

Memories of Mother

MOTHER HAMILTON - A LIVING LEGACY OF DIVINE LOVE



THE CROSS AND THE LOTUS PUBLISHING

MEMORIES OF MOTHER

DEVOTEES AND FRIENDS
REMEMBER

MOTHER HAMILTON

ON THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY
JANUARY 31, 2011

OF HER MAHASAMADHI
JANUARY 31, 1991



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God's blessings are always upon us. The Guru's blessings are always upon us. Guru is that one who has gone the way, who has paid the full price, who has attained his freedom, his enlightenment, and who has returned to lift others up and help them to the same beauty and wonder and glory that he himself has attained. He is the dispeller of darkness, of ignorance, and he is the giver of light, of love, of all wonder and beauty.

MOTHER HAMILTON (Sept. 18, 1974)

*This book is dedicated to our
Beloved Mother
For all you do, for all you are*

*“As I’ve told you many times before, to realize your
oneness with God inside is not to quit living but to start
living, really to start living for the first time.”*

MOTHER HAMILTON



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to acknowledge all the contributors to this book who documented the transformative effect Mother had on so many lives. So very many devotees in this book have shown one of the greatest attributes an aspirant can have, long-term loyalty and dedication to their spiritual path and guru-lineage.

Also, there have been innumerable hours and great dedication by those who silently served to create this volume; Mother is smilingly pleased. My gratitude to: Larry and Cate Koler for their great skills on the computer and for editing this large volume of writings from such varied sources; Carla Hickenbottom for her coordination and office management skills; Peter Schultz for making the cover page design possible and giving artistic assistance; Lorraine Bourcier, John Durkin, Adam Shinn and Jerry Trofimchuk for their help in proof-reading and giving feedback; and Rob Landeros, Landeros Design, for his creative design for the cover of this book.

I feel boundless gratitude for our Guru-lineage, responsible for all that is good and sacred in this book; for Mother—I bow at her feet with all love and devotion—for her life of great sacrifice and unstinting service to all who aspire to realize God; and for the Infinite Lord, from Whom all this play has come and to Whom we all return, the ultimate cause and inspiration for saints and realized masters around the world. Let this book, *Memories of Mother*, created through love and devotion, be a means for lifting all into the august Presence of His heavenly kingdom.

David

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

BY YOGACHARYA DAVID HICKENBOTTOM

Twenty years have passed since the Mahasamadhi of Mother Hamilton. Mother once said that at the time a great spiritual master leaves the body a spiritual ambience goes out all over the world. Mother's spiritual influence and presence continues to be a living force in the world that has been keenly felt by aspirants everywhere.

One of the great privileges I have as guru and teacher is sharing in so many aspirants' spiritual journeys. In this work over the past twenty years, I have seen Mother transform the lives of devotees in countless ways. It is clear when someone has truly been lifted into spiritual realms, versus a subconscious dream or an active imagination. These spiritual experiences are life changing, uplifting, clarifying, and resolve many past hurts and traumas. Knowing how Mother has come into someone's life and then seeing the transformative result is thrilling.

One such devotee was struggling with a terrifying memory from long ago that continued to petrify her. During such an experience of terror Mother came into the mind of the devotee, not just as a thought or a reassuring figure, but as a powerful spiritual presence filled with light and strength. With some spoken words of assurance Mother's presence soothed the devotee's mind and helped lift her beyond the terror into realms of peace and bliss. The terror has never returned.

Another devotee was struggling with a problem that seemed to have no solution; the mind kept going around and around the problem but could not settle upon a solution. During meditation Mother's voice spoke to the mind of the devotee with exact instructions of how to get out of the trouble, resolving all doubt. The devotee did as he was instructed and everything turned out perfectly.

And still another devotee was lifted into a high spiritual experience in which she saw Mother as a radiant Being filled with transcendent Light. The devotee was filled with bliss and felt Mother transforming her whole being, purified in Mother's presence.

Memories of Mother

Mother has also made her presence known in many different ways: devotees feeling Mother as if she were right next to them; the smell of her perfume filling the space; an instantaneous vision of Mother's face, her smile or her eyes that quickened the spirit. There are the countless times in listening to Mother's talks or reading her words that devotees feel that Mother is talking directly to him or her and getting exactly what that one needs in that moment.

