

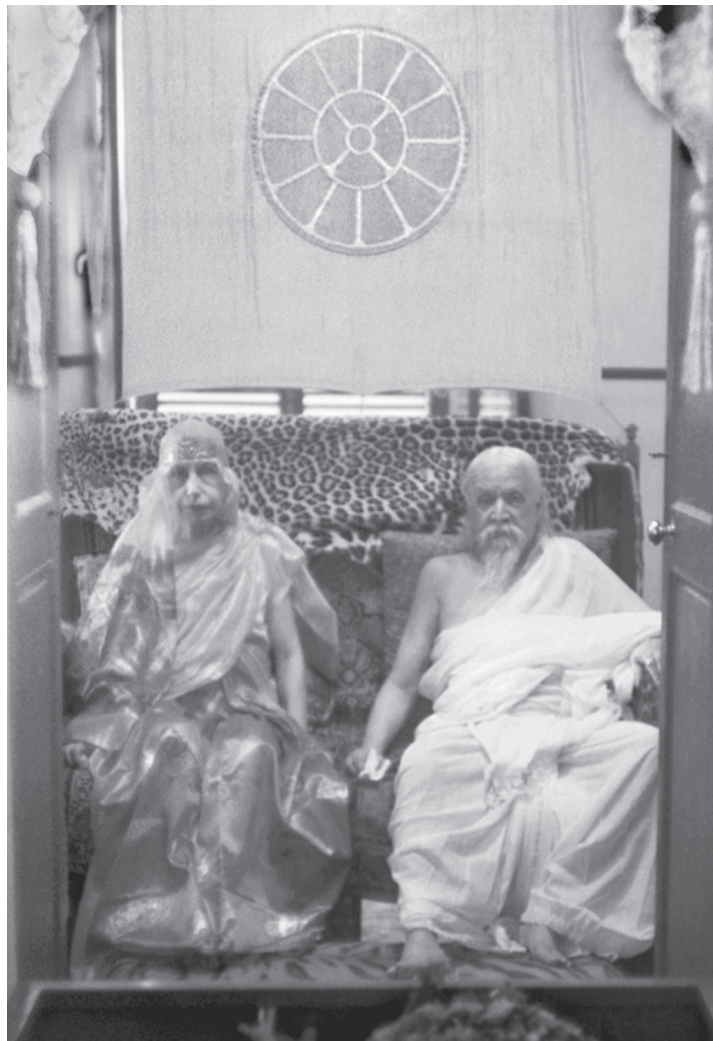


Sri Aurobindo's action

Vol. 48 No. 1

THE JOURNAL OF INDIA'S RESURGENCE

January 2017



In 1919 Sri Aurobindo wrote that the chaos and the calamities were perhaps the pangs of the birth of a new creation. How long is this going to continue? In the Ashram, in India and eventually in the world?

It will continue until the world is ready and willing to receive the new creation; the consciousness of this new creation is already at work upon earth since the beginning of this year. If instead of resisting, people were collaborating, it would be quicker. But stupidity and ignorance are very obstinate!

29 November 1969

THE MOTHER
(CWM Vol. 15 pg. 106)

An Ascending Evolution

Why are we here in the Sri Aurobindo Ashram?

There is an ascending evolution in nature which goes from the stone to the plant, from the plant to the animal, from the animal to man. Because man is, for the moment, the last rung at the summit of the ascending evolution, he considers himself as the final stage in this ascension and believes there can be nothing on earth superior to him. In that he is mistaken. In his physical nature he is yet almost wholly an animal, a thinking and speaking animal, but still an animal in his material habits and instincts. Undoubtedly, nature cannot be satisfied with such an imperfect result; she endeavours to bring out a being who will be to man what man is to the animal, a being who will remain a man in its external form, and yet whose consciousness will rise far above the mental and its slavery to ignorance.

Sri Aurobindo came upon earth to teach this truth to men. He told them that man is only a transitional being living in a mental consciousness, but with the possibility of acquiring a new consciousness, the Truth-consciousness, and capable of living a life perfectly harmonious, good and beautiful, happy and fully conscious. During the whole of his life upon earth, Sri Aurobindo gave all his

time to establish in himself this consciousness he called supramental, and to help those gathered around him to realise it.

You have the immense privilege of having come quite young to the Ashram, that is to say, still plastic and capable of being moulded according to this new ideal and thus become the representatives of the new race. Here, in the Ashram, you are in the most favourable conditions with regard to the environment, the influence, the teaching and the example, to awaken in you this supramental consciousness and to grow according to its law.

Now, all depends on your will and your sincerity. If you have the will no more to belong to ordinary humanity, no more to be merely evolved animals; if your will is to become men of the new race realising Sri Aurobindo's supramental ideal, living a new and higher life upon a new earth, you will find here all the necessary help to achieve your purpose; you will profit fully by your stay in the Ashram and eventually become living examples for the world.

24 July 1951¹

THE MOTHER



¹CWM Vol. 12, pp. 116-117

Science talks and behaves as if it had conquered all knowledge.

Wisdom, as she walks, hears her solitary tread echoing on the margin of
immeasurable Oceans.

SRI AUROBINDO

CONTENTS

An Ascending Evolution	<i>The Mother</i>	2
Guest Editorial	<i>Maria Netto</i>	4
<i>Upon The Brink of Change</i>		
1979	<i>Shyam Sunder</i>	4
A New World is Born	<i>Lopa Mukherjee</i>	5
Rhythm of Krishna: Bhagavad Gita Broadcast for All	<i>Sushrut A. Badhe</i>	7
A Sense of Universal Harmonies	<i>Prema Nandakumar</i>	8
Transformation	<i>Swami Om Poorna Swatantra</i>	10
Wandering in The Archives of Memory	<i>Prema Nandakumar</i>	11
<i>Mother Tulsi, Come! Part II</i>		
The Power of Music - II	<i>Marie Carlsson</i>	13
I Wish You Enough	<i>The Internet</i>	16



Guest Editorial

Upon the Brink of Change

I'm poised on a few egg-shaped rocks, balancing on one foot, while the other is testing out the water that is gliding by. Will it be too cold? Should I? Shouldn't I? Then a small careless nudge from a fellow tourist settles the matter. I slip into the cold water. The rocks beneath are a bad place to try the balancing act, clothed as they are with moss. The water now takes on a different meaning. I'm now wary; what if I go headlong in? What if I twist an ankle? It had looked so inviting and exciting from the shore - now, it's not so anymore. I pluck up courage and leap over the boulders, back to the shore again...

Later that day in Yercaud, after taking in a few beautiful sights, sitting under a Silver Oak, I thought about the morning's episode by the river. How many times in life are we faced with the same question! Should I? When we step into the unknown, we leave ourselves open to harm or hurt, but we could also pick up valuable lessons in the process.

