

Vladimir Mikhanovsky

HOPE FAITH LOVE



THE ROAD TO GOD

translated by Alla Kulkarni

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*This book is dedicated to H.H. Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi,
the most compassionate spiritual teacher and loving mother.*

Hope Faith Love – The Road to God

In the attitude of silence

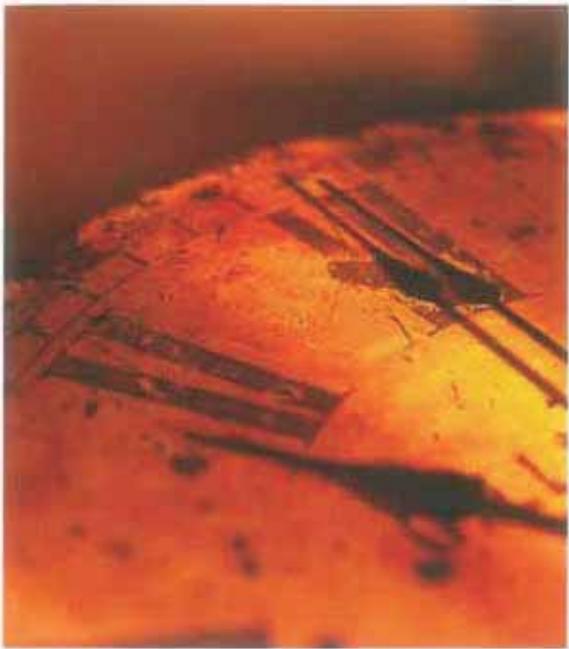
The soul finds the path in a clearer light,

And what is elusive and deceptive

Resolves itself into crystal clearness.

Our life is a long and arduous quest after Truth.

Mahatma Gandhi



The Court Of Time

A prophet with a curly beard
Talks something mysterious and weird
He tries to prove his greatness, while
He shuffles together truth and lie.
The crowd does not seem to mind.
It is obedient and blind.
But you are also blind, as well,
And where you lead them, you can't tell.

You pour wine and cut the bread
And fool them with your intellect,
Blind, you drive a herd of blind
In endless labyrinths of mind
Their path is hard and all in vain.
There is no end to toil and strain.
Sometimes you wish to run away,
But now the crowd controls your way
Like a raging current of a flood
It drags your boat to stones and mud.

Yes, truth that's fake is worse than lie.
It leaves people cheated, high and dry
And always cunning like a rust,
It eats on their goodwill and trust.

False prophet's fame will not stay long.
Time will uncover all his wrongs
And at the court of future unbegotten
He will arrive exposed and forgotten.
And doesn't matter how hard he'll try,
His faulty teaching very soon will die.
A king for an hour or prophet for a day
The nations will not follow his way.
And then tomorrow his loud fame
Will turn into a shadow of shame.

False prophet,
What can you teach us after all?
You don't know truth at all!
You talk a lot and promise much,
But inner depth you never touch!

With furious but empty speech,
Your poor victims you try to reach:
Just a set of disconnected words
You are using to attract the mob.

Your speech is full of zeal and heat,
But there is no sense in it.
And like a lake with water stale,
Its meaning seems so dark and pale.



**But there is prophet Pure and True
Who calls to him all men of Truth,**
The Truth is so dear to them,
They aren't afraid of snow and rain,

And any hardship they can face
Before the Truth's Most Holy Face.

There are many religions in modern times
Which bring the light to our days,
And worship God in different ways.

The feeling for God is born with us
We can't fight the longing for His Grace,
But we shall not forget at all
That Heaven is only one for all
And in our life we have just one,
One same Holy Truth for everyone.



A group of children use a telescope to peer thru the clouds as they await the first star of night...



Chapter 1. **Shri Mataji**

This knowledge is not for very few privileged individuals, as it was in the past, but for the benefit of the whole world.

In this way the last breakthrough of our evolution will be achieved en masse. The entire human race can be renewed and transformed.

Dharma, righteousness, will once again be universally respected, and human beings will live in peace, harmoniously with themselves, with nature, and with each other.

— *Shri Mataji, Meta Modern Era*



Shri Mataji

I want to tell you now about Her,
Who seems so close, familiar, and yet -
So out of this world.
She came to the Earth
At the time of the blossoming Spring,
As the greatest gift of our fate
And the purest Divine Accord.
In Her there is a source of light
That's spreading all abroad,
And which breaks the darkness altogether -
She is The Real Prophet of God,
Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi!
Since childhood,
She stood by the Truth until the end,
And offered Her help to everyone who asked,

And always, for the dearest Motherland,
She bravely could handle any task.
I want to tell you now about Her
Who for the people -
The Prophet, Holy and True.
Her real glory we discover more and more,
And Her teaching is like a living Temple of Truth,
Where God's Love and Grace feels so near,
And sheer Reality is very blissful and enthralling -
Only a deaf one won't hear
When Shri Mataji is calling!



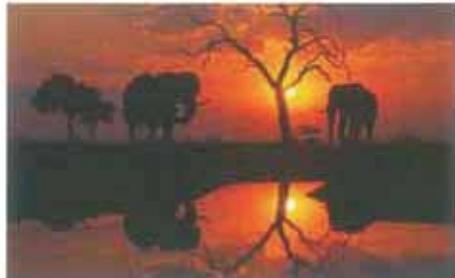
Chindwara House where Shri Mataji was born

In Central India, in ancient Chindwara place,
In the year of 1923,
On the most auspicious day of the vernal equinox
At the time of golden noon, She came,
And the greatest blessings for the people She brought!
For so long India was suffering from wounds,
The unawakened force was waiting for its chance...
The native customs were preserved
In the family of Indian Christians.
The colonizers were trampling down
The pride of India, and quarrels they were sowing;

And age-old trees were freezing in silence,
And the mighty Ganges was sadly flowing.
But then the Star of Freedom rose
And brought the changes, fresh like breeze,
And suddenly, awakened nations
Have started rising from their knees.

The Family

Since Her auspicious birth, the Light of Destiny
Was leading Her on all the ways therein.
The family of Shri Mataji
Had an imperial origin.
The lands of Her ancestors - Tropic of Cancer,
Where cry and laugh sometimes are but one,
The mix of burning sun and darkness -
This drink is not for everyone.
There is delightful fragrance in the air
That fills the evening horizon, brimmed with peace
And elephants are calling one another
Among the placid valleys, full of bliss.



There on the crossings of the caravans
That carried fabrics, spices, and grains,
The dynasty of Shalivahans
Was ruling solidly from ancient days.

Her father, looking up to crystal skies,
Liked to dream about a free and better life.
He has translated the Koran into Hindi,
And knew by heart the Bhagavad-Gita lines.
A highly-educated man, a lawyer,
The wisdom and peace he priced most of all,



And with his modesty and simplicity
He used to win over the hearts of all.
Shri Prasad Rao Krishnan Salve
Never did care for awards
And only the well-being of the people
Was always for him the best reward.
His house was open to everyone,
And even the entrance door was never locked.

And like to their own home, the people would come,
Whenever they needed help, or simply to talk.



Her mother, Cornelia Karuna,
Was a well-known mathematician,
But loving her spouse and children very much,
She wanted to devote herself to the family fully;
And so she made this firm decision,
To leave the scientific world
And all responsibilities the school was bringing
And make the science of upbringing
Into her primary task from now on.
And overcoming all the obstacles,
She entered the household duties;
She cultivated in her children the inner beauty,
And made flattery and laziness leave their home.
The Dharma she protected with all her heart,
And for the family she was working more and more -
In this she saw all the meaning of her life
And the Divine Light blessed her.

The Divine Sign

Worker in the field of society,
Enemy of hypocrisy and lie,
Shri Salve was also a hunter,
And friend of the neighboring Raja.
Once as a turbid wave of fear,
A rumor, cross Chindwara was passing by:
A tiger-cannibal appeared
And was abducting peasants nearby.

The whole area felt troubled -
Such life in constant danger is very hard!
And in a need for a brave and skillful hunter,
The Raja called for Shri Prasad:
- Will you help? Shri Salve answered: - Yes,
Of course, I'll help to save
The people in distress.
- My house is full of riflemen,
Take some with you!
- I'll manage on my own.
- They could be your support
Whenever you need,
But how will you do it all alone?
- I have a faith that God
will help me to succeed!

When Shri Salve's pregnant wife
Has learned about his trip,
A sudden desire to go with him
Has come, and this feeling was deep.
He asked her to stay, but she would not agree:

- This feeling is special and strong.
I sense that the tiger I have to see,
And nothing will go wrong.

Shri Salve made a hiding place in a tree
From elastic lodes - lianas.
And high on this tree, in ambush, they sat
And waited for the tiger to come.
At night, there is rule of smells and sounds
In the jungle kingdom of birds and beasts
One hears whining of wounded animals
And roaring of those that have bloody feast.
The starry night itself was wondering
What these courageous people do
And how all the dangers of the jungles
Did not scare away these two.



The moon was rising higher and higher,
And showering forest with silver rays,
And night grew fair like a bride in sari,
And all was seen as if in the light of a day.

But lo! The tiger is stealthily coming
Along his secret hunting path,
And all his movement is full of wrath...



Shri Salve promptly took his rifle
And aimed. But Cornelia stopped his action:
- Don't kill the tiger, I am asking you!
- Do you feel pity?
- Not pity, but compassion!
He is our Lord's creation too.
According to what Indian scriptures cited -
The Goddess Durga likes the tigers
And this meant that the child
In his wife's womb was Divine.
Shri Salve understood The Sign
And quickly put his rifle aside.
And the tiger disappeared in the night
He melted in the stains of moonlight
And nobody has seen him since then -
He never troubled the peasants again.
And soon a baby girl was born
To this family, distinguished and renowned,

With eyes shining with kindness,
And with body radiant and pure like snow.
She did not have any blemish to see,
It seemed that the Great Destiny
Is going to be Her fate.
And so they named Her 'Nirmala',
Which means: pure, immaculate.

Amidst the great rejoicing in the church
Their miraculous child was baptized,
But on the way back the horses of the coach
Rushed to the rear suddenly
And the whole coach collapsed,
The horses went into a ravine,
The coachman was helplessly screaming,
Like in a horrible half-dream
The broken coach started spinning,
The slope of the ravine was steep,
The coach turned, and whirled, and cracked,
And finally it fall apart.
The servants were stunned and could not speak.
The crowd gathered around
And started searching for the baby,
And then they saw Her lying in Her cradle
And smiling to all the people together.
-How's the baby? - everybody asked.
The baby was absolutely alright!
And the evening was blissful and white.
The Lord protected Her invisibly
For marvelous and beautiful tasks.
The little girl at home was very much loved,
"She is a gift from Heaven, that is how it feels!" -
The servants would say, while stepping aside

And watching the miracle of miracles:
The birds from the sky would often come down
And land at Her palms to take a rest,
And kite-bird would go in circles around,
But did not attack. And to be caressed
A cobra would crawl at the girl's little feet
Making the housemaids really horrified
And tigers, and elephants She also would meet
While taking a walk in the forest nearby.

All birds and wild beasts behaved as Her friends
And often the witnesses of Her games were telling
How carnivorous animals were licking Her hands
Forgetting about their wild tempers.

Nirmala was always beaming with joy,
Sadness was alien to this child since the beginning.
She was a creator of games
For Her playmates to enjoy.
Like a sweet little bell,
Her laughter was always ringing.
And there were so many interesting things to do
For this girl - a caretaker and a giver -
She used to prune the roses
And to water the flowers too
And even feed some food
To the fish in the river.

Nirmala could do a lot,
And no obstacles could pull Her down.
She created Her own theatre
At the age of seven years old
And even though the actors were children,

It was just like a real one!
The characters from Indian scriptures
She used to play -
Shri Krishna, and then Shri Radha,
And Her acting would suddenly
Take the audience into the very days
When these glorious heroes lived.
And the local Raja
Gave Her the highest award
For this inspiring action.
And all the children enjoyed
In the most profound way
Her performances,
So very alive and delighting,
That it seemed that Divinity
Was expressed in every play.

Full of activities,
The years flew away very quick -
Just like a flock of birds,
Disappearing in the sky, blue and cool.
The time has come for Nirmala
To start school,
-But where should She study? -
The parents began to think.
At that time there were many
Popular missionary schools,
Where all the subjects were taught in English -
The language of British rule -
And there was no place left
For languages and customs of India.
- To send Nirmala there is not a good idea! -
Her family members altogether decided -

- The culture of India
Is very ancient and precious
And since the Great Destiny
Is awaiting for this special child,
She should be kept in touch
With the Indian nation's spiritual treasures!
And so She went to Indian vernacular school
Where She studied Her native Marathi -
The language of poets and sages, expressive and sweet;
And also the Holy language of scriptures -
ancient Sanskrit.
And She read the mysterious writings of the past
That proclaimed the Truth.

