

# YOGACHARYA MILDRED HAMILTON

by Swami Satchidananda

It is nice to write something about Mother Hamilton who remains an unforgettable person in my life. We first met in Seattle in a Hotel where Beloved Papa Swami Ramdas, Mother Krishnabai and party were camping during their round-the-world tour. The first time I saw her was in meditation posture and it could be made out from her lustrous face that she was in communion with the most splendid ONE. Then I heard her talking to Beloved Papa in a God-intoxicated mood. It took no time for them to recognize each other. Both of them were so jubilant that it was inspiring to watch them. They daily met during the two or three days' stay in Seattle until she saw the party off at Seattle airport.

Our next meeting was in the Ashram when she and Ralph Hamilton came to Anandashram, selling all that they had in Seattle, with the idea of staying in the Ashram as long as possible. Beloved Papa was eagerly waiting to receive them and when they got down from the car, she ran to Papa almost in ecstasy, took his arm in hers and expressed how happy she was to be in the Ashram.

Papa greeted both of them and said, "Now that you have come and have no more responsibilities in Seattle, you may stay on here as long as you want."

Mother Hamilton and Ralph Hamilton had both come fully determined to stay in the Ashram till they attained their cherished goal of God-realization. Both of them, especially Mother, were very serious about it. I had seen a few God-realized persons. But Mother Hamilton was something special. She had nothing else to talk about but God. Papa was also equally eager to help such an ardent seeker who had come from such a long distance with the only purpose of realizing God.

Papa gave both of them as much time as possible for talks. Such talks continued daily for months and covered all possible subjects, but only relating to God-realization. Papa took so much interest in them that daily he used to narrate to Mataji Krishnabai the gist of their talks and expressed often with joy how eagerly they had come to the Ashram with the sole intention of attaining the highest.

Papa had told Mother Hamilton, “You must, both of you, become spiritual dynamos. You must be able to radiate peace and joy wherever you go in America and lead people on the path.”

Ralph asked, “When are we to get started.” For that Beloved Papa said, “It is already started, even from Seattle.” Papa also added that Mataji was equally anxious about their spiritual progress and had told Papa, “Please see that they are fully satisfied and return home with the fullest spiritual experience and all doubts cleared.”

A few months passed in this way. It was a joy to see Mother Hamilton always in that God-intoxicated state and talking only of God. I had done my best to record some of their talks and published in the book *Gospel of Swami Ramdas*, though what was published does not do full justice to all the talks that had taken place during their stay.

When things were going on so joyfully, suddenly things changed as if a dark cloud was hovering over. Mother Hamilton started behaving oddly, but at the same time talking only of her great devotion to Jesus, quoting often from the Bible. She passed through a serious crisis in her Sadhana. Papa remained cool and unperturbed as if he was watching only the spiritual developments in the ardent seeker. Fortunately Mother got over the crisis in a short time. She explained it as “crucifixion.”

The experience had shattered her already delicate health. But she had the fullest satisfaction regarding her spiritual progress.

After their return to USA, we were happy to hear that her health had improved and she had blossomed into a spiritual guide to a large num-

ber of seekers and her work was gradually progressing.

We were happy to see her in the Ashram again as a full fledged Teacher, having reached the goal and having had the power to lead many to the same goal.

Recently it was also great joy to meet many of Mother Hamilton's disciples and learn from their ways and talks what great work Mother Hamilton had done for them in awakening them to the Reality and leading them on the path.

May Mother Hamilton, who has dropped the physical body and passed on to higher realms of consciousness, continue to guide earnest aspirants and help them reach the goal.

*The ways of a saint are mysterious. He is a glorious embodiment of divinity shedding light and grace on all who come in contact with him. The saint is no doubt all-powerful, because he is a vehicle through whom the divine Shakti reveals itself. Still in the task of uplifting mankind and bringing unity and harmony in the world, he invites help and cooperation of all aspirants and devotees who have faith in and love for him.*

*-Swami Ramdas*

# THE DIVINE MOTHER IN EARTHLY FORM

by **Herlwyn Lutz**

I first met Mother Hamilton in 1953. I was a young college student earnestly seeking a deeper experience and wisdom than was taught by the religion in which I was raised. She was then minister for the Seattle Center of the Self Realization Fellowship. Althea Taylor, another disciple of Yogananda's, introduced us, having been told by Mother several things about me that she had received intuitively.

While testing by her appearance to see if I would not be deterred by externals, this remarkable woman's face shone with an inner beauty that enhanced the outer beauty. Strength of character was softened by a motherly, but divine love that flowed from her as we talked, gradually overcoming all my apprehensions concerning doctrinal questions. I knew that I had found my spiritual teacher, later to be acknowledged by both of us as the commitment of a guru-disciple relationship (she was not previously accepting disciples).

I attended the Sunday and mid-week services whenever I could, which she and Father Hamilton would hold in their home whether attended by many or only one. Sometimes I would stay afterward on Wednesdays, and we would talk and meditate long into the night. Wisdom and power flowed through her. Sometimes a radiance would fill the room. I would blissfully walk the miles back to the college feeling as if my feet were hardly touching the ground.

Mother later told some of us that this time early in her ministry, was for her a feeling of great emptiness, a "dark night of the soul," that was initiated by the passing of Yogananda to whom she was so closely bonded. Yet no one could have guessed it, so great was the love, power and wisdom she expressed. This was the result of her complete dedication to God which marked her actions all her long life. No matter how weak and wracked with pain her body or distressed her mind with agonizing inner experiences, she would always fulfill her

religious duties and unstintingly help those who came to her, determined always to be a willing servant of the Divine. Never in her life could she remember being free from suffering. With supreme discipline of body, emotions and mind, she would always be fully with those before her, positive, gracious and dynamic, giving sympathy when needed, and advice when asked, which might be to go within to find one's own answers.

By example and counsel she always taught us to be practical and while focused on God, to travel the Path in balance, seeing Him in all things and people and to the best of our ability to express beauty and perfection in all we did. Another rare privilege with which some of us were blessed was to have Mother explain many of the inner experiences she was having over the years on her path to Self Realization. This can have several adverse effects for the seeker and is advised against by all masters. It was another example of her humility and supreme surrender to God's direction as she would persist in acknowledging that sometimes her latest experience seemed to contradict an earlier one, or individuals, caught up in their own illusions, would misinterpret her motives or wrongly apply the information.

Mother and Father Hamilton, a wonderful soul and personality in his own right, treated me like their own son in many ways, so I was favored by spending time with them. It was wonderful and sometimes humorous to see such strong personalities with marked differences show such love and respect for each other.

Mother Hamilton was and shall always be my prime representative of the Divine Mother who lived one of the fullest and most remarkable lives of any saint of whom I have knowledge. How blessed I have been!

# A DIVINE FRIENDSHIP

by Win Smith

Mother was my best friend for nearly half a lifetime. She made God, Jesus and other great spiritual masters come alive in a way that the religious establishment never could. She showed me that we truly live forever, for we have always lived...that we are, and always have been completely one with God, as the wave is one with the ocean...perfect, clean and beautiful in all ways. Perhaps most importantly, she taught me the means to realize my oneness with God within myself, as Jesus promised each and every one of humanity's children is possible, and is their birthright..

Mother took humanity's spiritual journey far above the hocus-pocus, fairy tales and false traditions of the religious establishments. She showed through the example of her own life that an ordinary flawed but sincere human being who truly desires and loves God can achieve that supreme goal. She showed how the step-by-step description of this journey, and the means for traveling it, are hidden within the allegories and outer symbolism of the Bible and other great scriptures. And she showed that this inner message is the same in all great scriptures.

When I first met her, she gave me an introduction to these things, and told me to accept only what I could, and to prove each thing in my own life before going on to the next. It has proved itself all the way down the line. What a completely different approach from the (often well-meaning) high-pressure salesmanship of the religious ideologues I had encountered in this life! Then and later, she exemplified and taught total balance. It was refreshing as well as practical, as if someone had for the first time opened the windows and let in some fresh air. She was a powerful, forceful person, completely dedicated to serving God; but she never engaged in salesmanship. She never shoved anything down anyone's throat—a rare quality, and one that I greatly respect.

It was a rare privilege to watch her over the years as she grew beyond one of the few real people I've ever known into a fully God-Realized master. There are surely few of her spiritual stature on this earth in any generation. She manifested complete love, complete beauty, complete wisdom and complete power. She was at the same time the most real, down-to-earth human being I have ever known. She had lived life fully in a way that few people are ever called upon to do—not a little tin god, by any stretch. As a result, she gave us individual practical guidance in our personal lives when it became necessary, using wisdom, love, firmness and humor as each one needed it.

She did everything within her power to teach each one of us to stand on our own feet. She did not want a bunch of “followers”—spiritual cripples. She taught us to go within for God's guidance as life threw its curve balls, and to test each spirit as it came, to be sure that it was truly God's direction that we received. And she taught us, if we received no inner direction, to use our God-given discrimination and reason to figure things out for ourselves. Like any other muscle, that one too becomes stronger only with exercise.

There may have been those to whom this did not fully appeal; they were perhaps drawn to a powerful charismatic leader. Some left when she became ill in her later years, perhaps disappointed that a perceived image had cracked. Only God knows, and it's OK. But even when she lay helpless in a hospital bed or sat in a wheelchair in a nursing home, I knew that God was in her as fully then as He had always been. I never felt any doubts or disillusionment, for regardless of her physical circumstances I knew that she was who and what she was—the greatest master of God that I have met to this day.

The last time I saw her form was as her body lay in a casket at her memorial service. Since then, I have visited the spot where her ashes are interred. Sometimes, there and other places, I have felt her presence, her love. More than once, driving down the freeway, I have smelled the scent of the perfume she used to wear. I miss her. But

she truly is not gone, for I know beyond doubt that there is no time and place.

Thank you, blessed Mother, for giving me love and life itself. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for showing me the way to God within myself. Thank you for all the blessings with which you have filled my life, both while you were here and since you went on. Thank you for everything, my beloved, divine Mother, and may God cradle you forever in his arms of everlasting love. Perhaps, by His grace, we shall meet again one day. I pray that it may be so.

*In everything that you do, follow the direction of God within yourself. Regardless of how it hurts me, regardless of what trials, what tribulations, what discomforts, what inconveniences I have to go through as a result of your doing that, no matter how much I have depended on you, above all else: follow—God's—direction—within—yourself.*

*- Mother Hamilton*

# MOTHER

by Barbara Lutz

I first met Mother at 17 or 18 years old by hearsay. A friend of mine, striking up a conversation on a city bus with one of Mother's students decided that we sounded alike, and arranged an introduction. Mother was not holding meetings at the time, so for awhile we had private talks. I remember it being scary for me as I had never spoken with anyone about mystical experiences. The societal taboo against such things was so strong in those days (1961—62). It was a very large experience to meet an outer teacher of real understanding to complement the inner teacher in me which had been unfailing as well.

There was an almost immediate current of Spirit at play that I could feel even through closed doors. This enabled me to perceive Spirit in Mother, and to warm myself in its power. An umbrella of protection and grace came over me which I in turn fostered by my intense focus. Many years passed in this fashion. Happy is the one whose efforts earn them such a privilege! Many sparks of initiatory experience can and do fly forth under such an influence.

I remember seeing Mother leave her body at the time of her stroke. I was riding a ferry and found myself gazing suddenly upon an enormous waterfall of Mother's power, presence, and light reversing itself as it were in ascending glory. Her astral aspect appeared as a magnificent array of unbelievable colors, bespeaking lifetimes of service to the One. Beauty, love, and power were qualities of her personality.

In the years between her stroke and her death, I would see her stop at a “ring pass not” beyond which she could not come to be with us as she used to be. But her love caused her light to seep through anyway.

The love and care of the Masters of the One know no boundaries at all. Mother is surely more free now to be playful with time and place than ever before. She has certainly been assisting me! I often wonder

how many others she is caring for simultaneously, and where. I have required specialized help from two Masters of the One, and a wonderful group of angels these past several years. Sai Baba, Mother and the Kryon group have given so largely in my time of need that the word “unfailing” comes to mind. How can anyone fail with a universe of help on every side?

