



The Cross and The Lotus Journal

Fall Edition

September 2001, Vol. 2 No. 3

Dear Friends,

September will mark the completion of one year in silence. How did the idea for this year start? It came about as a *chance* comment that seemed to carry great potency and truth to it. I continued to inwardly confirm the truth of it, as well as ask some others. Every person I mentioned it to felt that it was the right thing to do. As usual, the final authority came as an inner sanction from the highest Source. I will tell you a secret, now that the time has drawn to a close. I do not remember ever spending even one day in intentional silence before this yearlong period.

Feeling that it was God's will for me, I fearlessly entered into this year. I also felt it should be a year of seclusion as well. After a search for a place in which to spend this year, I came to know of Cloud Mountain Retreat Center. David Branscomb had just completed a hermitage-cabin at Cloud Mountain, especially built for long-term silent retreatants. Also, David's early spiritual influence on the path was from Paramhansa Yogananda, having taken Kriya Initiation many years ago. It proved to be an ideal fit for both of us. The retreat center is open to those of all faiths. They have been all love and kindness, and I have greatly appreciated their openness and generosity. Also, Chad Hickenbottom came to Cloud Mountain for over eight months in order to be here with me, working most of that time as a volunteer at the retreat center for room and board and a small stipend. He sought to serve me in all ways and I very much appreciate all he did for me. I am sure it is a time he will never forget.



David Branscomb

In my list of gratitude Carla Gold needs to be mentioned. She has been invaluable in managing many tasks for me and has been the contact person for my time here. She does all this cheerfully and efficiently. Elaine Cone also does wonderful work helping with written materials, tapes to center leaders and many unseen tasks. I would also like to thank Larry and Cate, Peter and Laura and all the Center Leaders who have kept the Light aloft. You graciously open your homes for all who wish to come and share in the Light; my

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Mother Hamilton

The Divine Love of God

A Talk Given by Mother Hamilton
on November 30, 1960

I would like to read to you this evening a poem written by Master entitled "Divine Love".

Thou art the mystic echo from the caverns of heart
and the inaudible voice of feeling.

Thou unseen charmer of souls, thou art the fountain
flowing from the bosom of friendship.

Thou art the unseen cord of self-bound souls and the
rays of secret warmth which break buds of feeling into
blossoms of endearing soulful words of poesy and loyalty.

Thou art the divine cupid enticing mystic souls to pierce
the heart of all living things.

Thou art the silent language of souls and the invisible
ink which lovers use to write letters on the pages of their
hearts.

Thou art the mother of all affections, and in thy breast
of love throbs the heart of God.

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Love is the heartbeat of all life and the angel of incarnation.

Love is the silent conversation between two hearts.

And it is the call of God to all creatures, animate and inanimate, to return to His house of Oneness.

Love is born in the garden of soul progress and it sleeps behind the darkness of outer attachments.

It is the oldest and the sweetest nectar preserved in the bottle of hearts.

It is the flame which burns all weeds of selfishness and destroys the walls of family and patriotic narrowness.

It is the light which dissolves all walls between souls, families and nations.

It is the unfading blossom of pure friendship in the garden of both the young and mature souls.

Love is the door to heaven, the complete song of souls.

Love is the echo of God's voice trying to reverberate through mute stones, through rain, wind, fragrance, vitalizing light and plumed songbirds.

It reverberates through the cries and laughter of babies, through unconditioned mother love, and through dumb and articulate hearts.

Our lesson tonight is taken from St. John, Chapter 15, beginning with verse 1.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay

down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

15 Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

16 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

17 These things I command you, that ye love one another.

Love is the greatest, most powerful force in the whole world. It was love which emanated first from the bosom of God to create all things in the universe. When we become One with the heart of God, we are one with all love. Every single type of love which we know as human beings is but an expression of the divine love of God. We must know this.

The human family (the father, the mother, the child) is merely an expression of the heavenly Father, the Divine Mother, and the Christ Child. And as we go through life assuming the responsibilities to our family which God has given to us, then our consciousness grows and expands until one time the day comes when we expand into universal consciousness, where we feel ourselves as One with the Divine Father and Mother, and we see all children as our own.