As I write this, we are but two months away from the emergence of a brand new year. It's interesting to be inheritors of an exciting, yet fearful, vulnerable, yet powerful world. The year could see major upheavals in various spheres, political, economic, cultural and religious. As uncertainties loom in and around us, we might be thrown into situations and challenges alien to our nature. We strive to change things around us, yet we could feel incapable of changing ourselves. We talk about empowering the under-privileged, yet might be faced with situations where we don't have power over our own lives. We could influence each other in hugely positive ways, or cause disquiet with just a word. A responsibility has been entrusted to us, as 'travelers of the world', to ensure a joyful and peaceful co-existence, and make the journey of our fellow travellers meaningful.

Sri Aurobindo has given us these beautiful lines, eternal in their reach and timely in the message we can take for the

present.

The advent for which all creation waits,
The beautiful visage of Eternity
That shall appear upon the roads of Time.
Yet to ourselves we say rekindling faith,
"Oh, surely one day he shall come to our cry,
One day he shall create our life anew
And utter the magic formula of peace
And bring perfection to the scheme of things.
One day he shall descend to life and earth,
Leaving the secrecy of the eternal doors,
Into a world that cries to him for help,
And bring the truth that sets the spirit free,
The joy that is the baptism of the soul,
The strength that is the outstretched arm of Love.
One day he shall lift his beauty's dreadful veil,
Impose delight on the world's beating heart
And bare his secret body of light and bliss."
But now we strain to reach an unknown goal:
There is no end of seeking and of birth,
There is no end of dying and return;
The life that wins its aim asks greater aims,
The life that fails and dies must live again;
Till it has found itself it cannot cease.
All must be done for which life and death were made¹.

It is said that time and tide wait for none. In *The Book of Yoga*, Canto 1, Sri Aurobindo has again given us reason to celebrate. He says the year has 'paused' for us. So it is left to us to do what we will in the scope of 365 days.

We welcome with a salute, 'The year now paused upon the brink of change'.

MARIA NETTO

¹CWSA Vol. 33-34 Savitri, pg. 200

1979

The Mother's New Year messages were eagerly awaited by us with the passing out of the old years. Her messages were a blend of prevision of the year, a general guidance and a call towards a certain direction. Many a time during the year, when there were difficulties or pleasant moments, we consulted the New Year message. The arrival of 1979, a new year, wistfully recalls to our mind the sweet and precious recollections of Mother's messages, music and blessings with which we used to usher in the first of Januaries.

1973 was the last of such years. The preceding year was 1972, the year of Sri Aurobindo's Centenary. It was expected by many to be a year of nice miracles. It did not turn out to be so, we know. The Mother had not given any such indication about the year, but the expectations were there as a result of the general human mentality and the Bangla Desh affair had given a flush of hopes. In fact the message on 1.1.1972 was apparently a very simple message, "Let us all try to be worthy of Sri Aurobindo's Centenary". Apparently very simple, almost conventional, but spiritually meaningful. 1972 was not an easy year, not at all. There was the comfortable feeling that we ourselves were worthy of Sri Aurobindo's Centenary

and the message was for those who were not worthy or were outside the Ashram or had not accepted Sri Aurobindo. It escaped our notice that the upsurge of the mud that had taken a fresh start upon the descent of the Supramental force in 1956 was continuing in 1972 with added impetus and thus making its permeation possible by the alchemist force of spiritual transformation. That year when an Ashramite's letter complaining of pain in a particular part of the body was read out to Mother, She gave a blessings packet that was asked for, but She made remark to the secretary to the effect that She was noticing that in the Centenary year that type of pain was occurring to those who were telling lies. Particularly for the residents of Auroville the Mother gave frequent messages that year to stop lying. Towards the end of 1972, the Mother warned,

“Before dying, falsehood rises in full swing.
Still people understand only the lesson of catastrophe.
Will it have to come before they open their eyes to the
Truth?”

The next year the Mother left Her body.

After this event, instead of going inward and upward towards the Truth, a strange process of going outward and downward towards the Falsehood began and went on increasing its speed and extent. This march of Falsehood has been visible everywhere. The work of Sri Aurobindo and

Mother has been under fierce fire from the hostile forces, at the special spots of their concentrated *tapasya* and effort as well as on the earth in general. The year 1978, the Mother's Centenary year, has been a year of wastage of tremendous possibilities offered to those who claim to be servitors of the Truth. It was almost like the trench warfare of the First World War. There was a special protection of the Divine Grace, otherwise the situation would have been ghastly.

Now comes the next year, 1979. There is darkness, dense darkness, chaos and turmoil all around. There is an utter confusion of values. The Lord of Falsehood has succeeded in getting himself worshipped as the Lord of Truth by those who were once known to be in the camp of Truth. Defections have taken place, without announcement, consciously as well as unconsciously, out of fear, ignorance or ambition. The soldiers of the anti-divine army are full of glee over the ravages wrought by them, but the fight is not yet over. The Mother would like to change the darkest hour into one of the finest hours. She calls us for a sincere turn to the Truth, nothing more, nothing less.

Do we consent to be spiritualised? Do we go back to Sri Aurobindo and Mother whose arms are open to receive back the lost herds? Do we take the resolve to *cling to Truth*?

SHYAM SUNDER
(Reprinted from the Jan 1979 issue)

A New World is Born

Let me start with the story of a remarkable man. His name was Albert Schweitzer. He was an organist and preacher in a church in Alsace, a province of France. At the age of thirty he went back to college to study medicine because a French territory in Africa needed missionary doctors. After three years of study, he played music to raise money for his passage. In 1913 he landed in Gabon. This was a time when shamans and witch doctors were the only healers around. He set up a hospital and people came, sometimes walking seven days. During the First World War, in addition to healing the Africans, he treated French and German soldiers alike who passed by his hospital. When Alsace was conquered by the Germans, the French asked him to leave and jailed him in France. After the war and his release, he continued to raise funds for his hospital. When he returned to Africa the hospital was demolished. He began to assemble the logs and rebuild it from scratch. Nurses and doctors joined him from Europe. Second World War came and went. Albert Schweitzer continued to serve humanity. He formulated his philosophy of *Reverence for Life* and influenced many prominent thinkers. In 1952 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Till the end of his life he continued to work for peace, including campaigning against nuclear weapons with Albert Einstein.

Even now the Albert Schweitzer Hospital stands and thrives in Gabon. Other similar hospitals have sprung up inspired by Schweitzer's vision.