I often sense Mother in the particular way she is helping me now. Out of pure love and caring, even to the steadying of my footsteps in slippery physical places. She looks different than before, I told her, like a Star of the One Sun that has just stepped out of a heavenly Party to see to something. I also see her connected to and speaking through David, and greeting the people that come to her work.

Altogether an active sort of Mother!

*One generally passes through three stages in the spiritual life. The first stage is of burning enthusiasm, when the aspirant is imbued with the keen desire of seeing and experiencing the unknown. The second stage is of disgust and disappointment, the third is of divine bliss. The second stage, in which you are at present, is very long. Since you cannot escape from it or remedy it, you must put up with it cheerfully. Don't leave me in any case.*

**- Meher Baba** (“*The Perfect Master*,” 1937)

# MOTHER

by **Bonnie Barnowe**

What to say about Mother?? There is much I could say, but can't because she made me promise not to reveal much that she told, especially when we were in Hawaii. But how I was affected by her,—yes!!

When my eldest daughter, Barbara , began mentioning this lady she was visiting—who had been to India, wore a “robe,” and talked about God, and whom she called “Mother”—I was hurt and angry that she was calling someone else Mother! I thought my daughter was “losing it” mentally, after all the physical trauma she had been going through herself. But one day Mother invited me and my daughters to afternoon tea at her home. She was gracious and friendly, the tea party was elegant and delicious. We had a nice visit, and as we left she handed me a couple of books to read, one of them *The Science of Religion*.

Then, some time later, Barbara talked us into going to a “meeting” at the Anderson's. First there was a formal service in the living room. Then, we all traipsed downstairs where we all sat in a semi-circle on the floor at Mother's feet. Informally we asked questions, got answers etc. There was much learning, laughter,—and refreshments too. (I decided she wasn't so bad after all!!) And the girls and I started attending regularly.

One day I prayed for help, and there was Mother, lifting me out of the depths of despair that I found myself in! She took me under her wing and kept me there the rest of the way. We became very close—she said we were “buddies,” but I always knew there were boundaries to that. I loved having the meetings at my house, all seven years of them. People came to dust and set up chairs, etc. And the house just sang of “Om” for days between meetings. It was such a good feeling.

My husband had been stand-offish about Mother. He found himself terminally ill with cancer—only about three months to live. And since he wanted to be at home during this period, he listened in on the meetings from his recliner in the dining room. Just before he passed on, he asked Mother if she would hold his hand when the time came. And she did. She felt him reaching for her hand and she put it out for him at dawn as he passed over! We felt so exhilarated that he felt like joining the rest of us with her.

Our group grew rapidly. At one point we had over 200 people jammed into our house for an Easter service. Groups from Victoria and Vancouver would come at Christmas and Easter time services. Finally the neighbors complained and the Fire Department notified us that emergency vehicles would not be able to get through, with parking on both sides of our street and in surrounding blocks. So we had to find a different kind of meeting place. Mother and I went to many churches seeking permission to meet there. We had lots of chuckles watching each cleric try to ease us out of there in a “Christian” way! Finally, a Congregational Church welcomed us, and we met there for several years.

One incident in Mother's time in India I think she wouldn't mind my relating. She had been going through the mystical crucifixion for some time and called on her Guru for help. It was Ramdas who appeared in the doorway smiling. “You are not my Guru,” she snapped at him. And immediately Ramdas' face faded and Paramhansa Yogananda appeared in his place, smiling. “But we are One,” he said.

And we are all one. We have all been these various aspects of God, in our many lifetimes of development. The “good,” the “bad,” the various colors—we have each been this. We must learn to get along with each other!

# SEEK AND YOU SHALL BE FOUND: A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

by Rebecca Barnowe

There is a longing so deeply rooted in us, that nothing dreamed of can ever fill it, or gauge the breadth of its expanse. Such a longing moves unseen in the heart of every man, unspoken of to others, calling each, from the inmost center of his being, Home.

In this world of so many sounds, it is this cry alone, rising in utter quiet—uncompromisingly intent on Truth, that draws into manifestation a real Master. It does not matter our age or gender, our station in life, our wealth or poverty. When you seek God with all your heart and mind and soul, you are found. And He holds you in His arms of everlasting bliss—setting you on the path to full enlightenment.

I first met Mother (1964) when I was thirteen years old. As she opened the door, a wall of white light enfolded her face and flooded the room in every direction. It had a sound of purest love. I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that my real life had just begun.

For the next seventeen years she guided me through the most extraordinary initiations of my lifetime. Whether thousands of miles apart or at an intimate distance, she transmitted her teaching directly to me, lifting, harmonizing; pointing my soul steadfastly without interruption to God alone.

And when she made her transition—this was my legacy: the birth of consciousness from the human to the divine, a blessing pouring forth 'til the end of time.

# HARLEY

by Rebecca Barnowe

In 1973 I was on retreat, living simply, in a converted turn-of-the-century chicken house, overlooking the Olympic Mountains on Case Inlet. Mother had given her blessing for me to go into the silence at this stage, protected by a dog named “Harley”—with my only companions during the week, a bevy of scurrying mice and a family of baby squirrels and wild birds. From time to time I would walk down the beach to an old private ferry dock to fish for perch. Harley would amble along the driftwood, usually sniffing for treasures, of a disreputable sort.

But this day as the ferry was loading, he appeared restless to race to my side, and darted out into traffic, run over by a semi right before my eyes! Kindly the driver paused, then reversed, unknowingly running over his body a second time! I cried for Mother's help.

Harley staggered in pain, panicked and loped off, dazed. All the way “home” I was crying. He lay there crumpled on the floor unconscious. I prayed for healing, calling on Mother to be by my side. I placed my hands on Harley and the sound of AUM reverberated in the chicken house. Suddenly his eyes shot open, he leapt to his feet and bolted out the door, barking as if to resume some unfinished business. It was a miracle!

Mother heard about this and insisted that Harley attend one of the Wednesday night meditation meetings. The room was full. Mother appeared and introduced a guest who was visiting from Germany. Harley began looking to the side of them and started growling frantically and then, yes, went berserk barking—eyeing the whole scene with the utmost horror. He was removed, naturally.

After the talk was over and everyone had left, Mother called us back. I was feeling rather embarrassed. To my surprise she said, “Harley is

more than a dog! Not only that, he has very developed clairvoyant abilities. You may think he was being very disrespectful—most people did. But Harley had detected an entity here which no one else had the ability to see, and he reacted in his natural God-given way to protest against the negative and menacing force this entity has embodied."

Don't ever forget, there is more here than most have eyes to see!

Each soul, whether he does so consciously or unconsciously, looks for the coming of a miracle within his own life. His hope is eternal that one day God, or luck, or circumstance, whichever label he has chosen to put upon his chosen deity, will reach forth and, with a magic wand, touch him upon the shoulder, thereby transforming him into the creature of his dreams and changing his whole existence. He does not realize that the manifestation of the miracle lies within his own grasp, nay, within his own being.

—**Mother Hamilton** (From Talk No. 810603—from a reading from her personal journal, 1958)

# MOTHER HAMILTON

by **Glory Kurfurst**

I had the privilege of knowing Mother Hamilton for 22 years; she was my guru from 1969 until her passing in 1991. Being in her presence was an experience beyond anything I can describe. Words beggar description, yet I will try anyway.

To me, Mother Hamilton was, in part, like Cinderella's fairy god-mother as Disney drew and characterized her. Mother was short, stocky and round, with a grandmotherly demeanor; graceful and subtly elegant, with a sense of fun who could laugh at herself. She was full of magical charisma, wisdom and compassion and an unearthly radiance that shone around her.

Unlike the fairy god-mother, my guru was very much a part of this earth. She was eminently practical, down to earth and had the common touch. She was a hard worker who was totally dedicated to whatever she set her mind to. She was self educated—having never graduated from high school. She was self taught, telling us more than once that she had to teach herself social manners and graces as she wasn't trained in them at home.

As difficult as her growing up was though, Mother never stopped approaching life head on. She was full of life, full of gaiety and laughter and fun. Many was the time I saw her playing cards with devotees, or going out to dinner, or to a movie, or a concert. I've heard tell that she was an avid fisherwoman (in the past), and a dancer who won a dance contest.

She was also a very feminine woman who understood and appreciated the world of femininity and beauty. When, as a young 23 year old, in 1969, I first started attending her devotees' Wednesday night house-cleanings and spiritual talks afterwards at Mary Michel's house—there was a whole group of us kids (either freshly out of high

school or college) who were introduced, through more mature women she knew, to the finer details of make-up and grooming. She understood the value of feminine beauty and its place in a woman's life.

She was a complete woman and knew every basic challenge any woman ever went through. She used her vast understanding of what it meant to be a human being growing up in America in the 20th century as a daughter, a student, a business woman, a wife, a mother and a grandmother, to help her in her spiritual work. For she understood, that in order for disciples to get their God-Realization, they would have to become balanced physically, mentally and spiritually. And she worked with them toward that end. She addressed all of life and embraced each and every one of us totally in our humanness with the compassion and down to earth wisdom of the mother.

She was also blessed with phenomenal willpower, and would never let anything stand in the way of her devotion to God. She was a Capricorn who could climb any emotional mountain, and withstand any trial. This isn't to say she never fell. She walked the path of human consciousness just like the rest of us. She just always picked herself up, and listened to her God-given intuition, learned what she was supposed to learn from it, and then proceeded to the next occasion.

Her strength and endurance were also almost beyond belief. She is the only human being I know, who became senile; went through the entire experience of being physically and mentally incapacitated as an elderly woman, not remembering people's names or faces; and came out of it, regaining full use of her memory and enough use of her body that she did not have to stay in an old folks' home any longer.

She carried, I believe, the consciousness of Every Woman from birth to death as a world server. It was a very heavy load, but I have got to believe that the Bliss she gained from her complete God-Realization more than made up for it.

I wrote the following poem to Mother Hamilton about her in the 1970s. She told me at the time that she had shared it with people in India and,

as she said, she had got a lot of mileage out of it. I've edited it a little bit.

Dream “doll” you  
Sexy and glamorous  
Taking all unto you  
Oh, Eternal Mother  
My Mother Dear  
My sweet, gentle Mother  
My humble, good, great, Great Mother  
My magnificent Michelangelo Mother  
Madonna & Holy Father  
World sophisticate and  
Everyday sufferer  
My Savior, my Christ  
My stern protector  
My tempter, my tester,  
My funny, wild, wacky, exciting, wonderful Mother  
I'm so glad you are all things,  
Such pure mountain-fresh waters  
Come pouring over my soul  
After church meetings when  
Watching you  
I'm glad your love is divine  
I thank you God,  
You're GOD-Mother  
My catholic God-Mother  
I want your baptism

Little Child, I love you  
Your little child loves you.

# OUR BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER

by Reverend Pat Downey

It all started for me when I was about ten years old. I used to go to church, kneeling and praying for understanding at each station of the cross. I would communicate with God and tell him I wanted to be like his son Jesus. I don't remember having any feelings of revelation or any other outstanding "signals" from God as a youth. I just knew that I was looking within myself and couldn't grasp anything in my intellect as to who God really was, who Jesus really was, and, for that matter, what any of my orthodox teachings represented.

I do remember feeling one powerful moment when touring the stations of the cross. I told God that I would like to experience having everything that happened to Jesus happen to me when I was thirty-three years old. You see, I was told Jesus was crucified, died, and was buried when he was thirty three years of age.

For the next twenty three years I gave up my religion, didn't really practice any forms of spiritual training and was completely absorbed with living in the world, making a living and raising a family.

My beloved Guru, Mother Hamilton, was introduced to me when I was thirty-three years old. I immediately trusted her teachings that she brought to me. Her universal love flowed over and through me. In other words, my consciousness was opened up for discovery.

Sometimes I couldn't absorb the expansion of thought and understanding, however could always stand my heart being touched by my Guru's blessings. Her joy and compassion for my soul were indescribable. I felt special in God. I didn't realize my life had been saved!

Mother's guidance pervaded every aspect of my life for me. Prosperity came into my life, intelligence came forth, compassion became apparent, and most of all love in the true universal sense was being

modeled for me. The greatness of Divine Mother became more and more apparent. God provided more miracles and life exploded with anticipation and aliveness and awareness. Even the “bumps” in the road became part of the treasured journey that Mother promised for us all in one of her most beautiful writings, “Come Follow Me.”