Her father was firm in his decisions -
He added one more task to his busy day:
Bravely breaking the age-old traditions away,
The daughter, himself, he also started teaching,
And he was transferring to Her all the vast experience
Of his hidden enormous work and struggle
Remembering his cherished ideal,
Which some people may not have liked,
But for him the most dear it was:
To see the country of India
Becoming free and prosperous.
Shri Prasad talked with Her about compassion,
About taking care of others. So that the Truth
Not only from the books She knew,
And not from the dry morals and empty words,
But so that every cry, and even
Every sigh of the unsubdued nation
Whose way is only - O, Freedom, to You!
Would become for Her as Holy as God.

The most important was
The movement of Indian emancipation.
The whole family was taking part in it,
The victory was growing in the defeat,
The time was flying in tension
Hiding the future thunderstorm yet to come.
When Nirmala's father found out
That his daughter was a Messenger of God
He got, at first, quite a bit concerned:
- Don't tell the people yet
About the way to Self-Realization
And about the Divine Vision.
Before that, yourself, you have to envision
The spiritual route on which they will be going
And layout step by step their road of self-knowing.

The fate of a prophet can be very unappealing
When he is, unfortunately, not understood
You better wait before revealing
Yourself to them. - I don't feel good
About hiding the treasure of God,
So precious and true,
What if I ... - They will crucify you,
Like an elephant herd, they will trample
Everything pitilessly. It will be of no avail
Trying to explain to them,
What they, the lost ones, should do.

- But what is important here? - Every detail
Imagine - we are on the tenth floor already
But they are still at the ground floor,
They are not ready.

Like big children they are,
Waiting for miracles with awe.
But how would you tell them
That to the Reality there is something more?

That not only ground exists,
But there are also heavens up above,
Life is not just darkness and holes,
But there is a whole Cosmos, full of Love,
Around us there are interstellar expanses
Vibrations of the cosmic waves are running.

- But what shall I do?
I am tired of hiding this secret of the Divine.
It really hurts me to conceal it, I feel very eager
To tell everyone about it.
This teaching is so priceless, I just can't wait anymore.
- But first, my Nirmala,
You should help them to rise,
Maybe not to the roof at once,
But at least to the second floor.
Eventually the heights they will be reaching,
But they should be taken step by step, each day.
You know, the worth of every teaching
Is in the graduality of the way.
But first of all, from the slavery of the British
The people should be freed -
Then only towards the Truth
They will be able to proceed.
It is a known fact, that one cannot enlighten the slaves.
The consciousness of the whole society
Much higher has to be raised.

- To free our country is a difficult task,
Many people for the independence are fighting
Only for freedom their hearts ask,
This people's hope is the most delighting,
But the force of the British is strong,
This freedom struggle can take us very long.

- Yes, I feel uneasy too.
It is hard to wait for our victory to come...
But I actually know someone
Who is directing Indian people
To fight for their freedom
In the non-violent, spiritual way.

- And is he far away?
- No, he is close to our area of the country,
And the time of your meeting is coming close too.
- Do you feel sure about this, father? - Yes I do.



Shri Mataji's father with Mahatma Gandhi



Mahatma Gandhi

When Nirmala was over 7 years old
Her father said authoritatively with a smile:
- It's time for Nirmala to see the world,
Mother, please prepare us for a road,
We need to travel for a few miles.

And so to the ashram they came,
The host - Mahatma Gandhi - met them at the door,
And welcomed them like guests of honor.
Gandhi was always kind and thoughtful
And to mention something more,
He very much despised the noise of fame -
His house was like a temple with a pure flame.

He priced people's dedication to values the most high.
And with his whole heart he liked Shri Prasad's child
For Her laughter, so bright and kind,
And for Her very deep mind,
Which was not that of a child at all,

While to look at - She was just a little girl!
And in the evening meetings of the house
When discussing the main questions
In the circle of candles,
He consulted with Her
As with a person who is wise and mature
About the problems of society
Which did not yet have a cure
And he spoke with Her
As with a person of spiritual insight
About people, whose souls
Were full of evil and fight,
But o'er this evil the goodness will overcome,
And about the freedom of India
That inevitably will come...
About the fire that will turn into ashes
And about all the bitter captive thoughts
Concerning the fate of the Indian nation
And the fate of the world
And also about
The spiritual way of resistance to the British -
Non-violent, non-cooperation -
Which was the only way out.

The gentle light of candles
Was illuminating the place.
The souls of the people

Were full of Gandhi's fearless words.
This dreamer with a stern appearance
"Gandiji" - She respectfully called.
And he called Her "Nepali"
For the Nepal-like features of Her round face.

They often dreamed together
About the future bright,
And they both did not like much the mental fights -
Mahatma Gandhi and Nirmala felt
That the guidance of the Divine comes
From inner wisdom and inspiration,



And in the hours of the collective
Prayer and meditations
She often would compose a poem or a hymn,
For his ashram and also for him.
And he enjoyed while singing them
At the time of his decisions or contemplations -

These hymns that carried the precious gems
Of Her mysterious revelations.

In the ashram the life
Along its own ways was going:
Everybody was getting up at four, taking bath,
Then in the virtue of prayer dissolving.

All the people had very open hearts -
They were like one family altogether,
Obeying the rules of the house.
And from early morning, every day,
As Gandhi taught them,
To their perfection they followed the way.

She will remember forever
The talks and the long conversations
About the need for Spiritual Awakening -
The Self-Realization -
Which is the main message ever
Of all the religions and scriptures, Holy and True,
And also of all the Prophets and Saints -
That there is only one Truth.

She will remember the vows that
By this very Truth they shall always stand,
And they'll never step astray.

She will not ever forget
The sunrises - their generous bouquets,
The Destiny was leading Nirmala along Her way.



The Freedom Fight

The days passed by like shining arrows
And they nurtured Her dreams,
Nirmala left all Her doubts
To enter the field of Medicine.
And the University,
Seething, free-thinking, noisy,
Full of young people's ringing voices,
The storehouse of discoveries and rich thoughts -
Of all the scientific knowledge that humanity
Has learned before -
Opened to Nirmala its doors.

Unforgettable were the evenings -
These spirited discussion meetings
Which often lasted until the morning
Filled with daring ideas and arguments burning.
The loud family of students used to gather
And wholeheartedly they listened to Nirmala,
Holding their breath -
Her ideas would give their views a fresh start:
Who runs our heart?
And what are the subtle roots of our health?
And what is the meaning of human life? And whether
It is possible to understand infinity by mind?
And then,
What is the primal cause of the existence?
O, Science of Life, the great Medicine,
Answer us, if you can!
Ah, Medicine, you are not perfect as yet,
The discoveries are taking their time?
What about us? To the medical field we belong -
So we will help you to find the answers sometime,
The will of young people is firm and strong!

At that time India was fighting
For its independence.
The people's resistance was non-violent,
But the British were answering with weapons -
The cunning enemy forgot about honor and mercy.
The future was building in this battle.
Visibly and invisibly the struggle was going,
And in the demonstrations it was marching,
And at times, like a high surge, it was rolling,
And in the smoke it was flushing.



Once, risking his life, under bullet fire,
Nirmala's father set up the Indian flag high
On the Court building's roof,
To uplift people's spirits with inspiring surprise,
So that the flag of freedom over the Court house
Would shine, illuminated by the light of the Truth!

The whole country was like a battlefield plane -
Covered with smoke and flame.
The Englishmen weren't going
To let easy profits disappear -
Resistance of Indian masses was growing,
And jails did not stay idle here.

Nirmala's parents many times
Were thrown into prisons,
As well as thousands of other people,
Or maybe even millions,
But despite that,
The rows of freedom fighters
Were only expanding wider and wider.

For cursing the British tyranny -
Which was strangling the Indian nation,
Nirmala's father spent two and a half years in prison.
From the rostrum he called Indians
To resistance and non-cooperation,
And his speeches, brave and true,
Were igniting people's hearts:
- If liberty is dear to you,
Join the rows of freedom fighters!
The Truth is with us, don't be afraid,
Get up, you, oppressed people,
The land of India needs your aid!
May the Star of Freedom always shine
Over Mother India, Sacred and Divine!

Their home became a place of sadness,
With this bitter feeling it was hard to deal ...
Nirmala's mother was imprisoned five times,
Still they could not break her will.
And then, despite Her young age,
Nirmala fearlessly chose Her lot -
She joined the freedom fighters!
And in this unsubsidizing struggle
She also had to bear a lot.
...Once in the demonstration in which She was going,
She carried the banner of Her Motherland -
Like a flame it was proudly glowing
In the young girl's valorous hands.
Police suddenly appeared,
They surrounded the participants,
And tried to create confusion and fear.
The British occupants
Cruelly beat up the people to stop it all -

They wanted this freedom action to fail.
...They also arrested the young girl
And hurriedly threw Her into jail.
The British were in power:
Interrogations, tortures, again interrogations.
Hour after hour.
Detectives' endless questions.
Painful hits of police baton.
- Who was the main person?
Who led the demonstration?
Who helped to organize the freedom fight?
Who agitated at night?
Who set the movement's goals?
Who was blaming the occupants?
Who was calling to people's souls
To rise against the government?
...Smoke from a cigarette was rising,
Jail bars were freezing at the window.
- These questions sound surprising,
The answers I don't know!
...One police officer was especially bad,
With an iron pince-nez and a shaved head,
He was skillful at the "art" of tortures,
So horrible he was, that one could go mad.
Himself, he was pale like death,
With thin and unsound body,
Yet he was torturing and beating without end.
But Nirmala did not betray anybody -
All the cruel tortures She managed to withstand.
In the cold camera She felt feverish,
And Her wounds were paining without relief...
But about all these things She doesn't like to talk,
No, She did not forget, but She chose to forgive,

And later, in the same way, She taught all the people
That forgiving is a very powerful action -
All our inner strength lies in Love and Compassion!

The Marriage

When country of India became finally free,
This triumph of her glorious victory
Was joyfully resounding
In all the people's hearts like a hymn!
At this auspicious time
Young Nirmala met Her intended,
Mr. Chandrika Prasad Srivastava,
And She married him.
The whole life before them was lying
And happiness filled it with its gentle touch.
The magnet of love is very sweetly tying
The souls of the two together...
They loved each other so much,
That the joy of their days felt more than ever,
And everything around seemed very fresh and new:
The sound of ocean surf, and seaside breeze,
The sky above, very high and blue,
The quiet talk of village trees,
The busy rhythms of city life -
It felt that every moment was full of delight,
And every day was just made for the two.
The State of India, renewed and bright,
Arose from the ruins as soon as Independence came,
And now the fate has given them the right
For the happiness
And for works in the glory of India's name!

Mr. Chandrika Prasad Srivastava,
Was very much fond of his wife,
The beloved of his soul.
Sharing joy and sadness, which are a normal
And usual part of everybody's life,
She walked with him each moment of time.

She loved, and She was being loved.
But there the duty of the heart doesn't end -
For the happiness of the family cannot be separated
From the happiness of the whole Motherland.

Mr. C.P. Srivastava was a noble statesman
Who served his country with all his faith.
Not only at the Indian Administrative Service,
But also at Lal Bahadur Shastri's office,
While serving as the Prime Minister's aide,
Innumerable contributions he has made.
He brought about a change in the nation's fate.



Lal Bahadur Shastri
(Prime Minister of
India 1964-1966) - left
and Sir C.P.
Srivastava - right

When he took the appointment
As a Director-General of the Shipping Corporation,
It was a blessing for India's economic situation:
Mr. C.P. Srivastava was brave and honest,
He always worked diligently and for the best he strived.
And to the whole country he became known:
The maritime shipping business of India he revived.
There is probably no higher satisfaction and joy -
He thought, looking at the surf in the port,
That under the flag of India, the dear Motherland,
The ships now went all around the world,
That flags of many countries in the port are crowding -
Communications are growing stronger every day,
And many foreign guests are gathering
At the boisterous city's squares and ways.

As a Chairman of Shipping Corporation,
For the prosperity of India
He was devoting all the tasks he needed to do,
And each of his and Nirmala's undertakings
Was successful
And their dreams were coming true!
Wherever he served, She took Her time to create,
For all those working with him,
Warm family feeling and motivation.
She did the ships' decoration,
In the style of Indian motifs,
And for his junior officers
She used to cook meals.
When Mr. C.P. Srivastava was elected
The Secretary General
Of the United Nations International
Maritime Organization,

Then foggy London welcomed them.
The animosity between the British and Indian nations
Long time ago went away,
And now the message of cooperation
Was loudly sounding in the ocean's waves!

As the Secretary General,
He never joined any "right" or "left" politics
But only thought of the benevolence
of the people, as he perceived,



At the World Maritime University which was conceived
and built up by Sir C.P. Srivastava and of which
he became the Founding Chancellor

He worked very hard for each country's well-being
And for his accomplishments he received
The title of Knighthood
From the hands of the English Queen.