Here's a man who was not afraid to start again and again, even from scratch. Age did not deter him. Neither did war. He remained above politics through the worst phase of human history. When I read about the Doctors Without Borders who risk their lives daily to serve humanity, many of whom die, I wonder what drives them? Reverence for Life, no doubt, but even more, a Divine Love that has possessed them. This Love transcends national borders, even transcends the animal instinct for self-preservation. It has made each one of these individuals larger than life, as if they were a collective soul, a *vishwamanav*. One feels humbled by their courage, and inspired to emulate them. When one is feeling low because of the ugliness that still exists, one has simply to remember that these compassionate activists also exist. Mother's revelation during the Supramental Descent in 1956 was, “Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute: A new light breaks upon the earth, A new world is born. The things that were promised are fulfilled.”

Sixty years have passed from that date. Surely if we keep our eyes open we should be able to see this new world. Mother once said business and politics will be the last fields of human endeavor to be transformed. Let me tell you the story of a

businessman now, who is of our own times. Sometimes when one is down and out, one picks up whatever is left and begins afresh, phoenix like. But when one has reached the height of achievement, it takes courage to erase everything and prepare for a new beginning. That is what Marc Benioff did. In his twenties he was already a very successful salesman in Oracle. Then one day he tasted the satiety of success, and quit. He went to Hawaii and lived with the natives. He learnt their concept of sharing and caring, as though the whole of humanity were one family. They called this *ohana* in their language. Marc Benioff returned to Silicon Valley, California, and started a company based on the principle of *ohana*.

What is the motto he has chosen for the company? “The business of business is to improve the state of the world”. And what is his product? It is a software solution that allows businesses to connect with their customers in a seamless way. His company follows the 1:1:1 model, which means 1% of profits are given in charity, 1% of employees’ times are spent in volunteer work, 1% of products are donated. It is a way of saying to the community, “Thank you for being there”. Charity begins at home. Employees are treated well; a lot of effort goes into developing a wholesome *ohana* culture in the workplace. There are mindfulness rooms in the office, and meditation training sessions. Employees are an integral part of the community, and when they live more fulfilling lives, they can pass on the wellbeing to their family and all those they interact with, from grocery store clerk to car dealer.

Google gives grants to innovators, Facebook and Salesforce have started hospitals, Microsoft Foundation reaches out to the poor in Asia and Africa. Toms donates a pair of shoes for every pair that is purchased. These five companies are just some of the givers. Corporate philanthropy is the new brand name. When employees of these companies volunteer in their community - from constructing homes to installing software – they join a workforce that is inspired by something else. The Red Cross for example, which has thousands of volunteers and very few employees, is an organization that is ever growing. And what do volunteers get from it? An immeasurable joy. That should be enough to answer the question – what is there in it for me? But it turns out, there is more to it. You rewire your brain circuitry when you are sharing. You can empathize better and can become a healer. You heal yourself and others around you. Your immune system and heart become stronger, you are less prone to diseases. You will be cured from insomnia, anxiety, depression, and the many psychological ailments that stem from isolation. You and your community will avoid drugs, alcohol, guns, violence. You will become a compassionate consumer. You will buy produce that sustains the earth. You will support companies that promote compassion. And it turns out your company will profit more too. Because happier employees deliver better products, and quit less. Better products bring higher sales. Customers are happier. It is a win-win situation for all. Happiness increases when it is shared.

There is another advantage is becoming a compassionate leader. People listen to you. They trust you. They are looking to you to lead them, just as you are leading your company to success. When the CEOs of philanthropic companies speak out against a social issue such as racism or gender inequality, their opinions spread around the world, and become ideas that translate into action. Although there are a lot of companies for whom the bottom-line is still a bank balance, and aggressive businessmen exist, their numbers are shrinking. True change is happening.

The starting point of becoming a kind-hearted person is the capacity to empathize. Mother has laid this down in her instructions for vital education. Elsewhere it is called *Emotional Intelligence* from Daniel Goleman’s famous book of the same name. Statistics proves that a person with more Emotional Quotient would outdo a person with low EQ, both professionally, and in human relationships. Professional life is a lot about interpersonal relations: how one sells, how one treats one’s employees, one’s dealings with the media, one’s social image, team work, customer confidence, diplomacy... these are all people-to-people interfaces. With the discovery of brain imaging technologies, thoughts and feelings have become the subject of material science. These scientific facts lure people away from selfishness. Whatever journey brings them... at least, and at last, they are here. Daniel Goleman has subsequently written on *Social Intelligence*, *Primal Leadership* and *Ecological Intelligence* - topics stemming from compassion.

Ecological Intelligence, which discusses compassion for the earth, is also a book worth reading. Here is an example from it. So far we knew that organic foods are more expensive because they do not use fertilizers and thus are grown in smaller quantities. The selling point was the long - term effects of chemical toxins and their cost in terms of health. It turns out there are other parts of the produce’s journey that are not environmentally friendly. Transportation uses fossil fuels, the GMO plants may be harmful to pollinators, etc. More importantly there could be a social cost. The profits of the business may not percolate to the community that grows it, where working conditions may be harsh. A complete product lifecycle analysis gives one the opportunity to improve the process. The drive towards local consumption eliminates transportation and allows farmers to sell directly without a middleman taking the profits. The produce is cheaper, cleaner and it benefits the community, the soil, the air, the water.

The act of being conscious of others around us, of being able to empathize with them, feeling part of a whole... is deeply ingrained in our traditions. In the Upanishads it is said you can be free of fear and delusion when you realize everything is You. You can truly love when you realize it’s all the same Self. In other religions too there are variations of the Golden Rule and the parable of the Good Samaritan. In native American cultures there was no concept of private property. The pre-digital era had fables, fairy tales, *panchatantras*, *puranas* to teach Good and Evil to children. Imagine if these

same tender brains are given war videogames, what kind of monsters they will grow up to be! Schools are introducing emotional literacy programs now. Parents are also coached alongside the children. Mother's *Ideal Child* and *Ideal Parent* can be very handy tools.

This year when Marc Benioff's company had its annual conference - which attracts a million customers to San Francisco - one day out of the four was dedicated to Compassion. The speakers ranged from entrepreneurs to monks: world leaders whose talks are on the world wide web. There was Leila Janah, who has started a company called Sama to bring equality to impoverished people. She has brought a slice of the digital economy to the Africans who were previously wading through gutters to collect metals they then sold to recycling firms. There was Melinda Gates, whose foundation, along with her husband, founder of Microsoft, has touched millions of lives in the Third World. There was Rich Fernandez who quit Google and started *Wisdom Labs*, that teaches compassionate leadership to businesses. There was the filmmaker, Marc J. Francis, who is making a film on Buddhist teacher, Thich Nhat Hanh, called "Walk with Me". There were the nuns and monks of Thich Nhat Hanh's monastery who brought mindfulness talks and chants to the busy conference. There were two disciples of Neem Karoli Baba – Dr Larry Brilliant and Dr Daniel Goleman. Dr Brilliant, started by eradicating smallpox in India and in the world, then gave eyesight to millions. Now he works in the Google Foundation. There was pediatrician, Nadine Burke Harris, who is trying to bring awareness in society on "Adverse

Childhood Experiences". Data shows childhood abuse or trauma maims a person for life. These children are more prone to food disorders, depression, poor immune systems, lung and heart diseases, asthma, attention deficiency disorders; they become prey to every kind of damaging behaviour. There was Dr Mark Dybul of Global Fund, an organization that cures epidemics. He said the real epidemics were not due to germs; they were because large portions of the human population are ignored, even hated. They are squeezed into ghettos with poor hygiene and nutrition. Reminds us of war refugees? Yet these are people who live in our cities. Unless we welcome, love and embrace them our existence will remain precarious. They will avenge themselves on the population at large, whether as terrorists or as carriers of viruses.