This volume of *Memories of Mother* is an updated version of what was printed at her 10th anniversary. I envisioned this second edition to have examples from devotees of Mother's ongoing influence. I have been very pleased with the contributions devotees have submitted; I also know for every incident written there are many hundreds not written. In this wonderful volume we have a great variety of expression and experiences that are representative of the Mother's vast nature.

This life is a battleground, so a devotee's life will be filled with wins and losses, ground gained and lost, times of feeling perfectly attuned to the guru and other times of great difficulty and even estrangement. This is the working out of ignorance for the aspirant. When Yoganandaji first met Sri Yukteswar they soon argued about Master returning to his family and school, Master leaving Sri Yukteswar without resolution. Mother had a feeling of separation from Master that just seemed to happen and was in stark contrast to the many years she felt so attuned to him; it was to last the next few years.

One must face oneself, and that will include seeing the ego reflected in the guru and having doubt. The devotee works to free himself from the clutches of the ego until he sees the transcendent Self standing above the fray and ultimately animating all creation. In this transcendent realization the devotee comes to see in the form of one's own Guru as Spirit's shining perfection.

This richness of spiritual life engages the whole self and is reflected in these writings. I know you will find these writings interesting, varied, uplifting and my prayer is that it will bring you into close attunement with Mother. She was definitely a preeminent spiritual personality of the 20th century and I know that she will continue to change the lives of many, many devotees far into the future. In reading these pages may

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your life be blessed with her transformative touch and lifted into the kingdom of heaven.

Ever in God and Gurus,
Yogacharya David R. Hickenbottom
December, 2010

I will tell you something, and I don't know who among you will believe it, but nevertheless I speak of the truth of God from within myself and there were many witnesses. Having done everything I could to save my Master's teachings and without avail, I had no alternative but to surrender myself to God as ransom and pay the full price in order that I might myself learn the truth which I am teaching you.

No matter how hard I had fought, and believe me I fought, and Father with me, fought like a tigress trying to protect her cubs, in every way that we knew how we got exactly nowhere with it. I came to know finally that if every book in this world were destroyed, if the Bible was destroyed, if all of my Master's teachings were destroyed, as they have been (how he has been crucified in this sense), **still the Seed of Spirit which he planted in my own soul could never die!** And it was that which lived and could come forth and express itself from my own being and nobody could deny it because I had not read about it someplace, no one had told me in that sense. He had planted these seeds and I went the path in complete and full surrender. I paid the full price, and so I spoke from the book of my own life, and it was the truth.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1965)

I was faithful even to the death of my own cross. When I was in India I died on this cross, actual physical death, and was resurrected again. I had a terrible time with that because the horror of the crucifixion to this day lingers within me. How can it be otherwise when the price was so terrific, so great? And I asked myself what have I gotten into? As time went on and I went within the three worlds within myself—on the way back—so that I could live and function in this body and teach you the truth which I taught.

In the beginning I was paralyzed from this death. I couldn't speak. My tongue was silent, but what wonderful truth God revealed to me during that state. All the truth of the Bible. And this was not self-induced because I had never studied the Bible in that sense. I had gone to the Catholic church, I had listened to the priests, but I had never in the wildest stretches of imagination imagined that what was taught me, what was in the Bible, that I had heard about but not studied, was anything like I experienced. I had to experience it to know the truth, and thank God that I did. Thank God that I did.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1965)

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

On the tenth anniversary of Mother Hamilton's Mahasamadhi this book of writings by devotees and friends of Mother's is issued in order to honor and celebrate her life as a God-woman.

Mother's life is unique: a woman of complete God-realization, yet fully human in characteristics and personality. She came to fulfill a purpose that was destined to help mankind over the hurdle of ignorance and darkness of a passing age. Her destiny, and the truth of her real nature, was confirmed by some of the greatest modern Saints of her time: she was a manifestation of the Divine Mother Herself. Yet, Mother did not gain great fame or recognition by the public at large. So how may her life be understood in these grand terms?