The life of the family was happy and full,
Two little daughters were growing,
It was time to enjoy life's fruits.



Yet about something high and global
His wife was contemplating.



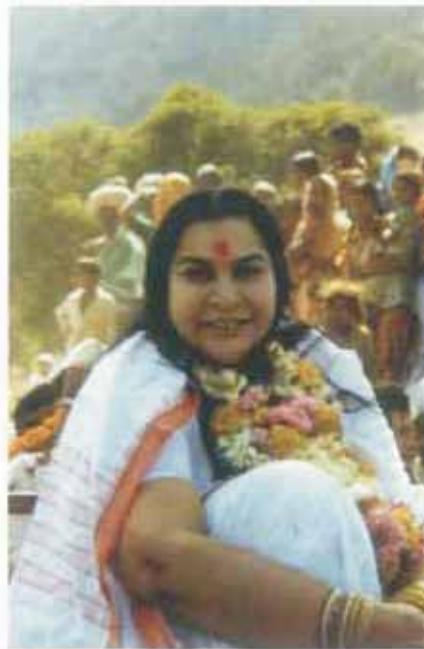
But for the right moment She was waiting -

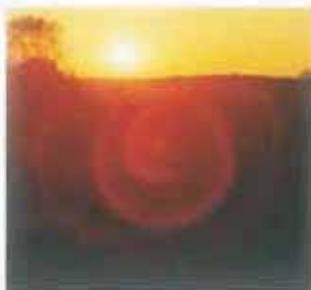
Taking care of the family isn't a joke,
And morning to evening, at this job,
As always, She did the best -
It was a busy time of Her life.

And Mr. Srivastava could not guess
The close future of his wife,
That the whole planet will come to Her,
With Her maternal Compassion and Love,
And bring its innermost aspirations and hopes
To Nirmala - the Spiritual Mother.



That for the upliftment of the human race,
Her Star towards its zenith will ascend;
And She, as a carrier of Truth and Solace,
Will be recognized by all continents.
And Truth will shine on all the Earthly ways
To the extent, unknown from before...
It's true that the holy mystery of future days
Is always hidden in fog.





Kundalini

Humanity walked in the desert for a long time,
In order to find the Holy Spring,
The Flower of Love Divine,
Our Primordial Mother Kundalini.
Described by many saints in different religions,
It is a spiritual power within us, Pure and True.



The Bible calls it the 'Holy Ghost'
And Muslims call it 'Ruh',
And ancient Indian sources call it 'Kundalini'.

Nirmala could clearly see it in everybody:
Gentle, like the blueness of the sky,
It lies dormant in the midst of the human body,
In the sacrum bone at the base of the spine.

Sacrum side



Sacrum face



Ancient drawing



And coiled up, it waits to take action,
It always stays alert, this part of the Divine - -
And only for the moment of our spiritual resurrection,
And only for the moment of our spiritual awakening - -
The Holy happening of self-realization,
Which is described in the scriptures
as our second birth,
Our Holy Mother Kundalini desires and calls.

It has its own special duty - -
To carry its rhythm through a common noise,
This sacred source of spiritual beauty
Our Creator turned up in three-and-a-half coils:



This power is free like breath
And to take our spirit higher it wants...
But lets talk more in depth
About Kundalini later on.

When Shri Mataji's daughters grew up
And they got married, She had more time,
Not for Herself, but for other people,
To help them discover the Truth Divine.

Each moment was precious as a diamond,
To give it to the others,
Who are in trouble and in need
And who are out there in the middle
Of ignorance and darkness,
Looking for the Truth's invaluable seeds.

People didn't yet know,
Doing their duties, day to day,
That Shri Mataji, the Holy Prophet,
Was now devising the way
To give enlightenment to the whole of humanity
Through awakening people's dormant spirituality.



To Her, who was born with spiritual insight
There was no need to have any Guru at all.
...But those who are trying to teach others,
Where do they take their ardor and aplomb?

Shri Mataji listened to their speeches
And very soon She understood:
Alike in their way of life and their deeds,
They are very much away from the Truth.
Their knowledge is a mini-knowledge.
They have lost the ancient connection.
They cannot awaken Kundalini
By their spiritual machinations.
These swindlers are false prophets,
Who befool the people
By their ignorant and empty talk
Themselves, they are full of vices and hypocrisy
And their promises are vague like smoke.
When Shri Mataji met one of them,
Who was especially bad,
And saw him turning people's lives into a mess
She left without looking back -
Rajneesh is a complete wretchedness.
And walking away, in disgust, She thought:
How can someone like him be a Guru?
He knows nothing about holiness and about God,
He doesn't even know the simplest truths!
She felt very sad that so many are damaged by those
Who dress in the holy person's disguise,
And try to become a Guru at any cost
To loot the naive people under the spiritual guise.

Revelation

Seeing how innocent people suffer,
Shri Mataji was overfilled with compassion.

She thought - it isn't possible to wait anymore
It is now the time for action.

...One hundred fifty kilometers from Mumbai.
The village seaside of Nargol.
The sunset was burning like flame
Over the peaceful ocean shore.
The surf, melodious like a piano,
About the Eternal was singing.
And seagulls were floating on the horizon.
Their screams like a prophecy were ringing.



Here Shri Mataji came
When the last rays of the sun were fading.
On the empty shore, the whole night She spent
Meditating and contemplating.

Deep within Her heart
She was searching for a solution,
Envisioning the whole winding path
Of human evolution.
Shri Mataji was working out people's spiritual road
In the state of deep meditation:
She could feel their many-faceted problems,
All their permutations and combinations.

Light coming out of Shri Mataji's Sahasrara chakra



Then a divine spiritual experience filled Her completely
And She found the answer to Her question.

She discovered a historical process
Of en masse Self-Realization,
Through which thousands of people
Can get their Kundalini awakening,
They can get the connection with their Spirit
And therefore their inner transformation!
Nargol... Let us remember the name
Of this special place
In which there is a sound of sea waves,
Inspiring and free.
It is the basis for the glorious future we face -
The pedestal of Her Discovery.
Here She received Her Revelation.
Let's remember the date
Of the Discovery of our spiritual transformation,
Let's remember the date
Of the Discovery of our spiritual resurrection:
The fifth of May, year nineteen seventy.
She opened the energy centre called "Sahasrara",
The Thousand Petalled Lotus,
And to the Cosmic Power of Compassion and Love,
This established for us the spiritual road.
In Her subtle vision, She could see
Our Primordial Mother Kundalini,
Its gracious lines of silent curves,
Carrying Universal Love and peace -
The life-giving breath of the Holy Ghost
That we can feel as a gentle, cool breeze:
"I saw it rising and, like a telescope, it was opening.
And then a big torrential rain of beams started flowing
Through my head all over.
I felt, I am lost, I am no more.
There was only the grace"...

Then She discovered how in many people, en masse,
This spiritual energy can be raised.
She found the unique method
By which everyone can get connected
To the All Pervading Power of Love -
The Cosmic Grace of the Divine above -
By awakening the part of the Divine
Which resides within us -
Kundalini energy - our individual Holy Mother.
And so Sahaja Yoga was born :
"Sahaja" - means "Spontaneous"
"Yoga" - means "Union with Divine."
All this knowledge is now open to us
In the same way that islands were discovered!

Like a slow explosion, powerful, but mild,
Within us our Mother Kundalini rises
When we call for it with all our heart -
If our desire is genuine and pure,
As a Mother, it comes to her child
To teach, to comfort, to cure!
It enlightens our Spirit,
Giving us our second birth;
And while it rises through our chakras,
Within us all our diseases and vices it burns -
(Chakras are energy centers located along our spine),
And, piercing the last energy centre
On the top of our head,
Kundalini connects us to the
Cosmic Power of Love Divine,
And then our Kundalini feels very happy and glad.

The Cosmic Power nourishes us
And physically, mentally and spiritually
We get transformed.
That is why our Kundalini so joyfully rises,
Celebrating its flight into the arms of God.

*

So what is God? Is it Immortal Cosmos,
The Holy Happening above,
Where the rains of nuclear particles, forming,
Are carrying Universal Love?



Hubble Eagle Nebula

Or is it the higher judgment, which always goes on,
And justly sorts out all the things that we do?
Or is it a labor of Self-Knowing,
Forgiving and inspiring all the way through?

In His Image we were created by our Lord,
And He gave us both - the heart and the mind,
And He enlivened our flesh with a soul,
And with a diamond, our path He outlined.
And when Our Creator, Our Compassionate God,
Wanted us to be rejuvenated and renewed,
He sent to our Earth
Shri Mataji, The Holy Prophet,
So that all people could realize the Truth.



The immense work is now waiting for Nirmala,
The countless hours without sleep:
She is the Carrier of the Holy Truth,
Which is immeasurably deep.



In the villages and towns
There are thousands and thousands
Thirsty for the Truth, all around the World.
In the sufferings and ignorance
They are getting drown,
And in the complete darkness
To the last hope they hold.

To the people, lost in confusion,
She has to bring the light.
And She has to bring harmony and peace
To those whose minds are full of fight.
She has to bring the faith to the doubting,
Strength to the weak,
And healing to the sick.
She has to help people to know themselves
By giving them enlightenment,
By giving them their second birth
And there is no higher task on the Earth!

Shri Mataji was working tirelessly,
She always helped everybody,



She did not refuse anybody
Who had a genuine desire
To discover the Truth within.

A scientist and a soldier,
A rich man and a widow
Everybody was welcomed in -
Whoever would come to the Holy One.

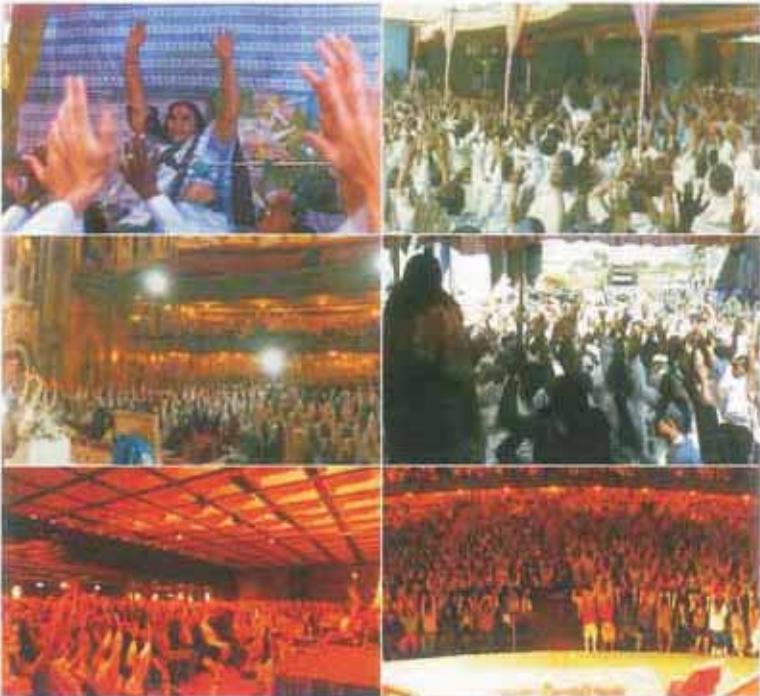


It is impossible to weigh all the good
That She has done!

To meet all the seekers,
Shri Mataji travelled
the whole world by
plane, train, bus, car,
boat and even bullock cart.



Shri Mataji delivered thousands of lectures and programmes of Self-Realisation plus TV and Radio appearances.



Audiences raising their hands to acknowledge they have felt the cool breeze on their hands or above their heads.



Sahaja Yoga methods to them She was teaching –
Which gave them the knowledge of the Self
In a spontaneous way
And word about Her was reaching
To places close and places far away.

Without knowing oneself, one cannot know God –
That is why it is your duty to know yourself.
Otherwise you cannot move anywhere
From your doorstep.
How then can you reach the interstellar depths?

Shri Mataji has opened to you and me
The way that leads to the great goal
And nothing will be fearsome to you at all
If you know yourself by awakening Kundalini –

You should turn to the Golden Goddess
With all your heart,
Otherwise no spiritual growth
Will be possible for your soul
And it will never sprout,
Like a piece of grain sleeping in the frozen soil.

... **Sacrum** - the triangular bone
at the base of our spine,
Inside of it a part of the Cosmic Energy
is sleeping -
Kundalini, that listens to the voice of Eternity
And to vibrations of the Cosmos –
our Father Divine.

