in my throat which assumed a serious turn within a week's time despite the best medical care available locally and I was complaining of choking and difficulty in breathing. Pressurized also by my Principal at that time and my growing problem I had to rush to Delhi and got it investigated at All India Institute of Medical Sciences, the premier institute of the country. It was diagnosed to be adenoma of Thyroid which had pressed and deflected the trachea. As it was found to be a cold nodule and a suspected malignant growth, I was admitted forthwith and not allowed to go back to my place of sojourn in my uncle's house in Delhi itself. The case was also discussed in a conference of the doctors in my presence wherein they finally decided on operation for which a date was fixed. In the meantime I wrote to Sri Mota about it, who, on hearing from me that it was diagnosed to be cancerous growth, observed in his rejoinder that he hoped by the grace of Lord it would be a benign one, which was so surprising! But just before the operation, as I learnt later from the Head of the Pathology Department, who was a distant relative, that the final Biopsy investigation had showed it to be a benign one to the surprise

of the operating team of doctors. I was then operated for Hemi-thyroidectomy. By Sri Mota's Grace, symbolized also by those preserved followers which I always kept with me, tied to my arm in a handkerchief, during my operation and afterwards with the request to the nursing staff not to remove it, I recovered fast and was discharged from the hospital earlier than is usual in such cases, when the surgeon also appreciated my promptness in going over to the Institute as (this is what he had to say) "*it could have developed into cancer*".

After the first season my partner left the Poultry business scared away by the Indo-Pak war of 1971, but I decided to continue in this business alone in order to recover the losses suffered during the first year. And the second session was heralded by the serious illness of my youngest son. After his chest X-Ray and other investigations, the doctors in our town diagnosed it to be a case of pulmonary Tuberculosis. We put him on the specific treatment. However, in answer to our prayers to Sri Mota, an inner voice urged me to take him to Delhi where the specialist told me after his chest scrutiny that it was just a pneumoniatic patch which had disappeared. For the second opinion he referred to the top Radiologist of Delhi who compared the X-Ray taken by him with the X-Ray taken earlier. He wrote in his report that the erosion

seen in the earlier X-Ray had been completely resolved. His Monte test was taken. Surprisingly, it was negative which indicated that even the germs of Tuberculosis had never entered the child's body, and he was therefore protected by BCG vaccination. Sri Mota's grace was acting in its own subtle way. Surely, it could not be otherwise, for TB cannot be cured by 2 or 3 days treatment.

Yet my eyes did not open. I did not realize that I was being led to such crises and then saved miraculously at the eleventh hour so that I might relent and give up my circuitous path. I could not for practical and financial reasons close the business abruptly though I decided and also intimated to Sri Mota, for the first time, that I must terminate it on completion of the session, whether I earned or lost and would never think of such a venture again. And I closed it finally.

As regards "Brahmacharya", I could not maintain it and often passed through interludes of dissipation. Despite my consciousness of the evil consequences of such behavior and actions and thoughts which are "UNSATTVIC", I succumbed to temptations whenever these seduced me. One day during that period, I suddenly got conscious of the bankruptcy of my potency. I also got allergic to strong drinks which caused stuffy nose and difficulty in breathing and, though the temptation was still there, I found that

I was increasingly getting sick of it. Sri Mota's grip was now, perhaps, manipulating itself in a different way which, though jerking and jolting, was more effective for persons of my incorrigible and stubborn nature, a product of weak will-power. It appears that my past "SANSKARS" were so powerful that, inspite of myself, I had been drifting irresistibly towards 'Kama', 'Krodha', 'Lobha', 'Moha', 'Ahankar', 'Raja' and 'Tamas'.

Actually, I have never been oblivious of my failings, my weaknesses and my lapses. I have been introspecting and praying for forgiveness. And not even once, despite my shortcomings and spiritually anomalous behavior and actions has Sri Mota failed me. He has been adopting both the methods – soft as well as strong – to help and mend me. And to take out the dross from my mind he has been even twisting his finger when I did not respond to the straight one. He still abides with me and his Grace is ever raining its "Mana-dew". Only I have to be receptive to Him and positive in my attitude. To squeeze away even the last drop of venom from my mind, as I feel, all my legitimate and illegitimate desires have been fulfilled. Sri Mota has been condescending to do so in order to make me realize their hollowness and also to show that their satisfaction does not terminate the process, rather it intensifies the thirst and cravings.

The process is continuing. The struggle is

on. The competition is persisting – whether my “SANSKARS” win in throwing me into the inferno of spiritual Hell or His Grace sustains me through these vicissitudes till one day, all passions spent, I find myself awake to a new Heaven, and chastised, diligently work out my own salvation.

In his omnipresence, Sri Mota’s subtle, spiritual and sustaining grip is ever tightening despite the challenges of my inner states of mind and my other circumstances.

*“I have not repeated His Name
Nor made penance, practiced austerities nor
been pious;
I have not served my Lord’s saints nor thought
of HIM,
Nanak saith, my actions have been low,
Preserve me from shame O, Lord,
Since I take my shelter in Thee”.*

5 THE EMPATHY

Sri Mota had been doing his work silently, subtly and steadfastly inspite of his old age and his fast deteriorating body – limb by limb, muscle by muscle, nerve by nerve, bone by bone, but with full “CHETNA” (awareness) and mental and physical alertness and un-diminishing love – beaming always with smiles, talking, chatting, reading and writing, lying on his bed or moving from place to place in the service of society. One had to see him to believe his stoical indifference and unconcern for his physical maladies. He was always in Divine Bliss which was ever emanating and spreading from his mere presence. He was a living example of the soul-force where body refused to work and yet the creative work never stopped, not only till the last breath of his physical existence, but also after shedding his body when he has become “more powerful”. His physical ailments were actually for the relief and benefit of his “SWAJANS” (his dear ones), whose afflictions he would take on himself, or, rather, these would transfer to his body naturally, especially, as he has written and I quote: “with whosoever this soul has come into close contact or is involved by ties of love, he has experienced their diseases and ailments coming into his body and he has endured them with love.... All this

takes place naturally owing to my experiencing such sympathy born of love (“Tadatmaya”) with all my “Swajans”. His body goes through various experiences of such types. Sometimes such ailments just pass through his body and sometimes they stay in his body for a while.” (HUMAN to DIVINE, pp. 376-377). And as he says earlier :

“There is bound to be a past cause or ‘NIMIT’ for this. A liberated soul has many such links for ‘Tadatmaya’ i.e., Oneness of being and he suffers accordingly.”

“There is another reason for it. He suffers more to awaken a divine spark in the other man, particularly where the man is hard grained. The other man is not moved to respond, but this realized soul does nor give up his duty, nor does he let go his hold on the other man. By suffering more for the other man, he helps to turn him to Divine” (ibid. P.368).

And I am a typical example of the same, a very hard nut to crack, and not so responding, under the compulsion of my impulsive nature and weak will, inspite of my eagerness and oft-repeated resolves, prayers and promises, which in a way, make me immune to His awakening calls. May be I naively take Him for granted, notwithstanding his rappings, remindings and even proddings on different occasions. A kind of inner conviction, based on his loving reiterations

about his relationship with me, that I will not be forsaken has, however, been sustaining me all through. In the year 1972, when I was in his presence at Surat Ashram, before entering for “MAUNA”, he again reminded me of this in a certain context: “We remember you very much. There is a chain of relations which your intellect cannot comprehend”. Alongwith his assurances at other times about his continuing relationship with his “Swajans”, this reaffirmation of past relations with me and his keeping me in his heart, resonate in my inner being and keep on reminding me that He will not allow me to fall below a certain level, pushing me from outside and pulling me from inside.