Mother's life and teachings were based on the life of Christ. In them she recognized a model, a Way for her to follow and thereby be transformed. After meeting her Guru, Paramhansa Yogananda, in 1925 in Seattle, Washington, she firmly set her feet on the path toward gaining the Self-realization that was at the heart of Yogananda's life and teachings. After Yoganandaji's passing in 1952, Mother felt a powerful inner direction to go to the south of India, to Anandashram, home of Swami Ramdas. It was there that Mother underwent the Mystical Crucifixion, a series of spiritual experiences that released her consciousness from the bondage of separation from God. She returned from India after one year, but for a total of sixteen years Mother passed through various stages of the Mystical Crucifixion. During that time, details of the inner meaning of the Mystical Crucifixion experience were revealed to Mother. Mother not only penetrated the truth of the life and teachings of Jesus the Christ, she also became an expression of that very same Christ Consciousness.

After Mother's return from India she started to accept disciples, having been given rare permission by her great Guru to initiate others, thus carrying on the hallowed guru-disciple relationship. By the 1970s, Mother had gained her complete God-realization. It is stated in some traditions that there are only twelve completely illumined Masters in the world at any one time. On one of her trips, Mother met a great saint in India who stated that he recognized her as one of those twelve; he had met six before Mother and would be destined to meet one more in his lifetime. Her group of disciples grew, all by word of mouth: Mother

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never advertised, she never charged for anything she did in her service for God, and she formed no organization. Meditation centers started up in different geographic areas with Center Leaders selected by Mother; meeting in people's homes to listen to recorded talks by Mother. She gave Kriya Initiation when she felt an inner direction to do so; during the 1970s about every two years. Many highly revered her and believed that she would become quite famous during her own lifetime.

During the early 1980s Mother's health suffered terribly. Mother's whole life had been full of physical suffering, but the strokes, the catastrophic shingles infection in her head, the heart attacks and other maladies were devastating in their results. Many saints, including Papa Ramdas, had said that the pain and suffering that Mother underwent was not for herself, but for others. In this strange way, great spiritual Masters can help their disciples, or in some cases the world at large, by taking on difficult karmic effects into their own bodies. Mother's bodily suffering was terrific. She carried on serving all as best she could, but her outward expression was but a shadow of her previous self.

Not only was Mother affected physically, she also manifested traits common to stroke victims: occasional loss of memory, disorientation, confusion about events etc. This, of course, was shocking to those who followed her as teacher and guru. Gradually the many who followed Mother and her teachings started to stay away. Time took its toll: more and more left, fewer and fewer stayed. Mother, it seemed, was undergoing another Crucifixion experience, along with the group who had gathered around her. Through her valiant struggle over the years, Mother regained the use of most of her body again, her mental faculties improved immensely, and she still continued, with every part of her being, to serve everyone she met. Throughout her suffering, and it was beyond what most of us can understand, Mother loved everyone as her very own, and she never lost her desire to bring all to their oneness in God.

All that Mother did and accomplished, through so many years of realization and service, is now seen through the inscrutable filter of those last years. How are we to understand a life such as Mother's from the standpoint of a fully realized God-Woman? Like a psychological test, how we view her life may say more about us than it does about Mother. I will write here my own understanding. I believe that Mother did, in

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fact, undergo another Crucifixion; not for herself, as her whole life had not been for herself. Mother willingly surrendered everything that she had attained; the health of her body, her mental ability and peace; everything was placed at the feet of God. And God took Mother's life; He took it all and used it for His own purposes. And for one reason only: she was to be the ransom for the many. Before she went into the final period of her life, Mother had a vision. In that vision a long dark tunnel stretched out before her. The tunnel was very long and very dark, but at the end, far down at the end, was a pinpoint of light. She knew that she had to go through that tunnel; there was no other way. Mother surrendered her life, even as the Christ gave his life, at a time in her life when she was at the pinnacle of her spiritual powers, at "the top of her game," and everything pointed to her pre-eminence for world acknowledgment.

But, as the Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world." To look at the end of Jesus' life, one would say it was not remarkable; in fact, from a worldly standpoint, the end was a miserable failure. I see Mother's life in the light of her own teachings. Her life, her teaching, everything about Mother was to follow the way of the cross; follow the Christ in every detail. Her kingdom was not of this world; it was not to be on television, to gain fame, to be a celebrity. The meaning of her life to me, to us; is to follow, to serve, to love, to sacrifice everything at the feet of God; knowing that what is in store for us is more wonderful than we can imagine.