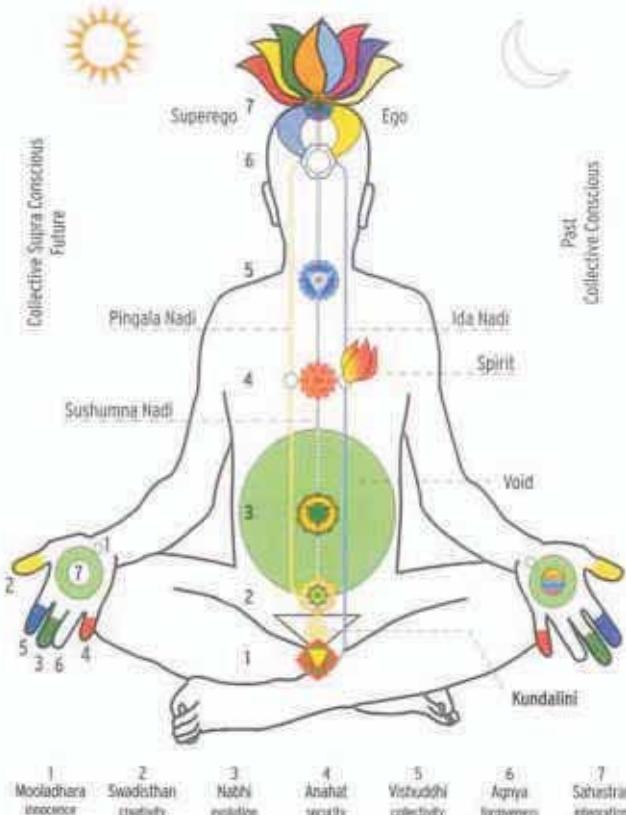
The name of this bone was given
by ancient Greeks
"Sacrum" - means "Sacred" -
Holy mystery was hidden there.
Many mysteries have been discovered
about human beings
Still this one, in the streams of time
was lost forever.

This glorious mystery Shri Mataji has opened to us,
Which people were trying to comprehend
During different ages and times.



Subtle System

Central Path of Evolution
Collective Unconscious



At first Kundalini is sleeping in the triangular bone above chakra number 1. After awakening it rises through chakras 2 - 6 and finally pierces the Crown chakra (Sahasrara). Sahasrara is chakra number 7.



**The Last
Judgement by
William Blake
contains all the
elements of
the standard
Sahaja Yoga Chart.**





Photo camera recorded the Light of Kundalini in a practitioner of Sahaja Yoga after her Kundalini was raised

Kundalini is so powerful,
It has a curative force
Which can repair
Even a broken gene in the proper way.
From the beginning
It was given a duty by God
To control the global changes
Of worldly ways.
It is difficult to imagine
How important is this energy source,
That turned up like a snail,
So graciously sleeping in us-
Behind our whole Evolution
It is the motivating force.

It is our Kind Mother, it is not just a guest,
In this way we, humans, were created by God.
Once awakened, this power rises up along the spine
Into Sahasrara - the crown chakra

On the top of our head,
And piercing through the area of our fontanel bone-
Our Kundalini goes out into the open expanse,
To join the All-Pervading Power
Of Divine Love and Grace.
This connecting thread, just like a vein pulsates.

This Power of God's Love can be felt as cool wind,
Gentle breeze, as pleasant
As a breath of the Himalayas,



Light coming out of
Shri Mataji's Sahasrara

In our soul and body, all the tensions will calm down,
And to all our sufferings, the consolation it will bring.
It is the Force of "**Ritambhara**" or "**Paramchaitanya**"!
It is joy for the heart, your second birth's celebration.
Time to receive from your brothers, congratulations!
Now you have become a realized person, my brother.
You can now fly on the wings of your immortal soul.
Who is self-realized becomes a Yogi-
He is spiritually growing.
And this is the destiny of every Seeker of Truth.
He should never give up during his search,
Desperate and true.
Before the meeting with our Lord the All-Knowing.



Sequence of photos at Taunton Public Program, U.K.



Next Photo, Taunton Public Program, U.K.

In this way, my dear brother,
All your roads are straightened,
And the moments of your life
Are now filled with higher meaning,
And your soul is resurrected
Out of old ties and conditionings -
Now you are your own Teacher,
And you are full of Love.
Your second birth connects you to the Divine World,
Pure sounds you can now
Listen to with your renewed hearing.
Just like that, from an egg, comes a bird
And from a cocoon - a butterfly, agile in its spirit.
You are now also twice-born.
And like them, pure and light,
You will fly to spiritual heights
In this moment of delight.

There is nothing which exists
That born-again can be afraid of,
And to others he can offer
All help and consolation
... This is why during the ages the symbol of an egg
Is the sign of the coming renewal and resurrection.
This is the meaning behind the Easter custom
To present to each other multi-colored eggs.
And the heat goes away,
And the thunderstorm calms down,
Just a clear blue sky for the Enlightened awaits.
All the hopes of the heart
Rejoice in Easter Celebration,

When yourself and other people you are forgiving.
It is the maturing of the soul, and its purification,
It is Joy of the Holy Spirit, absolute and life-giving.
Kundalini, once awakened, brings us blissful talents,
And just like a fragrant lotus, our soul blossoms.
Now a thirst for creativity fills out the heart of a person,
He writes, draws, and sings, enjoying his inspired state,
And in those works of art
He often reaches the greatest heights.



H.H. Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi explains the Fresco from Sistine Chapel "Last Judgment" by Michelangelo

These geniuses of the Spirit
Are like torches for humanity,
They light up people's way
Towards wisdom and spirituality.

And even a sworn enemy
Becomes now your friend
And you joyfully hug him
With all your heart, pure and open
And such deadly diseases
As cancer come to an end,
Diabetes goes away,
All the sufferings are forgotten.

All the different ailments,
Vast in number like grains of sand,
Disappear without trace like a sail in the fog -
Kundalini is curing them with her motherly hand
And she is nourishing your health
To make it strong like a rock.
To all our problems,
Mother Kundalini gives solutions
And it takes us to the next step
Of the human evolution.



President of India receiving Sahaja Yoga Research Book by Professor U C Rai



England

One more turn of time.

Shri Mataji moved to England.

London was Mr. Srivastava's new office location

When he started to work for the United Nations.

It was not easy to leave India's land.

But it was a lucky chance for Europe

To learn about Sahaja Yoga

And find its Spiritual Hope!

In Europe the time of the seventies

Was a time of confused seeking.

Many young people at that time were hippies.

They were searching for the Truth
Among falsehood and delusion.
And they were getting lost in their seeking,
Trying drugs and alcohol;
Expressing their inner riot
In hippie-culture and anti-social behavior.
Quite a few instant 'teachers'
In these troubled waters were fishing.
Trying to make money on
The naive people's genuine endeavors.

Very desperately the seekers' souls
Were crying for True Spirituality,
And it was time for Sahaja Yoga
To bring them to the Powerful and Sheer Reality.

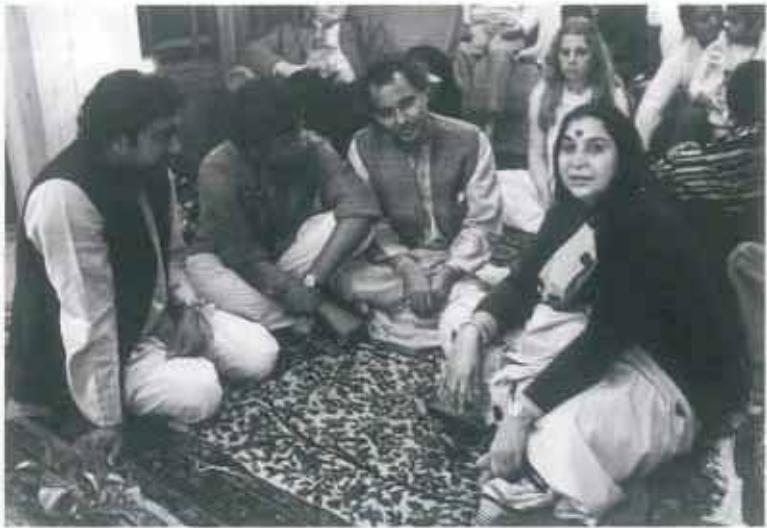
On Her coming to rainy Albion
She saved seven hippies absolutely alone,



By Her compassionate power of Divine Light -
The power of Enlightenment and Rejuvenation.

And as they got their Self-Realization
They dropped the drugs and alcohol overnight.
They also felt inspired to be very honest and moral.

More and more people to Sahaja Yoga were coming
And they were enjoying the bliss of becoming
Spiritual personalities,
As their Kundalini - the Primordial Mother -
Was connecting them with Reality.



Endless hours of work Shri Mataji was enduring
Always with people - giving them Self-Realization,
Helping, advising, curing.



Oh Nepali with moonlike face,
Is it possible to count all Your labors?
Continually in their basis
The Holy Mystery of Love is lying.

God listens to Her, and the ease
Like a peaceful thunder comes,
And a patient gets cured by the Divine Cool Breeze
And unexpected joy and blessings enter the house.

Just like fire, word about the miracles spreads,
And seeing all the benefits that Sahaja Yoga is bringing
Even those, who were arguing in the beginning,
Before the obvious and undeniable
Now bend down their heads.



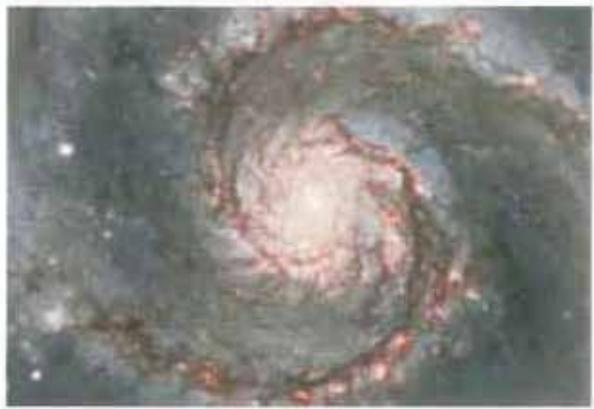
But She said: I won't hide
That yesterday's work is done.
It is time to rise
To a new level, for everyone.
Let Evolution advance
Firmly, with long strides.
Before it was dark in the World,
But now there is light.
Let Sahaja Yogis - as masters and givers,
Carry the Light of Truth everywhere.
Light - against anger, against falsity
Light - like a flow of the river:

It cannot be stopped by cement blocks,
And one cannot make it go backwards.
Let the speech of Sahaja Yoga sound
Over the Enlightened World!
Let it be so!



And so it is,
Even the World is still
In wounds and cuts,
One cannot count Her disciples -
They are in eighty countries.

No, humanity is not doomed
By a cowardly and evil fate:
Since it has learned the Holy Secret,
Now it is a happy groom!
The darkness of night is leaving at last,
The world is becoming lighter and cleaner.
And Evolution itself is going in spirals
Just like the coils of Kundalini.



Who wanted, he could hear
The bottom line of Nirmala's teaching:
The whole world is just one family -
We can evolve only collectively,
And spiritual heights, humanity can be reaching
If many people will touch their inner depth.
The life that was given to us by God
We will juxtapose to death!

Our Life is like a rare flower,
Which grew among the Cosmic Desert.
So let the sprout of life-giving Kundalini grow
To connect us with the All-Pervading Power.
Europe, America, Asia, Russia ...
Every day and every hour
It grows more and more...

Through light-carrying starry shower,
The Messiah is walking across the Earth
With no obstacles to stop Her -
Everybody who is athirst for spiritual good,
Will be able to realize himself
And know the Holy Truth!

Our Mother Kundalini doesn't listen
To the pointing fingers or hazardous threats.
Golden Goddess doesn't distinguish
Between people's fame or blame -
For Her, the inhabitants of poor villages
And proud cities are just the same.
Who is in abyss, who is on the top,
Who is enlightened, who is in darkness?
Kundalini doesn't make difference.

Neither color of skin, nor castes, nor races,
Our Kundalini doesn't care for:
Only pure desire of our heart
Has for Kundalini any real worth,
And the human being is the only one
Who is more precious to Her,
Than any treasures on the Earth.



Intermezzo

When stars like grapes will grow ripe,
The Milky Bridge will spread out its shoulders,
Silence will fall like thirsty dew,
And a time to rest will arrive,
A light wind will bring gentle coolness to you,
Then your soul will suddenly open wide -
Read it, leaf through the pages!



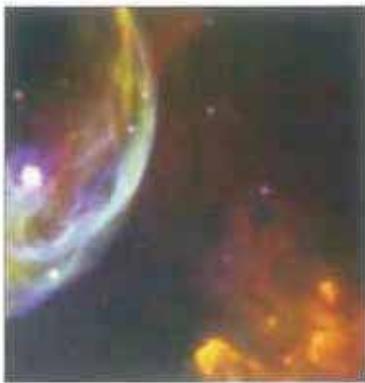
And from the cup of Heavens
You will want to drink.



To drink the starry beauty,
To drink the resounding height,
To rise in unmeasured expanse
And to breathe the ozone of other planets.
You know: there in the dance of sunrises and sunsets
New worlds are being created.