On physical level I have observed that whatever diseases or ailments – extremely serious and painful, and most of them requiring surgical intervention – I have been suffering from uptil now, Sri Mota too had most of them in his body. One day, not very long ago, an intuitive flash suddenly enlightened me that he had, perhaps, taken them on himself in anticipation. Since then, as I have been remembering and comparing them, this has become a revelation. Otherwise, how come that inspite of their persisting in me, I am able to live a normal, active life even at 85, which in any other case would have disabled a person, causing him acute pains and suffering. It’s not anything secret. All those who are close to me

and those who have come in contact with me all these years will undeniably bear it out with me.

In 1968, when I went to Surat for my “MAUNA” and got into the presence of Sri Mota, he was lying on his settee (he had already developed spinal spondalitis, affecting 3 or 4 of his discs during 1963-1964 and was naturally resting). At that time, I was suffering from sacralization of the left portion of my sacrum and because of acute pain had to wear a heavy spinal belt made of leather-covered iron ribs, the only type available then. Instead of going straight into the guest room in front of the entry of the verandha to put my luggage etc, I just lowered the bag down, took off my belt and kept them on another settee that was placed beside the door in the verandha not very far off from Mota’s settee. From the corners of my eyes, I could see pujaya Mota looking at me. I then went upto him, prostrated, and sat down. After sometime I got up and went to the room to store my bag and belt. I didn’t say anything to him But, “He could read our thoughts and inner feelings, which is a reality” (ibid. P.375). And that was the last I used that belt, neither during the “MAUNA”, nor on coming out and after returning home. The pain gradually disappeared and I didn’t have to take any pain killers. The later X-Ray, however, still showed the malady.

In 1972, I developed Hiatus Hernia and the

Gastroenterologist advised me to go in for operation. But I didn't, and, instead, preferred medical treatment for some time before discontinuing it. My gall bladder was diagnosed to be non-functioning and there was inflammation in my pancreas. I had to abandon my three weeks Maun at Ferozepur after completing just two weeks, because of polyp in the nose and acute sinusitis for which I had to rush to Government Medical College, Patiala for surgery. Much later the polyp again developed and is still there for which I do take medicines regularly. During Nineteen nineties my spinal disc, at the level of my 5th Lumber, got prolapsed and started pressing my nerves causing unbearable sciatica pain down my right leg making it extremely difficult for me to bend or walk. When all the medical treatment and physiotherapy failed I again rushed to A.I.M.S, New Delhi where I had to undergo major neurosurgery for the excision of my disc which had left nerves of the right leg permanently damaged. Later my upper three spinal joints or discs also got degenerated. I had to wear spinal belt and use walker and then walking stick. Though the severe problem is still there, I have discarded the walking stick and don't use spinal belt except when I get some severe jerks in the back or fall down or bend to lift something heavy from the floor. The pain killers I do have to take in extreme cases, otherwise I am able to live a normal life

with my aches and pains. After a couple of years I developed cervical spondylosis which has covered large part of its spine. I do use cervical collar and take medicines whenever there is acute pain in the neck and unbearable dizzy spells. Both my eyes had developed cataracts and were operated one after the other for the replacement of their lens.

Between 2009-2010, during a Medical check up, my E.C.G studies showed heart problem. The cardiologist advised me complete rest and prescribed some medicines. For the second opinion I was taken to Hospital in New Delhi by my eldest son who is now a Lieutenant General in the Indian Army, where another E.C.G and all the advanced tests confirmed the same. Accompanied by my younger brother, a doctor himself and a Medical specialists with M.D. Degree, we had to go to Kochi (Kerala) to Mata Amritanandamayi's Ashram to have her blessings and to stay there for a couple of days, after attending the marriage of my niece at Agra. But the cardiologist and Head of the Department at the Hospital advised strictly not to undertake the journey, even if my Doctor brother was accompanying us. Accordingly, we stayed back and, surprisingly, later those happened to be the days when the Tsunami devastated the whole area and even the Ashram was flooded with tidal waves. The inmates had to be shifted amidst 7 to

8 ft deep waters to the higher places. All the flights and trains were cancelled. Traffic remained stand still for many days. Had we gone, we would have been entrapped there, putting all the family members back at home in great suspense, anxiety and tension, besides undergoing lot of sufferings ourselves. Later, after some time, the fresh E.C.G tests, to our pleasant surprise, showed the heart to be normal and it still is by His Grace. Earlier, Mata Amritanandamayi had come to Delhi and we were taken to her Ashram there by our second son, a Senior I.P.S. officer in Delhi Police to have her blessings and be at her Lotus feet. At that time we didn't know about my heart problem, although an astrologer had predicted about it to my son. He, of course, did not give even a hint to us about it. When my turn came, amidst the long queue of her devotees, to be in front of her, the "hugging saint" as the Mother is known all over the world, put her arm around me and held me tightly, and as at the same time she started talking to some body, I remained hugged to her a little longer than usual with her, with my heart touching her heart (as I felt then and remembered long afterwards). Surely it is a prominent case of empathy through a Divine 'NIMIT' that Sri Mota blessed me with, again in anticipation of my Cardiac trouble that led me to be in the healing touch of the Mother.

I am also an old patient of Diabetes and high blood pressure for which I have to take medicines regularly. My prostate gland is enlarged and I suffer from Osteo–arthritis, as well as Rheumatoid – arthritis. Whenever any part of my body gets exposed to the waves of breeze or flow of air, especially my head and shoulders, back and legs and arms, I experience severe, continuous pain in them and have to wear a cap or a sweater or woolen pyjamas and socks. In addition both my knees sometime give pain and I often get cramps in my calf muscles. My lipid profile investigations show the presence of high level of Triglycerides and Cholesterol in my blood. Of late, I have also developed Gout that was detected alongwith the presence of high level of creatinine in my kidney and protein in my urine. I was informed of them on phone by the pathologist when I reached Surat on 10th March, 2018 for 21 days silence and solitude. Actually my blood and urine had been taken for tests 2 or 3 days before I left for Surat, and I had instructed him to communicate their results to me on phone. During my “MAUNA” a thought flashed that Pujaya Mota didn’t have Gout, though I now suffer from it. But the same evening while reading HUMAN TO DIVINE, a collection of his autobiographical accounts, I chanced upon a paragraph in which it was stated that he also had Gout. Now, what should I say to

it! Is it not His Grace that is showering and protecting me even now!

Surely, mine is not a single and isolated case. *“Whenever anything happens to any one of us the same things occurs in Mota’s body. And this was not once or twice but many times. Otherwise it would have appeared as a coincidence. There was a series of such experiences in our body which were transferred to his body. He could read our thoughts and feelings which is a reality”* (ibid. P.375). The only difference which I realize, and am convinced of, lies in the fact that my Father, My SadGuru had taken on himself most of my diseases and ailments in anticipation, which again may not be a solitary case, long before giving up his physical body. As he has written in connection with an incident that occurred in his Ashram in 1951; *“On so many occasions I could know what had happened and what was to happen. Nothing is done by me; all this is the handiwork of my Lord”* (ibid. P.384).