I believe there is reason to hope. That these leaders are speaking spiritual truths of Oneness, is a positive sign. That a business conference dedicated so much money to compassion, is another sign. That so many people are working as volunteers, donating money; so many companies are giving away free products; so many institutions are uploading educational lectures on the web... And when we think of the web and free knowledge - the encyclopedia is on the web; books are digitized and uploaded, even accessibility enhanced; so many tricks and tips are available for free... All we have to do is avoid getting distracted by the noise out there. Once again it will be the hour before the Gods awake. And maybe, this time, the divine afflatus will not withdraw.

LOPA MUKHERJEE

Rhythm of Krishna: Bhagavad Gita Broadcast for All

The recent Sri Aurobindo's Action publication, *Bhagavad Gita: Rhythm of Krishna*, wherein all 700 shlokas of the Gita have been rewritten in rhythmic verses, is now freely available online as a set of 20 videos with the text of the verses, which are recited by me. The aim of this endeavour is to make the message of Krishna and the principles of Sri Aurobindo's Yoga reach out to all with a special focus on the young 'online' generation so that they may move a step closer to the original text of the Gita and also be able to arrive at a preliminary understanding of the glorious and golden Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.

In these videos you can hear the English recitation of the same 5,130 years old Sanskrit verses that were uttered by the oracle Sanjaya to the blind Emperor Dhritarashtra. All 18 Adhyayas have been uploaded as separate videos of varying durations so that the Gita can be studied either as a whole or individually depending upon the individual's choice. Sri Aurobindo's Essays on the Gita has been the main reference text and for additional reference, I have used the Vaishanava commentaries as well as the Gorakhpur Gita Press - Hindi Edition.

An exclusive permanent channel named "Rhythm of Krishna" has been created to broadcast the Bhagavad Gita in rhymes on 'YouTube'. The work is published under the Creative Commons Attribution license which enables the content to be freely shared, re-distributed, remixed or transformed with proper attribution. All this has been possible only with help gladly given and gratefully received from various sources for the music, photography and developing the videos.

It is the encouragement of the editors of Sri Aurobindo's Action Journal that kept the project moving.

With the uploading, The Bhagavad Gita: Rhythm of Krishna project has reached a completion and I take this opportunity to ask the readers to take a few minutes to visit the channel and also make an earnest appeal to recommend it to everyone particularly the younger generation.

www.youtube.com/RhythmofKrishna

SUSHRUT BADHE

A Sense of

He has a way with giving titles for his books which waft poetry's romantic aura to us immediately, even before we open the book. Contrary to my experience of the dry academics of my day, Dr. Suprasannacharya looked like the conventional figure of a poet when I met him for the first time. I knew he was a poet, but then, poetry flows in our bhasha publications so readily that one needs time to find one's depth. I had gone to Warangal on 19th May, 1994, on a 3-day visit. I was introduced to him that day when I went to the Sri Aurobindo Society for my first lecture on the Book of the Divine Mother in Sri Aurobindo's **Savitri**. On that day (which was presided over by Prof. Lakshmana Rao) Dr. Suprasannacharya sat quietly listening. Next day he presided over my second speech in the same venue. He had been introduced to me as Professor of Telugu in the university. My subject was the Book of the Divine Mother. His introductory remarks bowled me over. He recapitulated what I had said on the first day and said the trend was obvious and when I completed the lecture the audience would have had a glimpse of the Lalitha Skanda in Sri Aurobindo's epic. It was only then I connected him with the poet whom I had read in my modest personal library.

In the 'eighties he had edited one of the volumes in my shelf, **Agnigarbha** (Jaatiya Sahitya Parishad, Hyderabad). The very first poem was by him. 'Amruta Putrulu' immortalises the salt of the earth, the simple common man in India, the one who does not transform Beauty into a sales-stuff. There is controlled anger and the undulating way the words moved caught my attention completely for it was obviously inspired by the passage on "the Omnipotent's flaming warriors" in 'The Vision and the Boon' in **Savitri**:

"Pure like the rays of the early sun,
Enthusiastic always like the ways of children,
Spreading scent on earth as camphor lit,
Lions of the sea of consciousness,
Swans in the spaces of beauty,
The first sweet fruits of the huge tree
Of earthly existence: Who are these?
Children of immortality, Voices of Ananda,
With eyes like the blue spread of the sea."

It was inspiring to learn that he was also a fine critic. His doctoral dissertation is on Ramarajabhushana's poetry, the same gem from Krishnadeva Raya's court who had written Vasucharitra. Dr. Suprasannacharya has also written at length on great contemporary poets in Telugu like Viswanatha Sathanarayanan.

From the very beginning, he has had a way with giving titles to his volumes of poetry like **Tejaschakramu**, **Duhkhayogini** and **Ritambhara**. The early poems like

"Aavela" made me look at familiar sights like Amavasya and Suklapaksham with a new pair of eyes. The wideness of thought and novel approach in managing thought-currents certainly have two tremendous sources: his Srivaishnavita upbringing and deep immersion in Sri Aurobindo's poetry. Whatever the philosophy that opened the thought-processes, the result is always a beautiful, heart warming conclusion:

"Like the clear rays of the sun
After the veils withdrew slowly
You move forward –
The doors of eternity open suddenly,
Mind and universal consciousness reunite;
The festoons of illumining rays
Spread spaces of a beauty beyond thought.
This is the moment we look forward to,
And it will definitely come to be."

Here is a poet I can read without stretching my hands for a Telugu dictionary, The sheer movement of the Telugu language is fascinating and it enthralled me. I cannot presume to be a critic of Telugu poetry, but I admire the waves of true poesy that Dr. Suprasannacharya's poesy pours upon me. What more does one want than relax, away from the cares of the world with one of the slim volumes of Dr. Suprasanna? It could be a volume of revelatory essays as **Chandana Sakhi** (2000) telling us about modern Telugu poets, and the forces, philosophical and otherwise that have gone into the making of 20th century Telugu poesy.