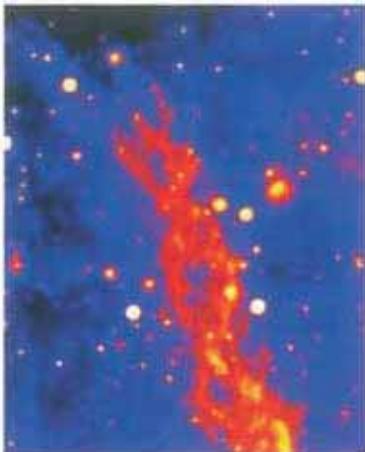


The world is born not at once, no!
First only a frame, a silhouette.
Now grow!
Grow future planet, new and bright!



And for a long time, eating up the horizon
The spiral of nebula is whirling,
Forecasting the flood of light.

This is how God is creating our world.



His shining palace
We clearly see before our eyes.
And the blue Cosmos is breathing
In a rhythmic way, just like a surf,
And our Creator is always with us.



The way of evolution of the worlds
Is the spiral of the same Kundalini,
And the morning sunrises are blue,
And the primordial light is pink.



The particles - the bricks of the Universe
Are lying in the new rows,
And above, in the storm of the white foam,
Suddenly the lines are revealing a birth
Of the sky and of water and of the earth...

You, the human being, are a model of the Universe,
You are also created by God,
Who is the Father of everything we see.
So hello, hello the Eternal World!



You, the spiral of our Evolution,
Fly above the clouds,
To the understood perfection
Of our spiritual transformation,
To bring us in the state of Harmony and Peace;

And turn - coil by coil -
That is why God has directed you
Towards both Absolute and Bliss.



Labors

So that benefits of Sahaja Yoga spread
To all the lands of the Earth,
Shri Mataji worked a lot.

I have to tell you
How She did not sleep nights
Worrying about the sick ones.
How crowds were coming to Her,
And have found the firm footing in
The present, running days.

She is ready to give everything away
To the last drop.
But the Cosmos will refill everything again
Like an eternal water-carrying layer,

So that the Divine Word may sound
Over the renewed Earth.
Shri Mataji finds the heart cure
For all the people coming to Her.
She will spend a day, two days, three days,
Will work until sunrise
Not for awards at all,
But to help in people's lives.

She developed methods
Of Sahaja Yoga meditation
For people on their own
To tap to their spiritual power
Through short daily meditation sessions.
There are also simple methods
Of energy centre purification.
Leading normal family lives,
Those practicing were able
To achieve a complete balance
On all the levels:
Emotional, physical
Mental and spiritual

Her patience has no limits.
Pure light shines in Her smile,
And kindness, and compassion.
To teach Sahaja Yoga techniques
She keeps a busy schedule
Travelling for thousands of miles
All around the world.



In different lands, with different customs and needs,
People are joining Sahaja Yoga more and more,
Whether young or old,
Whether Muslim, Christian or Buddhist -
Everybody finds understanding in Her.



Everybody finds understanding in Her ...



Her Gift for us

Shri Mataji never charges for Her lectures
Or for Her ability to give Self-Realization,
She insists that one cannot pay for
The enlightenment -
The evolutionary process
Of spiritual transformation.

She says that we cannot pay for the gift
That was given to us from our birth by God.
Our dormant Kundalini is just like a seed
That sleeps in the Earth -
It is our own, given to us at the time of Creation.

It will be sprouted in a spontaneous way.
How can we pay for the evolutionary process
Of our Self-Realization?

How can we pay to the Mother Earth for feeding us?
To the Sun that shines for us, how can we pay?
Shri Mataji repeats again and again:
- God gave to people their Kundalini
As a Light of Heaven within.

This sleeping seed, this hidden source
Is a Blessing of His Eternal Love
My task is - the awakening of this inner force,
That will bring to your life the Spiritual Dawn.

But once you are connected with the Grace above,
It is then your own turn -
You can use Sahaja Yoga methods
For your cure and purification.

You can see yourself in the light of your Spirit
And perfect yourself
Guided by the Spirit's inspiration.



Chapter 2.

Union of all Religions



Shri Mataji

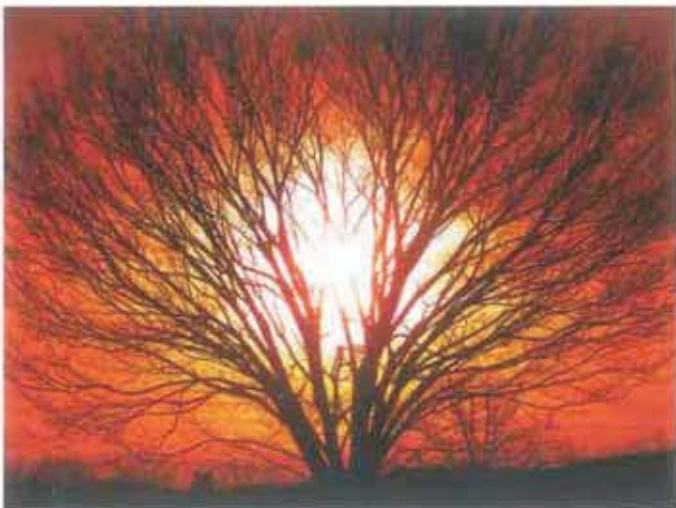
Mother of Mothers,
Embodiment of Love and Compassion of God,
Source of enlightenment for the whole wide world,
She took Her birth in our times of chaos and fight
To bring to the Planet the gift of Self Realization -
Since Earth is also our God's creation -

And people, lost in the darkness, now saw the light.
And our blue Planet was overjoyed to know
When in the year nineteen seventy
She lit this light to glow.

This was so recently, and yet She has done so much,
The lives of many people Shri Mataji has touched.
She teaches how to cure diseases doctors can't bear
And brings to people enlightenment
Instead of despair.
This Light of Divine
Gives us joy of connection with God,
And we learn His advice,
And our prayers can now be heard.

This Light of Divine
Calls us toward the peaks so bright;
To give us both knowledge and bliss,
The Land of India brought us this Light.
Shri Mataji - You are the Dawn of Truth
That the Lord sent to our aid:
With Your love, work, and patience
You help us to know ourselves
And to feel within our soul
The unlimited whole.

Like a clear blue sky,
Your Teaching is Truthful and Pure,
And with your kind smile and compassion
All the worries you cure.
Shri Mataji - You are our guide to the shrine
Where snowstorms of happiness rage
In this life-giving Light of Divine
Which crowns the Aquarian Age.



* * *

The great religions are like branches
Of one spreading tree:
It is alone in its growth,
Although it has birthed many shoots.
And is it ever possible that branches
Would suddenly, in anger, hit each other?
Religions are the same as branches,
That grew from one big tree.
And these, Shri Mataji's words, not without reason
All men with thankfulness accept.
It's time to understand
That we are brothers,
Beyond the races, nationalities, and faiths,
And independent of our skin colors.

Because like branches
Just one root we have!
The Lord is one
Though there are many paths,
That lead to Him -
The goal is always one:
The mountain peak that pierces clouds.
The goal of life is union with God.



Let's not forget Whose Image and Likeness we carry,
And we will understand to where we aspire.

* * *

Sahaja Yoga doesn't contradict
The Bible, the Vedas and Koran,
But, just the opposite, it is uniting them.
And in this way it takes away the causes
For all the religious fights and wars on the Earth.



Shri Mataji has come to our world
To bring new life to ancient teachings
And make now available for all
The bliss that only saints before were reaching.

From where did we come from?
With what will we leave?
Who made this starry house where we live?
There are spots on the Sun -
Whose marks are those?
Created without contractors and accounts,
Containing a foamy mix of light and darkness,
The world around us is in no more than an atom.
A sun after the sun,
A star after the star,

An age after the age, flowing from eternity.
And to where are sleepless years
Of the universe rushing?
And how can we, people, understand infinity?
From where did we come from?
And where are we going?
Who gifted us this Earth with rainbows glowing?
Who nurtured this world in days of the beginning?
And, as you know very well,
Universal Love and Grace
Shri Mataji teaches us to embrace.



This world has always dreamed about the Truth
For ages it was looking for a road.
Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi
Has brought to us Sahaja Yoga!
Sahaja Yoga is a pure knowledge
It gives to us spontaneous self-knowledge
And helps in our ascent in many ways.

To all our problems it offers solutions.
It guides the wheel of human evolution,
Perfecting and correcting us every day.
Sahaja Yoga is a Union
Of our Soul with a Holy Cosmos
With the All-Pervading Energy of Love
That has the ancient name "Paramchaitanya."
In us there is a drop of Pure Desire,
Our Holy Mother Kundalini,
And when, by spiritual force, it is awakened,
She rises like a thread of cooling fire
And she connects to the Cosmos, both you and me.
A seeker of Truth was searching far and near
And he was wandering like a star in the night
And God was calling him, but he couldn't hear
And sorrow was holding his soul tight.



**Shri Mataji has opened to people
The way that leads to the Cosmos bright and kind**

And we will not forget, ever
Who filled our hearts with the happiness we found.



In any heat, on a sunny, summer day
We feel a cool breeze that is flowing away,
But there is no air conditioning and no wind,
And not a leaf is moving that can be seen.
This is the energy of the All-Pervading Love.
It's our connection with the Absolute above.
We feel it on our palms and the top of the head,
And stress is gone. We feel relaxed instead.
Shri Mataji has given us this energy, kind and mighty,
And we understand: it isn't just a dream,
The union with the Love of God Almighty
With which the whole Cosmos brims.
**We realized: Sahaja Yoga brought
The Hymn of Unity between a soul and God.**



A story of an Indian Doctor

In Delhi, India, Doctor Rai is living.
I want to tell you his story now,
To reach its message of truth to everyone,
And may this story be remembered by the people!

Rai was a doctor in a Delhi hospital
And he was curing, as he could, all ailing and disabled.

Oh, God the Great, how to save these dearest patients?
Like an executioner,
The ailments were tormenting them.
So often he had to face the harsh reality
That a doctor of medicine can't control nature.
Every hour, and even every second
Death, from any side, to patients can come.

And not only to the patients!
He has himself been ill a lot,
And finally he's gotten so very ill
That he realized: the circle is now closed
And there is no way to escape the end.

So Doctor Rai went to see Shri Mataji,
Surrendering himself to the power of the Almighty
And thus he kneeled before the rejuvenating source,
Like a traveler who is dying from thirst.

And now Cosmic Power, in a proper way,
Has started healing the doctor.
The Holy mother cured this sick man
And whole-heartedly he understood Sahaja Yoga.
And from that time, filled with a force of youth,
He witnessed the healing of so many patients:
He only cured them with yoga methods,
With yoga only, and nothing else!
In this story nothing was added by the poet,
There is no place for rumors or for artistic decoration:
Doctor Rai told me himself this story
When I met him on his visit to Moscow.



Hymn

When you raise the Kundalini
And meditation you do,
You will feel the breath of countries
That are unknown to you:
They are not on the map or the globe, only bright
In these countries is shining Shri Mataji's light.

There are fields that are golden and a celestial throne
Where a Son crucified found rest in His home,
Where waves of the ether
Run through the years, as through sands,
And the flow of the Milky Way River never ends.

Oh, Cosmos Divine, Pure Ocean of Love,
Only You have the contours of these countries above,
Where our God lives and where music does shine.
On the Earth there isn't such music Divine.
It's not given to humans to absorb its delight -
But a window, open to the sky, calls our heart:
There Universe's eyes glow, and sleep they forget,
And golden sunrise changes copper sunset,
And wings of the angels we almost can hear
And suddenly the presence of God feels so near....

And all Holy Prophets which people behold
With Love look at us from the depth of the worlds,
And the breath of the Holy Ghost that is quietly flowing
For us like a cool breeze that is mildly blowing.



A story of a Russian Doctor

Once she perceived that diseases grow stronger,
And so many, Medicine can't fight,
Moscovian Doctor Gosteeva
Has started losing faith in Medicine's might.
She saw that Science has its limitations
And many things the doctors can't explain
And often there is no medication
To save a life or even to ease the pain.

Then for an answer she started seeking
And sincerely tried to understand,

When idols from the pedestals we're sweeping,
Why we create new ones instead?
Civilization, where are you going?
It looks like you are rushing to a dead end.
We are only rich with troubles,
We are always full of doubts
And the soul's sufferings without end.
And so Doctor Gosteeva thought:
"Whatever we have sown, that we've got."

"But we forgot about the Source
That sleeps within ourselves -
Of Love, of Joy and Pure Force...
But now the Truth has shown Its Face:
The doctors treat a body, not the soul -
They just neglect the soul inside!
But I will break this vicious circle
By learning about the life-giving light!"

On this new road she would feel
Such universal bliss and grace,
When the teaching of Sahaja Yoga she embraced,
And started using it to heal.

And suddenly there are tens and hundreds cured.
This number grows every day.
They feel the flight of being renewed.
They feel as if they are born again!

