

I declare to you in my madness. Don't be frightened of God. There is nothing to fear. ... Try to be in the sea of immortality.

20th February 1993, at Exeter Rd. Vishnu Shakti had died two months before, 12 December. Atma had died on Jan 21.

Swamiji's talk:

'We will read from *Hours of Meditation* while food is getting ready...A bit of balancement is required, as long you do it with great consciousness of love, but not exaggerating, You fall down from his right hand but you only fall as far as his lap. And don't fall further. Love consciousness is not without suffering, a reminder of what you are lacking. A little knock is good reminder of rebirth and recycling until you become completely free, bliss itself, then you can go about outside of maya's veil.

"Wake up the note."¹ The note is yourself. It's not the sound of music, though the music helps. The music, the candle, the picture, they all help, they confirm; by the help of light I can read scripture or prose, the light is not affected. Love is universal consciousness.

(Reads:)'There are hours when one forgets the world...when one approaches that region of blessedness in which the Soul is Self-contained and in the presence of the Highest. Then is silenced all clamouring of desire; all sound of sense is stilled. Only God IS.'

'Yes, as long as your senses are very busy, God is not fully - unless you have dual and triple consciousness, then you can fence with two swords. Live in the world, work, and enjoy God. It depends on you. But if you really enjoy God, you don't want ... once the moth has seen the light it goes and dies in the light. Who are the moths? The real people who have seen the light. If they have no desires the world becomes pathetic. Enough. Nothing is charming for them. The music must be fine, elixir, blissful; the company, the talk, the voice, the look - man has to become a bit of art in human form. It's not just your printing and canvas. All this is memorandum to - but you yourself could be even more beautiful, and inside you is that beauty of beauties, you yourself are the forgotten masterpiece of the Master.

(Reads:)'There is no holier sanctuary than a purified mind, a mind concentrated upon God. There is no more sacred place than the region of peace into which the mind enters when it becomes fixed in the Lord. No more sweet-odorous and holy incense is there than the rising of thought unto God.'

'Yes, you need light, you need incense, you need all these ingredients to help you, to get you there. Once you are there, you don't need the light, once you are in the light of the Sun, you don't need the candle any more. But as long as you are in darkness it will help. So meditate on light.

(Reads:)'Purity, bliss, blessedness, peace! Purity, bliss, blessedness, peace! These make up the atmosphere of the state of meditation.'

'Yes, but you see, you can attain with a mixed type. Every action will have a reaction no doubt, but it is so subtle - When It starts manifesting you yourself become music, you yourself become harmony. You don't want to disturb the divine harmony in you. You are in tune, God tunes your body to start with, before He tunes your mind. Then He silences that mind. Then, "Be still and know that I AM.' There is even a bit of fear, you were just thinking, "Perhaps I could do something like that!" and now it is happening to you. "O my God! What shall I do? I am such a fragile creature, Save me, save me, I truly depend on You." Then, "Thy will be done." So far it was your ways. But when bliss has come, then what you call the individual approach, neighbours and all these, they all become a whole universal single canvas, and God alone is the painter and the artist. You are at most a computer image in the vision of God, an animation. "I am far and close, I am close and far."

¹ Vivekananda song

“Ask and it shall be given.” You have asked and it is given to you. Unconsciously, but conscious. Unconsciously for those who have not got the consciousness awareness and proof of the Word. In the beginning also was darkness and there was light, and the light was – In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God. So you need to ask Him. But give Him a chance to talk to you. You ask so many things without hearing the answer. That process of listening is called sadhana, meditation; dyana, concentration; retention, holding breath, pranayama, leading finally to samadhi. At the end the meditator and the object of meditation merge into one, leaving a slight trace behind. One gold thread alone remains. This is the approaching the state of meditation among devotees of God. I too was like that, but I had a gut feeling to become a private caller. I am a private caller. And what if you too become a private caller of that irresistible love under your blanket, under the cover, with all the secret activity of your personal love? God is love. Love must be approached with... Who among us is a great object of love?

Devotee: Swamiji!

Ambikananda: ‘Yes, but in which form? Not so long ago Swamiji was telling you off! “Come to the state of my love”.... What is my love? My love is under the cover of my blanket, it’s warm, it’s my nature to be warm, to be loving. But I must love God above all. There is a little embarrassment about it even. When a man ceases to be a man, when a man reduces back and instead of growing older steps back to the original state of unborn, he does not become old, subject to old age and decay. This is the certificate that this is what he says: Identity, sexless. The immortality and trace of things universal. It’s a bit of a conundrum, a bit of a declaration. I declare to you in my madness. This is a child way of approaching God. God is love. He is accessible through the access card of a child’s love, if you have the nature of a child. So don’t think any of you are very far from me. At most you are in the cup of my hand....

‘You have to be rigid sometimes, you have to be a bit stubborn to the divine child, divine love. You have to be sincere, even with God. I have done so much, in a week I have gone beyond the limits of my soul. By looking at the shell I met the pearl, like an oyster in a different shell, and I took it and I said, But that is gems! So ‘me’ goes back to what I was looking for. Call me a fraud, call me anything. For you I will be anything. But you can’t hide from truth. Your love must be stretched to infinity. When you have free time, when work is done, call on God with both hands, with your heart and mind and soul. You were once in the Golden Age, but now you are in Kali age, you have drifted to the shore, from the sharky ocean to the beach where there is barely fish available now and then, and even the fish are polluted and contaminated...

‘I have two states, a state to confuse you as an ordinary being with my coming and going, and - but you don’t know my other state, my declared state, my official state... We will break the egg, and hatch again. I tell you, you and I have been one. I used to declare this. Do you believe it? You do, but really you don’t also. In betwixt, there is yes and no in your yes...

‘You have to rectify the condition of the soul. Examine where you are. Any time you have, when work is finished, switch off, don’t be a slave to work. You need only what God is giving you. Take delight in going to bed, going under the blanket. Don’t worry about being too blooming perfect. I call myself Mr Dump! Throw away! What is next of kin? Bin! Get rid of it! Too much “perfection”. God laughs, “Don’t interfere with Me!” Agony of my search starts now. Allow delay, be compassionate.

‘That man who is dead² has a chance to go upstairs and be finished. He tried his level best, but to me he was not qualified enough. He shouldn’t wear a flashing thing, a devotee shouldn’t show any external. Mahapurushji said, “When a person comes to me I see first the deity. When I salute the deity, the deity disappears and then I see the person who has come.” Do you believe what I see in you? I have declared it many times. I deny your personality. This is our state. We are trying to express the hidden truth among us. There is nothing to fear, He was waiting for me to discover that perfection,

² Atma.

to approve, to grant the boon, and to wait for me there. It goes beyond proof, beyond time, it's a matter between Him and you, or It and your thought. Thought is everything.

‘. Now I am floating, I am nothing, just my body in that ocean [*laughs*]. Believe me, my friends, you will not drown there. Believe what I am telling you, live. What I am describing to you you will see as soon as you leave your body. ... Try to be in the sea of immortality. Talk to me of vastness, of cosmic consciousness, of infinity. You find yourself to be in existence, in the Ocean of Consciousness. My God of gods! I am very compassionate for my friends, but also I am detached. I give you a chance, I welcome you. But if you give me a cold shoulder, I am always warm, I feel it, I feel your indifference. Is it too much just for you to welcome us? Where two are gathered in my name there I am – in union. God marries soul every day, every meditation He unites your soul more permanently.’

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