I may justly say my Srivaishnava heritage has drawn me to several works of Dr. Suprasanna just because this heritage turns up in most unexpected places, even as phrases in his works. Thus when I was going through his **Kanneti Kolanu**, the first poem I chose from the contents page was "Arti Prabandham", as I thought it would tell me something of ManavalaMamuni's **Arti Prabandham** which is a prayer for performing kankarya to Sri Ramanuja's golden feet. Mark my astonishment when I found the subject to be different but the title a perfect one to express an honest citizen's thought on the 44th anniversary of India's freedom from foreign colonisation!

"What happened to forty-four years?
Woven around is the music of hopelessness.
The passionate desire of crores of people
Has become a constant thought in the heart."

Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya and Gurdada Appa Rao flash through the poem as the poet watches with dismay how people have become mud dolls: even worse, they have become blocks of stone. Now another twenty-four years have

Universal Harmonies

gone by. Still the attachment to one's nation has not been firmed up. "O time! How cruel are your ways".

Sri Nirukthi is a novel commentary on the Sri Lakshmi Ashtottaram we love to recite. Dr. Suprasanna seems to be a walking encyclopaedia. If you take up his **Adyayanam**, he can even keep you fascinated on the Visishtadvaita influence in the creation of Pravara in the Telugu epic, **Manu Charithra** on one hand and the philosophy behind pilgrimage spots on the other.

Though one saturated in Valmiki, Vyasa, Pothana, and the Tallapaka family, Dr. Suprasanna's soul looks around as well. **Samarchana** has a special place in my approaches to his poetry because this volume brings a good deal of Sri Aurobindo in Telugu. While I knew about the Aurobindonians like T.V.Kapali Sastri and Veluri Chandrasekharam, it was **Samarchana** that gave me information about Sri Mutnuri Krishna Rao's essays on Sri Aurobindo in **Krishna Patrika**, Chinta Dikshitulu's translation of **The Mother** and other writers like Veluri Sivarama Sastri, Sri Chaturvedula Venkatakrishnaya and Sri Kamalakara Venkata Rao.

When T.K.Chidamabaranatha Mudaliyar's son passed away at a young age eighty years ago, Desikavinayakam Pillai, a great Tamil poet wrote a brief poem to Mudaliyar expressing his sorrow. Pat came the reply: "I accept the loss as it has been the cause of this gem of a poem." This incident came to my mind when I read **Manikarnika** that takes the reader from here to the beyond and teaches us the greatest lesson we need all the time: Acceptance. The lines get formed themselves, a sentient being's saddest thoughts set up as a serried army of sweet lines:

"How many the steps to Truth-vision;
How will it appear before the seeker?
How is one to attain the pinnacle?"

The 2002 publication **Samparayam** has an epic spread, a longish cry of astonishment at this creation. This achievement was not done in one day! It is true man has conquered almost everything to become such a unique achiever. And yet, he remains helpless against the last formation against the Divine. Fate still remains incorrigible, though we do try to explain it away with terms like 'prarabdha karma' that has to be endured. And then there is the finality of Death. That is the valley one crosses never to return to the physical. **Samparayam** means a battle, and also the 'beyond' if one follows Adi Sankara's explanation, says Dr. Suprasanna. According to him, the one who is a realised soul has beyonded death and may be termed as a Samparaya. The work has been

inspired by the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo, of attempts to put an end to death in human life, remove the evils and achieve a life divine for mankind, here and now on earth. Through the twelve sargas, thoughts on life past and present flow through as a monologue. Sometimes the details are terrifying but hope is not withdrawn as in the inspiring conclusion which calls for sailing in the ocean of luminosity, safe in the boat of moonlight that is the Aurobindonian vision, with the Divine Mother as the helmsman.

Finally, here are two volumes of his poetry with which I am closely associated. **Mani Sethuvu** (2003) is about the Divine Mother. My brief English foreword refers to the three hundred meditative verses that come in fifteen sections and insinuate that we have no other refuge than the Mother:

"Dr. Suprasannacharya once referred to the Book of the Divine Mother in Sri Aurobindo's **Savitri** as the Lalitha Skandha. The very name Lalitha invokes beauty, soothing care, love, Illumination. **Manisethuvu** is also beautiful to read to ourselves and read aloud. The verses flow onwards with a soothing care (*laalayanteeti lalitha*), teaches us love divine, and comes up with sparks of illumination. One phrase would do: *Talapuna nee vunna chaalu dhyaanamemitiki naa thalli*, (When you are near me, where is the need for any meditation, O Mother!). Ah, yes, remembering Mother constantly is meditation, and **Manisethuvu** brings the Mother to our heart and enshrines her there as the Empress: Sri Maata! Sri Mahaaraajni!"

One of the finest poets Ekasilanagaram has produced,



what I know of him is very little; nor do I have the ability to go into the prosodic excellences of his creations. But this much I know. He never fails his reader and has a way of drawing him into his magic circle. The latest entrant to this treasury is **Sivabhisarika**.

In his introduction he says Shiva is associated with quite a few dreadful things like the garment of tiger's skin and ornaments of snakes, but obviously the heroine prefers this Bhipatsamurti. The poem was no doubt inspired by his own loss of his wife, who was a dear, loving housewife and the meditation on the loss has been a journey from death to the spaces of immortality. Dr. Suprasanna has tried to overcome his loneliness by praying to the Lord: *ee madhurabhakti kaavyamlo pratimaataa iswarunitho morapettukovadame* (In this long poem of madhura-bhakti, each word is an anguished complaint). For him poetry has become yoga. This poem is not different from the anxious aspiration of the gopikas, Gajendra, Rukmini, Prahlada, Adi Sankara. And he calls all of us to join him in this journey. In that sense, this is like the **Tiruppavai** of Andal, **Tiruvempavai** of Manickavachakar.

He also hints that Sivabhisarika is the Kundalini that rises from the Muladhara to the Sahsrara and informs the Supreme about the pains undergone by the jiva and seeks redress. Sivabhisarika is the symbolization of the human being tortured by a million evils. But symbolization apart, this is essentially of the Bhagavata tradition, the jiva always symbolized as a woman seeking at-one-ment with the Supreme. Sastrula Bhargavarama Sarma has neatly put it in his foreword that the poem reminds him of the sweetness of Gopika Geetam. In that sense the poem belongs to the Saiva Siddhanta tradition of South India.

In this connection, Dr. Suprasanna makes an interesting point. All the forms of Narayana are enthrallingly beautiful. Rama – *pumsaam mohan rupaaya*; Krishna is All-Beautiful, Jaganmohana. Hence were born the Gopikas, Radha, Andal, Meera.