You know, sometimes families are childless. Sometimes it isn't possible for them to have children. And yet these very people sometimes open the doors of their homes and their hearts to other little children, and they become fathers and mothers to all everywhere. Their love flows out to every single child with whom they come in contact. It doesn't matter about race, color or creed. We have read many such things in the newspapers. And this is true. When you become One with the universal heart, with the universal love, then that love within yourself expresses itself to all human beings.

But we must be worthy branches so that we can draw from the sap of the life of the tree, and that is God within us. Because it says here that if the branch is not good, it is cut off. But if we want that sap, then we must do the things that God has designed for us in order that we might become perfect in Him.

Everybody in this world is starved for love. Every ailment in this world, I don't care what it is, is a form, some form, of lack of love. Because the things which happen within our bodies happen through the fact that we abuse ourselves through lack of love. They happen because we are frustrated, we have tensions within us, we are nervous, somebody has discarded us, neglected us, been unkind to us. All of these things register within the human mind and emotions.

We find so much in this world today of mental illness. And this illness stems back in most cases to the individual's childhood where that little child didn't receive the type of guidance and love that it needed, or some unkind word or act, or some act of violence, registered on the mind of the child and left a scar. And these memories are carried all through life many times, and they influence the life and behavior of every single child that is born.

A child is like a little flower in the garden of God. He comes forth to express God's joy and His love and His laughter, to fulfill his destiny. He has a freshness and a beauty about him. And what happens to it? It is we who spoil it as adult individuals because we don't think, because we don't feel, we don't act through love.

It is very important to remember this, to give love. You know, there isn't one of us in this whole wide world who is perfect-- not one. Each of us has at least one fault, and most of us have most of them. So instead of thinking about all of the things that are wrong with each other as we meet our brothers and sisters every single day of our lives, if we would try to discover the key of the nature of every single individual and practice this commandment which the Christ has given us to love one another as he has loved us--

He gave his life for us. Through this exemplary life he showed us how to save ourselves from sin, how to end the hold of the world within us. Through kindness, consideration, through healing, he gave us the perfect example that we should follow in all things.

But we don't do this. It seems as though we try to look for all of the things that are wrong within each other, to accentuate them, to build upon them, and we don't follow this example which is given us. This is not right. And as ye give, so shall ye receive.

If everybody in the world started to practice love, we certainly wouldn't be in the situation in which we now find ourselves. The world is in the sorriest state that we have ever found it to be. Wars would disappear. Enmity would disappear. Man would be living with his brother as he should be-- helping, loving, serving. This is the way it should always be.

I heard a very interesting story the other day on specialization. There was a man who hurt one of the fingers on his right hand. And it hurt quite badly, even to the point where he had to go to a doctor.

So he went to his regular medical doctor. And he said, "Well, I'm sorry, my son, but I can't seem to do very much about this." He said, "This is a job for a specialist.

"So," he said, "he gave me a bill for \$10, and I paid him and went on my way."

"So," he said, "I looked in the telephone directory, and I looked up the name of an orthopedic specialist. And I made

an appointment with him, and I went to him. And so he came in and we started talking. I told him I had a very sore finger.

"And he said, 'On which hand?'"

"And I said, 'Well, on my right hand.'

'Well,' he said. 'I'm sorry. I'm a specialist only of left hands.'

"So he gave me a bill for \$15, and he told me I might use his telephone directory and look up the name of another specialist. So I paid him, and I used his telephone directory and looked up the name of a specialist-- except, frankly, I couldn't believe that specialization had reached this stage. But, he said, actually it had because there before my very eyes I found: orthopedic specialists, hands, right.

So I thought I was all set. So I made an appointment with this specialist, and I went to him. And I said, 'I have a very sore finger on my right hand.'

'Which one?' he said.

"And I thought to myself, Uh oh. I'm in trouble again. And I said, Well, it's the fourth finger.

"He said, 'I'm sorry. I specialize only in thumbs.'