Notwithstanding our failures and our being untrue to Him, our only consolation lies in His assurance which alone is our saving factor; *“One thing is sure that I tie all those souls who are related to me close to my heart by God’s grace so that birth after birth you can remain with me and progress fast”* (ibid.P.337).

6

THE GESTURES AND MEMENTOES

In 1975, accompanied by my mother and my wife, we attended Sri Mota's "ATAM-SAKSHATKAR" (Self-Realization) anniversary "UTSAV" (Celebrations) on "RAM NAVMI" at Ahmedabad, which also happened to be my birth anniversary that year, ie., 20th April, and about which I incidentally became aware only on reaching there. We met him a day before at the residence of his host and a close devotee (I'm sorry I can't recall his name) where I had a chance of just lying down on his bed in his room along with Hari Bhaie of Kumbakonam (Tamil Nadu) who goaded me to do so and who as Sri Mota used to say, was his Guru in his past birth. It was also there that for the merest fraction of a second or two, I had, perhaps for the first time during all those years I had been visiting his Ashrams, direct eye contact with him as he looked at me while taking the first sip of the juice – his only diet during that period. All those years though I had several one to one contacts with him during my visits for "MAUNA", I didn't have the courage to look at him directly or, rather, into his eyes. Similarly, earlier, perhaps in 1972, when I had completed my "MAUNA" and was moving toward the main gate of the Surat Ashram because Sri Mota had just reached the Ashram and was moving inward

after alighting from his car, he tapped my back with the palm of his hand as I bowed down to touch his Lotus feet.

Again in 1976, after completing our 7 days “MAUNA” at Nadiad Ashram, where we had gone after staying for a couple of days with Prof Indu Bhaie at Ahemdabad, my wife and I were with Sri Mota at the Farm House of Shri Ramanbhai Amin at Fazalpur on the bank of Mahi Nadi (Mahi River) near Vadodra for two days, just a month or so before he shed his physical sheath in the early morning of 23rd July at 1:30 AM in the presence of six people who normally stayed with him including Shri Ramanbhai and his wife Smt. Dhirajben, whenever he was there periodically to look after him. We were lucky to be allowed to visit him for which special permission was accorded to us as a gesture of His Grace.

Actually, from the moment we had left our home for the Ashram, I had been having a strong intuitive feeling that that'd be our last meeting with him. When I expressed my apprehension to Shri Nandubhai who always moved with Sri Mota, in the presence of Ramanbhai Amin at his Farm House, he categorically dismissed it saying that his pulse was alright and his heartbeats were also normal. Naturally, the certainty of his assurances put me off my foreboding and gave me some relief. On my request, he promised that he would telegraphically inform me whenever Shri Mota shed his body. However, during his stay

with him there, Sri Mota indicated through many of his unusual gestures about it, though I didn't understand them at that time. During the day whenever he left us to go to his room, he folded his palms and said: "*Achha, Gupta ji chalet hain*" (*ok. Gupta ji, I leave*) before we could do "NAMSKAR" and get up to bow at his feet as was usual with us. It was only long afterwards that I learnt about their significance when I recalled them, that he was, in that way confirming my intuitive feeling that that'd be our last meeting with him. Later, after our return to Ferozepur, one morning his framed photograph hanging on the wall of the room suddenly, to our shock, dropped on the floor. The next day we received Nandubhai's telegram informing about Sri Mota's leaving his physical sheath on 23rd July, the day his photograph had fallen.

Earlier in 1968, during the "MAUNA", a chain of thoughts possessed me that I request Sri Mota to give me his Rosary as a token of His Grace on which I would do "Japa". Also it would be a symbol of strength for me and protection against numerous temptations, as well as a constant reminder to incessantly take Lord's Name with love and devotion. I felt that its constant touch to my body and its sight would empower my will and spirit to carry on my resolve. However, it was in 1972, when I visited the Ashram next for "MAUNA", that Sri Mota handed over to me the "RUDRAKSHA" Rosary that he had himself worn

during my 21 days “MAUNA”, and which I had laid at his feet for the same after getting it from the Ashram. This went a long way in inspiring me, as well as my family members and a couple of my close friends, in tiding over many difficulties and near impossible situations. During one of my early “MAUNAS”, one day he also sent me a lotus flower as his “PRASAD” (token of His Grace) as was announced by his care-taker devotee from the outside after placing it on the shelf of the serving window, but I sent it back next morning along with the dust-bin, the foolishness of which I realized later. On coming out I asked the helper if he had collected it and what he had done with it. My intention was to request him to give it to me if he had not thrown it away. But he told me, to my disappointment, that he had preserved it for himself. I didn't have the heart to verbalize my intention. The next day he sent me a garland of white flowers which I have preserved. Once I was sitting on the floor beside his easy chair in the verandah on which he was relaxing when all of a sudden he just got up, picked up the plate of flowers that was lying on the side table and, to my amazement, lowered the flowers in my lap. I have duly preserved them also alongwith the garland of white flowers, although these have, naturally, gone dry and shrunk.

Later, after he had discarded his physical sheath, Nandubhai, on my request, gave me one of Sri Mota's tooth and a handkerchief that were

with him as souvenirs (See Appendix). He sent them to me during my “MAUNA” in November, 1982 at Nadiad. Subsequently, he also graciously sent me by post parcel Sri Mota’s “Dhoti” in April 1988 (See Appendix). The tooth I got fixed in Gold pendant with a tight fitting lid that was put on the “Rudraksh” Rosary that too I got stringed in gold along with it at Kumbakonam by Kamalbai (Haribhai’s younger brother) who was looking after the jewellery and Diamond business of his family. I gave them for the same when I went there to visit them. I received it by post parcel, as advised, during my “MAUNA” at Surat. I had come there from Kumbakonam via Tiruvannamalai where I stayed at Bhagwan Sri Ramana Maharishi Ashram for a couple of days. What is unique about almost all of the mementoes is that these were given to me by Sri Mota himself or sent by him and received during my spells of silence and solitude (“MAUNA”) except the tooth and Dhoti about which also Nandubhaie wrote to me while I was undergoing “MAUNA” at Nadiad. I have kept all these mementoes of Sri Mota’s Grace in boxes in my meditation room under Sri Mota’s photograph except the “Rudraksha” Rosary with the pendant enclosing Sri Mota’s tooth that was lost in 2006 under mysterious circumstances to the utter disappointment of all of us. The significance of its loss we learnt not very long afterwards, which revealed how Sri Mota’s grace helps and sustains

through all types of circumstances in any number of ways. We discovered its loss while we were leaving for railway station on our way to Nadiad where both of us, my wife and I, were to go in for “MAUNA” that year. The Rosary was in her purse and I asked her to hand it over to me for wearing it. But when she tried to draw it out she couldn't find it. Naturally we all became shocked and panicky and tried to search it out but of no avail. At the railway station before entraining for Nadiad for a moment a thought flashed past for going back, taking it as an indication for the same. However, the next moment both of us calmed down and surrendered to His Will. During “MAUNA” naturally, I was thinking repeatedly about its loss throughout and wondered how and why it got lost – it was the most precious possession for all of us. Intriguingly, a day before we were to come out after completing our 21 days Maun, Late Mani Kaka, the manager of the Ashram at that time, advised me to come out in the evening because some Swajans were coming from Surat to meet and interact with me. But late in the afternoon I intuitively felt that I should not come out and, accordingly, wrote that I would come out only the next morning. Soon afterwards I received a note from Sanadbhaie, the Managing Trustee of the Ashram, that I should not come out till he himself comes to take me out around 11 AM. It was then that he told me all about it.