One of my favorite stories Mother told of St. Theresa of Avila went something like this. Mother Theresa had it in her mind to visit the different convents she had established. She was old in body, her health, always in question, but she had an indomitable will. She left in the middle of winter to make these visits. She and a small group of nuns walked hip deep in snow and struggled from one monastery to the next. Finally they were trekking their way to the last convent. Spring was in the air, which meant the snow was melting and the streams and rivers were rising. They came to a rapidly flowing river, ice cold and with dangerously strong currents. Mother Theresa said she would go first. She found a place to ford the stream. She was about half way across the river when the current swept her away. Caught in the powerful water, Mother ever had her wits about her. She prayed to God, "O Lord, all I have ever tried to do is to serve You. Here I am, doing Your will, and now You are

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drowning me. Why?" Immediately God answered, "This is how I treat all my friends." Mother, ever with humor, sighed complainingly, "Well, maybe that is why You have so few!" St. Theresa was soon seen on the other side of the river signaling the nuns as to where they could safely cross.

Once Master had said to Mother, "You are like St. Theresa, and you look like her too." Perhaps they had even more in common. Another story of St. Theresa took place in her later years. She was not the personality she once was, old age and disease having taken their toll. Mother Theresa was often left alone, although someone always would come to feed her meals to her. Once there was some confusion and it was realized that no one had fed the Mother. A nun rushed to Mother's room with the meal, but upon entering saw an amazing and humbling sight. There sat Jesus, in physical manifestation, feeding the holy Mother.

It is natural to judge a life by worldly, human standards. With Saints and Realized Masters, this is a crucial mistake. Masters fulfill a law and a will that go beyond human reckoning. In my view, Mother lived one of the most remarkable, selfless and dedicated lives to serving God and Gurus of anyone I have ever known or heard about. I observed Mother up close during the most difficult experiences a person could go through, and my observations only confirm what I now say. The lessons I learned from Mother when she fully manifested the outward signs of complete realization of God are beyond my powers to describe. Equally great are the lessons I learned during her last years; God wearing an altered mask, but with the same Light ever shining within.

I am very pleased to have this book come out now, ten years after Mother's Mahasamadhi. There will be many interesting views of Mother's life through these writings. Mother was one who drew to herself people with strong personalities, and they will express themselves in unique ways. I am also keen to have writings from those who did not know Mother while she was in the body, but have had the full benefit of her teachings and Spirit. Through these small writings, each will seek to pay homage, to honor the life and Spirit that is Mother. But to honor Mother's life best may be summed up by her own teachings. When those who followed her wanted to do something for her, for the work she did, Mother's rejoinder was, "The best thing you can do for me, or for this

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work, is to get busy and get your own God-realization." I pray that, in some small way, this book will inspire you to do exactly that.

Yogacharya David R. Hickenbottom, January 18, 2001

I remember one time I had a long conversation with Master. It was as though, knowing how much I loved him, that he could just relax and not have to constantly wear the cloak of formality that he had to wear in most cases. So he took off his shoes, and he lay down on the davenport and propped his head up on his elbow. And we literally gossiped for hours, just gossiped. And in the things that he said to me, he unfolded tremendous things for the future. And I didn't understand in entirety all of the things that he was trying to tell me.

But I remember so well telling him that the things of the world had no longer any appeal for me, and that I wanted only God alone. And I remember that evening that he showed me the spiritual eye, and he gave me the power of the Holy Ghost. And as he took my hands in his, he looked into my eyes and the power that came from his eyes was so penetrating that it was just like a white mist between us. And his body disappeared, and I felt only this tremendous power and saw only this great light.

And as I stood up to leave, all of a sudden he took me in his arms and he kissed me on the forehead. And it was the first time he had ever done this. And I was so filled with the ecstasy of God coming from this great God-man, that I could scarcely stand on my feet.

I walked to the door like a drunken person. All of a sudden he said, "Mildred." And I turned and looked at him. And he said, "I just wanted to see you and look at you once more."

Mother Hamilton (January 4, 1961)

Just recently I was going through some of my papers, and I found a description of a vision or a dream that I had had in 1956 in a motel room in Eugene, Oregon. I had been receiving things from God very greatly. He had been talking to me. All of a sudden I went into sort of a dream-like state, and for the first time since the night of his Mahasamadhi, I heard the telephone ring and I heard his voice. And I was so thrilled to hear him speak that I started to cry.

I said, "Master, is it really you?"

And he said, "Yes, it is."

