

Self-Realization

MAGAZINE



Founded in 1925 by PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA

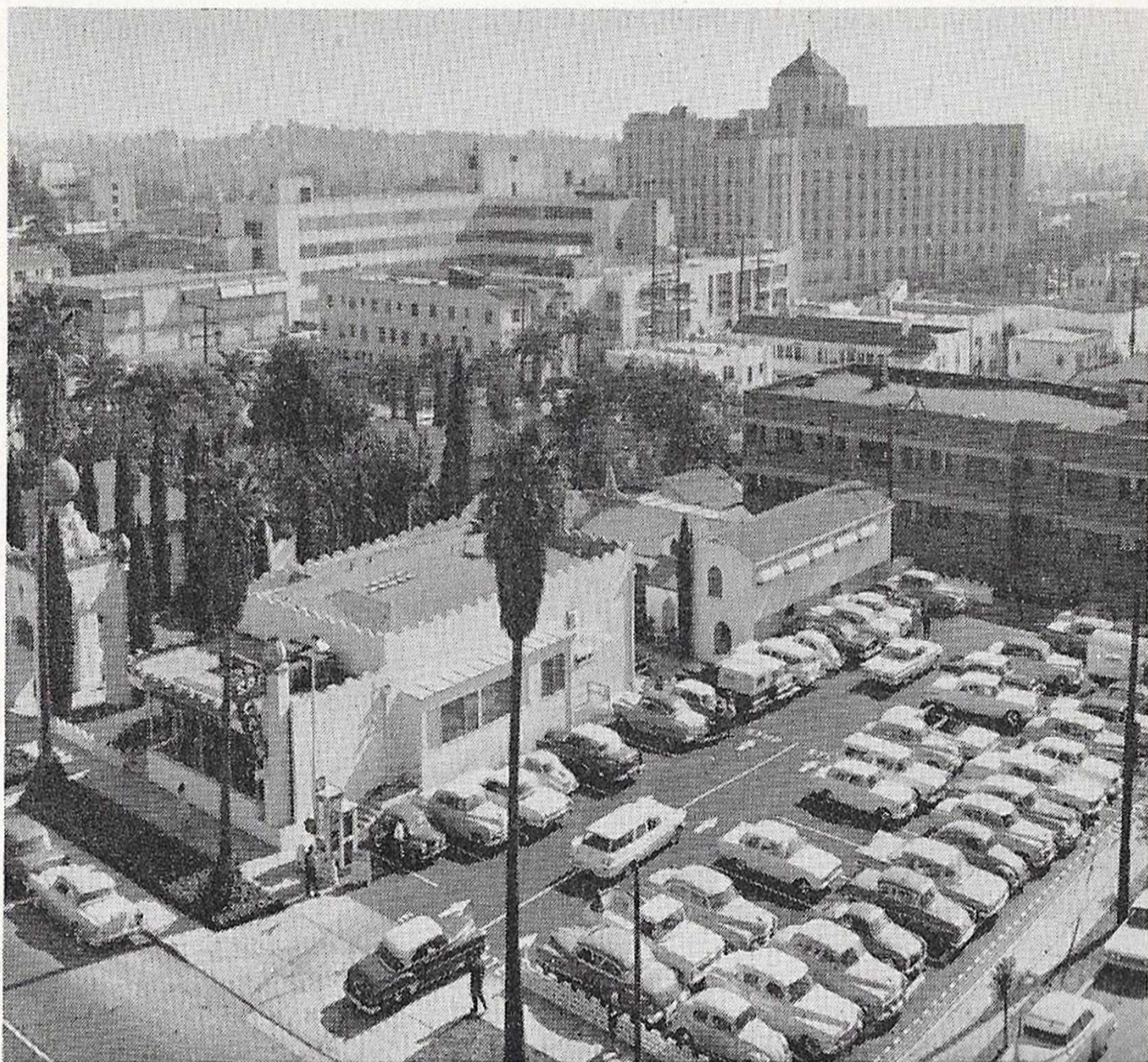


— Gabriele Tiedtke

“Christ is found in the cradle of your love whenever you call on him with ceaseless devotion.” — Paramahansa Yogananda