A day earlier he had received a message from Surat that two Busloads of the Swajans were coming to have a meeting with me and requested him to arrange for their meals, which he declined expressing his inability to arrange for it in the Ashram for around eighty persons at such a short notice. He further revealed that all of them were coming to pressurize me to part with Sri Mota's tooth at the prompting of Sri Rajni Kant, one of the trustees of Surat Ashram who knew about the tooth with me and had even earlier asked me to return it to Surat Ashram. Even then I had told him that it was given to me by Nandubhai, not the Surat Ashram. However, if they wanted to preserve it as and in the form of a monument, I'd not mind parting with it, to which he responded by saying that as per Sri Mota's will, no monument of cement and mortar was to be built in his memory. I don't know how, after this clarity he got influenced to plan it. Now if I had parted with the sacred memento, I would have lost the most precious of my possessions for which I was neither mentally prepared nor emotionally agreeable. Consequently, this would have created havoc and, being alone with my wife, anything could have happened. When we came out of the "MAUNA", I told Rajnibhai, who then had come alone earlier, that the gold rosary with gold pendulum containing Sri Mota's tooth had been lost before coming to

the Ashram, but he didn't believe me. Even recently when I met him during my "MAUNA" last year (i.e., 2018) at Surat, he was sceptical.

Sri Mota's grace thus saved me from confronting such a terrific situation which could have taken any ugly turn. However, that's not about it all. Going back after our "MAUNA" then, we had questioned about the Rosary from all the helpers and other inmates of the house of my second son with whom we were staying in Delhi before leaving for the Ashram, but no one knew anything about it. For years, I had not been able to reconcile myself to the loss of the sacred tooth, often going into depression. Only about a couple of years back, my son who is also into the past life regression therapy during which the Guiding Masters, spirit guides or ancestors are invoked to guide or answer some queries through the hypnotized medium or patient, invoked the presence of Sri Mota in one of the sessions and referred to my loss of the Sacred tooth which had made me so sad and gloomy. Sri Mota in response observed: "*The purpose for which it was given to him has been fulfilled, so it has been withdrawn*". When he told me about it afterwards, only then over a period of time I got reconciled to the loss and surrendered to SadGuru's Will and His Grace that is showering eternally on all of us, helping and sustaining us through different situations in the course of our life.

7

THE NIMIT

Somewhere around the year 1980 or perhaps even a little earlier, I got into practicing Transcendental Meditation (T.M) initiated by or associated with Sri Mahesh Yogi in whose presence I was in Delhi for a short while. During this practice one just sits silently with eyes closed, doing nothing, except allowing a “Seed Mantra”, as advised by the guide, but in my case my “Guru Mantra”, to vibrate in the Heart, remaining totally calm and relaxed, without caring about the posture, or, even, a snooze taking over, allowing what comes in the mind and letting go what goes, and remaining immersed in self-observation as long as it obtains. We were told that this meditation not only transmutes the energy of the immediate surroundings but also of the locality in close proximity and that its periphery goes on expanding as the meditation deepens and becomes more and more continuous. Which, of course, is true in respect of any spiritual practice. It certainly went a long way in calming my mind and also surcharging the whole area nearby, so much so, that one morning I was surprised to see that the restaurant in front of our house that not only served non-vegetarian food but also displayed huge slices of raw meat of animals outside, which naturally used to disturb us,

especially my mother who belonged to a strictly vegetarian Jain family, was deserted. No slices of raw meat outside and no one standing there to roast it in the “Tandoor” near him. When I asked the owner about it, he told me that he had joined “Radha Swami” sect and had stopped eating and selling non-vegetarian food, besides giving up totally the consumption of Alcohol. Later he shifted from there and, as I learnt afterwards, had changed over to a new profession.

During those days I had also come in contact with another saint, Baba Mohan Dass of Jalandhar (Punjab), who wielded a very deep and elevating influence on me. When I talked to Nandubhai at Nadiad about him and also played the hymns he used to sing from my tape-recorder he was also greatly impressed and told me that he was the “NIMIT” about which Sri Mota had assured that if I turned towards the spiritual path seriously and devotionally, he would possess my spiritual heart through some “NIMIT” and guide me. During that period of approximately seven years my spiritual practice of Transcendental Meditation was so intense and continuous as had never been before. This too, I feel, was a form of Sri Mota’s ‘Nimit’ that he led me to, in order to guide and help me. I’d get up as early as 2 A.M, or whenever my sleep broke up during the night, and would sit for meditation. My sleep during that period was reduced to 3-4 hours. Even my

“Brahmacharya” (celibacy) practice with the full cooperation of my wife was also very regular. He also visited our house couple of times over those years. I also met his SadGuru Baba Bharat Dass of Kotputli (Rajasthan) whose Ashram I visited twice and who also blessed our house by his presence and staying therein for a couple of days. His innocence and child like demeanour, at above 110 years, as Baba Mohan Dass used to tell us, was so enamouring and inspiring. However, a time came when I, in my deep ignorance and stupidity, started feeling that, perhaps, he was nearer to me than my Guru Maharaj, about whom and about my initiation by him, I had told him soon after my contact with him. But I was not able to reconcile to my mind’s naïve belief and prayed to Sri Mota and beseeched him to extricate and save me from this kind of blasphemy on my part. And surprisingly, very soon afterwards, something untoward happened during his next visit which prompted us to withdraw from him, and that was the last we met him. We didn’t expose him but sent back through one of his local devotees, all the articles that he had given to us as soveniers to indicate that our every relation with him was over and we no longer were accessible to him. It was Sri Mota’s grace that had, as ever, saved and protected us in this case also, besides seeing to it that we didn’t pick up any negative “Sanskars”. I

also shared the whole episode with Nandubhaie when I met him at Vadodra during the anniversary celebrations of Sri Mota's "Atam-Sakshatkar", before going to Surat for my 21 days Maun in April 1987. He also endorsed our decisions to withdraw silently without showing any maligning reaction. I learnt sometime back that he had left his physical body. May Lord bless his soul.

In fact, whenever I had any doubt or confusion over any matter, especially with regard to my Sadhana, after Sri Mota had left his body, I usually consulted "TAYAGMURTI" Nandubhai, who, I always felt was not only Sri Mota's closest swajan, indefatigable and incessant in his sadhana, a true "Karam Yogi", a strict disciplinarian – so, often, misunderstood – an embodiment of renunciation, sacrifice but who had also dedicated every moment of his existence in service of His mission, truly understanding and following Him in word and spirit – His highly evolved "NIMIT"!

8

THE WITNESSING CONSCIOUSNESS

Over the past many years I have again, in a way, drifted, and am led to practising non-objective meditation, i.e., centering my attention, as long and as far as I can, on “I”- feeling and trying to remain in the witnessing consciousness. However, when I become aware that I have got entangled in thoughts or slipped into sleep - both “counterparts of the same thing” - I just wake up and put my attention back on the “I” within; i.e., move from thought attention to source attention, by being aware of what remains when thoughts stop. Quite often at such times, the Japa of my “Guru - Mantra” starts repeating itself and my attention gets focussed at the place where it vibrates in the Heart or whence it arises and merges in self-attention. Nevertheless, a kind of nagging guilt-feeling for not following the injunction of my Gurudev to do the ‘Japa’ of my Guru Mantra incessantly had been disturbing me off and on. I also shared the same with Nandubhai on the eve of my “MAUNA” in April 1987. He assured me that there was no such contradiction between Sri Mota’s injunction and my practising the technique of self-enquiry (“Who am I”), which I certainly could practice in the “Mauna” room, and which went a long way in removing my vacillation and feeling of guilt.