And then, strangely enough, even though I was talking to him over the telephone, I could see him in vision. I could see him as though he stood right before me. He looked very, very concerned. And he said to me, "I want you to keep on receiving just as you have been. You do just as you have been doing."

I said, "What do you mean, Master? Do you mean to listen to the voice of God through my intuition, to you speaking to me, and then to go to the Bible and have the truth revealed to me?"

"Yes," he said. "That's what I mean."

And this was in 1956, mind you, before all of these things started.

He said to me, "You will have much to go through, but you will be protected in all things and have all power over evil."

And so it has been. It has been touch and go. And sometimes the forces which I have battled have been beyond human belief, human conception. I have told not everything to anyone, believe me.

Mother Hamilton (March 21, 1965)

BOOK ONE

THE FOLLOWING STORIES WERE ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE
FIRST EDITION OF THIS BOOK, JANUARY, 2001.

Memories of Mother



*Devotees and Friends
remember*

The Reverend Mother Yogacharya M. Hamilton

*on the 10th Anniversary
of her Mahasamadhi*

INTRODUCTION

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 'til 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 number 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.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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.

Now, this is the human Cross [indicates her body], and there is a spiritual Cross. If you have the ability to leave your body and you would stand above looking down, you would see the two-edged sword. This is the medulla, through which the Life Force enters your body. It is the mouth of God which is spoken of in the Bible. The two-edged sword is the positive and negative cosmic currents which enter your body and keep you moving, living, activated at all times.

We of ourselves are nothing. When this Life Force, this electrical force within ourselves, leaves the body—you can put food and drink into the mouth of a dead man, but it will not bring him back to life. So you of yourself cannot continue to live by yourself. This cosmic battery is constantly recharging your being. So as you look down you see this long, two-edged sword going from the medulla straight through here [third eye point]. This is the long arm of the spiritual Cross. These [indicates both eyes] are the two thieves on your spiritual Cross because as you look outward you see only the reflection of the tremendous Light of God right here.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

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, gra-

Stories From Devotees and Friends

cious 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!

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)

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,

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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 okay. 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.

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 unailing 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!

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*)

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 for 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 **Ramdass** who appeared in the doorway smiling. “You are not my Guru,” she snapped at him. And immediately Ramdass’ 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!

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

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.

Earn your way. It is the pearl of great price. It isn't to be gotten for a gift, although it is the greatest gift of God there is. But you have to earn it every inch of the way.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1975)

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!

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.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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. [see next page]

Memories of Mother — Book 1

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." [see next page]

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.

COME FOLLOW ME

BY MOTHER HAMILTON

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)

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.¹

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 ways 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 wind-storm.

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 a 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? The 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 wrong or different 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 talk-

ing 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 Yogacharya², 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.

As you sit with eyes closed, meditating upon that spiritual eye which Jesus spoke about when He said, “The light of the body is the eye.” That is the eye, the light of the soul, the eye of Christ Consciousness.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 28, 1975)

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 at 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.

God revealed something most wonderful to me, and all of the time, step by step, as He has brought me back from the dead, He has shown me each step of the way, every truth. *He who has ears, let him hear. He who has eyes, let him see.* And those that are still blind will not see, no matter if I have spoken the truth of God to you as you have never heard it in this case, because I am giving you the truth of the parables. It is your privilege to hear this truth.

And I asked myself, “Which of these two masters...? Did I make a mistake?” This one, my own beloved Guru, who came to me to plant the seeds of Spirit and lift me gently with love—such love, such adoration, such devotion I had for God in him. To me, he and the Christ were synonymous. He wasn’t my personal God, but always because I had been raised a Catholic, I knew of the universal God. I always recognized the Christ, but Master, in his greatness in God, represented that to me. And I was glued to him with everything. I had.

That he had power there could be no doubt, because he saved my life not once but many times. I was paralyzed once before when he saved my life. And he walked the floor when Jo Porter was there. He said to her, and she would testify to this, “God is taking Mildred and I am pleading with Him for her life.” And he did plead with Him for my life, and it was saved so that I could go on and learn more and get closer to God until, in full sacrifice and surrender, I could lay my life at His feet.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1965)

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.

Be impervious to the opinions of the world.

Swami Ramdas

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 “Mae West” 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.

Before you speak, ask yourself: is it kind, is it necessary, is it true, does it improve on the silence?