Sivabhisarika, according to him, is vilakshana – different, as here is one aspiring for a person who is associated with looks that frighten people, garmented in tiger skin, wearing

snakes for ornaments, dancing in the crematorium...

But this is exactly the point of Saivasiddhanta. The entire Thevaram hymns of the Tamil Nayanmars, the Tiruvachakam of Manickavachakar, and an enormous amount of Tamil poesy has been dedicated to Shiva as from Sivabhisarikas. And Karaikkaal Ammai (Punithavathi)'s songs bring out the terrible beauty of Shiva as also the ones composed by the Kannada bhakti poetess Akka Mahadevi. Thus, **Sivabhisarika** is yet another brilliant gem from Dr. Suprasanna that opens a new pathway for recreating India's never-failing heritage. This is a poem to be read with care. Here is a sublime personification of Ganges, the Halahala and the rest, an image of terribilita that also takes us to the first line of Sri Aurobindo's **The Mother**, which speaks of an intense aspiration followed by an unflinching descent of grace.

“You come bringing the waters of creation
You have fires blazing from your eyes,
Your form sports serpents, the ashes of Cupid ...
But crossing them all I shall come
And you will descend crossing the sun-worlds...”

Aspiration is our part of the divine drama. The answering grace of the Divine is sure to come. Meanwhile we shall aspire and wait like the abhisarikainthis long poem which is studded with glimmers from our past like Adi Sankara's **Dakshinamurthy Stotra**, the Upanishads and the rest:

“On a branch of the ancient tree
Known as this universe,
I sit eating what I get
And wait for the coming.
O heart-entrancing Bird Divine,
Where can I ask you to come,
When you have taken the whole world!
Ah, how sweet the waiting for the Lord!”

(Excerpts from the essay contributed to **Sannuti**: Souvenir presented to Acharya Kovala Suprasannacharya on his eightieth birthday at Warangal, July 2016. Translations from Telugu poems are by Prema Nandakumar)

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Transformation

It is a change in the constitution of a personality from following type to leading-type which is essential for the steady progress of a life.

This change is universally established on the physical plane. Every succeeding generation leads the preceding one and that is how the world progresses. On the intellectual plane too this change has been established and the approach of the scientific community and of the scientific world is the

proof. But on a spiritual plane because of human immaturity the following-type is still the general norm and the various religions in the world are its manifestation.

In history there have been certain individuals who with their creative and leading performance gave a boost to the spiritual development of the world. But these individuals are exceptions and appeared with large spaces of time in between; they worked within set frames of spirituality and the groups

the personal library. Is it because I began with Tulsi and moved on to Sita that I see Sita everywhere? So many approaches in ever so many languages! The immediate attraction is the never-failing 'M' (Mahendranath Gupta). From him we know of Sri Ramakrishna's absorption in Sita. 'M' records on 16th December, 1883:

His (Sri Ramakrishna's) body became motionless and his mind stopped functioning; tears streamed down his cheeks. After a while he said, "O Mother, make me like Sita, completely forgetful of everything — body and limbs — totally unconscious of hands, feet and sense-organs — only the one thought in her mind, 'Where is Rama?'"²

Was the Master inspired by the ideal of Sita to teach 'M' the yearning that a devotee should feel for God? Sita's very life was centred in Rama. Completely absorbed in the thought of Rama, Sita forgot even the body, which is so dear to all.

Sri Ramakrishna has also spoken of his meeting Sita in a vision as a lady totally intent on Rama and that even her body remembered Rama all the time. That is the very fruition of bhakti yoga, pure devotion and nought else.

I turn aside a little and it is not without some trepidation that I pick up *Mahavidyadi Sutra Granthavali*. The eminent Vedic scholar Kavyakantha Ganapati Muni had composed it ninety years ago. Unlike 'M', he is not easy to read. He was a rare tapasvin who had mastered Sri Vidya Upasana and had meditated with the Mother, seeing her as an incarnation of Shakambhari. Though his aphorisms on the DashaMahaVidyas (Kali, Tara, Sundari, Bhuvaneshwari, Bhairavi, PrachandaChandika, Dhumavati, Bhagalamukhi, Matangi and Kamalatomika) are very famous among adepts, it must be remembered that he wrote striking Sutras on other powers like Gayatri, Sita and Krishna.

Ganapati Muni sees Sita as incarnate power of the Divine Mother. Sweet in her form, personality and speech. For us she is sweet in life-story (*asmakamtucharitemadhura*). Bringing out the subtle difference between a 'fall' and an 'incarnation', Ganapati Muni points out that the former is simply being 'born' without being conscious of one's power, but the incarnation is conscious of the reason of his coming and so is illumed by intelligence. Sita is such an incarnation and her greatness is reflected in the events associated with her:

Sita is the ideal for pativratas (*Sitapatidevatanamnidarsanam*), as she remained loyal to him even in separation; her greatness is visible in the five elements; it was seen in Agni when she prayed for Hanuman's safety, and she herself entered it; in her seeking refuge in earth;

her shoreless yoga is noted in her severe upavasa in Lanka; the lady became a goddess to Rama as he saluted her in her iconised form; Sita with her holy story must be cherished by us; as an incarnation of Lakshmi we must meditate upon her.³

Ganapati Muni makes it plausible to envision Sita as a yogini. But generally we see Sita very much in the human context whether it is in Valmiki or Kamban or KumaranAsan. The Telugu poet, Viswanatha Satyanarayana places special emphasis on the domestic life of Sita and Rama. His Sita is sprightly and there are many lovely passages. Here is one full of painful irony, as Sita pleads with Rama to take her to the forest:

"Besides, if the husband goes to foreign places, usually the wife goes to her natal place. What is the point in my going to my father's city and making him sad? Besides, a husband gets no respect if his wife is looked after in the house of his in-laws. O great Karma Yogi! Will Janaki be a burden to you if she comes? The husband is the very image of all gods for the wife. A wife will even jump into the fire for her husband's sake. In ancient times, Savitri Devi who had imbibed Vedic knowledge, worshipped Yama with Vedic mantras and saved her husband. That incident has been inscribed in my heart. That dharma is my duty". Rama laughed and said:

"So Yama should come in the forest and take my life away. My Sita will save me." Hugging Janaka's daughter who looked alarmed, Rama said: "O dear! Must you be angry at this? How are you going to manage with my words in the pathways of the forest?"

Sita replied: "My dearest husband! Yama should never come to take you. Let Yama or some other ghoul take me instead.