Later, even Sri Annamalai Swami too confirmed it at Tiruvanamalai (T.N) and observed that my Guru Maharaj would, rather, be happy. Still, though far and in between, whenever any such misgiving arose in my mind, I reminded myself of Sri Mota's saying that "staying within is what is important and for that every way, or, better still, every combination of ways is worthwhile." Much later I came across another of Sri Mota's observation in one of his writings that "one particular Sadhana does not necessarily mould our inner instruments. They can be moulded by many kinds of Sadhana. But this too is certain; a sadhak has got to free himself from all of his firmly fixed beliefs, views, habits, and prejudices But this achievement is possible only when some force from within him is already at work and impels him, pushes him, into determined action Unless, by the Grace of God, there is volcanic desire to do what he wants to do, nothing really substantial can be attained". Which certainly was so reassuring. So what I need to remember is to have "the strong desire to cling to the Heart and feel the need of it as intensely as an infant would wish to hold on to its mother's apron strings. The strength of the desire would be powerful motivating force ending at one stroke all squabbles and reservations as to whether this or that one is the right path." Interestingly, at times I also have to remind myself of my own, though

often forgotten conclusion; “ ‘I’ – the reflection of Self; Japa – the vibration of Self”.

Gradually, I have been led by His Grace to my strong conviction that the essence of Japa and the technique of Self – attention (ie., clinging to I-feeling) is self-awareness. It is further reinforced by Sri Mota and Sri Ramana Maharishi’s definition of the essence of japa. According to Sri Mota “Simultaneous feelings and awareness of the Lord Sri Hari in the heart [“Whom the ‘I’ is invoking to be absorbed into It”] is the essence of Japa.” And according to Sri Ramana Maharishi “The essence of Mantra Japa is the source of ‘I’, without which neither *Japa* nor *Vichara* can take place..... In both one has to fix attention on the source, be it the ‘I’ or the mantra.” Again, “Janana and Bhakti are the same”, and that “what I preach is devotional Enquiry. What the Bhakta calls surrender a man who does Vichara calls Janana.” This technique seems to click (as I also found especially during the ‘Mauna’) in not only preventing my mind more from wandering away to dwell on second and third person objects, but also in turning it back to its source (Self).

By Pujaya Sri Mota’s grace, during my “Mauna” in April 1987, I was blessed twice or thrice, spasmodically and for brief moments, with the peaceful experience of finding myself centred in my consciousness, to the exclusion of any distinct obtrusion of thoughts or “I am – the –

body” idea, besides observing, at other times during half-asleep and half -awake states, my ego (the “rising I”) shifting from my dream body to my physical body in a split-second, thus giving me greater and desirable experiential conviction that I am consciousness, not the body. However, the only trouble is that I tend to forget it soon, and the older habits of the mind assert themselves to dissolve these moments into restlessness and forgetfulness of my natural state. Although there were usual struggles, this time their pressure was much less and I felt more at home and peaceful.

By His Grace, at the moment, I have no desire for any audio-visual experiences, siddhis or worldly gains. My only prayer is that this attitude may become firm and may I be filled with volcanic aspirations for self-attention, ignoring vigilantly all thoughts, desires and sense objects. May my SadGuru Mota who is ever shining as my Self, reveal Himself to me and I merge for ever in Him (my Heart).

ONE IN MANY

In his compassion, and true to his words Sri Mota has also been bringing me, from time to time, in contact with Enlightened Masters, whenever I have needed their Alchemic touch, being unable in my present stage to free myself from my “trouble spots” – the commotion of my thoughts, the storms of my “Prana” (vital urges), the intellectual conflicts arising from vacillation, doubt and indecision, the gushing out of “SANSKARS” (embedded impressions), the powerful lower impulses of my ego - in order to be receptive to his subtle, all pervasive and ever available grace and guidance. I barely move when He rushes to help me.

While writing this, Sri Annamalai Swami’s words come to my mind; *“Your Guru may take several forms. If your destiny is to go to several different places, your Guru may take the form of different saints. But even if he does, there is still One Guru because the Guru is the formless self”*.

I have had the good fortune, underserved though, of being in the divine presence of Kali Kambli Wale Maharaj, Swami Ragnekanand Ji (blind saint of VRINDAVAN), Ma Anandamayi, Lal Ji Bapa, Sri Satya Sai Baba, Swami Muktanand Ji, Sri Mahesh Yogi, Swami Ram Surat Kumar and Sri Annamalai Swami (both of TIRUVANNAMALAI

(T.N), PAPAJI (Sh H.W.L Poonja Ji), Sri Sri Ravi Shankar Ji, Mata Amritanandamayi, Mother Teresa, Yogi Krishnanand Ji (Jaloli wale Maharaj) and Vishal wale Maharaj (both of Solan), Baba Virsa Singh Ji Maharaj, Sri SadGuru Jaggi, Sri A.P.J Abdul Kalam, Brahmurishi Subhash Patriji, Swami Krishnanand of Vrindavan, Swami Chidanand and Swami Premanand (President & Secretary respectively of Divine Life Society of India, Rishikesh), besides, of course, saint Gulab Singh and Sri Gurdial Mallik (Chachaji). In addition to them, I have had the SadGuru's grace of meeting many other saints known and unknown. All the enlightened Masters and the saints are, in Papaji's words, reflections of the One, who like the moon reflecting in lakes, rivers, pools and streams all over the planet, is reflected as Ramana, Ramakrishna and any number of realized saints, yogis and Gyanis. Sri Mota has also written; "*The SadGuru is not an individual! He's totality of love. The Grace of a saintly person creates the moment for evolution*". By His Grace, I have slowly grown to find myself established in the feeling that I am meeting my own SadGuru whenever I am in the presence of any Master. Similarly, whenever I go to any shrine or Ashram I always have a feeling deep in my heart that my SadGuru abides therein.

10

THE “MAUNA” - AN EXPERIENCE IN ITSELF

“Mauna” – a spell of silence and solitude in any of the Maun- rooms in Pujaya Sri Mota’s Hari Om Ashrams – is an experience in itself. The moment one is inside, one finds oneself, spontaneously, without any effort, in meditation.

The Maun-room, with its conscious, vibrant silence, obtains as one’s self in which the movements of the body-mind surge up and down, spreading and contracting, dissolving and merging for brief blissful moments in their substratum. In those peaceful fractions of seconds, howsoever far and in-between, one feels oneness with one’s Self, the Guru, with Sri Mota’s ever present, eternal “Chetna”.

Every dip brings greater clarity, reinforcing one’s faith and trust in the unfailing, ever-abiding guidance and grace of the SadGuru, ever shining as one’s HEART. And the spells of struggle with one’s nostalgic movements and desires in the mind, with the body straining and itching in a kind of rebellion to lapse into its habitual patterns of activities, reveal new meanings and new confidences in one’s Divinely sustained efforts. Each psychic twist of pain feels like a lover’s pinch that hurts, but is desired.

The vague, faint memories of Sri Mota that often remain in the periphery of my

consciousness on account, perhaps, of the extroverted dimension of the mind outside the Maun-room, converge towards the centre of consciousness and throb in their sharp, clear and shining features, revealing the details of his forgotten moods, conversations and postures, filling and overwhelming me with joy and tears and indescribable feeling of peace and fulfilment. I feel I am not abandoned, and that He is there within the cave of my Heart, waiting for the opening up of its lotus.