Shirdi Sai Baba

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.

As I teach each and every one of you, you should keep your attention centered upon the Guru. It is a love affair which you have, and it is a love affair which is beyond description. But nevertheless this closeness is for the purpose of letting the Guru work with you, of molding you like a piece of clay so that when the time comes they can release you from the intimate contact with them and put you out here so that you can grow by yourself.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1975)

DEAREST MOTHER

BY REVEREND 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

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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.

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 (March 15, 1978)

A BRIGHT AND 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

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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 do when you had doubts, when things didn't make sense or when you drifted away from the spiritual path. So I asked her what she did when these things happened to her. She looked me intensely in the eyes and said that she couldn't answer that question because it had never happened to her. When she first met her Master she was "bit" she said, and "bit hard." Ever since that day she had never doubted. This answer filled me with hope like no other answer could have. I realized then that Mother was and is the embodiment of the message she had come to teach. There was no doubt, no wavering, she was always and still is a bright and powerful light showing us the way to God.

MY DIVINE MOTHER

BY JUDY ELLIS

[These are selected excerpts from Judy's 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.

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."

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.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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.

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

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

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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.

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 (June 14, 1976)

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 is 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.*

In Karma Yoga, work is done as worship.

Swami Ramdas

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.

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 a letter sent to a disciple)

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.

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 *demand*ed that God help me clear this all up.

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

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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 a.m. 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.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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.

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.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

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

MOTHER

BY DIANNE 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.

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 a reading from her personal journal, 1958)

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.

I was willing to die for him [Master], 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 Christmas. 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 (March 19, 1980)

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 Guruji 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!

Jesus, himself, said: "The light of the body is the eye, therefore let thine eye be single and thy whole body shall be filled with Light." So we are taught to close our eyes and raise our consciousness to this point where the light of the body is and we can see that beautiful spiritual eye there with its deep gold rim on the outside and the blue of the Christ inside and the five pointed silver star of infinity which is the gate to heaven within ourselves.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 30, 1975)

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.

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

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 there 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 a few years before.

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 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.

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 and 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 Param-Guru 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.

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)

LETTER FROM MOTHER

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 coming 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 a letter sent to a disciple]

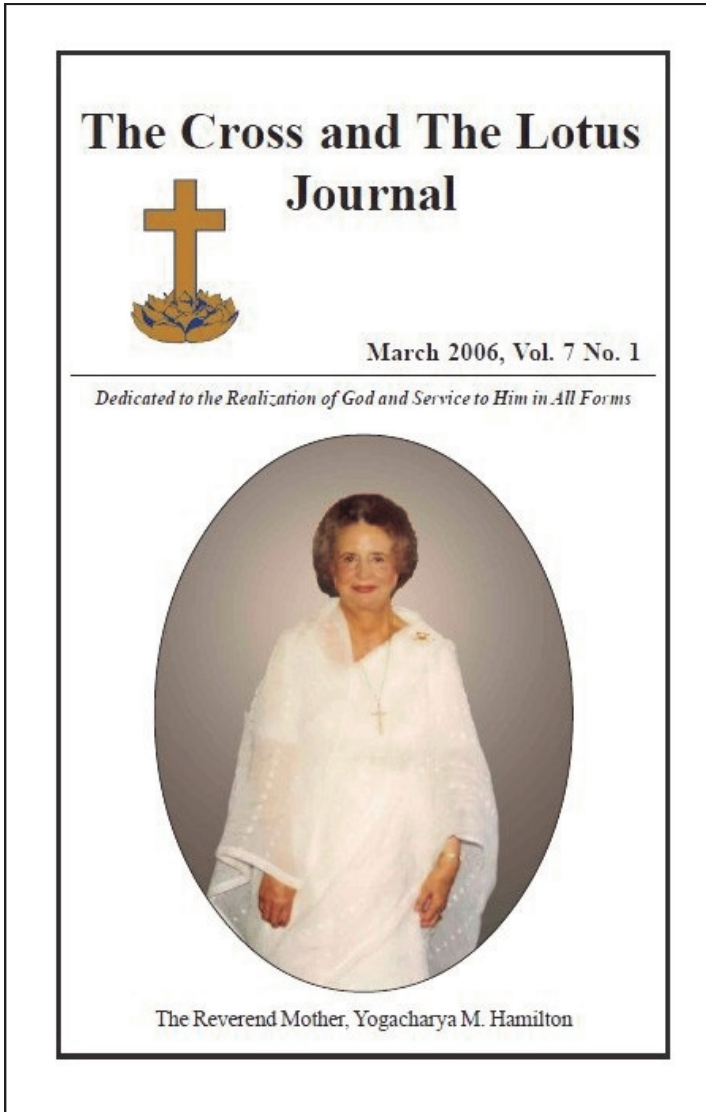
I went through the transfer from the physical to the subtle or astral body, and when I experienced this—this is a tremendous thing—you have two hearts: a physical heart, and an astral or a psychic heart. And so when this experience comes to you, the physical or the negative part transfers to the positive part, and it also involves the transfer of blood. The place in Revelations where it tells about the number of cubits which must be gone through, the body actually is turned and twisted, sometimes on the face and sometimes on the back, sometimes from side to side. And this is to equalize and balance the whole physical system so that this transfer may take place.