"More than Yama who was in danger from the crescent-crowned Lord for having dared to drag away Markandeya's life, whoever tries to attack you who is the life of my life, will undergo ten times the torture!"⁴

Savitri again. Sita. Draupadi. Devahuti. These classical heroines have been the armour for Indian womanhood since the times of GargiVachaknavi. Sri Aurobindo returns to India in 1893 and possibly for the first time makes their acquaintance. He is overwhelmed. Is such heroism possible? Such patience, discipline, devotion to the ideal? By 1899 he has completed a narrative poem on the legend of Ruru and Prama-dvara found in the AdiParva of the *Mahabharata*. He dedicates it to his brother, Prof. Manmohan Ghose and

²*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*, Vol. I, p. 342.

³Translated by PremaNandakumar.

⁴Translated by PremaNandakumar from the prose version of the epic by J. VenkateswaraRao.

writes a letter in reply to the brother's condemnation of the characters of Indian legends as no more than types to drive home an ethical point:

Yet are these great figures, are Rama, Sita, Savitrie, merely patterns of moral excellence? I who have read their tale in the swift and mighty language of Valmekie and Vyasa and thrilled with their joys and their sorrows, cannot persuade myself that it is so. Surely Savitrie that strong silent heart, with her powerful and subtly-indicated personality, has both life and charm; surely Rama puts too much divine fire into all he does to be a dead thing, — Sita is too gracious and sweet, too full of human lovingness and loveliness, of womanly weakness and womanly strength!⁵

I repeat the last sentence to myself many times. I have done so even before. Sri Aurobindo might have planned to write a large-scale epic on Sita. His translation of Sita's speech from the Ayodhya Kanda of Valmiki reveals his admiration. Such plucky and daring words from a demure bride? That is how Indian womanhood should rise again like the fabled phoenix! The reserves of power in an Indian woman cannot be fathomed at all. But when he finally chose, it was Savitri: "the strong and silent heart" which would become the icon of Aurobindonian yoga.

Apparently these women learnt to conserve and also increase their spiritual powers of endurance by going on with their daily tasks in terms of an iron discipline. Tending the Tulsi plant; cleaning the place around; putting a *kolam*; lighting a lamp. One can gaze and gaze at the portrait of

⁵'A Defence of Hindu Legend', Sri Aurobindo Circle Thirtieth Number, p. 71.

M.S. Subbulakshmi putting *kolam* in front of the Tulsi plant in the backyard of her house. She has washed her hair and looks like a classical heroine as she gazes at the *kolam* she is drawing with white flour. The same intensity the Nightingale of India brought to her learning and delivery of songs. I can almost hear her voice as I silently gaze at the Tulsi plant in my own backyard. A lovely song of Tyagaraja she must have sung daily when she circumambulated the Tulsi plant: *Ammaravamma Tulasamma!* Mother Tulasi who gave birth to me, do come!

Musician, yogi, queen or commoner: it has been a tale of combining discipline and devotion to gain freedom from fear, to achieve success and rise to the planes of higher consciousness. Have we not seen Savitri the Taponvita at her altar and kitchen in the forest hermitage?

A worshipped empress all once vied to serve,
She made herself the diligent serf of all,
Nor spared the labour of broom and jar and well,
Or close gentle tending or to heap the fire
Of altar and kitchen, no slight task allowed
To others that her woman's strength might do.
In all her acts a strange divinity shone:
Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth's glowing robe of light,
A lifting up of common acts by love⁶.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR
Courtesy Mother India
(concluded)

⁶*Savitri*, Book VII, canto 1.

The Power of Music – III (Continued from the Dec 2016 issue)

The influence of experiences of energy and/or light

The material of this study is based on 140 experiences of energy/light of four people: three clients and myself. Each experience has been explored separately, asking the question: How does the experience of energy and/or light influence the person/the experience of the person? During a GIM session, the therapist writes down the experience of the traveller, expressed during the journey in the music. The experiences of energy/light are based on these written transcripts.

In exploring the question mentioned above, patterns emerged, i.e. the energy/light influences the body of the

person. Each pattern (category) will be presented, followed by a selection of examples. In some cases, only the part of the experience that exemplifies the specific category is presented. At other times, a larger extent of the experience is introduced, to offer a greater context. While reading, you may ask yourself the question: Isn't category two a natural consequence of the experience expressed in number three? That may very well be true. This exploration focuses only on the person's expression of his/her experience at that moment in time. An experience may also fit in more than one category at the same time.

I am now opening a door to experiences that are precious to the owners. Let us tread the territory with gracious and

thoughtful steps. How does the experience of energy and/or light influence the person, the experience of the person?

1. Energy / light influences the body

Sometimes, the energy/light influences the subtle energies of the body. At other times, a more concrete change in the physical body is described.

“Yellow energy is coming in, re-arranging my whole body ...”

“Red energy from earth is coming up my feet and legs. The energy is working to get through the belly, pelvis area. It is stuck there. It's working on it. I'm taking off my clothes at the same time. The energy moves up. It is locked at the top of the head. There's a lid. Red energy is trying to break through it. A wooden lid. I try to get it off with my hands. It needs fire to burn it.”

“It's like I'm in a cave and I can expand and then go up to the surface. Energy is working on me, helping my body to be a container. When the energy came up to my head, it opened the lid without force.”

“A big cross with a very powerful energy is coming down from the sky.... I'm in the big, big cross. I'm floating in it and it's floating in me. I can feel the energy of the cross within me. It's like it's getting the other energy out [the existing energy of the body] and this energy in. It's totally changing something.”

“A person came — Jesus.... He is putting his hands on my right arm and leg healing them. I feel energy from his hands. He wants me to let him in. I'll try.”

“Jesus is becoming a part of me and I become bigger, because his field [energy field] is larger. He is still working on different parts of my body, because the vibration of his energy is higher.”

“I feel the energy going through a barrier, that I have between my legs and feet.”

“Energy is moving from underneath. The goddess says: 'Just go into it.' It is all around me, the different colors and sounds, too. I'm bigger and it is all in my body. I'm slowly expanding. All the water and all the landscapes are in my body. Outer space, too.”

“I'm being hooked up to the bigger mind [purple energy] through a spiral — to recharge my body and mind — to keep myself on that high level.”

“There is gold pouring into my body. Light all around too — a white light. I notice that my body is different. Many layers of myself. Not bodies. I don't know what it is.”

“Pain in my shoulders and back. Light is entering my whole body — chi or... 'You are not supposed to be scared of the darkness. You are to take in the light.' It feels good in the body. The light will heal me. It feels warm in my whole body. The heavy load on my shoulders is gone.”

“Everything is red — a red light. It comes in waves. Into the body, too. It is warm. My body feels more flexible.”

“I'm lying down in the air somehow. I'm big. Yellow energy coming into my body. I don't really experience boundaries of my body. It's really beautiful.”

“The intense light is coming over and over again. It creates heat. It is re-fuelling me, charging my batteries.”