Thirty-three became a “magic” number for me—it was the year that Mother chose me as one of the many to follow her. My childhood prayer was answered. Mother came and taught me who God and Jesus really are and who I really am in God myself. How lucky I am! How lucky I am! Thank you God for our blessed Divine Mother. I see her when I see the brightest star in the midnight sky.

I hear her in the sound of silence and most of all I feel her when my heart is once again filled with her love and tears runneth over.

*You know that you were willing to give yourself up to be crucified of men. And having gone through that crucifixion, that you have earned the right to the things of your Father's kingdom. You feel this eternal bliss. You know His supply is ever with you, that the doors of His body are open and that He will pour over you more blessings than it is within you to receive.*

*—Mother Hamilton (From Talk No. 610201 )*

## **BAPTIZED BY THE GURU**

**by Yogacharya David R. Hickenbottom**

The meeting of a true Guru, a spiritual preceptor or teacher, is a baptism for the devotee. For those wishing to embark on the deeper mysteries of Spirit, this baptism is a necessary occurrence. That spiritual baptism occurred for me in March of 1974. I had just turned twenty years of age. I had been intensely involved in a spiritual search for my whole life, but more consciously in the previous two years. A few months before I had read a popular book that described the meeting of a Western man with his Guru. An inner resolve came to me that a Guru, a teacher, someone who knew the way, was needed in my life. I had been reading books on Eastern philosophy but felt that I was missing something essential, and that I could only get that from a living person. I little understood what a Guru was or why one was essential, other than some intuitive knowing that I felt.

A friend suggested we go to see a woman teacher. She was described as an older Western woman, kind of like a grandmother. Well the description did not interest me much as I probably had in mind an Eastern man, perhaps with long hair and beard. So I declined. They, the friends, persisted and at last I consented to meet this woman, as we all had been searching for a teacher and higher truth together. We all rode together to what was to be a very fateful meeting for me.

When I walked into a private home (later I was to learn this was Bonnie Barnowe's home, a beloved disciple of Mother's, I noticed many shoes in the back room. I supposed that leaving one's shoes there was the thing to do, so I took off my shoes and socks. I walked up to the front and sat on the floor. Most people were seated on chairs, some on couches, most sitting in Western style on chairs, a few sitting cross-legged in Eastern style. I practiced some Hatha yoga at the time and did some meditation so I sat in the lotus position. There was an older woman sitting on the couch across from me, Harriet

Rowe, who I thought might be Mother. But this was not right, and soon Mother came walking out from a room in the back of the house. Hearing the swish of her robe I opened my eyes to see a beautiful older woman (Mother was in her seventieth year at this time) standing at the front of the living room, all the chairs and people facing her. She immediately spied my bare feet and asked that I put my socks on. I got up to walk to the back of the room, past all the people sitting there. Being a shy person by nature this was uncomfortable, but in addition to that Mother went on to tell that some people come to steal the power of the Guru by having bare feet! I wondered to myself why someone in touch with the Infinite power supply was worried about a bit of power, but I got my socks and resumed my position.<sup>1</sup>

After an opening prayer Mother went on to speak of God, Christ and Realization. My spiritual investigations to this point had not included the concept of God, having dismissed the Christian concept of salvation for only the chosen few while the rest of humanity was eternally tortured, not to death, but to everlasting misery. I had made it my vow to have nothing to do with such a sadistic God. But Mother used the words God and Christ in totally different way than I had ever heard before. Somehow it was not a turn-off for me, and beyond that, I felt the power emanating from her so strongly I felt myself to be in a spiritual windstorm.

At the end of the talk Mother greeted everyone with a hug on the way out. I waited in line for my turn. As I got closer I felt my heart beating so hard I felt everyone else might be able to hear it too! I remember approaching Mother for a hug and the next thing I really remembered was sitting in the backseat of the car I had come in. The others in the car were speaking of going to Baskin and Robbins for some ice cream. Mother had spoken of renunciation that night, although I could not have said what Mother had spoken of for sure, and they thought they would start that renunciation with some ice cream, all in good humor of course. I felt I was looking at them through a telescope from a thousand miles away. It was then I was conscious that something very powerful had just happened to me. I did not know what that was,

but I wanted to explore it until I got to the bottom of it. It has been many years since that resolution, and each time I think I have gotten to the bottom of something spiritually, that bottom drops right out and reveals a universe much larger and grander than I could have imagined beforehand.

That spring Mother offered Kriya Yoga Initiation. During one talk Mother had mentioned a book, *Autobiography of a Yogi*. I had never heard of the book before and asked someone standing in line waiting to greet Mother about the book. He was shocked to hear I had never heard of the book and went on to tell me that many who came to Mother initially were drawn to her because of that book and the fact that Mother was a direct disciple of the author, Paramhansa Yogananda. Well, if Mother recommended the book, that was good enough for me. I read it that spring, and for the next ten years I re-read the *Autobiography* from start to finish every spring, thinking it was a good way to start the year. I took Kriya Initiation that year, the first time Mother had given Kriya Initiation in seven years. Really, I had no idea of what initiation was, what Kriya was, what a Guru was, what I did know was that in Mother I had met someone who spoke with a power I had never encountered before, that what she taught made sense, to the degree I could understand it, and most of all she made me feel in touch with an inner awareness that I knew was on the right track for my soul.

I was a bit of hard sell beyond that. I did not want to be 'running a fool's errand'. I was not there to believe something I was told just because someone else said it. I wanted God-Realization, and although I had a driven impulse for it, initially I would not have described it as God-Realization as what I needed, nor did I have any words to describe what I inwardly felt. For two years I searched out the depth of who and what Mother was to the best of my ability. I would go back to Mother and ask myself, "Will it be the same, will I feel the profound nature of her Spirit in the same way?" The answer always came back, "Yes." I practiced my Kriya every night and morning and felt its uplifting currents subtly change me. Old habits dropped off. But

my path was one of agony and ecstasy. More agony than ecstasy I am afraid to say. But through it all Mother patiently taught me, scolded me at times, and loved me always. Slowly I grew into greater understanding of who and what Mother was, and is. Since we know the Guru from the lens of our own mind and experience, I speak here of my own experiences with Mother in an effort to relay how I came to know her. I felt during her life, and it has not changed since, that I could not truly know all of Mother's Nature, as it is one with God's Nature, which in the ultimate analysis cannot be encompassed, although it can be experienced.

In the first year of knowing Mother I kept some bad habits. Once she greeted me in the back of Bonnie's, she looked up at me and shook her finger at me and said, "No smoking and no drinking." I never met Mother outside of the meetings and never discussed these things with her. I had made efforts to give these things up, but had not totally done so yet. A spontaneous answer, pathetic I know, but this is what I said, "But what if my father wants me to toast a New Year's celebration?" Mother looked directly at me and said, "You can have socialization or you can have Christ Consciousness, you decide!" You can guess which way I decided.

It was several years of knowing Mother before I ever did anything of a "social" nature with her. Once we went as a group to a deep-dish pizza place, a group of maybe twelve of us. I sat next to Mother, and at one point she turned to me. Mother had this power of screening the rest of the world out when she wanted. Several times I had sat next to Mother while she talked to someone else. Even though I was in easy range of listening I found I could not understand a word of what Mother said, even though I really tried. Tonight was to be my turn. I felt an invisible but perceptible screen surround the two of us. Looking at me deeply she asked, "Why don't you love me completely?" Immediately I knew of what she spoke. I told Mother about a broken relationship, my first love of a few years before in which I had felt deep hurt. I realized, in that moment of sitting with Mother, that I had put up a barrier around my heart. Mother said, "If you do not love completely,

you cannot know God.” A tug of war ensued for the next several weeks in which I negotiated with myself about taking the risk to love completely. “But what if my love should be betrayed, last time I felt I would rather be dead at times than to have that pain?” Eventually I surrendered it all: I would rather risk that pain than be without God.

As I said before, I was not an easy sell on accepting this path or Mother. Doubt assailed me. Even when I was having some profound interior experiences I would have doubts afterwards about the whole thing. “What if it is all a hoax? What if I am hallucinating these things, or they are the product of my mind, conditioned to accept these experiences and therefore creating them?” In this way I was tossed back and forth between confirmation through experience and a doubting intellect. Finally, a couple of years after meeting Mother I had a conversation with myself. “Well,” I asked myself, “What if this is all a hoax, what about it? If you were to die, find out that all you have lived is untrue, what then?” “Well,” I answered myself, “I would want to know, looking back on my life, did I do the best I could, and did I follow my highest light?” If the answer was yes, then I would be satisfied. “And do you believe you are following your highest light now?” Without hesitation, “Yes.” And with that the merry go round of the mind was put to a rest, at least on that level. My vow to myself was that I would always follow my highest light, let the chips fall where they may. I have never regretted that decision and it has served me well in deepening and growing spiritually and allowing me to explore the deeper Truths of God and Guru.

Lessons with the Guru are not always easy ones; after all, the Guru has taken on the job of helping us destroy the ego. A difficult lesson came my way one time. It is easy to read the stories of devotees and saints, and all along say, “Oh, I know the answer to that one, why don't they know (the participants in the story that is)? As I said there was a time when I started to get to do some social things with Mother. Being in a group, there was a desire in me to be noticed, to stand out in some way, only the way I stood out was not to my liking! Every time we would be talking in the group, others would be telling stories,

there would be laughter and Mother would be telling stories about her life as well. I would venture in with some comment, meaning to be funny or clever. Mother would look at me with all seriousness and say, "What did you mean by that?" All conversation and hilarity would come to an abrupt halt. What do you say when something intended to be humorous goes flat? I would try to explain, but that would only call forth more questions about what the explanation meant, only getting myself in deeper and deeper. I could not understand what I was doing that was different or wrong from others. After a year of this I had a revelation in meditation. I realized I was trying to impress Mother. I was not being natural, but wanted to be noticed, thought well of, etc. I decided to stop that behavior and start being myself. After that Mother never spoke to me that way again. Oh, the value of a living Guru to guide us through the pitfall of ego, a boon without limit.

Throughout Mother's life she had many hardships and much physical suffering. It was the role she was to play, paying the ransom for many with her own body. Once I had a dream. In the dream I was talking with Mother, just the two of us. Her face was unusually grave looking. I was so happy just to be with her, but the thought ran through my mind, "Oh, why isn't Mother feeling better so we can have a fun time of it?" Well, in the dream I started feeling worse and worse. I didn't want Mother to catch on, but I could feel myself getting a more drawn face, being harder to keep jovial with the pain and pressure I was feeling. Meantime Mother was lightening up more and more; she was having a great time while I was feeling I was going under for the third time! About that time the pain started to leave me, and Mother's face slowly became grave once again. No tinge of ingratitude was in my mind this time. I thought to myself, "I had only a portion of what Mother carries all the time, and I felt I was about to collapse." In this way Mother taught me.

Mother was not one for much ceremony in most things. We had been talking about my becoming a minister. One day I told Mother that whatever I could do to help her in her work I would do. After that she had many conversations about me becoming a minister. When I was

a child I thought of becoming a minister in the Methodist Church where I attended from early childhood. But since leaving the church at twelve years of age I had not really thought about that as a possibility. I struggled for a while to try to find a way for the title to fit, as it did not seem natural to me. Finally I looked up the term in the dictionary and one of the definitions was “to serve.” That fit very well, and dedicating my life to service to God and Guru and all those in the group seemed just right. When Mother made me a minister she told me that morning at church she was going to do it. I was a little disappointed, thinking my parents would like to be there etc., but I surrendered that all to Divine Will. Also, when Mother made me a Yogacharya<sup>2</sup>, no prior intimation was made about that at all! The morning of service she told me just before we went out to the group to start the service. My heart soared in gratitude at the immense gravity of that moment, literally learning about the unexpected honor while receiving it.