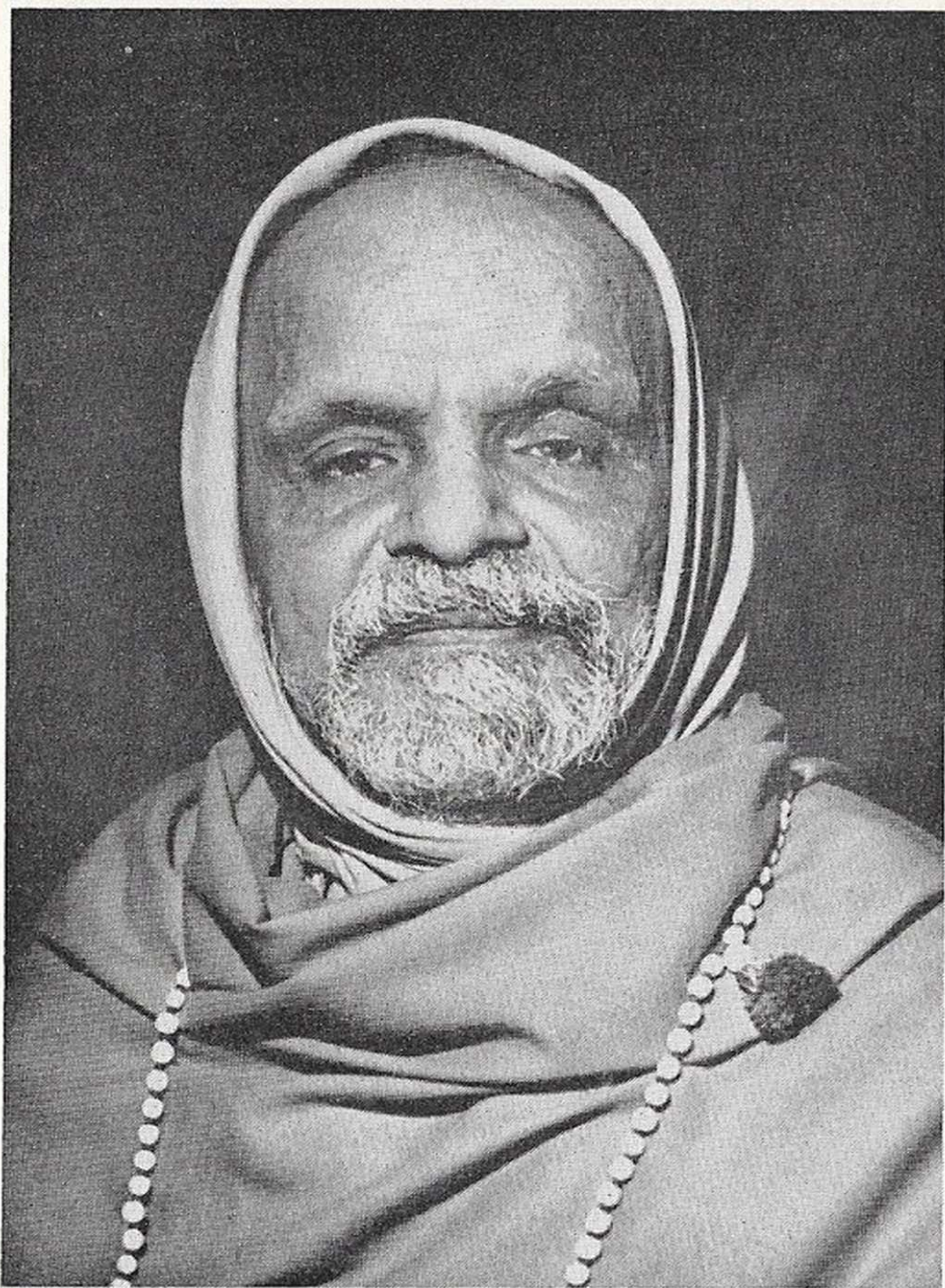
November — December 1961

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SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP INDIA CENTER

A recent photo of SRF India Center on Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, showing new parking lot adjacent to SRF Cafe (*left*). Behind the cafe is an SRF dormitory (*with awnings*) for monks. The dormitory is an annex to Self-Realization Fellowship Church (*partly visible, center*). An SRF golden lotus tower entrance (*extreme left*) and garden lead to the Church. (The large building in the distance is Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.)



SRI JAGADGURU SRI SHANKARACHARYA (1876-1960)

Photo taken in Oakland, California, in 1958, when His Holiness was eighty-two. A fervent desire for world peace prompted this spiritual leader of millions of Hindus to travel to America and to speak at fifty universities and other cultural centers. His trip was sponsored by Self-Realization Fellowship. It was the first time in the history of the thousand-year-old Shankaracharya Order that one of its leaders had visited the West.

A SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION OF THE *BHAGAVAD - GITA*

(India's greatest scripture, a part of the "Mahabharata" epic)

By PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA



Chapter XIII, Stanza 29

He who is conscious of the omnipresence of God does not injure the Self by the self. That man reaches the Supreme Goal.

He is a liberated man who sees only the Lord in all creatures and in all creation. So long as a human being lives in ignorance of his true nature, only his body and egoistic mind have reality for him; his soul is as though eclipsed.

To escape through wisdom from the oppressive narrowness of the self into the joyous omnipresence of the Self is the goal of human life.

Chapter XIII, Stanza 30

He who sees Prakriti, and not the Self, as the performer of all actions is indeed a beholder of truth.

The true seer perceives his soul as the silent witness, aloof from the body—the microcosm created by the cosmic vibratory force, *Prakriti* or Mother Nature. She alone is the performer of all physical

and mental activities. The soul is actionless, the reflection of the transcendental, nonvibrational God the Father beyond creation.

A man who sits in a cinema watching simultaneously the image on the screen and the imageless beam of light overhead knows it is the film, and not the beam, that is the direct cause of the changing pictures of shadows and light.

Nature's Cosmic Film of Relativity

Similarly, the yogi who perceives the pure cosmic beam of God realizes that intelligent Nature alone is responsible for creating the cosmic film of relativity and triple qualities. The cosmic beam itself is changeless, unaffected.

The devotee should therefore concentrate on his soul's blessed beam and not on the film of Nature's *gunas* that produce the delusive appearance of the body and all its activities.

Chapter XIII, Stanza 31

When a man beholds all separate beings as existent in the One that has expanded Itself into the many, he merges with Brahma.

A dreamer sees himself and other animated images engaging in activities in a world created by his own mind. If he happens to wake up slightly, he semiconsciously perceives his dream images to be existing separately yet emanating solely from his own consciousness.

A man engrossed in the cosmic dream of creation finds himself working harmoniously with or excitedly battling the various other dream images created by the one dream consciousness of God. Such a man remains entangled in the oppositional states of the cosmic dream.

No Real Difference Among Creatures

When through *samadhi* a yogi awakens from the delusions of *maya* he beholds his body, the separately existing images of other human beings, and all material objects to be streaming unceasingly from one Source: the consciousness of God.

No real difference is present among creatures: all are products of *Prakriti* and all are sustained by the same Divine Ground. Their seeming diversity is rooted in the unity of One Mind. To realize this truth is emancipation, oneness with God.

With Dayamata in India

By SISTER MRINALINI

(Continued from last issue)

Delhi, August 7, 1961

Dear Ones:

We are all happy at the deep interest shown in Delhi, India's capital, in the message of our blessed Guru and at the great respect accorded to Dayamata everywhere she goes. She has even been asked to address on August 9th an assembly at the Constitutional Club of some of the members of Parliament.

Great Interest in YSS Shown in Nation's Capital

August 8th. Once again our morning began at seven o'clock with *satsang* in the home of Sri Ghasi Ram, and once again there was *kirtan*, meditation, and a fire ceremony. A larger crowd gathered this morning than yesterday. News of Dayamata's presence in Delhi and of the great spiritual impression she has made on the people has spread by word of mouth, and each day the attendance increases.

The *satsang* lasted until nine o'clock, but it was another hour or so before we could free Dayamata from the assemblage. The people are eager to pay her honor. They crowd, I might say crush, around her to receive her blessing and to offer their homage, taking the dust of her feet.

A free-lance photographer who is connected with Pix Inc. of New York came here this morning. He had heard of Dayamata's presence in Delhi from one of the devotees who had been attending the *satsang*, and was much interested in the "American Indians" in Delhi.

Kashmir: Nil Nag, Gulmarg, and Khilanmarg

August 30th. I want to write you about our recent enjoyable experiences in Srinagar and neighboring villages in Kashmir. How we appreciated our rest there from the many duties and activities that have engaged us since we arrived in India!