I know many such success examples,
With them more new ideas come on stage...
They're brought along with the new epoch now started -
The glorious Aquarius Age.



Shri Mataji carries a special mark of fate.
Her destiny is the most pure and high.
She is guided by Her own star
And with Her directly, Royal Cosmos speaks.
We come to Her when looking for salvation,
For the stronghold of Hope, shuttered in us.
And in Her words we find consolation,
From movements of Her hands we get rejuvenation
And again Cosmos gives bliss and strength to us,
This Cosmos, that is all around us invisibly,
Beyond races, nationalities and faiths,
From the times of splendid Rome
And primitive and pristine caves.

In their movements Her hands are adamant
Fighting for somebody's life till the end.
And invariably spiritual
Are the features of Her peaceful face.
And while She is enjoying the victory,
When breaking somebody's circle of trouble,
So often a smile illuminates
Her beautiful and kind face.
She brought together miracle and science,
Hiding in Herself a Holy Mystery.
May these hands be blessed,
That help so much to our life and fate.



Hope, Faith, and Love

Oh, Hope, Faith and sister Love!
You shine upon all our ways,
Perhaps you hold all sense of life
From ancient until modern days.

Sometimes just Hope drives our heart,
When life's adversities seem unending,
And our dear home falls apart,
Which was before so firmly standing.

And when we're strangled in a trap -
Last ray of light in a well is flowing,
And even Patience gives up,
Then only Hope keeps us going.

And if our soul is alive, then Faith,
Who is, as always, right on it's own,
With all its ardor, pure like flame,
Can melt completely even a stone.

O Bless'd be, kind fairy Love!
You move big mountains like mounds tiny,
You help us reach the stars above
And build for us a palace shining!
You give us strength along rough ways,
And if our soul is very tired,
From your holy source we drink for days,
But thirst for Love is never satisfied.

Our hearts have opened up
Towards the Truth so great and delighting!
All people's Hope, Faith, and Love
Are in Shri Mataji uniting!



Chapter 3.

Sahaja Yoga

The Evolutionary Breakthrough



Purpose of Life

What is important for human beings?
Listen to the word of Shri Mataji:
To understand the Plan of God,
To learn the purpose of our lives,
Sahaja Yoga is teaching us;
You should become Spirit,
Spirit is the reflection of God.

Purified by the sacred fire of Kundalini,
You will become completely free.
God in that moment will get reflected -
Like in a mirror - in your heart.
And the All-Pervading Cool Breeze -
Which rushes through space
Without any permissions or visas -
Will then silently touch your palms,
And your consciousness will be enlightened,
And even your appearance will change
And become more noble, and full of saintly beauty.
Your eyes will start shining,
And your head will be filled with Light,
And cool wind will pour from your palms
As if it was the breath of the Divine Itself.
The yogi is now like an Angel:
His eyes became pure like stars.
He is gone beyond time.
He is honest and dynamic,
And sincere, and virtuous...
For the human evolution, it is
The greatest breakthrough!

Now Kundalini isn't sleeping -
Our Spiritual Mother,
It is now looking after its child,
To give him second birth.
Kundalini remembers all your past,
Whatever you experienced and learned,
All the Earthly happiness-unhappiness
Every moment of your life,
Whatever during its years

Was woven from the events and dreams,
Thoughts, desires, aspirations.
Battles, fires, pursuits,
Horses neighing madly,
Thunders and noises in public squares,
Everything is remembered by Kundalini.
Whether her little baby was laughing or singing,
She won't forget anything.
How can she not love her child?
How can she not nurture him?

Its time to say farewell
To your feeling of guilt.
Don't let guilt's oppression
Separate you from the whole;
Don't wait till guilt's pressure
Wears out your soul.
So it is better if guilt
From yourself you will sweep,
And then completely you can dip
In the Ocean of Forgiveness,
Calm, pure, and deep.

The Start

How to start your ascent
To achieve spiritual heights?
Throw away all the grudges
Which pull you down like weights.
And this means that, in general,
You should forgive everyone.
All at once, without remembering
By whom and what was wrongly done.
For so long you used to hate
All those who hurt you before.
Now forgive them and forget -
No headache anymore.
This forgiveness is like flight -
It will take you very high
And your heart, so light,
Will rejoice with the sky.
And when forgiving yourself,
With the Grace of God you are filled,

Our every thought is carrying a vibration -
And good if it doesn't hurt, but it does heal.
Vibration recoils back to us
After reaching its destination,
And such a bliss and fulfillment
We will then feel!

So make your step on the self-realization bridge,
Whoever you are - simple worker or a boss,
It doesn't matter if you are poor or rich,
But know: from Love of Spirit you are born.
To give us, people, the union with Cosmos blue,
To spread the light of Love across the Earth,
To make us, people, understand Love's precious value,
Shri Mataji has come to our world.

Chakras

Responsible for nerves interweaving,
They're watching over health of human being.
That's how God has made us from beginning,
That's how He decided it must be.

And chakras never ever feeling tired,
In the clockwise direction make their way,
On duty they're rotating night and day,
Exactly in a way as the Lord decided.

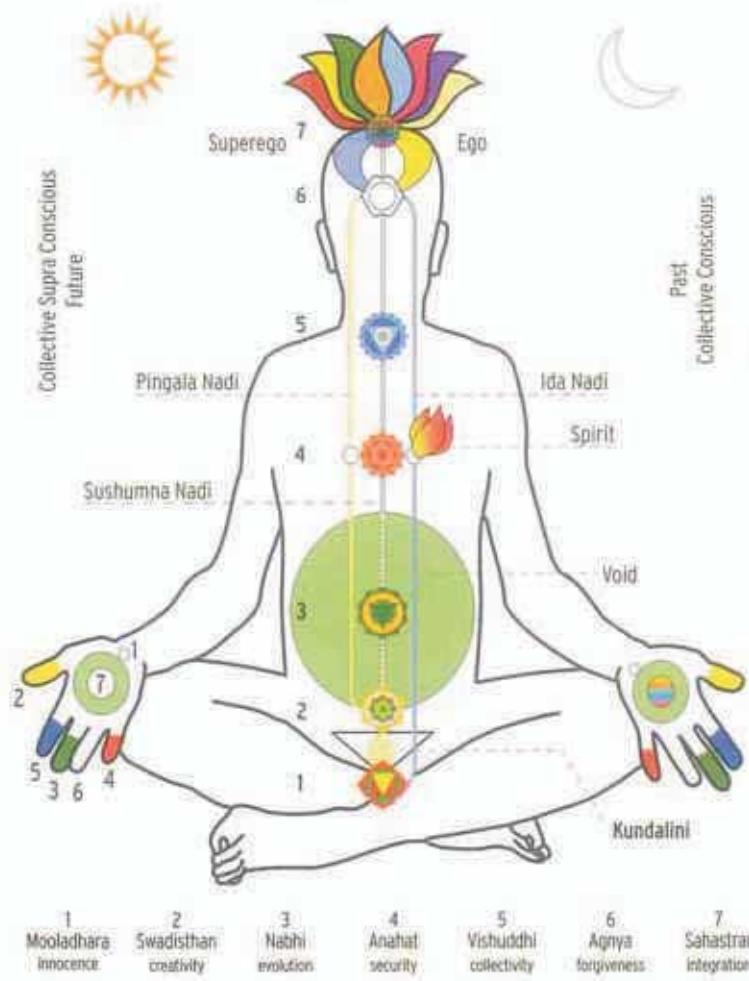
Our eyes can't see their convolution,
How quanta of energy in circles run...
They'll play a role in human evolution,
According to our Lord's grander plan.

These seven centers - basis of our living -
All our actions touch their subtle scale,
And just like springs the energy they are giving,
And just like clocks they better never fail.

The ailments come when centers are disturbed
And subtle balances in them are stirred.
Correction of the chakras, the yogi's task,
He is a guide and master of his own.
A daring voyager in the sea of the unknown,
He does it with the help of God, he asks.

Subtle System

Central Path of Evolution
Collective Unconscious





Hymn

Oh, Energy of Pure Love Divine,
The Love that means Forgiveness, Care and Grace,
We wish that in our hearts you always shine,
You are the highest blessing that a soul can embrace!

In the Ocean of Emptiness, which is so great
That even atoms stay apart, very far away,
The Cosmic Rays are searching for their fate,
And lonely Stars are sliding along their way.

The Galaxies slowly move in a caravan
Across the sleeping universal Face.

No, you are not empty, the Cosmic Ocean -
The Creator's eyes pierce, with Love, your space!

Oh, Energy of Pure Love Divine,
The Love that means Forgiveness, Grace and Care,
We wish that in our hearts you would always shine,
As constant thankfulness that our souls bear!

We wonder how to correct our ailing world,
Which is so hard to grasp and still so usual,
Without cruel idols and angry words,
But only with Love - the force most unusual.
And when we look in empty cosmic space
We feel this love that pours from above.
How could they say that Universe is full of emptiness?
It's only full of All-Pervading Love.

She is the one that moves starry worlds above
And whirls the planets like little flakes of snow,
And those not deaf from within -
Can hear the call of Love -
The force always victorious, wherever it goes.

The Present

Our past is gone,
and the future has not yet come.
This means that only the present moment
Do we have with us.
And there is so much of precious wisdom
In this undecorated truth for us!

It's better to finish all business
With memories of the past,
And leave all the worries of the future,
This endless strife.
And when all your thoughts go away,
Just witness the present with pure heart -
Then you will realize
How marvelous is your life.



Thoughtlessness is so enjoyable,
it is higher than any award:
As a surface of a mirror-like lake,
it is very still, cool, and pure.
Dip into this blissful awareness,
your mind, full of discord:
And let it take a rest
from the struggles it had to endure.

All thoughts disappeared
And the disorder is no more.
Stillness is deep within the lake
And the surface is quiet as well.
Willows are watching
This living mirror with awe -
It seems that everywhere
This magic peace now dwells.
Fill our whole soul, oh, conciliation!
May contemplation only
Live in our hearts!
Brother, you are,
Like everybody else, God's creation,
So go ahead and swim
In the Ocean of His Love!
Let there be more people conciliated,
And enlightened,
And twice born.
Our planet needs them
Very badly - we hear.
And as they pour their calmness
And light to the world
Then peace is established
And all anger and hate disappears!
No, we are not trying
to run away from the society.
The destiny of Yoga
is a very different one.
No, we are not trying
to judge anybody,
But from the heart
we are taking care of everyone.

A Sahaja Yogi
is not afraid of anything
And with valor
he is always looking at things.
A yogi feels protected
during any hour
Even from a bomb
exploding in his way,
And he doesn't fear that a death
will take his soul away,
Because he is connected
to the Divine Power!

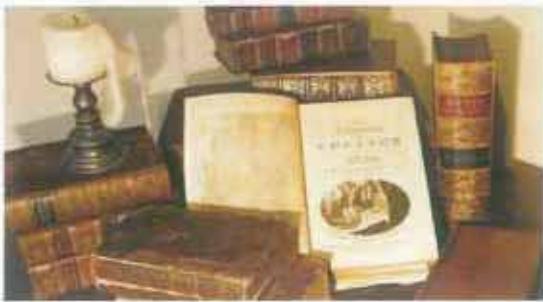
Legend

There is a legend old and wise,
From India it came to us.
When God made our planet bright,
And gave a way to darkness and light,
To commemorate His great creation
He called all angels and all devils for celebration,
So He made sure that no one was missed,
To come and join this generous feast.
And He announced: drink and eat,
And listen to a flute so sweet,
But one condition is there for all:
You should not bend your elbows at all.
Then devils groaned all together:
"For such useless feast, we don't care!"
And so they left, but the angels stayed
And they enjoyed in a very nice way.

They like to take care of their brothers,
So they were feeding one another!
The moral is clear for you, my friends,
On our own "I" the world doesn't end.

The Mind

What is born out of our Mind?
Let us now see and find.
In the web of thoughts it always dwells
"Everything I can do!" - the owner it tells.
But this immense World
That was created by the Divine,
Can you grasp, our dear friend, Mind?
You produce so many things,
Complex theories, brawny machines.
Yet do you know the road to God?
And can you perfect our inner world?
The mountains of works in Philosophy -
The piles of books unmeasured,
Thousand ton volumes of Theosophy,
Cunning, sometimes devilish,
Each trying to say something new...
How much Truth is in you?
Books, and books, and books...
The thicker, the better they look.
Men are lost in the forest of letters:
So many tales those books told
That on the way to the Lord
They are sometimes just like fetters.



How many novels we've read
Filled with endless romances
With images pale, sinful, bloodless,
And with intrigues scabrous
That only God now knows...
Oh, these books without count,
Heaps of rouges and embellishments,
Did they ever make anyone
More pure even for a moment?
And those who studied them very hard...
To their souls and hearts
Did they bring any compassion or mercy?
Or did they make them
More peaceful and happy?
Honestly saying, it looks
As if those dusty pages of books
Closed the sunshine of our day
And took all our gladness away.
So which guide should we find
To improve ourselves and the world?
To learn the way to the Kingdom of God
One has to go beyond the Mind.

