



The Sacrifice

Last year one of the few remaining noble monastics from Ananda Marga came to visit el Misterio. I considered him their spiritual and social leader, their wisest. He wanted to join us in the revolution and said that our work was exemplary. I knew he had suffered greatly remaining within the old, corrupt order. He admired us for being moral rebels and going against the grain of our own tradition and withstanding the attacks against us for this. We are not monastics nor formal meditation teachers yet people around the world think that we are doing the work of Ananda Marga when in fact we are entirely independent. I told him that I was commissioned by some of the older, direct disciples of Anandamurti to help continue the work of Ananda Marga after the organization had failed. I told him about our meeting with Ramananda so many years ago and how Ramananda spoke well of el Misterio just before his death and said we were doing the work that Anandamurti intended. I met with leaders of Ananda Marga like Ramananda and Chandranath after the Purulia Arms Drop in 1995. They knew Ananda Marga was infiltrated and was no longer really Ananda Marga. Some factions of A.M. had sold out to the Indian government, others to the communists in West Bengal, while others had sold out to the CIA and Interpol to help frame Ananda Marga as a terrorist organization. Due to this an entirely different approach must be taken. Anandamurti had foretold this years ago and said that the social organization of Ananda Marga would be annihilated but the ideas would later continue under new forms. Ramananda, although still holding a very high organizational rank in Ananda Marga, inspired us in this revolutionary direction.

After hearing this history the noble monk visiting us slammed his fist on my table, alighted upright and shouted “Let us tell them all to go to hell and start over with

just Yama and Niyama and Kiirtan!" I was so happy because we needed some orange in this revolution, monastics who can work outside the organization, yet still follow the discipline of Ananda Marga monastics.

I thought we had some hope. However, he went back to his tribe in Ranchi that is controlled by gangsters and and nun beaters and told me we needed to make deals with them. This effectively put an end to any possibilities of working with Ananda Marga monastics.

Ramananda

Ramananda died recently. He left an autobiography about his life as personal secretary to Anandamurti. I first met him in 1995, just before the Purulia Arms Drop. He came out of his room to speak to a few of us who were visiting from Europe and the U.S. His eyes were a little sleepy. If it weren't for his overall blissful composure, he almost appeared intoxicated. It was so obvious this man was really god-intoxicated and had just been truly enjoying a trip into deep meditation. And now he has to come out of it and talk to us. How could a mundane person understand such a state of mind other than referring to some sort of drug or alcohol altered state? Only his eyes were sleepy-looking, but his mind was so awake and sensible. His presence could certainly make one chill out much deeper than with wine or weed.

My friends had noticed something in me of late; that after deep and long meditation along the river, it looked like I was stoned. The joke with them was that I wasn't really meditating, but secretly smoking something, that I was truly an incorrigible Austinite. I didn't mind because I was really much lighter and healthier than I ever had been in my entire life and without pharmaceuticals, recreational drugs, alcohol, or meat.

I really liked him from the first moment he entered the room. I got a little of that eternal floating feeling that I would later experience even more strongly when I would meet Chandranath and his wife, Ram Parit Devii. I learned to distinguish between the politician and the saintly monastics by the vibration they left upon me. Sometimes that subtle vibration would last for days and would make one wonder, "where do they get this energy from? how can they invoke this bliss in others?" I saw that Ramananda had probably been enjoying for decades of meditation what I had only recently discovered after my initiation into tantric meditation a few years earlier.

When I saw Ramananda again it was several years later. I was already way far out

on the fringes of A.M. I knew who was true but could see how so many people were falling into scandals and all sorts of non-sense. My protests were never public in those days and I only spoke about these issues with my friends. I had come to Mexico for naturopathic treatments. I had a dream that I had a strange brain growth in my right hemisphere and then later had it confirmed with a PET scan. I never pursued any treatments or further diagnosis because I knew no doctor would ever understand what is going on with my brain under the fire of kundalini. I started naturopathic therapies a year earlier while I still lived in the U.S., but wanted to immerse myself in them more thoroughly by visiting a naturopathic clinic in Mexico.

Ramananda passed through Mexico at that time. He was surrounded by clowns and posers; monks puffed up with the vanity of being the ones chosen to implement "the mission of Baba." It was all mostly ambitious self-delusion, the discourse of these spin-doctors. I had very little respect for the orange cloth by that time, but I felt very different near Ramananda. I remembered our first encounter and realized that this monk really belongs to an altogether different category than the others.

I meditated near him and some other monks. There was a dense vibration with the other monks. They were all mostly depressed, angry, and suffering from a lack of confidence in themselves and their organization after the arms drop and the A.M. civil war that ensued. There was also a recent scandal about how the monks were editing philosophical and social texts of Anandamurti. Not even a decade had passed and they had already started the adulterations that would give more power to the monastics instead of lay members of A.M. It was difficult to meditate near them. I opened my eyes to see who was sitting beside me emitting such a heavy vibe. I saw who it was and then I saw Ramananda sitting on the other side of me at total peace. I closed my eyes and tried to forget about the other monks. I once again felt that lightness emanating from Ramananda like I remembered from 6 years earlier. It was a pleasant relief to know that there were still some yogis left in A.M.