Srinagar is a large city with a population of over 200,000. It is intersected with waterways and is famous for its houseboat tours to the floating gardens of nearby Dal Lake. Dayamata, Mataji, and

I stayed in one of these floating homes. It was made of deodar wood, with ceilings carved in a variety of designs. Sri Kriyananda, Brahmachari Allen, and Sri Binay N. Dubey occupied another houseboat. Each houseboat had its own *shikara*, a fancy rowboat with a canopy. You may remember that we built a miniature *shikara* and tied it up alongside the houseboat at SRF Lake Shrine during the Convocation in Los Angeles in 1960.

In the *shikara* we took a long, winding cruise around the lake. Avenues of water reflect the village settlements along the shore. One of our objectives was to visit Nishat Bagh (Garden of Pleasures), described as follows by Master in *Autobiography of a Yogi*: "The ancient palace at Nishat Bagh is built directly over a natural waterfall. Rushing down from the mountains, the torrent has been regulated through ingenious contrivances to flow over colorful terraces and to gush into fountains amidst the dazzling flower-beds. The stream also enters several of the palace rooms, ultimately dropping fairylike into the lake below. The immense gardens are riotous with color — roses, jasmine, lilies, snapdragons, pansies, lavender, poppies. An emerald encirclement is formed by symmetrical rows of *chinars*,* cypresses, cherry trees; beyond them tower the white austerities of the Himalayas."

During this time of year the fountains are not operating, but in our mind's eye we could visualize them cascading from one pond into another, down the grassy slopes lined on either side by fragrant flowers. We had tea under the beautiful *chinar* trees. Except perhaps for the lordly banyan, the *chinars* are the most magnificent of all trees. Their leaf resembles that of the maple. The tree itself is somewhat similar to the maple, but much larger. A *chinar* stretches up, up toward heaven, and affords plenteous shade under its boughs.

From Nishat Bagh we went to visit the famous Shalimar Gardens. Here too the fountains were not operating, but we enjoyed seeing the gorgeous flowers and terraced lawns.

Entering our *shikara* once again for a leisurely trip back to our houseboat, we passed through beds of lotus blossoms. The stems of some of these blooms reach four or five or more feet out of the water. I had never before seen such long stems on lotuses, nor such enormous, exquisite blooms. Some of them were ten and twelve inches in diameter.

It was toward evening, and the setting sun changed to beautiful pink the clouds strung across the sky, which were reflected in the water

*The Oriental plane tree.

as we moved across the glassy lake toward our houseboat. Sri Dubey enthralled us with brief stories from Hindu mythology, Sanskrit *slokas* from the scriptures, and prayers and recitations from the golden pen of Tagore. Intermittently we enjoyed moments of silent meditation as our boat glided over the clear mirror of the lake. Soon night enclosed us and the stars and the moon began their reign in the heavens.

We awakened one morning to the threatening darkness of rain clouds, but this did not change our plans to take a motor trip that day. We decided to visit Yusmarg, a small meadow in the heart of the mountains about twenty-nine miles from Srinagar.

We drove through the beautiful Kashmir valley, so green at this rainy season of the year. One of the most impressive sights is the lovely tall poplar trees standing bold against the sky — usually a beautiful blue but on this day gray and dark with clouds. Now and then the sun peeked through, spreading golden rays on the velvety meadows and



Sri Jagjivan Ram (*center, speaking at microphone*), Minister of Railways in the Indian Government, who presided over a Yogoda Satsanga meeting on August 7th in Modern School, Delhi. After the Minister's talk, Sri Dayamata (*on dais, left*) addressed the audience of 1500 persons.

(Continued from page 31)

tains and raced swiftly across the deep valley. It was a beautiful and inspiring sight. If there is a paradise on earth, I am sure it must be Kashmir.

You have all read in Master's *Autobiography* the account of his visit to Gulmarg and Khilanmarg in Kashmir. We find ourselves drawn to any spot in India that is in any way connected with our beloved Guruji, for at such places we feel keenly his presence and blessings. A trip to Gulmarg and Khilanmarg was therefore a necessity for us while we were in Kashmir.

Gulmarg means "mountain paths of flowers." It is about twenty-nine miles from Srinagar. We drove through the Kashmir valley to the little village of Tangmarg. This is toward the foothills, about four miles from Gulmarg, which is a meadow high up in the mountains. Being somewhat saddle-weary from our journey to Nil Nag, some of us decided to forego pony travel and to try the dandy or palanquin for our journey to Gulmarg. A dandy is a little basket-type chair supported by four poles and carried by four bearers. Dayamata, Mataji, and I entered dandies; Sri Dubey, Sri Kriyananda, and Brahmachari Allen rode on ponies.