Then, when it starts to take place, you actually hear the blood gurgling inside of you, just like pouring wine into a new cask. And as the blood goes down each particular vein, it ties itself at the navel, and the navel is automatically depressed until this whole transfer is made. From then on, even though to outsiders you live in a physical body, you no longer do. You are actually consciously living in your subtle body. This Ascension, as I say, takes place in gradual stages because you have gone through this tremendous experience, and it is the same as anyone when they die.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

BOOK TWO

THE FOLLOWING STORIES WERE ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN "THE CROSS AND THE LOTUS JOURNAL," OUR QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER.



RIDING WITH MOTHER

BY CATE KOLER

In 1983 or early '84 I was asked by Mother if I would accompany her to Victoria. Mother had arranged to stay with Pat Downey, the Center Leader there, and to give a talk that Sunday. It was after her stroke and she needed someone to drive and to help her dress. I was honored to have been chosen, but needed to bring along my little three year old daughter, Nicole. Mother agreed.

The weekend was filled with happy times, inspiring moments and a very important test for me. But in addition there was an incident that has stayed with me through the years and I know that moments that fix themselves in our memories are perhaps more meaningful than we can imagine.

We were driving home to Seattle and just north of Everett encountered a thick fog. I am often a nervous driver even in the best circumstances and it was almost impossible to see the road. I reflected that I had two of the most precious people in the world in my care and the prospect made me even more nervous.

"Perhaps we should take this next exit," I said to Mother, "And get a cup of tea and wait till the fog lifts."

"No, keep on going," Mother replied. "You'll be fine. We'll chant."

We rode safely on, our voices raised in unison, singing Master's chants and Om Sri Ram. I'll never forget Mother's strong, beautiful soprano beside me blending with the sweet lilt of "Do-wa of my Hawt" (Door of my Heart) coming from the little soul in the back seat. Surrounded by the dense fog, encapsulated in our car, we glided through time and space to Eternity and back. No other existence except we three, merged in the Holy chants, forever together, forever safe.

How can one fathom the lessons the guru teaches the devotee? Sometimes only years later one grasps a little of what has been imparted. The story can be told, words can attempt to capture the moment, but who can describe an experience that resonates not only in the heart, but to the core of one's being? It can only be explained one way: Guru Shakti.

Jai Guru Deva!

MOMENTS WITH MOTHER

BY JANICE STEVENSON

Sometime around 1979, we had the blessing of having Mother visit us and stay in our home. Although my memory is usually very good, I have very few memories of her visits. I'm not even certain if she visited once, or twice, although I tend to think the latter. I think her presence plunged us into levels of consciousness we had little experience with, and our usual memory was somewhat scrambled.

Mother had previously visited another friend and devotee, and she told me Mother had taken a wicker chair in her home, turned it upside down, and cleaned it. "I'm doing this for God," Mother had said. My ego, which has a strong fear of personal criticism, stirred me into a cleaning frenzy in preparation for Mother's visit. I didn't want any dirt to be found. By the time she visited, you could have eaten off the ceiling, let alone the floor.

When Mother arrived, she was a completely gracious guest, and exhibited her usual impeccable manners. She said we had a lovely home, and commented that the house was "a difficult house to keep clean."