The next morning he told me a story of how he was present when Anandamurti mentioned that he had created alternative movements in case the monastic institution of A.M. fails in its objective. Ramananda was amazed to see Anandamurti speaking to another, unknown person in great detail about some other organization that Ramananda had never heard of. Ramananda was next to Anandamurti almost 24 hours a day. He told me this story and then looked at me intently and said, "you know, we really could fail."

I was shocked. Why had he told me this? Nobody in A.M. spoke in that manner.

Anandamurti was the incarnation of god and the monastics were chosen to propagate his mission over the entire planet. This was the common discourse, anyway. And why was he speaking to me so sincerely about this? He really didn't even know me, at least in the common sense of having spent time with somebody and shared experiences, etc. However, I realized that he trusted me as much as I trusted him, and that he too felt a deep connection with me ever since our first encounter. It was so obvious he was telling me something more, but what was he saying?

Later that night I meditated. I knew that some really good energy had jumped over to me through Ramananda. I could feel that the gurus blessing was transmitted through him, as if Anandamurti had left a package with him to deliver to me in the right moment. I start to hear the OM sound more loudly than ever before, as if somebody had started up a motorcycle inside the house. I fell over in a trance for I don't know how long. I heard OM for 3 days and hardly slept. It was perfect bliss. I could see my future unfolding before me and knew that the principles of A.M. would continue despite what happened to the organization. It was all very mystical. I understood I was to take radical measures regarding A.M., and prepare for its absolute disintegration. I was told I should undertake an alternate path to help preserve the ideals of A.M. It was all so lucid, and only becomes more so as the years pass on and I recall those realizations. Ramananda never gave orders, he only gave me his trust. He knew all would be well. It was one of the clearest and simplest heart connections I have ever had with another human being.

A great master like Anandamurti could heal any disease, physical or mental because he could see the subtle causes deep in the mind and tell people what they needed to do to transform themselves while taking on a great load of the burden himself. He had infinite love and those very close to him also expressed great compassion. Being close to some of these mature disciples was the greatest blessing of my life and I owe everything to those sincere beings that have sacrificed their lives for the work of dharma. I met some who reflected their guru's compassion so deeply that they began to absorb the suffering of others. They took over the debts, the negative samskaras or negative "karmic" reactions of others so that those struggling to develop their spiritual practices could become strong themselves. It is not that they desire this. Due to their own spiritual freedom and compassionate realization the Macrocosmic Mind expressed this grace through them, as it did through Anandamurti.

Chandranath once explained to us that sometimes great disciples of the guru may manifest some degree of grace, but it is very little compared to what Anandamurti expressed. Yogis of this level of maturity are the most valuable people in human

society. Their sole duty on this planet is to help others and maintain the balance of dharma. Most of them are now gone. They became very ill as they were aging and their physical bodies no longer had the energy to burn off the samskaras of others. Some died very painful deaths. Despite the fact that so many of their fellow disciples are now falling from the path and only plagued and bogged them down with their deviant expressions, their memory is a testament to the greatness of Anandamurti. Without these beacons of hope, the work of Anandamurti would have never reached the world. The fury of the Headkick Headtrick Tantra is but to lighten their burden by doing my part to get rid of some dead weight.

Ananda Marga, A Revolution?

“Ananda Marga does not discriminate between a householder and a sannyasi (monastic renunciant). The place of a chief or head of family in our Ananda Marga is more important than the place occupied by a Sannyasi, on the understanding that the head of the household does not depend on anyone for support, while the Sannyasi has to depend on others. A householder is like a strong tree that stands by itself, while the Sannyasi is like the vine that wraps around the tree for support. A householder, therefore, deserves more respect than a Sannyasi according to the trend of thought in Ananda Marga. This in itself is a revolutionary idea. No philosopher or thinker, either in the East or in the West, has dared to declare that a householder is worthy of more respect than a hermit or sannyasi. It takes the valor of a revolutionary to say this.”

This portion of “Ananda Marga: A Revolution” was eliminated by the sanyassis after Anandamurti left his physical body in 1990. Here Anandamurti clearly expresses the importance of the householder and even more places it above the sanyassis. Ever since it was published for the first time many sanyassis were bothered by it but of course dared not show their dissatisfaction with their guru. In 1991, after Anandamurti died, that part of the discourse was removed and the books that still remained and had been published with the full discourse were burned on orders from the highest sanyassi authorities of Ananda Marga Inc. in India. Nine years ago a dedicated scholar discovered that in the editions of 1991 onwards the above portion was not published.

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