The four-mile path to Gulmarg was a continuous and often rather steep incline, through magnificent forests and lush meadows. However, it was a miserable ride! What with feeling sorry for the bearers, who must indeed have felt the strain of walking up the steep mountain carrying our weight, and the terrible jostling one gets in these little chairs, I am not sure which was worse, the basket or the pony. However, I will say that if necessity arose I would mount a pony again; but I think I would walk before I would ride again in a dandy. I found myself praying for that occasional moment — and believe me, it was only occasional — when the carriers happened to take a step in unison and there was no bounce for about one or two seconds.

How pained and heavy my heart felt for these dear children of God who have to make their living by such hard means! The only way I could bear the thought of being their burden was to remind myself constantly that this work would at least mean food for them and their families that night. The bearers told us that they were very happy this day because they felt privileged to be carrying *sannyasinis*; not only that, it was the first work they had had in five days. They receive only about thirty rupees (about \$6) per dandy for this trip — four miles up and four miles back. That six dollars has to be divided among

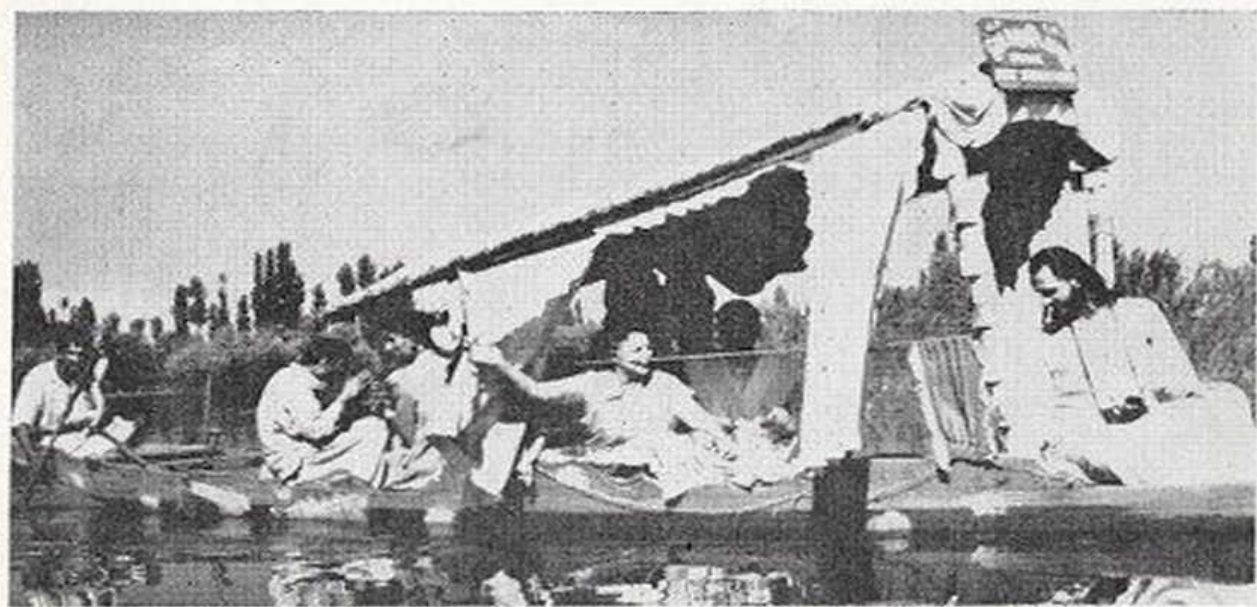
six men: four carriers and two extra men that go along to help them. They were very friendly and respectful, and along the way they gathered for us little bouquets of Himalayan wild flowers.

Gulmarg, a small settlement of huts and two or three hotels, lies in the center of a bowl-like meadow whose rolling hills are surrounded by mountains and forests. It is truly one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen.