Once, when Mother was very ill, as she was much of her last seven or eight years of her life, I saw her in a very pathetic condition. Disturbed to the soul about what was happening to Mother, I went home and meditated for a long time. Suddenly within my inner vision I saw Mother. Oh, how can I describe what I saw? She was beautiful beyond compare, radiant with Light that shone in every direction as far as the eye could see. Mother said to me, “Don't you know, I am in my Light Body.” I gazed at the spiritual magnificence of her Being. Mere words cannot convey all that I saw or experienced. I never again mistook Mother's outer form of her body for who and what she was in God. Those years of her physical illness were terrifically difficult, not only a second crucifixion for Mother but a crucifixion for our spiritual group. Who can gainsay the way of God and the Masters, but through the trials that came, somehow Mother gave me the grace to never doubt the reality I knew her to be. I saw her take on the suffering of the world in those days, and terrible it was, but glorious as well. She stoically bore what I am not sure any other could have borne. She groaned at times under the pressure, but not once did I see her lose her dignity or who she knew herself to be in God. She proved herself to be the greatest hero I have known. Blessed be our Mother for all

that she went through. I know that she is blessed, and I know that she has paid the price for many that will come. Blessed be our Mother.

Sometime after I was with Mother I had an inner image present itself to me. In the image I saw Mother as a great oak tree. Her arms as limbs were huge and gnarled, and spread to great width. The top of the tree rose up so high it was difficult to see. In the vision I was a tree, a young sapling, growing near the huge oak. I had a small fence around me in order to protect me from getting trampled. From year to year I would have a spontaneous vision of those two trees. With passing time I saw the young sapling growing into a young tree and then finally a medium size tree. Sometime after Mother's passing the image came to me again. I was a medium size oak, but where was the giant I had been growing next to? Nowhere to be seen. The awareness slowly dawned on me that the giant oak was gone forever in that form. But, unseen, the giant had become a part of the very ground that I drew my sustenance from, she was feeding me in her changed form. It was necessary for the grand old One to leave at some point, so that the emerging oak could spread its limbs. But if not for the Ancient One, the little sapling would not have had life at all, would not have been protected or nurtured from the beginning, and even now, although the Ancient One had gone, it continued to be the very vital Substance from which This Little One drew its life, inspiration, and all in all for the highest good of all. How can words of praise make an account for such gifts? The only mute praise I can think to make is to use the gift of this life to the best of my ability in silent thanksgiving for my Divine Mother.

Mother once asked me, "How will you pay for the air that you breathe?" I had no answer at the time. I have no adequate answer today. I can only think that to serve the One she served, to give my life as she gave her own for her Beloved, to emulate her life in as great a measure as I possibly can will be my ultimate answer. The pattern is set and is clear. She gave all that she was, and all that she hoped to be to the one living God and her Master. I know that she is great in God, even beyond my understanding. I know she will forgive

me my many personal failures. And I do pray that my blessed Guru will empower me with the grace to do, as she quoted from Mother Teresa, “Something Beautiful for God,” even as she has done so perfectly in her own life.

(1) I learned later that Mother had a group coming to her meetings, a time prior to my coming to her, doing exactly what she was describing. Also, a Guru will provide many hurdles for new devotees to overcome to test their desire for the path.

(2) Paramhansa Yogananda made six Yogacharyas in his worldwide organization. I do not know of any of the other Yogacharyas passing the title to any others. Technically, a woman would be called a Yogacharini, but Master gave Mother that title and it is the one she used all her life. There may be deep reasons why Master gave Mother this title which surpass “worldly” considerations and outer “correctness,” as there were in many of the things he did. Those who have faith in him know this, of course.

# MOTHER HAMILTON

by John and Dianne Durkin

My wife, Dianne, and I first met Mother Hamilton in the early 1970s. Everyone in the small group that night seemed so excited about actually meeting a Guru. We were so inspired by Mother's talk and lifted up by her meditation that we lost all track of time. Our babysitter expected us back in a couple of hours; we arrived six hours later. Possibly I was not the only one who felt that spiritual enlightenment was just a matter of a few hours, days, or maybe weeks away.

Our first Kriya was in 1976. What an experience! During the week before Kriya we got to know other devotees from Seattle and those who had come to Seattle for the Kriya week. We stayed with Charlie and Mary Lou Spring and are forever grateful to both of them for their kindness as hosts and for including us in their close contact with Mother. Other devotees organized tours and picnics during the day; Mother gave an inspiring talk and meditation each evening.

Kriya initiation itself was a magical event. I remember feeling so peaceful and energized at the same time. The whole world took on a special luminosity. This feeling was reinforced by a spectacular full moon.

During the '70s and '80s there were many trips to Seattle and three more Kriya ceremonies as well as several visits by Mother to Victoria. These were wonderful times with so many special people. Memories of these times are the most uplifting of my life; grief over their loss greatly exceeds any other I have experienced.

But these events did come to an end for my wife and me. Mother was suffering tremendous pain, my wife and I entered a stage of our lives that brought its own concerns, and many individuals who were close to us and to Mother had to deal with disruptions in their lives.

While the past decade has not been blessed with Mother's presence or, for us as least, the wonderful festivals that centered on her, it also has been a necessary time for me. Perhaps I understand a bit more about the difference between feelings of being part of a special group and those that represent the reality of even slight spiritual growth. I also have learned that my spiritual enlightenment is going to take more than a few weeks.

*I use this [Christian terminology] because it has been my own path. But my own path has been a universal path from the standpoint that what I just said a few minutes ago is true-- that it is a path of every man. I am merely using Christian terminology and occasionally interspersing it with something from the Hindu[s] to those who are interested because people understand this. We've been raised on the Christian Bible. We have Christian churches all over this United States. But this teaching is universal. It goes beyond any church. It goes beyond any name, except the Name of God.*

*—Mother Hamilton, (From Talk No. 750309 )*

# MOTHER HAMILTON

by Jeff Moore

I don't know how Mother influenced my life—did she? This is the true salesperson—sell without the prospect knowing they have been sold. I only knew Mother for two or three years, but it is upon this base that I have built my spiritual life. I asked Mother what she said once after a service, and she told me she could not be expected to remember everything God had told her and that I should listen better. She said that with a loving smile as she incised away another piece of “dross” from my soul.

Dave H. first introduced me to Mother and I went every Sunday and Wednesday. Even the traffic tickets I got speeding to Mother did not matter. My first service, I had to hug people and that was a lonely and fearful experience. Greg helped me and I always looked for him and Mother to help me through those difficult hugs. I hung Mother's picture in my car as I took it to Davenport, Iowa with me. Peter Roessler and I and his family and a few others listened to Mother's tapes every Wednesday evening—meditated and talked. It helped make school in the Midwest bearable.

I still have Mother's Christmas cards and letters and Dave's letters that I hold in my heart as anchors. Mother has given me the anchor for the foundation of my “true life.” Dave and I have gone in slightly different directions, but he is one of the cornerstones that Mother has left to me/ us. When I feel like saying the “heaven with it,” I think of Dave and Mother. I will always see him bowing to Mother on his knees—doing the thing that I wanted to do, but was too embarrassed to do. They are both intertwined in my mind as one—they are both my teachers and beloved friends. I am proud and humble to have known and to continue to know both of these great souls. In case I have not told you, Dave, and did not tell Mother (on this plane) I am honored to have been chosen to be your friend and student/chela.

# MOTHER—MY ROLE MODEL

by Cate Koler

Mother used to say that she led the most exciting life a person could lead and certainly that is true. When an individual steps out onto the stage under the direction of a realized Master, one begins the Divine Adventure.

God in Guru is truly the “hero with a thousand faces.” Humankind has worshipped God in many forms; from the stern Jehovah or Zeus, the fearsome Kali, the playful Krishna to Jesus, the sweet savior of sorrows. A God-Realized individual can and often does play all those roles, since he or she is God incarnate. Mother played any role which God directed her to, treating each devotee individually, meeting each on his level, in his state of consciousness.

She was always called “Mother” and that is the role which I believe came the most naturally to her, that of a loving Mother. Her love for God, her family and her devotees never faltered; the love I felt from her was of a divine quality—so deep, so strong, so true. However Mother told us that sometimes she had to use the “love of the crucible” in order to help us advance on the path. She'd tell us that she was part Iroquois and so she might have to get out her tomahawk from time to time.

In 1975 I was searching for a spiritual teacher. Like many of Mother's other devotees, I would not have pictured Mother as being the type of person who was a “guru,” but even before I met her, just hearing her voice, I knew she was the one. I met her in person in January 1976 and was privileged to be initiated by her that summer.

At the same time that I was looking for spiritual values, I was also training to work in the theatre. These worlds seemed miles apart. I was only familiar with more puritanical religious teachings and they didn't seem to be compatible with this new vocation of mine. They felt

restrictive to me and I wanted something more life-affirming. Mother was the perfect role model. She was very much a modern woman, who did not hide her head in the sand; at the same time she was in the world, but not of it. Her entire focus was on God, but she definitely did not resemble in the least the “church ladies” I was familiar with. While being strict in regards to values, she participated in life fully. She used to tell us, “In all things, I teach you balance.”

Over the first couple of years, I didn't see Mother very often, but did so whenever I had the opportunity. Mother continually surprised me. She was unlike anyone I had ever met. She could be a stern minister, a loving Grandmother, a dear friend, a teacher of sacred mysteries, an inspiring coach and play so many other roles too. I remember one time when my friend, Donna and I were spending a few hours with Mother at her apartment. We were in a very blissful state. Mother had been talking about God, of course, and our talk had been intense and uplifting. Just as we saying “good-bye” and walking down the hall, Mother put one hand on her hip and draped herself in the doorway. She spoke with a “Bette Davis” voice and said, “Just remember—I **am** who I **am**!” This set us into peels of divine laughter, which, combined with the blissful energy flowing through us, put us into quite an intoxicated state for some time!

A similar incident happened during a social occasion when a group of us were singing some chants. Mother was singing and accompanying us on the piano. We chanted for some time; it was peaceful and solemn and then Mother turned around on the stool, winked at me (I think) and started to play some honky-tonk. She loved a little fun! She inspired us to be serious about our God-Realization, but to enjoy each other's company and feel His Laughter and Joy.

A few years after I had received my initiation, Mother gave me the best gift she could have given me at that time—the greatest test I have had to date. I hadn't seen her much for a while as I'd been living back east. I went up to Mother to greet her. She treated me very coldly. I went into a restroom and was sick to my stomach. Later I

spent several hours in agony. I realized that my relationship with Mother was the most important thing in my life and if I didn't have her as my Guru, my life was not worth living. I had always thought that I'd chosen her, that I could choose to stay or go. Now it seemed that she had withdrawn her love! I had been disciplined about my Kriya and meditations, but hadn't really put any serious work into my spiritual life. I was not really committed. I learned a lot in that 'dark day of the soul'.

The next time I saw Mother she was sweet and gracious and was that way to me for ever more. She never said a word about it, and neither did I, but from that day to this I have been completely hers, "socked in" as she used to say. I am so grateful that she put me through that test, and consider it such grace from God that she accepted me as her disciple and never let me go.

Over the next ten years Mother and our spiritual group went through many changes. The players on our stage had "their exits and entrances" and we all watched in horror as the divine Director had our "leading lady" play the "frail, old woman." I had been the eager "company apprentice" and now was sometimes given the role of Mother's "dresser"—helping her when her regular assistant wasn't there and driving her to appointments. It was amazing and inspiring to see how hard she continued to work for God, how she would force her uncooperative body to bend to her will and do the work that needed to be done. She always sweetly expressed her gratitude to me, even though it was my privilege to help in any way.

Mother taught me almost entirely by example. We very seldom discussed theology or spiritual concepts. She would never allow me to focus on any spiritual experiences, not wanting my ego to get a hold of it, thereby forcing me to go within. I find that the appropriate words from her teachings come back to me when I need them. In learning how to be a true devotee of my Guru, I have been learning how to go to God.

I always thought that I wouldn't be able to live without Mother in her physical form, but she truly sent the "Comforter" to me. I feel her

direction stronger than ever, I feel her take my hand in hers as I remember doing when we'd sit together. She comes to me when I am least expecting it, all of a sudden filling me with her Divine Presence. It's as if I am hearing again the same swish of her gown when she used to sweep up the aisle at church as we all sat in blissful expectation of her magnificent entrance.