“Mauna” after “Mauna”, I am getting increasingly aware that the Guru is present everywhere and that it is He who leads you from within, through intuitive flashes of insights, sudden perceptions and gradual clarity, creating environment, situations, circumstances, urges, impulses and even convictions that are conducive for your “Sadhana” and your unfoldment. One, though, egoistically attribute them to one’s own understanding and progress, which quite often produce a nagging sense of doubt and guilt and confusion. However, if one has faith and trust in one’s own inner Guru, and doubt the doubt, which is just a thought, one will surely flower more and more.

EPILOGUE

In one of my last meetings with him, Sri Mota advised me to read Srimad Bhagvad Gita and Sri Guru Granth Sahib. Later I did read both of them in their various editions in English transliteration and translations, some of them with commentaries and explanations, by different spiritually enlightened authors, including Paramhans Yogananda, Osho and Gyani Sant Singh Maskeen. So much so that now, after reading hundreds of books and listening to countless D.V.Ds on self-help and spiritual subjects, as well as holistic healing and biographies and autobiographies of Enlightened Masters and also on channelled information through the human mediums, I have finally ended up on listening alone to the musical renderings or the recitations and the explanation of the extracts from Holy Guru Granth Sahib which confirm or bring new understandings, and which also reveal how Sri Mota would penetrate long into future and indicate or hint, without so much as overtly verbalizing it, the turns of our likes and dislikes, our attitudes and beliefs, and our needs in times to come. Now, my only focus in my “Sadhana” (i.e., spiritual practice) is on “Japa” and “Dhyana” (ie., God-remembrance or chanting of “Guru Mantra” and Meditation) during which I try to remain completely silent, as far as I can, allowing my “Japa” to continue naturally till it subsides and disappears and I, by His grace get

centered in my Heart or source consciousness, even though for a little while, till the thoughts rise again or snooze overtakes, when again I try to get into witnessing consciousness, or remind myself of it, and which I also try to maintain in my day to day living. However, still the continuity is wanting and the whole process is only by fits and starts, and is punctuated by prayers and affirmations, which, ultimately, signify the same – Prayer being an indirect Affirmation, and Affirmation, a direct Prayer. Both of them, intrinsically, get addressed to the “ONE”, who alone “Is” – as Yogi Ram Surat Kumar used to say: “Father (God) alone exists. Nothing else. No body else” – within and without, in microcosm as well as in macrocosm, like the dreamer in the dream world, and the dream world in the dreamer; the “One Life Energy” that is permeating and pervading the whole cosmos – all that is!

Like the prodigal son, I have been running away from my Home, not once, but again and again, to return empty handed after spending away all my wealth. The tempting attraction of ease and pleasure and quick benefits have been too strong for me to resist and I have always found myself ready to escape whenever any serious effort or sacrifice was called for. However, in His infinite love my SadGuru has always borne with me in silence, waiting patiently and coming to my rescue and help at the most critical moments and saving me from falling headlong into the dark abyss. Not only that!

Recovering from the shock whenever I tried, even just made a gesture, as it were, of effort to stand, He rushed forth and virtually uplifted me to put me back on the right track, overlooking my repeated revolts and failings. Actually I don't know, but whenever I have resolved and determined to do a thing, immediately afterwards a kind of challenging and obstructing process starts shaking my will-power, and, somehow, I have always succumbed to the hostile forces outside as well as within me.

But such is thy love, my SadGuru, my Mother, my Father, that it makes me bold once again, brushing aside my fear of vulnerability, to seek thine indulgence and forgiveness and say that whatever period of my life has passed is passed, but whatever little span is left is offered to Thee alone. From the depths of my heart, I beg for your grace and pray in the words of a devotee of the Holy Mother of Auroville (disciple of Sri Aurobindo Ghosh of Pondyicherry); *“take my freedom into your hands. prevent me from falling back, far away from you. I place this freedom in your hands. It is you I want, the Truth of my being I implore you to free me from my freedom to chose wrongly”*.

Lead me, my SadGuru, from being a “would have been” or “would be” to “am”! Doing nothing. “Accepting what comes; letting go what goes.” And in Papaji’s (SRI H.W.L. Poonjaji’s) words : “No thought, no person, no object, just shut up!” Totally in silence; aware of awareness! Always in “Now-here”! Going nowhere, present everywhere!

a child's play. They have
Courage and heart about the
die hardened on any account
whether due to indigestion
or body -

With love...

You can see it: Blyden.
Prayers if you can also
read of a son to cheer
up your heart.

Yours. M. A.

By Prigiv. with me. please
on this way back
of the first of the first
is on the first of the first
with me at the first of the first
is on the first of the first



122
Mr. G. K. Jay.
C/o Madras Alman.
C/o Bharat Bhawan Hall
Station Rd
NADIA
W. A.

2/17/88

Nadiad Ashram

23-5-88

cent

7:30 PM

My Dear Mr. Jyoti

Your letter. Poopya has
gone through it. care fully.

As regard Chiranjivi Vipin
God is great & glory is His.

As per his devotional
moods of yamya. tender eye
& his positions today - we
shall be able to enlighten
you when you come out
Please make a note of it &
ask at Surat.

Now it is up to you

days. Many thanks for
your care & benedict.
Really Poopya & I
are immensely pleased
with your benedict. Please

chant Lord's name as
much as you can.

We fully understand
& appreciate you deeply.

& sympathize with you
fully.

But for your bravery,
any ordinary fellow would
have come out so
long ago. - from the silence
& solitude from you
deserve credit & that
too of no ordinary merit.

we both are highly
pleased with your
behaviour.

This is written under
Poopya Shrivastava's instruction.
Yours ^{lovingly} G. S. G. S. G. S.

Our Prayers to Him.

Porgy Shri's
letters

PR:35

NADIAD Ashoon.
25/3/61.

My dear Juktaji:

This evening Physically,
Known Moti will leave this
place at about 6.30 - but
Subtl. Moti is still here &
You can feel his presence if
You earnestly & cordently wish
& aspire for that.

My dear Juktaji: By God's
grace we shall meet physically
on 29th. when that evening at
my bedtime you can most
conveniently approach me &
ask whatever you desire to
do so. Have not jotted down the
points here of.

You Ticket for 29th. The least in
also ready - you will reach least
before we reach there!
Dad!

shall by my best to reach your
house - as far as possible.

I am highly pleased with
your courage & steadfastness.
But for such a slight & good
tenacity, it would be unnecessary
for anyone to continue inside.
as you have done bravely -
my hearty congratulations.

Now only 4 days remain.
So surely they will roll on.

Try to be as ^{much} cheerful as
possible inside now & chant
Lord's name with enthusiasm
& fervour.

With you God Speed -
Yours lovingly
Mata

Harison 23/11/12

My dear Guffeys

Harison is one
Land Kuching a. Somenis
of Pongy Shi &
his one of the Totted
if it interests you

There is one Speli
at Suet which I can
show you at Suet
when you come next
then for Suet first

Yours affectionately
Harison

Shree P. P. Gupta
9/S Delhi gate.
Ferozpur city. (Punjab)

ॐ श्री गुरुभ्यो नमः
श्री श्री. गुरु, गुगा-324 004 श्री
4/4/88

Dear Sir,
Name:- Hope this will find you in
your letter dated 24th ult.
addressed to Rev. Shree Nandlalji is well-received here
and as ~~requested~~ ^{requested} Shree Pooje Shree Dhote is today
sent to your address by Rajd. Post parcel. Kindly
let us know when it is received by you.

