

Sep 13, 1997

Ambikananda's last visit to the Old Vicarage.

Swamiji had dragged himself out of hospital against all medical advice. It was obvious that he would not live much longer. Gayatri brought him to the Narains' house at about 2.00 pm. He sat beside the fire, scarcely able to move. His legs were terribly swollen with septicemia. He talked to the devotees, but much of his discourse was difficult to hear. Most unusually, he took the occasional sip of wine – something the devotees had never seen before. The following is part of what he said at this time, though his words were very hard to hear:

‘You are flowers that will blossom in the right time, I keep reminding. Everything that we say - you have to be patient, through meditation, prayer, it's up to you. You are altar flowers, *fleurs flétries*. I keep reminding, it will come to pass. I may be deluded, but I am talking prediction. I am talking natural.

‘I like to suffer a bit for people. Every pleasure has its pain. but I don't suffer for me, I suffer for you, for a lot of people. I don't practise much. If you are on the practical side, that's good, practice is art. But love speaks for itself, without show. The more you hide it, the more people will discover it. We come to share, joy and sorrow both. Every pleasure has its pain, every action has its reaction. It may not be straight away, but it will come.

‘The devotees are flowers unexpressed, unknown, undiscovered. They hide their beauty, their art, their divine qualities that are not manifested yet. But they are here. Everything is in the palm of His hand, but whatever is written is written, no one can erase it. There are two sides: moonlight and the dark. Now you are passing through the dark fortnight. If it's too boring, just say “Mother, Mother, Mother, Mother, Mother.”

‘God is private. Use anticipation, so you have to be slightly black. Do one fourth, drink one fourth of the bottle we are sharing with you, in loving remembrance, forcing ourselves to eat, forcing ourselves to drink. You must remember what he said, “*You are flowers, undeclared, hidden flowers.*” Every action has a reaction. Guru Dev said to take one-sixteenth.¹ And he also said, “*I drink no ordinary wine...as I repeat Mother's Name, people take me to be drunk.*”² So I am entitled to check on your drinking, to check if you are sick, to ask, “Is he just thirsty, or is he thirsty for the nectar of listening?”

‘I am not tit-for-tat. Suffering is giving back to heaven, going back, truth-speaking back to heaven. So go, eat, drink, and share. Share with God. Everything is written. Strip yourself of yourself and follow Me. Put words into deeds for transformation. Transform words to deeds. I am not always here. Jesus said: “The poor you will always have; but me you will not always have.” Remember, you are flowers undeclared. Altar flowers.

‘The heart is that big, it can't contain much; it overflows, it bursts. When it bursts it touches those who have got the same heart. And “*the Lord dwells in the heart of everyone, causing them to revolve.*”³ So spirituality is never lost. You and I have been together in the past. Om Bhu, Buva, Swaha, Maha, Jana, Tapa.⁴ Here is invisible love. True love has come here, the reality of God.

¹ Sri Ramakrishna said his devotees needed to do only one-sixteenth of his practice to attain.

² GSR song.

³ Bhagavad Gita.

⁴ The six planes corresponding to the six chakras.

“Black-and-white changes to colours, colours to golden, and then colours disappear. Now it’s all purity, once you have cleansed. But you need a physician, he knows what is best for others, it is revealed to him. A lot of things go beyond explanation. You know what is a caricature? A rough drawing for those who are just dead, who have just gone, who are between devotee and non-devotee, a mixture. So this is a caricature, instead of going to hell, this is the grace.⁵ Your picture is there, darker, blacker, a black-thought mixture of colour, a different divinity. Your colour is burnt black, it is sunburnt black, I didn’t say it was good. I talk like this because you are interested in the dead and what becomes of them. They are so wanting, so needy, they are dying to see us. There is a second death, you know who said that? Jesus. They are dying to see us, the devotees on earth.

“This is a sketch, a sketch of a caricature, not the real finished picture. But that is what happens, the dead are dying to be what they should be, how they should be framed, what colours should finish. So start with black and white, then a faint colour of pink, then colours, then multifarious colours. Krishna said, “Look, Arjuna, look at the multifarious colours.”

“But I am talking too much. “Come confusion, come delusion!” It’s for you in one way to find the state beyond death. An unopened department for artists. A devotee’s caricature. Another one takes it and improves it. So I leave something behind. I give you plenty of work. Every day you strip one leaf, a new leaf. A new leaf is a new life, a new leaf in your spiritual life. Start from a caricature to a painting of God. Start from curry-hurry, and then *Satyam-Sundaram*.⁶ Will you remember all this?

“If I deserve to die, of course I will go. Already I am in hell sometimes, but it’s good to suffer, I like to suffer, if I suffer I don’t complain. As long as I can suffer something I will bear it. When it becomes unbearable, then I hold on to you all, I hold all my near and dear. When I see them I don’t let them go, I lean on them, they give me an opportunity, I lay my hand on them. Well, some put a foot on their devotees⁷. There are many ways to work, but this is done by the heart. The action of the heart is inscrutable, you just melt down, you don’t have to say a word.

“This lady, Gayatri, she has been called Daya,⁸ and she really becomes Gayatri – it’s a different thing. There are all kinds of translations, books on books, but now it’s just like you and me. She is born into good deeds, karma has come, and then no more than that. She has been trying to preserve the flower, but you can’t preserve the whole body and the soul. It is put back again and changed, different, a different flag. This personality, this condition, is just wreck, it is all wreck.

“Light comes forth, colours. If you see what I am talking about, you will realize, but not straight away. The more you pick them, the more you play with them, the closer you come. If you start forgetting who you are, they remind you. A picture of God reminds you of the Real. So let there be reflection, reminding. If you can remember, then you pass your spiritual exam with flying colours...’

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⁵ Lord Narayana drew a picture of hell for Narada instead of sending him to the place itself (Purana)

⁶ Reality, Beauty.

⁷ E.g. Sri Ramakrishna. See GSR.

⁸ Compassion