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• *What more can I say? With everything that I do for*  
• *you. With everything that is within me I love and*  
• *serve God in you. If there's anything more that I*  
• *can do that I haven't done God has only to show*  
• *me, and I will be happy to do it. I will spend myself*  
• *to the last breath for Him and for Him in you. But*  
• *I beg of you, as of this moment, to start to do your*  
• *part, to take Him in every moment, every facet,*  
• *every thought, every word, every act of your exist-*  
• *ence, and find out how wonderful is your Infinite*  
• *Beloved.*  
•  
• —**Mother Hamilton**, (From Talk No. 800319 )  
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# A STORY ABOUT MOTHER HAMILTON

by Lorraine Bourcier

I was a pretty tough little city girl when Mother came into my life and she came at a point when I had hit rock bottom. I wanted a change in my life and had moved across the country to get that change.

The first Sunday I was in Victoria I went with a couple of friends to a little chapel in the YMCA to hear a tape of Mother's.

I experienced hearing one hour of pure truth. My hard façade fell away and I had to be alone because I wasn't used to feeling so vulnerable in front of strangers.

Just two weeks later, I went with my friends and the rest of the Victoria group to hear Mother's Easter sermon at Bonnie Barnowe's home in Seattle.

I remember this first meeting so vividly. I sat quietly with everyone, my eyes closed, trying to be calm. Then I heard the soft rustle of her robe as she walked down the aisle to the pulpit in front of us and said, "Good morning, how is everyone this morning?" To which we responded, "Awake and ready."

Again, I closed my eyes so I could listen to every precious word without distraction. When she finished the closing prayer, I opened my eyes to look at her and right at that moment she too opened her eyes and they met mine. I felt an electric surge go up my spine and off the top of my head! It was an amazing sensation.

As people started moving about, putting away chairs and greeting each other with smiles and hugs, I felt I was going to cry. My heart was so full. Still, I couldn't possibly allow myself to cry in front of all these new and such nice people.

I got up to make my way through the crowd to the bathroom to a good cry. On my way there, a hand came out and took my arm. It was Mother's. She took me in her arms and hugged me and asked, "What's your name, honey?" I answered, "Lorraine, and I have to go the wash-room."

I enjoyed many years being able to see Mother and had the tremendous privilege of serving her in my home and taking care of her through some of her later illnesses. She changed my life in every possible way. She is the greatest love I have ever known on this earth.

*May the guru's gracious glance ever dwell upon me.  
It creates all worlds, and yields all nourishment.  
It bestows the viewpoint of all Holy Scriptures.  
It regards wealth as useless, and removes faults.*

## **The GURU GITA**

### **ADDENDUM**

The lessons I learned from Mother 25 years ago are the lessons I am still learning today.

- In all things I teach you, I teach you balance.
- Watch that little cannon ball, the tongue. It does more damage than anything.
- Be true to yourself. Listen to that still, small voice inside.
- Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else will be added unto you.

# DEAREST MOTHER

by Larry Koler

I first met Mother on Easter Sunday, 1976. In the weeks before, I had been to a few meetings at a Bonnie's home while Mother was in Denver visiting her daughter and the members of the center there. I waited with great anticipation for the chance to first meet her. I was interested in learning Kriya Yoga after reading the book *Autobiography of a Yogi*, by her peerless master, blessed Paramhansa Yogananda. In the days leading up to this first meeting with Mother I had a recurring image of her silhouette in profile in my mind. I had seen pictures of her and so had some idea of what she looked like. I didn't know what to think of this at the time but the memory of this experience is still strongly with me.

Eventually, I came to know that having a guru was much more important than taking Yoga instructions. Also, I learned the more significant fact that initiation as a disciple is the great gift that is brought by a master. Mother took up her task of teaching me about God, about union with Him and the real inner work that only the guru can do. I was also surprised that what thrilled me the most was the way that Mother talked about God. She made Him seem so close and intimate. Through contact with her I came to know the **feeling** of God.

The first year or two of discipleship with Mother were ones of complete focus on God and the experience with His Presence. I looked with anticipation to the twice weekly meetings when Mother would give a talk. She would sweep in, coming from the back room of Bonnie's house. I recall clearly the sound of her robes as she walked by us. I learned to attune my inner self to her and feel her thoughts on me, on us all, as she came into the room.

Later I came to know of Mother's esoteric teachings, of her experiences during her spiritual emancipation and of her interpretations of the Bible and Yoga in greater detail and increasing understanding But

I have always considered these early teachings to be the most important. I didn't fully realize at that time how much it was Mother who was responsible for the cocoon of warmth that I was swimming in. At that time I simply felt blessed by God that He put me in touch with the guru, within and without.

When I was first with Mother, she wouldn't let me get close to her or to know her in an intimate, personal way. She was always busy and I was in such awe of her that I seldom could get the courage to talk with her. Instead, I started writing letters to her, which she encouraged us all to do. It was a good means for her to monitor us and it kept our minds on God. She had two ways of responding to people's letters: she would answer them in her next talk or she would discuss some item or other with us on the way out of Bonnie's house. Mother always stood at the back of the room at the end of each meeting and gave us each a hug as we left. I often stood in line in anxious anticipation of what she would say. I seldom wrote her where she didn't comment on or refer to my latest letter. I could never predict her reaction to what I had written. She was inscrutable and she seemed to have much fun in being so. I have often wondered and hoped that it was as wonderful for her as it was for us.

I remember one time that she asked me to her apartment for a celebration one evening on my second Christmas with her. She invited us all at four or five different dates so that she could have small, intimate gatherings of people. She had prepared all of the cookies, cakes and other goodies with her own hands. It was done in such humility and good humor, in service to us all. I had a difficult time on the personal level during those first years. I always felt so clumsy and crude around Mother and some of the more refined devotees. Also, some of them were very casual and personal with her. I envied them their ease in her presence. It is hard to describe what a powerful emanation came from her during those years. She radiated such spiritual power that it would sometimes give me a headache being around her.

One time after service, Mother demonstrated God's power to me in a

simple and dramatic way. She distracted my mind with the odd question, “Are you solid with me?” My initial reaction to this was hurt that she didn't know how devoted I was to her. She then lifted me with her eyes and then I felt her pulling away from me, leaving me. This all took place on the inner plane and so I do not know what I did physically-I felt as though I was bobbing in an ocean of feeling during the whole episode that took a few seconds or so. As she pulled away from me I felt panic overwhelm me, as though she would abandon me. Tears filled my eyes and I cried out loudly, “Mother!” Immediately I felt a surge of intense heat shoot up my spine and blast through the top of my head. I felt a roaring flame proceeding out of my head for a short time. There is an analogy to fishing that Mother used: she was the fisherman. I think this was her way of “setting the hook.” Afterwards, no comment from her. She just looked into my eyes, set me aright and sent me out the door.

I gave myself to Mother, as a disciple, as a child and as a devotee. I felt that I had been with her before. She used to say that she would do anything for her master, even crawl on her hands and knees to California to see him, if necessary. I know that feeling now, too. Through God's grace I was blessed to come into this lifetime to learn from her, to be with her and to witness God working through her during the best of times and the worst of times. And I learned what it is to surrender to God in a way that is discussed only in the stories of Jesus and other great masters of God.

.....  
•  
• *Earn your way. It is the pearl of great price. It*  
• *isn't to be gotten for a gift, although it is the great-*  
• *est gift of God there is. But you have to earn it*  
• *every inch of the way.*  
•  
• —*Mother Hamilton* (From Talk No. 750309)  
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•  
.....

# **A BRIGHT & POWERFUL LIGHT SHOWING US THE WAY TO GOD**

**by Peter Schultz**

I met Mother when I was nineteen years old. I had been attending a meditation group in Anchorage Alaska for about two years that was led by one of Mother's devotees, a wonderful lady who first exposed me to Mother's teachings, named Nancy Martini. Mother had decided that members of our group were ready for Kriya Yoga initiation, so with tremendous excitement we organized the event and in the summer of 1976 she came to Anchorage to give us initiation into this most powerful and holy of Yogic practices. It was with much anticipation and excitement that I went for my first meeting with this incredible woman that I had heard so much about, and listened to so many times on the tapes that we would play at our meetings. She was staying at the house of one of our group's members, the wife of a prominent local architect. The house was beautiful, right on a bluff overlooking the water with big windows filling the house with brilliant morning sunlight, a perfect setting to meet a woman dedicated to bringing the light of God into the world.

I came around the corner and there she was, sitting calmly in a chair beside a round kitchen table, dressed in a white robe facing me. She gave me a beautiful smile, and with a level gaze and a welcome greeting she made me realize I had come to the right place. She was surprisingly beautiful and I felt an immediate attraction to her. I was drawn to her radiant expression and I suddenly felt very fortunate for the chance to meet with her. As I sat down next to Mother Hamilton my first impression was one of calm and tremendous power. Mother emanated such conviction and internal power just being there, but when she spoke she focused completely on you and her voice carried an intensity and conviction that made you lean forward and grasp onto every word. As I listened to the words she spoke I realized I was hearing the spiritual truth from one who knew first hand. After all my

searching, all the churches I had attended and all the sermons I had listened to it was the first time I had ever heard anyone whose words felt so exactly right. She knew, and I knew she knew, and I realized right then I didn't have to search anymore.

Mother spoke about God, about how we should put our minds and our full attention on God. This was her message, look to God, think of God, put your attention on God, make God a part and piece of your every moment of every day and be amazed as your life changes and you become lifted up in that presence.

What I truly love about Mother and what I am always and forever thankful for is her complete dedication to this one message. In a world of constant change, shifting situations, locations, and circumstances she was like a cool, clear fountain that one could return to over and over and draw from this one great message in new and ever inspiring ways. In the later years of her life her body became physically diminished, but the message never changed. Even now after her passing the message has never changed; it is still there blazed in the sky and the trees and the wind, and in every atom of space in between, keep your mind on God, think of God, be with God, God is everywhere in us and around us.

We had many conversations over the years and she always made time for me and always made me feel very special, something I've always felt tremendous gratitude for. She always knew what to do and seemed perfect in every situation. I often felt as though being with her must be like being in the presence of a great and powerful political leader. We would go to lunch or be in a department store and wherever we would go people seemed to know her and treat her with special affection and respect. It was amazing to witness how even total strangers treated her in surprisingly wonderful ways, she had a noticeable effect on everyone she came in contact with.

I remember my last conversation with Mother. I was sitting beside her hospital bed and was holding her hand. I wanted to know what to



# MY DIVINE MOTHER

by Judy Ellis

[selected excerpts from her book on Mother]

## MEETING MOTHER

In the Fall of 1977 I became blessed far beyond words when God reintroduced me to the Reverend Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton of Seattle, Washington. I say reintroduced for I'm certain that this Great One has guided and directed me in at least one previous incarnation. From the instant I saw Her, I knew that I had returned Home. I was willingly where I was supposed to be; totally and completely.

I can be skeptical, analytical and reluctantly admit that I too easily see other people's imperfections. But there was never a moment when I doubted, never a moment when I questioned or criticized anything Mother Hamilton taught, and this, for me, is not only out-of-character, but it's downright miraculous too! Mother was, is and always will be God to me, and you don't mess with God.

You often read of those who, while clinically declared dead, leave their physical bodies and drift up toward the Light. They too describe this experience as arriving Home. They've once again come into the unmistakable Presence of God's perfect all-encompassing and unconditional Love. They've come face-to-face with the Light of their own Being, their True Self, because "I and my Father are One." That was indeed my experience every time God honoured me with His Awesome Presence, as He appeared in the illumined form of one of His most humble servants, Mother Hamilton.

For 14 years Mother took on the role of Guru to me, a true Guru, one who gave all authority, all credit and all recognition to God alone. "God is the Guru," Mother often told us. She was merely doing His Will, allowing Him to speak and to act through Her.

Whenever I thanked Mother for something She'd said or done that had helped me, Her response was always, "Thank Him." Every true Master is this way. That delusive human ego, the belief that 'I' do this and 'I' am responsible for that, no longer exists in such a form. This is the example they set before us: "I of myself am nothing. It is my Father which doeth the works."

In 1991, at the age of 86, Mother passed on. I no longer have the privilege of basking in the incomparable sunshine of Her physical presence. I know though that She continues to remind me of the only thing that really matters in life—God—and that our sole task on this earth, our reason for being, is to realize through constant remembrance and through daily meditation, our ONENESS with Him.