"And here my little pinky's all in trouble. My hand was throbbing and hurting. And he said, I just couldn't seem to get it helped. So, he said, I tried once more. This man gave me a bill for \$15 and offered to let me use his telephone directory.

"And I finally called a man who specialized in just the fingers but not the thumb. I went to him, and I told him what my trouble was. And I found that at last I had come to the right place. He could help me.

"So he called his old grandmother in, and she came over and kissed my finger and made it well. He sent me a bill for \$25." [Mother chuckles]

And this is the age of specialization. That story to me was most amusing. It was very funny, in fact. And I thought to myself that if we would just use love as the old grandmother does and kiss whatever hurts, as we do with our little children, that this would make us well because love has this healing power. It is a tremendous thing. We can be way down in the depths of our own being, and yet if someone comes along and lets us know how much they love us, opens the door of their hearts to us, tells us how wonderful they think we are, it puts a completely new light on the whole world, and we are lifted up.

If we want love so badly, why don't we give it first? Just why don't we? Because truly what we give out must return to us. And if we will learn to express this love, not in the personal sense, but in the divine sense, then that divine love spreads to everyone with whom we come in contact, every-one.

Dr. George Washington Carver was the living example of this. As most of you know probably, he was a very famous Negro doctor in the South. And he did more to make us aware of the peanut than any other living person. Dr. Carver was born a very great soul in God.

And even when he was a tiny boy he had his first manifestation of the power of God and God's love. He was a little boy without a jackknife. And if you can imagine a little boy without a jackknife in his pocket, you can imagine how he felt. And so he went out into the woods, and he decided he was going to pray to God to give him a jackknife. And all of a sudden as he closed his eyes, it was as though he was taken into the kingdom within himself, and God showed him a corn patch. And in the midst of this corn patch where the rows were separated, he was shown a great big watermelon. And this watermelon was cut in half. Half of it was gouged out, and the other half was propped up against a corn stalk. And right in the half of that melon was a black handle protruding. Well, strangely enough, his steps led him to a corn field, and there he found this watermelon and he found it just as God had showed it to him with one side gouged out and a jackknife in the middle of the other. And this gave him tremendous faith.

And he used to get up early (about 4 o'clock in the morning) and go into the forest and commune with nature and commune with his beloved Creator. And he said that each day his Creator would set forth before him all of the duties that he was to perform. As he grew into young manhood and developed, he felt the need of his people down there.

There were many cotton fields planted. But yet, because of the fact that there was only one crop a year, the ground seemed to give out. There was not enough to bring in revenue, and the farmers were really in a sore place. So he conceived the idea of planting different types of crops. So he suggested to them that they plant the peanut and sweet potatoes. So they rotated these crops of cotton and the peanut and sweet potatoes. But then the market became flooded, and there was not enough revenue again. So there he was.

So again he went to his beloved Creator, into the woods, and God told him that He would direct him in all of the things that he did. So he had a little room, and he called it God's little workshop. And he would go in there after communing with God, and he would do all of the things which God had directed him to do. And he found over three hundred uses for the humble peanut. He found over a hundred and fifty uses for the sweet potato.

He was called to meetings at the Government. And one day in a special meeting which was called there of the Legislature with regard to tariffs, he was invited to speak along with other men. It seemed as though he had been offered a great sum of money by Thomas Edison to work with him, but he had refused to accept it. He preferred to be very humble. He was also offered \$100,000 from another firm if

he would only work for them as a scientist. Still, he refused it. He wore an old shabby suit that he had gotten someplace for two dollars. And he worked just on with what little that he could scrape together to keep body and soul alive.

Well, finally this day came when he was to go to Washington. As he got off the train, he asked one of the porters where the Senate was. He said, "Pop, don't bother me." He said, "We're very busy looking for a great scientist that is expected from the South." [chuckles] And so he had to find his way alone.

And it seemed that because of his race and the fact that he looked so shabby, his ten minutes was the last one that was allotted. And as he stood up to speak, all of them started laughing at him. And they said, "What do you know about tariff?" And he said, "Well, "he said," I only know that tariff keeps things out, prevents things from happening." And he started to speak to them about the things that he had learned from God about the humble peanut and the sweet potato. And instead of his time running out at the end of ten minutes, they begged him to speak to them. And this went on and on and on until he had spoken to them for over an hour and a half. He was called in again by the Government time after time. This is a tremendous example of love. This is a tremendous example of faith.