We are all o.k., have done
three 2 inches, chapel
offer remember you.

With best regards to you
and family members. -

J. H.
Cot. -

15

INDIA



Ferozpur city.
(Punjab)

POST PIN

152002

II

13th May 1961.

'TO SADGURU'

*The dirty street of sins is full of dross
And I am smeared in the stinking filth of its drain.
What will become of me if thou,
Mota does not save me.*

*I have come to thee with dry lips and parched throat;
O, pour a drop of Nector of Holy Name.*

*My mind is being tossed and swayed
By worldly attachments and allurements;
Anti-devotional dormant forces surge
And create a struggle in the mind.
The Ocean of bliss is around me
And yet I am prattling on the shore.*

*Give me guidance and thy Grace True Guru.
Establish one pointed concentration,
Continuity and complete absorption
And make me forget everything save the Divine
Name.*

16th May 1961

*Be calm my heart and contemplate the True Guru;
For he will lead thee to the Beloved.*

*Repeat the Name Divine;
For the Name will disperse all
Thy doubts and delusions and will reveal the Truth.*

*Wait patiently for the Dawn;
For the first streak of Dawn'll*

*drive away all the darkness of thy ignorance.
Love the light;
For the light will love thee too.*

18th May 1961

*O Lord, make me the dust
Of Thy saint's holy feet.
May I wash their feet
With my tears and purge away
Malignant thoughts of my mind.*

*My heart is torn and lacerated
By worldly dejections and disappointments.
O, let the good sense dawn in me
And I may find in them symbols
Of thy Grace to shed my Ego.*

*I am a wretched sinner, Lord;
O, let Thy Divine Name
Drive away my shame
And I meditate on thee
In all humility and repentence.*

*In thine infinite Mercy, Lord
Thou hast brought me to the True Guru.
O, may I serve him true
And dedicate my all; for he alone
Can reveal Thee to me.*

*O Lord, let me ever sing
Thy Name and Glory. And may
I find thee within and around me.
Light such a flame of love that
Without thee, Lord I may die.*

19th May 1961

“TO MY MIND”

*Mind; thou shouldst be ashamed of thy self.
Why dost thou yearn for material possession?
For the sake of transitory sensuous pleasures
Thou art missing the ocean of Divine Bliss.*

*Thou art such a sceptical scoundrel
Thou won't believe the inner promptings
And continue casting before thyself
Dreams that art frail, void, visionary
And delusive like a Mirage.*

*How many times thou hast been deceived
And duped by thy dreams;
For God's sake, for thine own happiness
Stop toying with thy wistful thinking.
Learn lessons from failures.*

*O Fool, instead of being confused
In the chaos of conflicting emotions;
Heaving and panting in the commotions
Of these waves to complete desperation,
Find peace in His Divine Will.*

*He is the Giver of all things
All things emerge from Him
And merge back in Him.*

*Why grieveest thou if He denies thee certain things
Or takes away others?
Would it matter?
Canst thou change His design?*

*Have patience my dear.
Be comforted and contended
In thine lot and thank Him.
Contemplate His Name;
For the Name will sooth thy agony
And bring harmony, happiness and hilarity
That surpass all wealth.*

*Please meditate on Him.
He'll break all thy bonds.
Thou wilt feel like a bird,
Flying and fluttering in the air
Where alone it feels itself
With the Lord.
O, thou wilt throb with ecstasies
Enobling, exuberant and elevating.*

20th May 1961

*Lord, by Thy Grace I've met the True Guru.
In his merciful love he has given me Thy Name.
May I ever contemplate it to purify my body
To offer it as a fit sacrifice unto Thee.
May thy Name and glory be ever on my lips.*

*Lord, my eyes are bewitched with delusion.
They embody duality and discrimination;
Are deceived by the artificial glitter
And do not behold Thy celestial light.
May Thy Name reveal thine all pervading presence
to my eyes.
Lord, my heart is lost in the dance of dark impulses.
Invariably pulsating and panting in pleasure of the
senses;*

*In anger, avarice, allurements and attachments;
In lust and longings and false fears and frustrations.
May Thy Name throb Thy blissful love in my heart.*

*Lord, my mind is shrouded in ignorance.
It wanders and strays off from thee.*

*Lust, anger, pride and avarice
Have made it their Home.*

May Thy Name enlighten and purify my mind.

*Lord, I'am storehouse of stinking and surging sins.
For the countless past lives thick layers of dust
Have been settling over my soul.*

*May I bathe my soul in Thy sanctifying Name.
May Thy Name sustain ever and scintillate my soul.*

24th May 1961

*Lord, I'm an ignorant fool.
Caught in the curling whirlpool
Of false desires and ambitions,
And running after sensuous gratifications.
In such race I've gone astray
To baser instincts fallen a prey.*

*My thoughts are with the world
Am imprisoned in its cage like a bird
Who is caught in the net and encaged.
Bonds of cramping gold have enchained
My heart. Hissing snakes of lust have coiled
round me and my soul is lost and soiled.*

*In Thy love and Mercy Thou
Hast been forgiving and helping me, though*

*Deserving, instead of help, thy whipping.
Thou hast not taken away my living.
O Thou art so benign, benevolent and compassionate
And I so mean, wretched and inconsiderate.*

*Lord, By Thy overflowing Grace I have met
The True Guru, who has put to rest
All my fears and has given me Thy Name
To chant incessantly and repent for my shame.
With every tear and words of prayer I feel relieved
But again with sinful thoughts my mind is heaved.*

(In complete)

Note. Despite my best efforts I have not been able to complete it.

15-05-1961

लगा आग दिल में ऐसी मोटा, के सब कुछ भूल जाऊँ मैं
नामे खुदा हो लब पर, सर बसजदा हूँ मैं ।
उठ कर दुनिया की महफिलों से, तेरी महफिल में आ जाऊँ
जाम पिला दे ऐसा साकी, के फिर न होश में आजाऊँ मैं ।
तोड दूँ दुनिया की जंजीरें, सर पर फन को बांध लूँ
मिटा दूँ खुदी को मैं अपनी, फिर तुझमें समाजाऊँ मैं ।
भूल जाऊँ मैं गरदिशे जमाना, और फरेबे आरजू
चाक गिरेबां सी लूँ अपना, खयाले यार में खो जाऊँ मैं ।

16-05-1961

प्रीतम का करना है दीदार, तो दुनिया भूलाए जा
मन को करके काबू अपने, मन्दिर बनाए जा ।

सतगुरु का तू ध्यान करके, नाम स्मरण कर ले
गुरु बिना गोविन्द कब मिले, उसको सीस नवाए जा ।
जो तडपाते हैं जाग कर, सोए हुए संस्कार तेरे
अशकों की धारा में डूब कर, मन के पाप मिटाए जा ।
मिल जा खाक में जीते हुए, मन के अहंकार को मिटा
इक दिन तो जाना ही होगा, सच्चा धन कमाए जा ।