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## **MOTHER'S PASSING**

We couldn't possibly have fathomed how indescribable a loss we'd experience when Mother, at the age of 86, finally returned to Her Spirit Home. Eight years have transpired since Mother's pain-racked body was laid to rest. Yet time does nothing to diminish the longing we feel to be in Her Holy Presence once more.

I remember it was about a week or so into January of 1991. We were living up in northern British Columbia again, having returned there in 1987. I was sweeping the floor when the telephone rang, so Ric picked up the receiver. It was our Blessed Guru, calling from Seattle.

Ric's conversation with Mother was short, for Mother had a definite mission in mind with this phone call. Ric told me later that he hadn't much of an opportunity to speak casually at all, for it was Mother's desire to know how each one of the Ellis's was fairing—Ric? Judy? Cher? Wendy? Tim? Each time Ric began a sentence, his train of thought would be interrupted because Mother would inquire about another member of our family. We didn't realize until weeks later of course, that Mother was saying good-bye to each one of us in turn.

On the evening of January 30th we received another phone call from Seattle, this time from a close devotee, Cate Koler, who wanted to let us know that Mother had taken a serious turn for the worse. And so we prayed. I remember being afraid though. Mother couldn't die, could she? I knew for certain that Mother would live forever with me in Spirit, but I also must have sincerely believed deep down inside that She could and would live forever just as She was now! Naturally and quite understandably, when our love for someone is great, this is probably how most of us feel.

The next evening at around 8:00 p.m., I phoned Cate to see how Mother was doing. She said she hadn't heard anything yet, but would call when she had. About an hour or so later-, Cate phoned us. Mother was gone. 'Mahasamadhi'—final earth exit of a great yogi.

I wrote the following shortly after:

*I hear the little Voice inside. It says, "Pick up your crosses which are your bodies, and follow the Christ. Emulate Him in every way, even unto the death of your human ego, that delusive self. Now is the time to put into practice all that I have taught you. There is no more that I can say but to repeat Myself. God loves you. He always did and He always will. There is nothing that you could ever do that would separate you from His Love. He is your Real Self. Find Him now! Satisfy the deepest longing of your Soul, that of the realization of your Oneness with your Heavenly Father."*

When the great sage Ramana Maharshi was soon to leave his body, his words to a grieving devotee were: "They say that I am dying but I am not going away. Where could I go? I am here."

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## **MOTHER'S MEMORIAL SERVICE**

We walked into a packed church, drawing comfort amongst those who had known and loved this Great Master, Mother and Friend.

Dozens of white and red roses adorned the altar, above which hung a huge lithograph of Paramhansa Yogananda. The altar though, was conspicuously empty, for MOTHER no longer stood before us in all of Her Splendor and Majesty.

Yogacharya David Hickenbottom, the disciple Mother had chosen to carry on in Her place, officiated during the ceremony. He began with the Biblical passage from John, Chapter 14, beginning with Verse 2: *In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you....*

I can't recall much of what transpired during this service, for I barely hung on, having to keep my eyes shut tight for fear of totally coming apart at the seams. At one point, someone began to sing a song I'm sure all of you are familiar with, *Wind Beneath My Wings*. The singer's voice was identical to Bette Midler's, so much so that I opened my eyes, discovering that this song was surprisingly being sung by a young man.

While Mother was still with us in physical form, I transcribed the words to *Wind Beneath My Wings* and sent them off to my Guru, telling Her that She indeed was my hero, that She indeed was everything I wished I could be. Then on the evening of Her passing, I played this beautiful song over and over again as I grieved. Several times more as we drove the 14-hour journey to Seattle for the memorial, I'd listened to this song on our car stereo. So when this young man began singing in the church that afternoon, my oldest daughter, 15 at the time, and I along with her, broke down. It took years before either one of us were able to listen to those words without crying. In fact, my daughter forbid me altogether from playing the song, the memory that it stirred being just too painful for her to bear.

In my 41 years, I'd never laid eyes on a dead body and was praying that a coffin would NOT appear in church that day! But at the close of the memorial, Mother's body was wheeled in after all. Cremation would follow, but today we were given the opportunity to view Her

precious earthly Form one last time. Putting up a brave front, I decided to stand in line with the others. It was the right thing to do.

When I reached the coffin and looked in, the first words I heard quietly come out of my mouth were, 'oh my beautiful Mother.' Then in a flash I realized She was gone. My hands covered my face and I began to cry uncontrollably. Cate, loving Cancerian that she is, reached out and took me into her arms. As she held me, I remember telling Cate that I wished I could take Mother with me.—“You can,” she said.

There is a tale told in India about a salt doll who was going to go in the ocean and come back and tell of her experiences. But when she went into the ocean, she melted and she was unable to do it. And this came to me once in one of the spiritual experiences that I had after I had come out of this. And I thought to myself, yes, I, my human ego, went into the ocean. I was the salt doll. And I went in there and I dissolved. But the spirit of the ocean gathered the salt once more again to her bosom and fashioned out of it a form which she put on the shore to tell all men everywhere that God is life and life is God. And that's the way it is.

—**Mother Hamilton** (From Talk No. 760614)

# MOTHER

by Elvy Schmoker

A ray of Beauty  
Heaven's delight  
Countenance of peace  
Face shining bright  
A small inner smile, and  
Keen dancing eyes  
A hug that enfolds  
Calling bliss from the skies  
A touch so gentle  
It opens one's heart  
A look of reproach  
Stings like a dart  
A heart full of love  
That sets spirits free  
Healing the soul  
Deep within me  
Small and yet mighty  
God's soldier at work  
Draws us in neat and tidy  
Teaching God's wisdom pure  
Open to all, yet  
Remains humble, demure  
A laugh bubbles up  
From music within  
A quip light and quick  
Ends with a grin  
Living the truth  
The Christ in the flesh  
Shows us the path  
And then lets us know  
She'll be there to guide us, but

Alone we must go  
And, each little step  
Taken in faith  
Will lead us in time  
To eternal Grace  
There's naught to remember  
And naught to forget  
For thy wondrous presence  
Lives with me yet.

*Adherence to form and ritual cannot give you God realization. Neither will knowledge of the scriptures, the performing of asanas nor the practice of Pranayama take you to your goal. All of these things are but cords which serve to bind the soul to the body because the need for them is conceived only in the nebulous world of the mind.*

—**Mother Hamilton** (From Talk No. 810916—  
from a letter sent to a disciple)

# MY MEMORIES OF MOTHER

by Charmie Gilcrease

My memories of Mother Hamilton bring so many feelings. Highs and lows, loving and fearful emotions all vie for a place in my mind as I remember Mother.

When I finally focus I find a few memories that stand out much more than others. Not so much in greatness, but in simplicity. Mother quietly, gently being her enormous, Universal Self.

The beginning is often the way to begin a story so I will tell you of my beginning with Mother.

I had been looking for a teacher my whole life it seemed, but at nineteen my efforts increased. I had just had a baby and was calling for God's love and understanding. I had read Master's book, *Autobiography of a Yogi* and it inspired me. Since Master had already left the body, I decided to sell everything and "go find God" in India. I had no idea that Mother had already begun to guide my steps toward her.

I was making plans to go on my external journey. During this time

an in-law had been talking to me about a Guru. What a guru was I

had no idea. Finally he made it simple enough for me to understand. "A teacher who can help you to know God inside of yourself." Well, that was good, but I was not certain about the idea of a woman teacher. (How our ideas change with knowledge.)

Since my financial situation and my husband were not in favor of us going to India, I was getting desperate. Finally, I caved-in and asked the in-law for Mother's phone number. I did call and Mother seemed like a 'nice lady'. (Even Superman had his Clark Kent appearance to the unsuspecting.) So, I went to the next Sunday's service in Seattle.

When I got there the first thing I thought was, “I am home.” The people were my family; Mother—My Christ. Even after the homecoming my fears were quite overwhelming. I did not think anyone would like me, I held back and felt very inferior to everyone in the group. I knew that everyone else thought of God constantly and had impeccably perfect lives. No one else could have been involved in drugs or premarital sex or any number of my other sins.

Still I adored and trusted Mother, ‘Revered’ was the word I used in a letter to her. I was so puzzled because I had never felt this way about anyone before and I wanted to understand it with my mind, to dissect and analyze the information. After about four months Mother asked me to breakfast after church. The fact that she even noticed me was an enormous blessing in itself. I was always amazed when she remembered my name.

During that breakfast I told Mother that I wanted to have her tell me what to do, what to think about, basically how to live my life. Mother smiled at me so kindly and said that I would get just what I needed, not necessarily what I wanted. Mother told me that she did not have a magic wand to wave over me to grant me my God-Realization. I had to learn on my own, to make my own decisions, and mistakes, and gain internal strength. (I wanted that magic wand so badly.) Sometimes it felt like she was not helping me, that she wasn't guiding me enough, but she did not want any spiritual cripples. She wanted souls who could stand on their own and would make their own decisions for God.

That was the best advice I have ever received and it has helped me to gain the strength to continue on the path to my goal of Constant, Continual, and Conscious God-Realization. Even when the path has been so difficult that I have wanted to quit permanently, the knowledge that I had a choice and eternal help from the Gurus kept me living on the path.

Mother kindly showed me clearly, that even if I became the dust again I would have to gather myself together and follow the path to God. So

my choices were to keep going now while I have food, shelter and an enormously, powerful, loving, caring and supportive spiritual family or to leave now and do it again later with added burdens. It was my choice though, always my choice.

To all of Mother's family here and elsewhere, I thank you for sharing your love of Mother with me, and the love of Mother through you to me, even when I felt wholly unacceptable. Mother has some beautiful souls in her Spiritual Garden. *Namaste.*

•••••  
• *O Father, when I was blind I found not a door* •  
• *which led to Thee, but now that Thou hast opened* •  
• *my eyes, I find doors everywhere: through the* •  
• *hearts of flowers, through the voice of friendship,* •  
• *through sweet memories of all lovely experiences.* •  
• *Every gust of my prayer opens an unentered door* •  
• *in the vast temple of Thy presence.* •  
•  
• —**Paramhansa Yogananda** (from *Whispers from* •  
• *Eternity, 1949 Edition*) •  
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•••••

# MOTHER

by Wendy Pritchard

I had been living in Vancouver for a year and had been attending Simon Fraser University. My teacher training year was over and whereas I had always assumed that my daughter Mandela and I would return to Victoria, I was now having terrible doubts and anxieties about whether I should remain where I was or return. I role played the situation with my colleagues at university, I made lists of pros and cons.

Finally I learned that Mother was in Victoria and I phoned her. "Mother, please tell me how to make decisions and how to know which is the right one?"

Mother: "There are no right decisions—only decisions!"

I realized, of course, that Mother was not going to tell me what to do, and that whichever city I chose to live in there would be blessings and hardships along the way. There are no guarantees—it's all just life and we get what we need wherever we live!

# MY MEMORY OF MOTHER

by Mandela Pritchard

When I was 5 years old, I always saw Mother as Grandma. I loved her very much. She had this wonderful way of making me feel so amazingly special no matter how many people were around. I always felt like I was the only one.

# FOR OUR CELEBRATION OF MOTHER HAMILTON'S LIFE

by Jerry Trofimchuk

## **John 4: 9-19**

**9.** Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

**10.** Jesus answered and said unto her, *If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.*

**11.** The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?

**12.** Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?

**13.** Jesus answered and said unto her, *Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:*

**14.** *But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*

**15.** The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

**16.** Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither.

**17.** The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband:

**18.** *For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly.*

**19.** The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.

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Mother Hamilton found me in 1981. In the Spring.

At the time, I had been searching for a spiritual congregation, for a spiritual path where I would feel at home, for about ten or twelve

years. Through a series of difficult experiences, in Winnipeg, Manitoba and also in Victoria, British Columbia, God had made it plain to me that He was everywhere, in everything, and in everyone. And that at the core of my own being, there *already was* an “All-Wise,” “All-Knowing” Being...God Himself!! I didn't have to do anything, say anything. God was already there.

But how would I go about making direct contact with this “God Himself”?

This sense of God was different from what I had been taught as a young person. But in the Light of this knowledge of a more “friendly” and perhaps even accessible God; God as a genuinely loving and attentive Father/Mother/Friend, I could not return to my previous acceptance of a distant and uninvolved God—perhaps even a God of “Hell Fire and Brimstone.”