Life Hierarchy

When we observe a fish or a flower,
Or a bird which is crossing the sky;
When we observe the kernels of wheat,
Ripening under the rays of sunlight,
We wonder at the beauty of the Lord's creation
And sing the glory of all His labors.
But what about fish and birds themselves?
What do they think about humans?
How do they relate to us?

...The ticket is bought at the entrance,
And you are allowed into the aquarium.
Behind the thick glass
The curve of a fin is trembling
And gills are moving while flickering.
A watchful eye is glistening.
All these fish were gathered by human hand
And locked behind the glass.
Mackerel... Grey mullet... The labels are everywhere,
They will tell you everything in details:
All the tastes and habits of fish
In the language of numbers and dates.
Tight are waters in the aquarium!
Poor are the sands on its bottom.
Full of illusion of freedom,
The young fish run after each other.
But they freeze near the glass edge,
The slow flock of fishes,
And observe the strange emptiness
From behind the transparent wall.



And so it continues:

The people's faces are floating outside
They already look habitual to the fishes,
The incomprehensible faces of humans.

Yes, it is so: inconceivable for the animals
To understand the nature of human beings,
And they are looking at us
Through the abyss of inscrutability.
And who will build the bridges between us?
We have also, of course, not yet reached
Evolutionary perfection,
But our coil of evolution goes much higher
Than fish, birds, and mice,
They are left far behind.
We, the humans, are lonely in this World,
On our high step of the evolutionary pyramid,

In this way it was decided by the Creator.
And it is not without reason,
That we have these inspired thoughts
About God, about Good and Evil,
And that is why we are responsible
For the life of all the living creatures on Earth,
We have a duty before the animals.
Yes, we should love each other,
And all the living beings with all the pure heart,
And look after our neighbors' well-being,
And take care of them!
Each living breath glorifies the Creator,
But only to human beings
The Lord gave the right to know themselves.

Freedom of Will

My friend, a biologist, told me once -
When we discussed a fate and a chance:
There is a book of life called DNA,
In itself it stores away
All information about everything,
Whatever the future to us must bring.
But if it is so, brothers, why should we strive,
Why work, why puff over our life?
Is it that fate controls our way,
Or it's a spring of DNA?
Whatever we call it, does it matter,
If it binds all our life like fetters?
From childhood to old age - there's only one way.
It's all set out and we cannot turn away.

And our feelings are programmed from before:
Our love and hatred, and friendship, and war
And even pure art that we thought was inspired,
Is actually all programmed.

We live like that for generations
In complete pre-determination.
Kindergarten, school, and job - from phase to phase,
And then a grave, the final resting place.
And how about passions? Are they, too,
Scheduled for the whole life through?
Alas, it is so. And all desires,
Without which our life seems grey,
Are only artificial fires
Of feelings programmed for every day.

... No, it is not so, my biologist-friend,
What about the Lord Almighty's hand?
Though a PhD you have taken,
I must say, you are badly mistaken.
It's all empty talk about the DNA
And there is nothing like it which defines our way.
Our Lord has made the whole living world
That in valleys and mountains behold
With snarling, howling, and squealing
Which is endless steppes filling,
And also sleeping depths of seas
Where drowned ships have found peace,
And ever-moving air of sky
Which gives support for wings to fly.
He made a whale, a fox, and an elephant,
But a human being is a special one -
When light from darkness separated

Him, who in God's likeness was created,
God gave Free Will, so man can choose his way,
And this Free Will with him will stay
Until Eternal Cosmos around us is living
In sparkling stars and forces interweaving.
Thus, in the whole living kingdom,
A man has got the highest gift - the Freedom,
And just on proper lines to stay
The moral laws he must obey.

So where is predetermination,
Where is DNA spiral's domination?
A human being is completely free
From Earthly paths to the sky, he can flee
In the real world, not in a dream.
God, even to an electron,
not only to a human being,
Has given freedom of will.

In our Freedom we learn the greatest bravery:
There are doors to pain or joy, to heaven or hell.
It is, of course, more difficult than slavery,
But I can say, it is more beautiful, as well.



* * *

Life is a pure bliss and delight
When our heart and head are in accord
We are precious trees of the Divine Garden
That's why we were given intelligence by the Lord.



And in all the moments of joys and troubles
While we were learning from our life every day,
Ring by ring, just like a tree's trunk,
Our consciousness was growing in its natural way.

We are free from our birth - everyone is free,
But in our chaotic World the Truth we cannot see

We are living on one Earth - just in one society,
But somehow all the people day and night are fighting.

In politics there are games of money and power
Some are dashing to the left,
Some are crushing to the right,
Some are giving bitter treat,
And some are giving sour.

How now would you try
To distinguish truth from lie?
And sometimes the whole nations
Are lost in cunning presentations.

In the midst of dark delusions,
People wander in confusion.
This chaotic movement truly
Gets completely unruly.

How to give the eyes to heart?
So much they stand apart...
How to give some feelings to mind
That nobody was able to find? ...

**But there is a road to Harmony, clear and plain -
Sahaja Yoga is its name.**
We are so fortunate in our difficult time
To be connected with the Divine!



The Essence

Our road is going towards the zenith,
Above the clouds of ignorance, higher and higher,
To which spiritual peaks Sahaja Yoga leads,
What spiritual state should we try to acquire?

Shri Mataji has found the word
Which describes this state the best
"Sahaja" translates as "inborn" or "spontaneous".
And "Yoga" means "Union with Divine" -
This Holy Union is the final goal
Which seekers of all ages were trying to find.

When a baby in a womb is three months old,
The spring of the baby's spirituality,
The blessed stream of Cosmic Love -
A hidden gift from the Land of Immortality -
Is coming onto the child from above
And coils itself up in his triangular bone
Into a sacred spiral, known by God alone:

These coils of life-giving force of the Divine -
Kundalini turned up three-and-a-half times -
Are just like Wings, gifted to a child by God:
It is a lucky treasure of his fate
So that when human evolution
Reaches the new threshold
And Kundalini awakening en-masse
Encompasses the World
He could fly to spiritual heights, winged like a bird
And in Heavenly mysteries he could partake.



Hymn

Ocean of Pure Love Divine!
Over our planet You are flowing
And on waves of Your eternal shine
All the stars and rainbows are glowing.

Give to us, O life-preserving God,
Joy of sky to feel within our soul.
We, the Sahaja Yogis of the world,
Thank You for You've made us one with the Whole.

You created everything there is,
And from the heart You give to us all blessings.
Outside of You, there none exists:
All the world inside of You is resting.

People sing eternally Your praise,
Through the ages and through the generations.
O most kind God of Love and Grace,
Never leave alone Your creations.

Evolution

So miraculously You, the Life,
Amidst the Primordial Ooze
Appeared from nonexistence,
And started growing and spreading,
And dreaming about producing intelligence.
So miraculously You crossed the Universal abyss
Overcoming the horrors of the night,
While Flesh was trying to destroy itself
Through wars, diseases, and betrayals.
In the boiling sea, in the mountains and valleys
You tried to understand the meaning of things.
Your million-years road was so long!
Would You now Yourself interrupt Your path?
Don't start the Swings of Death,
Don't wake the Storm of Blood.
It cannot be that Your path

did not have any goal.
After all, even Existence is the goal in itself!
So march proudly, learning about the Universe,
Be happy, peaceful and free,
The Living Existence - rhythmic breath,
And Consciousness, clear like the depth of the sea.

The way from amoeba to human being
We all had to complete,
From the first moment of creation
Through thousands of years of life.
Now we are trying to reach the far away stars,
But our Evolution tells us
That we have to know ourselves first,
Now is the time to know ourselves!
And so eagerly, as if we just broke out from darkness,
And so eagerly, as if we just escaped from prison,
We start the search for the purpose, which
We don't yet understand completely.
And listening to our inner desire,
Suddenly we are trying to find something
Beyond our mind.
Humbly we are walking through ignorance
Like a blind man
Who is testing his way ahead with a stick.
In this way, the person is coming towards God.
Blessed are you, the Seeker of Truth!
When the long awaited moment of evolution will arrive,
Manage to get your Kundalini awakening,
And the Creator will then come down to you,
In the form of the Primordial cool breeze.

Science

We are learning about our World little by little
Like a child who is reading his ABC book.
Our road to the Big Cosmos is brittle;
Life for us is still a mystery – an unsolved riddle,

And our technology turns out to be
Not as powerful as it looks.
What can science give to our spirituality?
How can it fulfill
The ancient quest of the human soul?
Science doesn't understand morality,
And it also doesn't have any common goal.
Its search is always pointing outward
And how can it bring happiness to a human heart?
Even an atom, the "indivisible" particle,
we managed to split,
But about the living processes
And about ourselves
We just learned a very tiny bit.
When the usual seed is lying in the cold earth,
Is it dead or is it alive?
What is the power that gives the sprout its birth?
How in the Spring is the seed coming back to life?
Who is guiding life's run
Every minute and hour?
Who has given kind rays to the sun
And fragrance to the flower?
Who has created the vacuum and the atom?
Who out of darkness produced the light?
And is our existence a necessity or a phantom?
And what is the meaning of human life?
One day our life is easy, and on another it is rough...
Towards which goal should we aspire?
What night and day burns our soul like fire,
Calling us to walk unknown paths?
And who, after all, is running our heart?

When our power of Kundalini is raising
It brings the peace to the thirsty mind
And then in starry sky we can read blazing
Those eternal truths that from within we can find.
Kundalini all our storms and worries calms down
And the fresh and benevolent morning
comes to our soul,
We feel ourselves as a part of the Whole
And we drink forest dew from those green lawns;
We feel as a part of Him, whose name is Ocean
In the sacred light of the new Dawn.
And a gift of enlightened attention
Comes to our ideas and our actions,
A pure mountain stream washes away all the tensions
And fills us instead with the Power of Compassion.

To become the Spirit, you have to be renewed:
Only after your second birth you will start to grow,
And God will pour His Love onto you,
Bright like a ray of the sun on the snow.

I am not my profession,
Nor inspiration, nor art.
I am not all these things -
This I feel in my heart.

I am bathing in Cosmic rays
In Eternal Love of God
I am only Pure Spirit -
Nothing else in the World.



Hymn

I am not my mind.
I am not my ego, so vain.
I am not my body
With all its passions and pains.

Absolute

Our Universe which is both young and old,
For us is always a mystery,
Our quest of Mind has failed to reach
Its boundaries of space and time.
Our way to perfection was difficult and long.
But now on this blessed step of human evolution,
With the help of Sahaja Yoga
We can meet the Absolute in our Sahasrara.
A Yogi has now ascended beyond time
And so he is **Kalateeta**,
The moral laws became now part of his nature -
He has become spontaneously righteous,
And so he is **Dharmateeta**,
And he has gone beyond
Three types of lifestyles
That are limited by Mind and Emotions -
And now he is **Gunateeta**.
And also from all the attachments he is liberated -
All this is given by the connection with the Cosmos!
A Yogi is now free like Nature itself,
Because he got rid of all the chains
That used to bind his Spirit in the past.
He reached the Absolute,
Which means the Higher Freedom.
Oh Yogi, who is one with the Absolute!
Each minute of his existence
Is full of blissful happenings like a century.

Here is a joy of well-being - **Brahmananda**
Of drama played by the Divine - **Leelananda**

And one of the most Pure Joys,
Above duality of happiness - unhappiness of life:
This joy is called - **Nirananda**.

This Absolute cannot be reached by The Mind,
But we can feel it on our central neural system,
With our soul we can feel its beauty.
We can feel this Absolute also within us -
It stays with us forever
Drenching us in its Eternal Love.





About the Author

Vladimir Mikhanovsky is a well-known Russian writer and poet. He is an author of documentary novels, books of poetry, books about the history of aviation and military aviation, over a hundred books of adventure and mystery, as well as scripts for stage and screen. He lives in Moscow.

His books earned many awards in the former USSR and Russia, as well as abroad. He got awarded the Italian International Award in Literature for his poem "Michelangelo", which was translated to Italian and included into Italian college textbooks in 1986.

For his science fiction novels about space exploration, the International Federation of Cosmos awarded him several medals: the S.P. Korolev, K. E. Tsiolkovsky, and Y.A. Gagarin medals (1979, 1983, 1985).

Vladimir Mikhanovsky is the author of numerous books in the area of fiction and mystery, which were widely published in Russia as well as abroad. Selected works were translated and published in English and in French.

His science fiction book, "The Doubles," which was twice published in English (1981 and 1987) produced keen interest in the English speaking world. It featured four dynamic and unusual science fiction stories of culture, science, discovery, progress and the human condition.