One of the things which he developed in the peanut was an oil that could be used to help those people who had infantile paralysis. And one day a week was set aside for all of those people to come and see him. And he would give them free treatments, free medicine, and rub their limbs and their joints with this oil. He performed many miracles, many cures. And he took many of the things that he made in the way of paints and things of that nature, from the clay in the hills.

And he said that every single thing that was needed to contact the Father, to get anything you wanted, was right in this whole book [thumps Bible] if you will only go there and lift up your eyes unto the hills (or the mountains within your own being) and become One with God through love, through worship, through adoration and devotion. He will lead you and guide you and direct you in all that you do.

Many of us have proven this at least once or twice in our lives. But my life has become a living example of the proof of God's love and His charity. As I learn to go deeper within myself and lift my eyes to the mountain within my own being, I know that God is there, that I am His child, that He loves me with all of His heart, that He will never leave me nor forsake me. How can He when He is right within myself? Wherever I go, I take Him with me. He walks before me lighting my path.

Sometimes He tests me, as it says in this chapter that we read tonight. Because He is preparing us to become masters. And this test, this suffering, this purification must take place because we have to be pure. We must be completely

purified before this great light of God can come within us. Because if it were not so, we would be burned with the fire of countless suns. We could not stand it. So gradually He leads us by the hand, step by step, and step by step, until our need for Him, our worship of Him, our devotion to Him, and our love for Him becomes paramount in our lives. And nothing else matters.

We ask God for things all the time. We think only of our own, little, selfish selves. But we never think of just giving our love to God, of asking nothing in return, of just saying, "God, here am I. Take me. I am Thy humble servant. Use me in whatever way that you want to. I am willing." We never think of that. We think only of things. I want this. I want that. I am in trouble, Lord.

I wonder how we would feel if God said one day, "My son, I'm sorry, but I'm too busy to listen to you"-- as we are always too busy to listen to Him. We can think of a million excuses not to do something that we should do about God. We can always take care of everything in our lives except going to hear about God, to listen about God, to pray to Him, to think of Him, to put Him first.

[To be continued in next issue.]

My Guru As Savior

by Jerry Trofimchuk

I did not know who Mother Hamilton was when she first came into my life. And I did not know what to make of her at the beginning, except for the fact that I had some inner visions and perceptions that related to her specifically. These experiences compelled me to stick with her.

In Sunday School as a child I had been taught that there was only one Savior for the entire world. Jesus Christ. Most major religions have evolved to share this view in some fashion or another to the present day. Most have their own "Savior", be it the "Savior" Krishna, the "Savior" Buddha, the "Savior" Mohammed, or the "Savior" Jesus.

I followed quite closely what I had been taught in Sunday School within the Christian tradition for the first 15 years of my life. At that age some doubt began to creep into my view of spiritual matters. Doubt about what I had been taught about the role of Jesus Christ in the redemption of human kind, as well as growing doubt around the subject of heaven and hell and eternal damnation. How could the loving and merciful Father God that I had glimpsed on occasion here and there; how could that loving Father possibly separate Himself from any one of His children for all of Eternity? I recall when still fairly young, declaring quite heatedly to one of my parents that if "such-and-such-a-person" from among my good and kind and thoughtful friends (who was not a practicing Christian) was going to be sent to Hell, then I, Jerry, would refuse to go into Heaven!

My doubts about what I had been taught in Sunday School increased as I grew into young adulthood, and persisted until the age of 33. I would not want to leave the impression that my journey while in the Christian tradition was an empty void. I did not and have not for example, abandoned the core values that I had been taught in Sunday School. And I was regularly inspired to continue on my spiritual quest in various Christian congregations by ministers that I heard speak there.