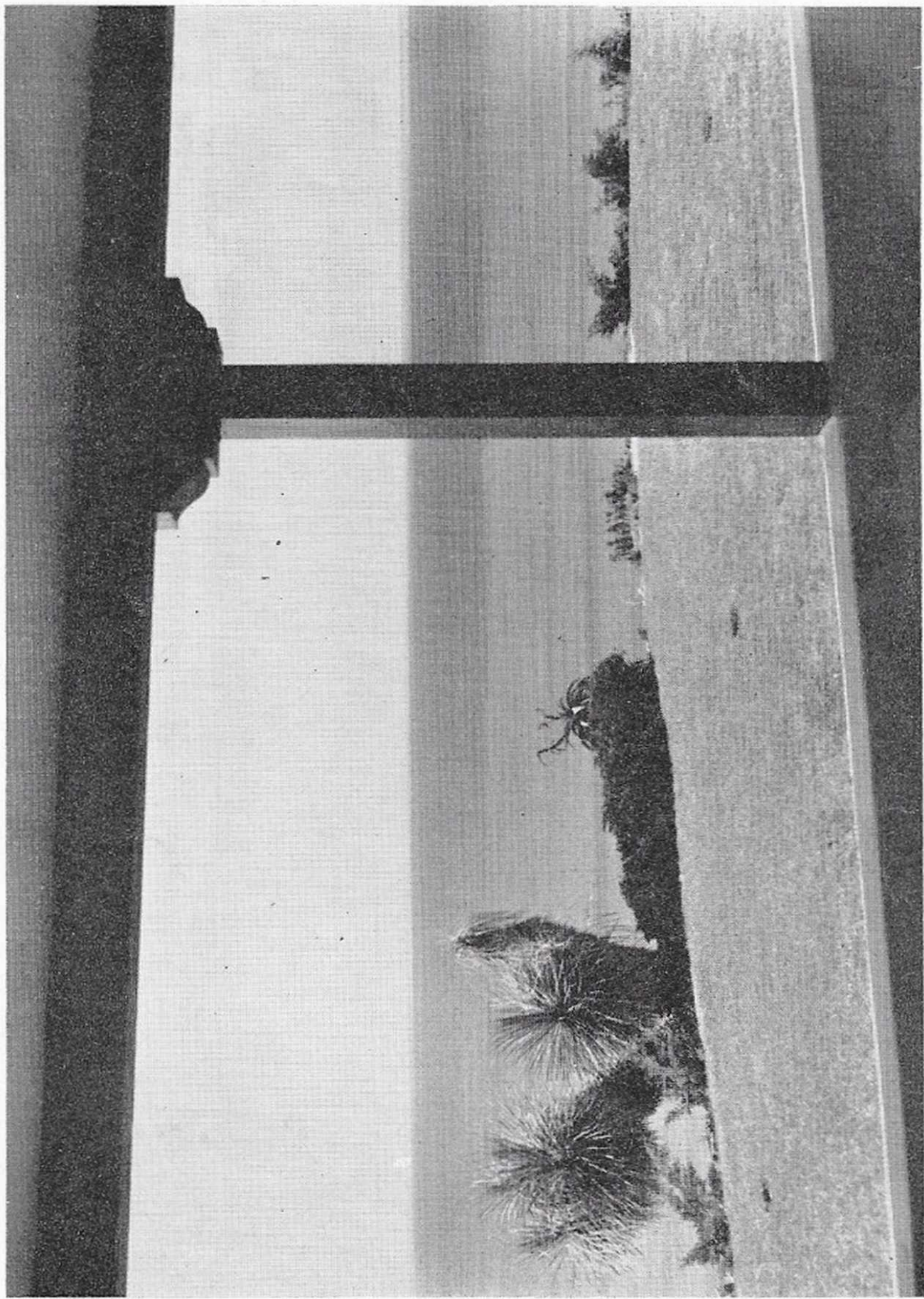
We rested awhile and then ate in the little park outside the hotel, beside which flowed a mountain stream. After eating I walked a little way along the stream and meditated to its song.

Encouraged by our feat on the previous day's pony trek to Nil Nag, we decided to go today three more miles up the mountain to Khilanmarg, a meadow whose elevation is 11,500 feet. We are told that on clear days one can see from Khilanmarg distant high Himalayan peaks.

Dayamata stuck to her dandy for this part of the trip; I elected to go by pony instead. The Himalayan forests are supremely lovely, not unlike our pine forests in California, but excelling in the beauty and density of the undergrowth. It was so green after the rain, like pictures I have seen of Alpine meadows spreading up the slopes between the trees.



Sri Dayamata and Sri Binay N. Dubey (*center, under canopy*) and Sri Kriyananda (*right*) are rowed across Dal Lake in a *shikara* en route to Shalimar Gardens, Kashmir, in August 1961



The Pacific Ocean as seen from porch of Self-Realization Fellowship Hermitage, Encinitas, Calif.