When the energy/light enters the experience, the body sometimes becomes more tense. As the energy continues to flow, the body relaxes.

“Here is the light again. A warm and comfortable energy. It is a re-fuelling of energy. Oh, what a light! Tension in my back and the jaws. The light is creating the tension. It is not an uncomfortable light. Now I'm relaxed.”

“I'm in a green light. It is sometimes changing into blue. It feels warm in the body, like electricity. Especially in the right side of my body. I was tense like hell for a while. It felt like my right leg became longer, but now it is relaxed. It is pulsating in my fingers. It almost hurts. My whole arm is pulsating. It's almost burning.... An intense light. It gives me energy. I feel lighter.”

“The light is flowing into my stomach and chest, down into the feet. Electricity. A white, blue, light — blue light. Pretty cold. The body is becoming more stiff. It gives me tension. I'm tense all over. It has changed color now; yellow, golden. Warm and nice. I'm more relaxed. I have had a pressure over my eyes. It is almost gone now. Now the energy is more red. Like a bed of live coal. The intensity is shifting. It's easing the pressure.”

“Everything is light. But it felt sad and heavy. It felt like my head was going to explode. I feel it in my head and back. The light can take away the discomfort. The pain disappeared.”

2. The energy / light influences the emotions

“Light is entering my whole body — chi or ... Light, like a laser beam, is entering my body. It is cutting away the bitterness. It doesn't work. The light is not giving up. The light is insisting. I have the bitterness in my hand, like a small, shrivelled up orange with eyes. Let's see if he can be happy. It is getting more round. It is not bitter now, mostly surprised. It has become a small child. Someone says, 'It can grow.' The child is happy. I feel confident, peaceful.”

“He [Jesus] is putting his hands on my right arm and leg healing them. I feel energy from his hands....Calm and peaceful. It is really me. I feel my body, walking. The reason why I'm so peaceful is that there is nothing in my body stopping the energy — so simple.”

“The light is going through me. It feels good. I'm starting to feel calm. The light is going through everything. The heaviness disappears. Calmness in my whole body.”

“Many different kinds of energy are entering me through the head. It melted all the frozen within. It gave me strength. Courage, too — a clear blue light. Trust — a golden light. Peaceful in my body.”

“There is a golden light in the room. It feels like I have come home, where I'm supposed to be. I feel a longing. [Rafael, the guide says:] ‘You have to give in to your feeling of longing. You can't always let it go.’ I experience an inner knowing. It will work out fine.”

“I'm in a big hall. Golden light. It is going through

my whole body. I feel calm and peaceful. I rest and gain strength.”

“Energy... blue, purple and white. I'm wrapped in the colors. White light within me. Now the blue color is entering me. I become calm. Now the purple... spiritual power. Light and calm and purple. Happiness deep into my stomach. Deep happiness, peace. The feeling is growing. Both the happiness and the peace.”

“The light is all around me. It feels secure. It is all around. It is not disappearing. It seems like it will stay around me, even when I go back [to an ordinary state of consciousness]. It is there. I just don't see it.”

“Here is the light again. A warm and comfortable energy. It is a re-fuelling of energy. Oh, what a light!... Almost a little bit sad. Sadness, melancholy.”

MARIE CARLSSON
(To be continued)
Courtesy: Namah

To our Subscribers and Readers

We wish all of you a very happy New Year 2017

Our monthly feature of this year will be “Indian Poets”.

From February onwards we will bring you a new series on “Rhythm of Upanishads” by Sushrut A. Badhe.

2016 brought us several new subscribers, but unfortunately, yet again during the year we lost some of them. Most of them were those who had been with us these past 46 years. The passage of time becomes all the more real.

Within the next 3 months, we will have to increase our subscription rates commensurate with the reality of today's costs. Please be on the lookout for these revised rates in the coming issues.

Here are the details once again for online transfer for renewing your subscription:

Name of Bank: Karur Vysya Bank, Pondicherry

Bank Address: 30, Jawaharlal Nehru Street, Pondicherry - 605001

Account Name: Sri Aurobindo's Action

Account Number: 123015500000834

IFSC Code: KVBL0001230

Remarks: Action Subscription (if possible you could mention your subscription number here instead)

email id: sriurobindosaction@yahoo.com

As always, we'd love to hear from you, though we hardly ever do. We hope that it will change this year.

Once again wishing all of you a very happy new year

MANJU AND SUNAINA

I Wish You Enough

At an airport I overheard a father and daughter in their last moments together. They had announced her plane's departure and standing near the door, he said to his daughter, "I love you, I wish you enough."

She said, "Daddy, our life together has been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed. I wish you enough, too, Daddy." They kissed good-bye and she left.

He walked over toward the window where I was seated. Standing there I could see he wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on his privacy, but he welcomed me in by asking, "Did you ever say good-bye to someone knowing it would be forever?" "Yes, I have," I replied.

Saying that brought back memories I had of expressing my love and appreciation for all my Dad had done for me. Recognizing that his days were limited, I took the time to tell him face to face how much he meant to me. So I knew what this man was experiencing.

"Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever good-bye?" I asked.

"I am old and she lives much too far away. I have challenges ahead and the reality is, her next trip back will be for my funeral", he said.

"When you were saying good-bye I heard you say, 'I wish

you enough.' May I ask what that means?"

He began to smile. "That's a wish that has been handed down from other generations. My parents used to say it to everyone." He paused for a moment and looking up as if trying to remember it in detail, he smiled even more.

"When we said 'I wish you enough,' we were wanting the other person to have a life filled with enough good things to sustain them," he continued and then turning toward me he shared the following as if he were reciting it from memory.



"I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright. I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun more. I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive. I wish you enough pain so that the smallest joys in life appear much bigger. I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting. I wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you possess. I wish enough 'Hello's' to get you through the final 'Good-bye.'"

He then began to sob and walked away.

[Original story by Bob Perks, in Chicken Soup For the Grieving Soul]

Courtesy: THE INTERNET

www.sriarobindosaction.org

Quotation from the writings of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are printed with the kind permission of Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust. Printed at All India Press, Puducherry, by Nishant Jhunjhunwala and published by him on behalf of Sri Aurobindo's Action, Puducherry - 605002, India. Former editor (1973-2011): Shyam Sunder,

Editorial Team: Manju Bonke and Sunaina Mandeem, e-mail : sriarobindosaction@yahoo.com

Typeset by: MOTHER'S GRACE OFFSET, mothergraceoffset@gmail.com

Subscription: Inland Rs. 120 (Annual for individuals), Rs. 150 (Annual for libraries/institutions) Rs. 2400 (25 years for individuals)

Overseas (sea) \$ 200 (25 years), (air) \$ 20 (annual) \$ 400 (25 years)

Single Copy: Rs. 15.00