When I was 33 years old, however, I felt an intense urgency to resolve my doubts. I made one very intense prayer demand right around the time of my 33rd birthday. I told God (among other things!) that as far as I could see, Jesus *did* have something to do with this spiritual life, but that I could no longer accept what I had been taught. I demanded of God, that He *must* resolve this for me. Within a few months, Mother Hamilton came into my life.

Being of a skeptical disposition at that time as regards spiritual paths, I had purposely avoided anything that related to the Eastern tradition. But Mother affected me intensely on the inner plane, stirring my very being as it had not been stirred before, not in my conscious memory. I had no understanding of what was happening to me at that time, but this soul stirring I knew could not be ignored. I concluded that at the very least, it must have something to do with God's answer to my earlier prayer demand.

After meeting Mother for the first time, I attended services at the Center that Mother had established in Victoria. Meetings were conducted at the YMCA chapel every Sunday morning by Center Leaders that Mother had appointed. Mother would also come to visit us perhaps once a month on average at that time. And on one of her visits, I was so fortunate as to have a one-on-one interview with Mother over dinner at a French Restaurant in Victoria, a restaurant I had been told was one of her favorites! Mother did some things for me on the spiritual plane during that visit. Mother also taught me some meditation techniques.

I then went through a period of difficult and intense inner upheaval. During that time of inner turmoil, I had an inner perception of Mother. To me she appeared Christ-like. She was the "Good Shepherd"! I the small child. I perceived her as assisting me in crossing a muddy and perhaps dangerous stretch of terrain. This in almost total darkness.

In this enactment, Mother was in Light, and seemed supremely resolute and confident of this passage. That is how this all appeared to me in my mind's eye and in my heart.

And in that period of intense and very personal inner perception, it seemed plain to me that Mother had laid down her life for me. I saw Mother as my Savior! Not precisely in the sense of "Savior" as I had been taught in Sunday School, but clearly my "Savior" nonetheless. In some ways this was a surprise to me.

I also experienced a great love for Mother and for God in that moment of realization. And became quietly yet firmly convinced that if God wished it, I would be willing literally to lay my life down for Mother.

I have since been taught that the Guru does indeed come to take upon herself or himself a part of our burden of karmic debt. And that the Guru comes to lead us, through their teaching and through their example, out of Darkness into Light. Mother's reminders to us to keep our minds upon God are like spiritual vitamins to me! There are probably many other things that the Guru does for us daily. Things that I am not yet aware of.

At times it also occurs to me that it is perhaps through the love that Mother inspired in her devotees that she "saves us" daily. I am regularly lifted up on powerful currents of that love and inspired to stay the course, come what may (as long as God gives me the ability to make useful thoughts!).

And I consider myself to be one of the luckiest human beings alive...to have met Mother in this life!

David's Letter - Continued from page 1

love and gratitude go to you all. Finally to everyone who has supported this work with your efforts, love, prayers and donations; thank you, thank you. My heart melts with gratitude.

We gather together in worship for one reason only: To realize the real goal of life, our oneness with God. In the West, the tendency is toward large institutions, with impressive building and grounds. In the East, for thousands of years, the one to one, Guru-disciple relationship has been the emphasis. Kriya Yoga has the tradition of the Eastern model. The notable exception to that in our lineage is the work of Paramhansa Yogananda, who had a special mission from Babaji that was destined to influence Western Culture. For that an institution was needed. However, with that accomplished the traditional method for handing down initiation and the teachings by word of mouth, and one to one instruction, is securely in place thanks to Mother, my great Guru. Thus, in homes, in small groups, without fanfare of advertising or need of dues or paying attention to who's who, we come together with our attention on one thing alone, realization of God.

It is a beautiful and sacred privilege to be a part of this continued flowering of the Kriya lineage, which has its origins in Jesus and Babaji. It has been recorded that it was Jesus who asked Babaji to send someone to the West to teach the soul awakening techniques of Yoga. It is evident from the teachings of Master and Mother, these techniques were part of the original teachings of the prophets of the Old Testament, and of Jesus and the disciples of the New Testament. Through time and the darkening influences of the Kali

Yuga, the dark ages, these original teachings were lost to the West. The beauty of Bhakti Yoga, the love and devotion to God, and the goodness of Karma Yoga, the path of action and selfless service to God, are very much left intact in these scriptures. What was lost was the power of Raja Yoga, the methods and techniques for entering into deeper states of meditation and communion with God. This is the missing part in the West that has now been revived through Yogananda and this Kriya path.