His recent book, "Hope, Faith, Love – the Road to God" about the advent of H.H. Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi and the great spiritual teachers [Moses, Buddha, the Prophet Muhammed, Christ] was published in Russian in 1999 and received much appreciation among Russians. It won literature award (Konstantin Simonov Gold Medal) of the Russian Union of Writers in 2000.

The present English edition of "Hope, Faith, Love – the Road to God" is a translation of the majority of the poems from the Russian edition. It also includes translations of his new poems about Buddha, the Prophet Muhammed, Guru Nanak, and Sai Baba of Shirdi, which the author wrote in 2000.

Vladimir Mikhanovsky was born in Kharkov, Ukraine in 1931. He studied at University of Kharkov, majoring in Physics and Mathematics, and later worked as a professor in the Kharkov Institute of Aviation, and then at the University of Kharkov, teaching Physics and Higher Mathematics. In 1969 he completed studies in literature at the Gorky Literature Institute in Moscow. He is a member of Russian Union of Writers since 1963. He is also a member and a Honorary Academician of International Academy of Energy-Informational Sciences.

Acknowledgement

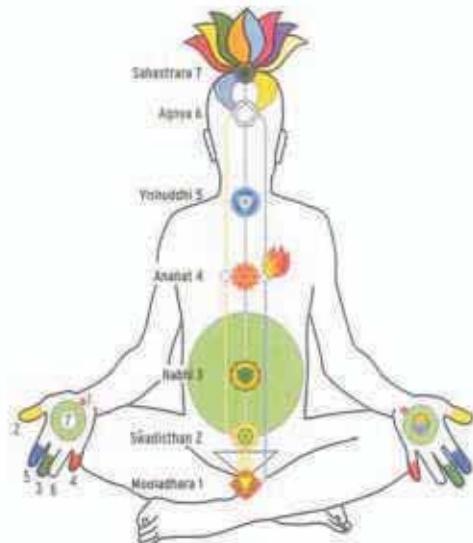
The author and the translator extend heartfelt thanks to everybody who offered their help and made the publication of the English edition of this book possible.

Especially we are thankful to Richard Payment for proofreading the whole manuscript, design advice, help in finding illustrations, and for designing the book cover; Allan Wherry for publishing advice; Steven Wollenberger and Calin Costian for editing parts of chapter "Shri Mataji", and for language advice; Prabhakar Wanage for his advices for chapter "Shri Mataji"; Karen Cole for proofreading and for reviewing the whole manuscript; Saraswati Udar for typesetting. We are also thankful to everybody who contributed illustrations for the book.

- V.N. Mikhanovsky and A. Kulkarni

Appendix A – Subtle system

The 7 chakras and 3 channels



The **CHAKRAS** are energy centers which govern the subtle, psychosomatic aspects of our inner being. This Sanskrit term means WHEEL, and when the chakras are awakened, they turn in a clockwise direction. They open up like flowers and pour out their qualities, thus re-establishing our inner balance and restoring our health and form.



Front view of Sacrum bone

The **LEFT CHANNEL**, Ida Nadi, is located on our left sympathetic nervous system. It is the channel that manages our emotions. It begins below the Kundalini and ends in the right hemisphere of the brain.

The **RIGHT CHANNEL**, Pingala Nadi, is located on our right sympathetic nervous system. It gives us the physical capacity for action and the mental capacity for analysis and planning. It begins above the Kundalini and ends in the left hemisphere of the brain.

The **CENTRAL CHANNEL**, Sushumna Nadi, is located on our central parasympathetic nervous system, which is also known as the autonomous nervous system. It is responsible for our spiritual evolution and our physical, mental and emotional balance. The central channel begins in the triangular bone or Sacrum and rises along the spinal column until it reaches the top of the head (the fontanel bone).

The **KUNDALINI** within us resides in the triangular Sacrum bone situated at the base of the spine. Once this extraordinary energy is awakened, it rises up along the spine inside the spinal chord, and passes through all the chakras in our subtle system before opening the "Sahasrara", the last center on top of our heads. That is how we achieve Yoga or Union with the Spirit within us, in other words, how we become one with the omnipresent power of God.

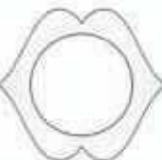
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The 7 chakras



7. Sahasrara

Situated in the limbic area, it represents the integration of all the chakras and all the aspects of the Divine within us. The Sahasrara is the destination, a holy place filled with the silence and the bliss of the Spirit.



6. Agnya

Situated in the middle of the forehead, at the optic chiasm, where the channels of the subtle system cross. The agnya is the straight and narrow path through which Kundalini has to pass on its way to Sahasrara. This chakra enables us to forgive and to achieve thoughtless awareness.



5. Vishuddhi

Situated in the neck and the throat, this center is in charge of every aspect of communication between human beings. From a physical point of view, it controls the cervical plexus. It governs the five senses and enables us to achieve the witness state.



4. Anahat

Situated behind the sternum, where antibodies are produced to protect our subtle system. This chakra gives a sense of security. It controls the heart plexus.



3a. Void

Surrounding the second and the third chakra is the Void (not a chakra) which stands for the principle of mastery (guru principle) within us. When the Kundalini is awakened and passes through the Void, this principle of mastery is established. Thus we become our own guru, our own spiritual guide. We can feel on our fingertips all our subtle problems and have the power to cure them using our own Kundalini.



3. Nabhi

This center is the seat of our attention, and it transmits material well-being and inner peace. It controls the solar plexus.



2. Swadhistana

This center gravitates around the Nabhi, providing support for its action and creating the area of the Void. It symbolizes the creative sense within us. When the Kundalini rises, it enters the Nabhi, goes down to the Swadhistana and up again to the Nabhi. The Swadhistana controls the aortic plexus.



1. Mooladhara

"Moola" means root, and "adhara" the support. This chakra brings support and protection to the roots at Mooladhara, to the Kundalini, and to the whole subtle system. It is at the base of the left channel. It controls the pelvic plexus and gives innocence and wisdom.

Appendix B

Experience of Self-Realization

The process of awakening the Kundalini is called Self-Realization. We can connect with our spirit and achieve meditation when the mothering, spiritual energy known as Kundalini becomes awake and active. When this energy is flowing within us, it provides an expression for the Spirit.

The dormant Kundalini energy rises from the sacrum through the spinal column. As a result, the energy centers or chakras become energized or nourished. When this energy passes through the brain we spontaneously achieve meditation.

Affirmations

Sit comfortably in front of Shri Mataji's picture, with your left hand palm upwards on your lap. Use the right hand as indicated on the left side of your body to support the movement of the Kundalini upwards. You can use the affirmations silently, repeating them 'inside' without speaking them 'outside'.

Please use these affirmations with all your confidence and your pure desire to become the Spirit. Shri Mataji explains: "It is everyone's right to achieve this state of ones evolution and everything necessary is already inbuilt. But as I respect your freedom, you have to have the desire to achieve this state, it cannot be forced upon you!"



Step 1

Place your right hand on the left side of your heart.

Please ask this question 3 times:
"Mother, am I the Spirit?"

**Step 2**

Place your right hand on the left side of your stomach, just below the ribcage.

Please ask this question 3 times:
"Mother, am I my own master?"

**Step 3**

Place your right hand on the left side of your lower abdomen.

Please ask 6 times:
"Mother, please give me pure knowledge."

**Step 4**

Move your right hand back up to the upper part of your abdomen, just below the ribcage.

Please say 10 times the affirmation,
"Mother, I am my own master."

**Step 5**

Place your right hand once again on the left side of your heart. Please say the affirmation:

"Mother, I am the Spirit"
12 times.

**Step 6**

Place your right hand on the left side of your neck, at the base, where it meets the shoulder.

Please say 16 times,
"Mother, I am not guilty."

**Step 7**

Place your right hand across your forehead. Bend your head slightly forward while you say the affirmation,
"Mother, I forgive everyone"
7 times.

**Step 8**

Place your right hand at the back of your head. Tilt your head slightly backward while you say, twice,
"Mother, please forgive me."

**Step 9**

Stretch the fingers of your right hand so that when you place your hand on top of your head, only the palm is pressing down. While you say the affirmation, slowly rotate your scalp with a firm pressure, clockwise. You will request,
"Mother, please give me my self realization", 7 times.



Take time to see if you feel...

- A cool breeze in the palm of your hands?
- Sensations or vibrations in your body, hands or feet?
- Heat or tingling?
- A cool breeze from the top of your head?
- Are you simply relaxed and peaceful?
- Are you aware (alert) but thoughtless?

These are some of the experiences people have when they receive their Self-Realization.

Experiment with the following...

- Try to look at Shri Mataji's photograph without thinking. You can do it.
- Next check to see if there is a cool or hot breeze coming from the top of your head. Try for a few moments with your right hand. Then with your left hand and then back again with your right. (Sometimes it takes a little time to feel because our Kundalini is working out things on our subtle systems)
- If you feel heat: just say again in your heart "I forgive everyone in general" and don't think of those people you need to forgive. Just forget about them.
- If you feel quiet inside: close your eyes and put your attention on the top of your head (slightly towards the front) and enjoy yourself.

Congratulations! We hope it was a blissful and peaceful experience. We suggest that you rest now and embark tomorrow on a profound inner journey.

Come and visit free Sahaja Yoga meditation classes. Please see <http://www.sahajayoga.org> for class details and more information about Sahaja Yoga. Meditating collectively is often a profound experience and one of the major keys to growing in Sahaja Yoga.

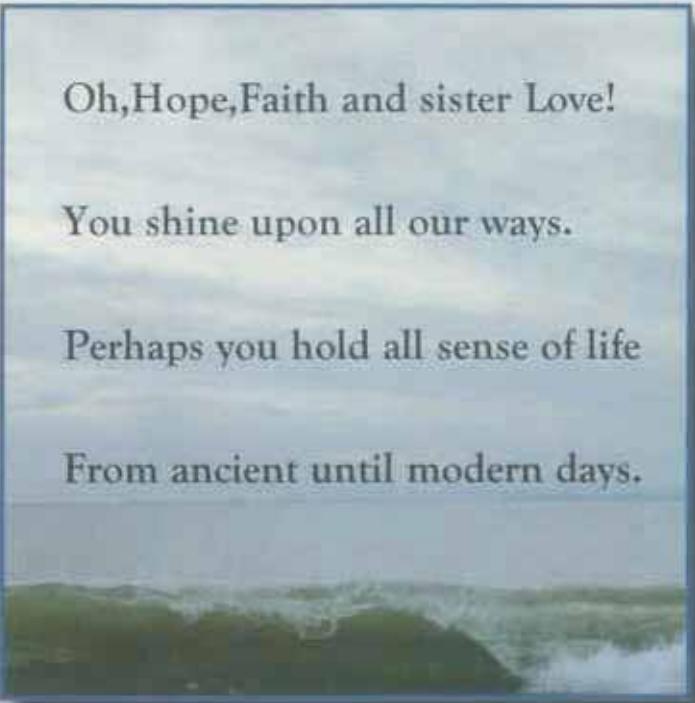


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VLADIMIR MIKHANOVSKY IS A POET OF UNCOMMON STRENGTH.

Today's poetry has been sidelined. It has been either reduced to pop lyrics serving a beat or to angst-ridden woe without vision. It requires strength to be a poet in today's world.



Oh, Hope, Faith and sister Love!
You shine upon all our ways.
Perhaps you hold all sense of life
From ancient until modern days.

*"IT IS A NEW ERA NOW STARTED:
THE ERA OF ENLIGHTENMENT."*

HER HOLINESS SHRI MATAJI NIRMALA DEVI

Vladimir Mikhanovsky is a poet of uncommon strength. Today's poetry has been sidelined. It has been either reduced to pop lyrics serving a beat or to angst-ridden woe without vision. It requires strength to be a poet in today's world. In his series of poetry books, that have become favorites for Russian people, Vladimir Mikhanovsky rises above the mundane. His voice is the poet of old, the visionary who speaks of Buddha as if he walked our streets only yesterday. He remembers the Christ, the Moses, and the Muhammed that the rest of us have forgotten. The readers can meet these great men again for the first time in his courageous verse.

This is what poetry is — vision and insight and memory which is collective. Like the nightingale who is the first bird of the morning to greet the dawn and awake his fellows, Mikhanovsky calls to our attention that which we have slumbered away. He does not teach. He remembers the coming day with us.

In the poems collected and translated to English for the first time in this volume, Vladimir Mikhanovsky talks about our own contemporary, Her Holiness Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, whom people all over the world recognize as the saviour for modern times. The book describes Sahaja Yoga — a unique discovery of Shri Mataji — a simple method of inner transformation that has profound implications for our personal growth.

In the tradition of Tolstoy, the tip of that noble iceberg that is Russian introspection, Vladimir Mikhanovsky bows his head in homage and veneration to the Truth.



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