17-05-1961

हरि ॐ, हरि ॐ भज ले मूरख, प्रभु से प्रीत लगाए जा
प्रेम प्याले पी पी कर, मन के दीप जलाए जा ।
करले एहसास दूरिये मंजिल, और वक्त की रफ्तार
फूँक दे मोह माया के घूँघट, तू परदे उठाए जा ।
लूटा है तेरा सुख और चैन, गर पाप के लम्बे कीडो ने
नाम की सीतल लहरें ले ले, आतम ताप बुझाए जा ।
वो तो तेरा है हरदम, पर तू ही नहीं उसका
दे दे सनम को तू दिल अपना, उसकी रहमत पाए जा ।

18-05-1961

दिल लगाना साकी से, और गम से घबराता है
ठहर जा ए कमजर्फ, क्यों गुनाह करता है ।
आते हैं इश्क में, इम्तिहाँ ऐसे ऐसे
दिल जलता है, दम घुटता है, कलेजा मुँह को आता है ।
मिलते हैं दिल के टुकडे, खाने के लिए यहाँ
इस बज़म में आंसुओं का, दौरे जाम चलता है ।
इन्तेहाए ना उमीदी हो, साथ छोड दे दुनिया
दिल कहे कोई नहीं मेरा, तो वोह दामन थाम लेता है ।

15.11.1964

*Lord! May Thou be
My only Quest and prize.
May I shed all other desires
And offer my heart unto Thee always.*

*All these years have I wasted
In pursuance of my sensuous pleasures.
Never thinking of Thee and
Never contemplating Thy Name.*

*O' beloved mine;
Transmute my all attachments to Love
And make my life humble
Simple, honest, pure and truthful.*

*May Thou bless me
With Thy Grace, Love and Mercy,
And may I surrender myself
And dedicate my all at Thy Lotus Feet.*

17.11.1964

*O' Lord! save me from my own thoughts.
Sensuous pleasures seduce my mind
And it creates alluring images
To distract me from my path.*

*O' Master mine! I am frail and weak;
The sloth of sins of ages
Has numbed my Devotional urges
And'm shrouded in utter darkness.*

*May Thou shower Thy mercy
On such a wretched as I am.*

*Though I remember Thee not
I know, Thou still lovest me.*

*Stir in me Devotional Viberations
And sprout the fountain of Love.
Teach me Father, to look unto Thee only
And get absorbed in Thy Holy Name.*

19-11-1964

गुरु के रूप को मन में बिठाकर, जनम जनम की भूख मिटा ले
तेरे पाप सब धुल जाएंगे, तू दिल में अपने नाम बसा ले ।
हृदय के घुंघट खोल दे, और चंचल मन को बस में कर
हरि से अब तो प्रीत लगा कर, प्रेम की ज्योति ज्योत जगा ले ।
खुशियाँ उसकी, आँसू उसके, दुनिया उसकी, हम भी उसके
उसको सब कुछ अर्पण करदे, मन को शीतल शांत बना ले ।
न किया कीर्तन, न सुमिरन, न भजन किया, जीवन गवाँया मैंने
चरण कमल पर अब तो गिर कर, तू अपना जीवन मुक्त बना ले ।

21-11-1964

अब तो हरि गुण गा ले मन मेरे, जीवन बीता जाये
अंत समय तू रोएगा, क्यों न भजे भगवान हाय ।
काम, क्रोध, लोभ ने मारा मुझको, मोह माया ने डुबोया
अब तो मन को कर ले ठिकाने, फिर ना ये दिन वापस आये ।
अपना जिस्म सँवारा मैंने, नाखूदा का लिया सहारा
छूट गए सब मेरे सहारे, अब होवे क्या पछताए ।
नाम की महिमा मैंने ना जानी, किया गुरु के पर्दा
दिल के अंदर झांक जरा तू, प्रभु के पग हैं समाए ।

॥ HARIᅒ AUM ॥
CLOSING PRAYER
ĀRTI

Aum, give me Refuge O Lord, at the Haven of Thy Holy Feet,
Save this fallen soul, lead him by Thy hand, clasp him to Thy heart.....(1)

Let my mind, heart and speech be revealed by my action,
May Thou unify by Thy Grace, my mind, speech and heart.....(2)

May our heart's love pervade in our dealings with all,
Even where insult is done, let there only love prevail.....(3)

May we attempt by Thy Grace, to change our lower instincts
Into nobler ones, so we may be worthy of Thy Holy Feet.....(4)

May my mind's thoughts and tendencies of the vital
And intellect's all doubts dissolve at Thy Holy Feet.....(5)

To appear to others as we truly are at heart,
Let our being be open, so others can know us truly and well.....(6)

Give me the will not to do otherwise,
Contrary to what is truly in my heart O Lord.....(7)

Wherever there are Virtue and Nobility, let my heart there abide
May Virtue and Nobility flower and blossom in my heart.....(8)

May the instincts of the vital and the mind merge and melt in my love for Thee
And may my adoration for Thee ever surge, dance in delight and joy.....(9)

Aum, give me Refuge O Lord, at the Heaven of Thy Holy Feet

- Mota

(Gujarati : Aarti - Translator : Babu Sarkar)

हरिःॐ आश्रम में उपलब्ध हिंदी पुस्तिका का लिस्ट

क्रम	पुस्तक	प्र.आ.	८.	श्रीमोटा के साथ वार्तालाप	२०१२
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२.	कैंसर का प्रतिकार	२००८	१०.	बालकों के मोटा	२०१२
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६.	नामस्मरण	२०१०	१४.	मौनएकंत की पगडंडी पर	२०१३
७.	हरिःॐ आश्रम - श्रीभगवान के अनुभव का स्थान	२०१०	१५.	मौनमंदिर में प्रभु	२०१४

हरिःॐ आश्रममां उपलब्ध अंग्रेज् पुस्तकीनी यादी. ज्ञान्युआरी - २०२०

English book available at Hariom Ashram Surat.

January - 2020

No.	Book	F. E.	14.	Against cancer (Cancer ni Same)	2008
1.	At thy Lotus feet (Tuj Charane)	1948	15.	Faith (Shraddha)	2010
2.	To the mind (Man ne)	1950	16.	Shri Sadguru	2010
3.	Life's Struggle (Jeevan Sangram)	1955	17.	Human to Divine (Bhagat ma Bhagwan)	2010
4.	The Fragrance of a saint (Paraslila)	1982	18.	Prasadi	2011
5.	Vision of life - Eternal	1990	19.	Grace (Krupa)	2012
6.	Bhava	1991	20.	I bow at thy feet (Tuj charane)	2013
7.	Nimitta	2005	21.	Attachment and Aversion (Raag dhwesh)	2015
8.	Self-interest (Swarth)	2005	22.	The Unending Odyssey - My Experience of Sadguru Sri Mota's Grace	2019
9.	Inquisitiveness (Jignasa)	2006			
10.	Shri Mota	2007			
11.	Rites and Rituals (Vidhi-Vidhan)	2007			
12.	Naamsmaran	2008			
13.	Mota for children (Balako na Mota)	2008			

॥ हरिःॐ ॥

हरि ॐ
श्री मोटाय नमः

|| HARI OM ||

**“ You are free to leave Mota,
But Mota is not free to leave you.
Anyone who comes in his orbit once,
Mota cannot leave him. Life after Life !”**

- Sri Mota

The Unending Odyssey has its genesis in the suggestion of Sh. Dhimantbhai, Managing Trustee, HARIOM ASHRAM, SURAT, who must have been inspired by SadGuru Sri Mota to communicate as such. The book has been organized into ten chapters whose subjects illustrate various dimensions of His grace that have universal application.

Price : Rs. 20/-