I was searching for a congregation and a spiritual path that would fit with this new conviction that God had given me.

This is not to say that I especially regretted my upbringing! In fact, pretty much all of the values that I have used as a foundation for my life, I learned when I was young, in Sunday School, in Church, and at home. But I had come to the point where I felt a consuming need to establish *direct contact* with this “All-Wise,” “All-Knowing” Being—God. I could settle for nothing less. How else would I know what His Will in my life might be?

During the ten or twelve years of my search for God (prior to the point that Mother Hamilton came into my life), I had visited pretty much every congregation that I regarded as “safe.” And while some were inspiring, none satisfied my need to have *direct contact* with God. I was in a state of despair and even some hopelessness at the thought that I might not find what I needed in order to “get things straight” with God in this life. And I felt frustrated with this (what seemed to me) futile state of affairs. And I told God so!

I told God that as far as I could tell, Jesus was involved in all of this (my spiritual quest), but that I could no longer accept what I was being told in traditional congregations. And I added that at the age of 33, Jesus had completed his life's work, while at the age of 33, I had no idea where to begin mine! And I *demanded* that God help me clear this all up.

This was late 1980. My birthday is on November 22nd.

Just over one month later, I decided to attend a Christmas Eve Midnight Mass at a small Anglican church down the hill from my apartment to hear a visiting speaker.

This individual spoke very passionately about Jesus. He was clearly inspired by, and in awe of Jesus and the way that he had lived his life. This minister said that even if we strip away everything that is traditionally taught about Jesus within Christendom, we are still left with a remarkable man who lived his life to a very high standard, saw his goals and his principles through to the very end of his life, despite all outside events that impinged upon him. Jesus was a man of principle. Jesus was a man of integrity.

It was an inspiring talk. I felt charged by it.

After the talk, I decided to sit quietly with eyes closed while the remainder of the congregation observed Communion. When I closed my eyes, within my Inner Vision, I saw a Christmas wreath, complete with green holly, red berries, and a glowing candle in the centre! This was very much in keeping with the tone of the evening, with the Christmas season, and with Jesus as the Candle of Inspiration lighting our way.

A Christmas wreath for Christmas Eve! I smiled at the thought that God was “seasonally attuned” in His gift giving.

About one month later, I was having coffee with a friend from work. I told her about my search for a spiritual home. She told me that she

had gone through a similar quest and that she had found such a home. And if I was interested, she would let me know the next time her spiritual teacher came to Victoria. Although by now I was cautious about what I would get involved with spiritually, I said that I was interested.

And about one month afterward, I received a call informing me that this “Mother” person was coming to town. Church service was Sunday morning, 11:00 am at the YMCA chapel. I knew nothing of gurus, or even living saints at that time. Although I had read a little bit about Christian saints of history, and was attracted to them in general.

I arrived at the YMCA Chapel that morning a little bit early. There were already perhaps 15 people there, sitting in silent meditation, with room for perhaps as many as 15 more. I sat down and followed suit, closing my eyes and remaining silent. As 11:00 am drew near, the chapel filled, both literally as well as filling with an air of anticipation.

And then Mother Hamilton entered the chapel. I opened my eyes to see who this person was. She wore her white robe, had her hair nicely done, and wore make-up. She had an especially (to me!) engaging and beguiling smile on her lips. She greeted us. The group responded. I noticed that others had closed their eyes, so I closed my eyes again.

I was startled to see, in my Inner Vision once again, the Christmas wreath! Including the glowing candle at the centre.

I must admit that at this point, I cannot honestly recall what the topic of Mother's sermon was that morning, except that the Bible reading was the story of The Prodigal Son. But because of the recurrence of the Inner Vision, I decided that God wanted me to pay attention to this Mother Hamilton standing before us. After service, my friend introduced me to Mother. Events were moving along in a little bit of a blur for me. I cannot recall clearly, but expect that I received a hug along with everyone else. I do remember Mother taking each of my hands in hers, and holding them for a while, smiling and looking into my eyes. For me, the air was charged as if with electricity. At the same time, I

experienced a sense of relief, perhaps a sense that I had finally come home: uneasy, but relieved.

I still did not know very much about who Mother Hamilton was, and I did not begin to attend regular Sunday services at the chapel immediately. But I did discuss spiritual matters with my friend and her husband. A few weeks later, I learned that they were going to travel to Seattle to attend a wedding. So I asked them if, while they were there, they would ask Mother if it would be possible for me to sit down with her for dinner. I had recently seen and very much enjoyed the movie “My Dinner With Andre.” Perhaps that is why this approach appealed to me!

The way that it was described to me later was that when my friend saw Mother at the wedding, he approached her to speak with her, including extending my request to her for an appointment. As he approached her, she was speaking with someone else. As he drew closer, she turned and said: “Tell your friend that I will see him!” He was startled as he had not yet extended my request to Mother.

When Mother came to Victoria approximately one month later, I had “My Dinner With Mother.” It was a Friday evening. I had been told by others that she liked a particular French restaurant, so I made a reservation there. And I was told that Mother did not normally do this sort of thing, so I felt a bit “on edge.” I had many questions in mind to ask Mother. And I am not normally short of words. But hardly anything came to mind when I sat down with her that evening.

Mother told me a little bit about herself, and asked me some questions about myself. I covered points in my life that I thought were important for her to know, skipping some of the most embarrassing parts. Mother interrupted me at several points and filled in the specific details of those “missing parts” of my life. Parts that I had very much hoped to avoid covering in detail! And I remember thinking at the time that this is happening to me just like it happened to the woman at the well with the Christ, described in the Bible passage above.

During that evening, Mother taught me some meditation techniques, asked me to follow a few precepts for moral and wholesome living, and she did some additional things for me. And she instructed me that if I did *exactly* as she had instructed, I would notice over time, certain *unmistakably identifiable inner changes*. It was as if Mother provided me with a little spiritual road map, with very clearly described landmarks as to what I would “see” en route. I do not want to suggest that I have reached the end of that journey. But to date, the sign posts or landmarks that Mother outlined have in fact been there *as she said they would be*.

Mother was completely focused and undivided in her devotion to God. Like the Christ, she lived her life in this regard, with integrity, down to the very end.

When I reflect back on my experience of the Presence and the Influence of our great Guru in my own life, I remember first her teaching us to: “Keep Our Minds Upon God.” Such a simple, yet powerful thing to do! How could anyone go wrong Keeping their Mind Upon God?

This was a great gift for me in this life: Mother Hamilton finding me!  
*Thank-you Mother.*

•••••  
•  
• *The body is the Cross. Jesus, the Son of man, is the*  
• *ego or I-am-the-body idea. When the Son of man is*  
• *crucified on the Cross, the ego perishes....*  
•  
• —*Ramana Maharshi* (“*Maharshi's Gospel*”)  
•  
•••••

# BLESSINGS OF THE GURUS

by Lois Hickenbottom

Swami Sir Yukteswar in *The Holy Science* writes: “To keep company with the guru is not only to be in his physical presence, but mainly means to keep him in our hearts and to be one with him in principle and to attune ourselves with him.”

Attune means: Bring into accordance or harmony.

When “Mother” came into our lives she brought with her knowledge of the truth of oneness for all to attain. To be in harmony with that knowledge is to be with God. To live according to her teaching (as well as all our Masters) is to be in accordance with God.

Just think, we have in our humanness the ability to talk with, walk with and to simply be with all the Masters. Who is to say that loving one more than the others, means that we don't love them all the same? How can my love for Mother be greater than my love for Master, Jesus, Krishna, Babaji and all the others when all come from the very same light?

This answer is most difficult for me because I see all the Masters doing their part in our lives to help us with our attainment. I understand that the Guru is the one God has sent to be our personal guide and who has agreed to take on the responsibility to do everything in his/her power to bring us to our goal of oneness. And we have the responsibility to abide by the teachings and respond to the Guru's judgments for the sake of our goal. There is no greater gift and no greater privilege for any human being.

Mother Hamilton and I have a relationship that is a little different than what I have heard from other devotees over the years. I love hearing all the stories that others have told about her and sometimes I long for the same. But, for whatever reason my story is just a little different.

I never spoke with Mother privately. In fact I saw her probably fifteen to twenty times. Of course I received her hugs after service when it was my turn, what words were spoken I can't recall. I wrote one letter to her and David has returned it to me and it will be with me always, more in heart than hand.

People have asked me, "Who is your Guru?" Without any hesitation my answer is Mother Hamilton. You see David and I talked about Mother for hours and hours. I discovered her through his eyes and heart. He told me about her teachings and who and what he thought she was. I never really got it though. I honored her, respected her and admired her, but that was about it.

Then the day came when David told me that Mother had invited me to the 1984 Kriya. What was even more amazing to me is that I don't recall asking if I could come. Even then Mother and David knew my heart before I did. I was so excited and had many reservations, but still, I came. As all of us know Kriya is impossible to explain. The human language is not capable of expressing this event. However, I will tell you my experience. When Mother touched my forehead I felt an electric current go through my head, bounce off the back of my head and return back into Mother's finger. I was hers forever. You could say I was home. David told me later that was the sowing of the seed.

I can understand why people think that David is my Guru, but David is really my bridge to "Mother." So if you could imagine a strong stone bridge leading to all knowledge, love and bliss, then take your courage in hand and walk on this bridge towards Mother's light. Now watch this strong stone bridge somehow stand up and melt into Mother's light and all are consumed within. You now have my story and possibly part of your own story in hand.

The truth is Mother and David have sown seeds into many people. We are their saplings growing towards God's light. Our work sometimes makes us happy, then sad, understood then confused; we walk

straight on the path, then falter. It is the work of devotees being guided by our Beloved that puts meaning into life. The seeds that have been sown are creating a forest of varying sizes of trees and each one just as important and cared for as the next. But we can not grow without God's light. Let us praise Mother, David and all our Spiritual Masters who have guided us towards God's light. Let our growth stretch us as high as we can until we can touch God himself and become glorified in his name. That is the *greatest* gift we can give our Gurus. Let us put a smile on their faces and join them.

*Om, Peace, Bliss and Amen*

•••••  
•  
• *They speak of the Holy Eucharist, and it is indeed* •  
• *within yourself. It is that Christ Seed within you that* •  
• *one day, if God so wills, you will go through the* •  
• *experiences necessary to bring you to the state of* •  
• *realization of the truth which I am now telling you.* •  
• *And that will be manufactured in your own body,* •  
• *this Christ Seed. It is there. And it will come out at* •  
• *your throat at one point, through no effort of your* •  
• *own, no knowledge of your own, and you will hold* •  
• *it in your hand. That is the Holy Eucharist.* •

•  
• —**Mother Hamilton**, (From Talk No. 780315) •  
•  
•••••

# MOTHER

by Diane Tipton

Please, Mother  
Hear my prayer  
Your guiding light  
So strong and pure,  
Amid the storms  
Of fear and doubt  
For although, sometimes  
I fall so very low,  
You bring me strength  
And dignity  
Your love and grace  
Can lift me up  
To peace and bliss  
That knows no bounds,  
To help my spirit grow  
Please, Mother  
Hear my prayer.

Amen.

# MOTHER

by Constance Meisner

Dearest Mother  
When I see your face  
I am touched by Grace  
I know you see deep in my heart  
my sorrows, sadness and fears  
but from you flows the loving balm  
that restores to me a sense of calm  
When I see you often do I wonder  
the path you chose while in this world  
how did you know that it was right  
what strength God gave you for this fight  
And now I get to learn of you  
through talks and stories made anew  
by those great souls who still are here  
upon my heart and hungry ear  
I know God loves me and awaits  
my journey homeward to His Light  
and when I see Him  
what great delight  
Thank you God for sending Mother  
teaching us to love one another  
Thank you Mother for all you gave  
I know from You, my soul is saved  
To return Home to God's Glorious Light

# MOTHER HAMILTON

by Honor Wells

How to begin!! Mother Hamilton's humanness and her divinity is wonderful for myself. I am grateful to Mother for many things: one of which is the fact that she was a western woman who experienced all the wonderfulness and woes of being such a person and yet she was so much more. What an inspiration! She has told us of the truth in ways which I can understand (well better understand) and I feel the truthfulness of it all. Her talks fill me with the truth. Her love and devotion to her guru seems phenomenal. When her devotees who knew her physically speak of her divine humanness it is with great joy that I listen. It is wonderful to hear of one so close and so divine. I feel her presence increasing within me and I am grateful. Oh so grateful!

*Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram.*

*God is an artist par excellence. He has painted the picturesque universe on the screen of His own immutable and glowing Spirit. So, He is at once the painter and the painted. In the ultimate analysis, God and His lover, God and His devotee, God and His servant, are He. This secret few know.*

*- Swami Ramdas*

# MOTHER, MY PARAM-GURU

by Chad Hickenbottom

Mother has touched me like no other can. I can't even fathom what my life would be like without her. She is my Param-Guru, I think of her as my Grandmother Guru who loves to spoil her grandson!

The first time I saw a picture of Mother I knew I had met her before. I looked to my mom, Lois and said, "who is this?" She then told me a bit about her and I asked if I had met her before. Mom said, Yes when I was very young, and I said, "She lived in the desert, right?" Mom just looked at me and said, "Um, no she lived in Seattle, downtown!" The memory I had of Mother was very clear to me; I was a small child looking at something Mother had on her table. I looked out the window of a stone-like house and looked out at a rocky desert setting. I then looked at Mother who was talking with my 'mom'. And that was all I could remember.

When I was two I had a horrible accident. The doctors said I had about a 50/50 chance of being blind. A little later my parents were talking to the doctor and he shone a black light to my eyes. At this point they saw two small crescent moon shapes cupping the bottom of my eyes. He then said that I would be alright; those moons were live cells and the eye is the fastest healing organ in the body. Elvy, a devotee of Mother's, told Mother what the doctor had said about this at church. Mother said, "Oh! That was no small miracle!"

In a Super-Conscious dream I was sitting next to David/Guruji. He was taking notes very intently and I was simply sitting meditating. I looked forward to see Mother giving a talk—strange we were the only two in the room! I then asked Mother, "Mother how do you not 'fall' out of experiences?" She then stepped down from the platform she was standing on and put both hands on my head. The experience in God was incredible.

When I was younger I had a dream with Gururji and an unknown woman. I saw them in what seemed to be giant bed sheets, white as white can be. The sheets were moving like waves in the ocean. The dream was so freeing and so wonderful I fell asleep aspiring to have that dream again for months afterwards. I had forgotten the dream for years until my first trip to Yellow Point, then suddenly I remembered it and identified the woman as Mother.

She has always been with me and I know she will always be with me and is now. I don't remember meeting her in the body, in this life. But I can feel her stronger than those standing next to me at times. I have received nothing but blessings from her. I love her with all my heart.  
*Jai Param-Guru!*

Nowadays there is no meditation for Ramdas. He lives, moves and has his being in God. There was a time when he was meditating, taking God's name constantly. Now he does not do anything of the kind, but he feels God's presence with him at all times. It has become a natural state with him. Meditation is to rise above the unnatural state in which we are and to get ourselves established in a higher consciousness where we can be aware of God's presence. When you are established in that state you feel God is ever with you and you do not lose contact with Him.

—*Swami Ramdas* ("Swami Ramdas on Himself")

# MY PERFECT MOTHER

by Jill Hough

You are the perfect mother

When I am:

Lost, You are but a breath away,  
Leading me for as long as I am willing to follow,

When I am:

Alone, You come to me just before I call,  
Just before my despair swells,

When I am:

Uplifted, You are there again  
Praising my effort,  
rejoicing with pride.

When I am:

Listening, You tell me  
“I am closer than your breath,  
I am always guiding your footsteps,  
you are never alone.  
And most importantly  
if you will but realize it  
you are never away from God.”

Thank you, Mother for all You have given me.

# HEARING MOTHER, THE SEARCH WAS OVER

by Carla Gold

All of my life I have looked for the Truth. When I heard Mother speak, I realized I was finally hearing it for the first time. I was born in Georgia and lived in the southeast until my late 20s when I moved to southern California and lived there until 1995.

I was ready to leave Los Angeles when someone mentioned Seattle. I had never considered Seattle, it was a place I had no prior experience or interest in, however I was intuitively drawn there, and so I moved. I did not know anyone in Seattle, but somehow felt that it was here I would find my peace.

After living here only a few months, I ended up renting a room in the home of Laura and Peter Schultz. A few weeks passed and on a Sunday evening Peter casually mentioned that he was going to church and asked if I would like to come along. He said it was in someone's home in West Seattle; I thought, "how nice, to have church service in a home." Peter briefly mentioned that the service consisted of a quiet meditation and then a recorded talk by his spiritual teacher, Mother Hamilton, who had left the body several years ago.

I had been diligently searching for someone, or some teaching, that would connect me with "something." I wasn't sure what I was looking for but I had been seeking "something" that was more important than what I was experiencing in the material world. I had gone to numerous churches, countless speakers and spiritual teachers. If someone or something rang true, I stayed: ultimately I would leave because I felt that I was still missing something, which was the Truth. My long search for and spiritual teachers. My long search for hearing the Truth was about to end.

I walked into the home of Cate and Larry Koler. There were others there, sitting quietly in a dimly lit and very peaceful room. I could

feel the warmth and acceptance in the room and I felt very safe and just relaxed and waited to hear the “sermon.” The tape started and I heard a woman's voice; it was very powerful. I was in amazement at what she was saying! The more Mother spoke, the more the fire within me started to burn and I knew that I had FINALLY found a teacher speaking the Truth. The more Mother talked, the more thrilled I felt. I knew I had finally found what I had been searching for, for over 30 years! From that moment on, my search was over.

Shortly thereafter, I was talking to Yogacharya David Hickenbottom after service one evening. I told him that all I wanted was my union with God, that I was tired of the separation from God. I spoke it as if I had known for all time that *this* was what I had desired. Yet consciously, I had no prior awareness that *this* was the “something” I had been seeking. I knew, now that I had found Mother Hamilton, her teachings, and David, I was finally on the right path to attaining my oneness with God.

From the first moment that I heard Mother speak I have been completely devoted and unwavering in my love, affection, devotion, and admiration for all that she was and all that she is. I have such gratitude to Mother's complete commitment and love for God: every one of her talks, everything I read from her, all the stories that devotees tell about her; only increases my gratitude for her.

Although I never met Mother in the body, I feel her influence and presence very strongly in my life. She has been my model on how to “be in the world, but not of it.” She is my hero in a world that doesn't have many heroes. She always made God first, no matter what, yet she still lived as a western woman: having a family, wearing makeup, dressing stylishly. She taught the ancient truths yet at the same time enjoyed ice cream sundaes and lunch with devotees. She was practical, had her feet firmly planted on the ground, and at same time was fully God-Realized. She is truly a blessing and gift from God.

Breaking down all the stereotypes for being a God-realized person, Mother made it so that I could see that the goal was attainable; whenever that is to be is up to God. But, as she taught, never wavering in her emphasis: I am to make God first and always keep my mind on Him.

Mother paid a tremendous price to help others and the world; she never gave up in spite of adversities and extreme suffering—only a handful in all of man's history could bear and overcome what Mother experienced. Her complete and absolute devotion to God made this possible.

She has been the Mother of all mothers to me and all of my gratitude and love are given to this magnificent, humble, beautiful, devotional, and sweet God-woman.

*Thank you Mother.*

.....  
●  
● *I was willing to die for him [Yogananda], and I gave* ●  
● *him my life to use in whatever way he wanted to. And* ●  
● *he took that life and he used it and I did die. I died for* ●  
● *God. I died for the Christ; the Savior of my own body* ●  
● *knew that it had to die, he had to die, if he will, in* ●  
● *order that the Christ be born in me—the true second* ●  
● *birth which in truth comes at Easter, and not at Christ-* ●  
● *mas. Don't forget that the birth that is celebrated at* ●  
● *Christmas was the birth of the son of man. But Easter* ●  
● *is that one who is reborn again. It is the first birth of* ●  
● *the real Christ within man, and it is tremendous. It is* ●  
● *tremendous.* ●  
●  
● —*Mother Hamilton, (From Talk No. 800319 )* ●  
●  
●  
.....

## **MOTHER'S PRESENCE**

**by Cathy Kelley**

I did not meet Mother personally. I have been inspired by her talks and the stories I hear. Recently I was having a rough time and I mentioned this to Lois. She said that one of the other members had been going through a rough time and had started writing down problems and putting them under Mother's picture, thereby giving them to Mother. I began doing this and remarkable things began to happen. Not that the problems were solved, but my inner world was calm and peaceful. I felt Mother's presence and was able to move through my day with ease. I have continued this practice and feel Mother's presence which is very helpful.

## **A MOTHER STORY**

**by Peggy Baker**

I don't have any "Mother stories" to share for the book, except that listening to her tapes is such a blessing & the sound of her voice takes me into a meditative state immediately—it's such a privilege to be a part of her work.

Namaste

# PARAM-GURU MOTHER HAMILTON

by Jenny Linklater

The impact of Paramguru Mother Hamilton on my life has been as wondrous a blessing as having a true Guru in the body. When I hear beloved Mother speak I am but her little, loving child, hanging on her every blessed word and her presence fills my being. I have felt Mother in ways that are so profoundly sacred that words will not do. All I can do is express my fervent appreciation of and gratitude for her grace and love.

Mother, I adore you  
Lay my life before you  
May it ever be so  
Your little, loving child

*Ramdas' voice is the voice of God. The cosmic sound is caught and made audible through God's vibrant vehicle-Ramdas. The cosmic light is caught, focussed and made to shine in and through the transparent tabernacle-Ramdas. The cosmic joy is caught, condensed and revealed through the innocent child-Ramdas.*

—Swami Ramdas (World is God)

*That which I teach is called "The Practice of the Presence of God." The technique is very simple. It is following the injunction of the Christ when He said, 'The light of the body is the eye. Therefore, let thine eye be single and thy whole body shall be filled with light.' It is the practice of Pranayama or breath control as taught in the Old Testament. It is the practice of keeping one's attention forever fixed upon Him and of giving to Him in full surrender all that one is and all that one has. It is the practice of seeing Him everywhere -in every man who stands before us, in every form that walks the earth, in the sun, the moon and the stars, in the raindrop, in the snowflake that falls and in the soft wind that sweeps the earth and cools man's fevered brow. It is to meditate upon His beauty in all of the things of nature, to herald His presence in the coining of the dawn and in the shadows of eventide. It is to take Him into every facet of our existence, both waking and sleeping, because to sleep is also an act of rest. It is to practice kindness, consideration and charity toward all men knowing that He is there. It is the practice of being perfect for His name's sake. It is the realization that love is a thing of the heart which cannot be cultivated by practice because it is a gift of God being His own nature, and therefore pours forth spontaneously expressing the purity of His indwelling Presence. It is practice of having faith in Him, not in man, in horoscopes, astrology, stones which we wear on our bodies, psychic phenomena, palm reading, individual mantrams or the like. It is the knowledge that, being omnipotent, God alone has power. It is His and He alone should use it. One who assumes that prerogative is a thief and a robber. It is all of these things but most of all, it is the practice of realizing that we, being the separate cells of His one body, are already one with Him.*

**- Mother Hamilton**  
(From Talk No. 810916—from a letter sent to a disciple)



# ***Come Follow Me***

***The Saviour said to those whom He had chosen:***

***"Follow me."***

***And I say unto you:***

***"Come, follow me and I will show you the way out of the darkness into the light. Come follow me and I will lead you into the height of heaven wherein dwells my Lord. I will take your hand and guide you over the pitfalls. We will pause beside the still waters and I will give you rest. Come follow me and I will light your way when you stumble and fall as you climb the tortuous mountain path and scale the jagged cliffs.***

***"Are you willing to give me your all? Then come follow me and I will guide your footsteps to the secret place of the most high wherein is hidden the pearl of great price. There it lies as it has from the beginning in all of its wondrous beauty and glory waiting for you to claim it as your own.***

***"Come, follow me. Open your heart and let your love and adoration for Him pour forth and you will find your soul bathed in the radiant light of God's eternal Presence."***

[from a letter Mother wrote to Rev. Pat Downey]



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