In India the Yoga tradition has been traced back at least five thousand years. Anthropologists have found artifacts dating back to 3000 B.C in the Indus valley showing figures in meditation pose. This tradition rightfully makes India the cradle of all religions. Their spiritual scientists have entered the inner sanctuaries of the soul and discovered the indwelling Light of the universe. Through specific techniques, the methods for this realization have been kept alive these many thousands of years.

In the West we have entered, in relatively recent times, a scientific era of incredible advancement in science and technology. With all the advancements in science we would expect the satisfaction level of those enjoying the benefits of this progress to be growing by leaps and bounds. But many surveys show that isn't so. Stress, dissatisfaction, and a sense of foreboding are prevalent among many people. Modern Western Culture, with all its time saving devices and equipment for making life easy, is failing at the task of making people happy. With the emphasis on the scientific technology for making life easy, the culture has virtually ignored the inner spiritual "technology" that taps into natural joy, balance, love and wisdom.

There are some signs the tide is changing. Even in the traditional scientific communities there are movements towards the study of the mystery that lies beyond technology. Recently there have been scientific studies being done on the power of prayer. The National Institute for Health has funded its first-ever study on the effects of prayer for patients in recovery from operations. Both mantra meditation and prayer are being looked at seriously now by scientific study for their health benefits.

It is high time the antipathy between science and religion became a thing of the past. The spiritually minded should embrace the scientific as the systematic study of God's remarkable expression as creation. Scientists, noted for an atheistic bent (some polls have noted that over 90 percent of scientists say they are atheists), should embrace God's magnificent design they see inherent in a cosmos operating through intricate laws of balance and precision. Together, spiritual science and natural science promises the greatest human happiness for future generations.

It is wonderful to think of the blending of East and West, science and God. Anchored in spiritual science mankind

Feel that mystic Light within you. You may live in the city, dress in normal fashion, but in your heart beats the same Light that animates the yogis of the Himalayas and the desert prophets of old. You do not need to be of the desert or mountains to know what they know, to feel what they feel. Turn your mind to the same source of Light they focus upon. That Light is in your heart; it is not far away but as close as the breath you breathe!

Yogacharya David Hickenbottom (from his Cloud Mountain journal)

A Million Salutations

A million salutations at thy petaled feet, O Lotus of Light! I pour my heart at Thy feet. I pour my soul at Thy feet. I pour all the fragrant musk of my love at Thy feet of omnipresence. O precious, Blessed One, ever pipe the song of Thy bliss in the dark bower of my heart.

I am all thine own! I shall be Thine forever! I will laugh at all dangers, for always I hold Thy protecting love in the golden chalice of my constant remembrance of Thee.

I throw all my passions and earthly pleasures on Thy sacrificial fire, as the offerings and oblations of my devotion to Thee. In Thy blessed light I shall burn all shadows and fears of my imagination. In Thy blessed light I shall remain awake forever, watching Thy precious, omnipresent face with ever vigilant eyes, through all the aeons of eternity.

May Thy love shine forever on the shrine of my devotion, and may I be able to awaken Thy love in all hearts.

O! Make my soul Thy temple! Make my heart Thine altar!
Make my love Thy home!

Paramhansa Yogananda

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

The crown of spiritual experience is the attainment of divine love—a love that overflows the bounds of all human calculations and standards and inundates all the world. This love is founded upon the highest realization of the Truth in all its aspects. It is imbued with wisdom eternal and a Vision that envelops everything that exists. No words can describe the sublime glory of this love. Saints are indeed embodiments of divine love. To serve and commune with them is to contact the eternal, to bask in Its radiance, to enjoy a bliss and peace which is simply ineffable. Where divine love is, there is immortal joy. Blessed is the soul that aspires to be a saint of this rare realization. The saint, who is a manifestation of God, showers his beneficence on all mankind.

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