In the years since, what has stayed with me is the thought, "I'm doing this for God." I will pick up a piece of litter, or do a chore that I hadn't thought was mine, and mentally say, "I'm doing this for God." Not every time (there's a lot of litter out there), but many times—when God inspires me.

You see, by doing what my Master said, I have attained this Realization of God. He said, "I came not to give you Yogananda Realization, but your own Realization." He also made the statement that the blind cannot lead the blind. He said instead of being Doctors of Divinity, he calls them doctors of delusion. You must have experience before you can teach others with authority. No ordinary teacher can give you these things unless they have experienced them within their own being.

Mother Hamilton (May 3, 1960)

DOWN MEMORY LANE

BY JUDY ELLIS

A lot can happen on a weekend spent one-on-one in the company of your Guru, believe me! I'd offered to drive my precious Mother from Seattle to Victoria, via the ferry of course, be available for Her when She'd need personal care while at Pat Downey's—he was a bachelor at the time—then drive Mother back home on the Sunday after Service.

I'd driven down to Seattle, picked Mother up at Her apartment, and now we were heading north. Mother suggested we stop for a meal at a lovely restaurant She was familiar with along the way. So we turned onto Chuckanut Drive, and we drove and we drove and we drove.

Where **was** this place anyway? Are you **sure** we went the right way? Are you sure we didn't miss it? Are you sure it's even on this road? These were some of the thoughts going through my mind as Mother sat quietly, saying not a word.

Finally, patience not being one of my virtues, yet, I spoke up. Could You have been mistaken, Mother? Well, no sooner did the words leave my mouth than I regretted saying them! This was my **Guru** and I was the student, being tested. God had said, 'Will you follow Me? All the way?' 'Will you trust Me, even though at this moment you can't remember your Destination, nor the time it will take to reach this Destination?'

Eventually we did arrive at this restaurant, and like a mirage in a desert it turned out to be an exceptionally elegant place, well worth the long drive. In this place, as I sat across from Mother, She told me, "Thy Faith hath made thee whole."

It was Sunday evening now. I'd driven Mother back to Seattle and was about to begin my return journey, first to Vancouver, then onto the ferry heading for Victoria. Mother recommended that I stay overnight at Her place. She thought it was too late for me to be traveling such a long distance. After all, She was a Mother! So I telephoned my hubby to let him know I wouldn't be home 'til the following day.

Ric, though, wanted me home that night. He'd been caring for our three young children while I'd been with Mother at Pat's and he was

exhausted. The next day was Monday and Ric had to go to work. “Come home tonight,” he said. So even though Mother had requested otherwise, I thought it was best to head home. If I left right away, I was sure I’d still be able to catch the last ferry at 9:00 p.m.

After Mother and I hugged goodbye, She told me to make sure I said the ‘Prayer of Protection’ She’d taught me before I started up the engine for the trip. I got into the car, closed my eyes and recited these words:

*There is a yellow, yellow, golden, golden, yellow, yellow
spiritual aura*

Manifesting itself around my body (repeat 3 times)

No evil or lower force can penetrate it to harm or influence me.

Father, I am under Thy divine protection.

Ten or fifteen minutes down the road I suddenly realized I’d left my big cloth carry-all bag, which of course contained my wallet, sitting on the floor near Mother’s front door! I turned off the freeway at the next exit. The sun was quickly setting and it was beginning to get dark as I drove around and around, looking for a way to get back onto this highway, this time in the opposite direction.

After driving in circles for quite some time in a heavily forested area just outside of the city, ‘luck’ at last led me back to Mother’s apartment. Now it definitely **was** too late to be heading for home. Why hadn’t I listened to Mother in the first place?

A few days later I learned that there hadn’t been a 9:00 p.m. ferry; that the last ferry had left Vancouver at 8:00 p.m.!

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 (February 1, 1961)

THANK YOU, MOTHER

BY WIN SMITH

It has been said that the master seeks the disciple, not the other way around. That thread runs through my own meeting with Mother in this lifetime. I've always been an open-minded skeptic, often reading with interest about things not covered in the educational curriculum. Some of this stuff was clearly out in left field, some seemed plausible, and some, such as yoga, I viewed with wariness.

I've always felt close to God. Walking out in the woods at dusk just before a spring rain is a spiritual experience. But from an early age I was put off by the strident literalistic messages of the religious establishment. Their literal interpretations of the surface stories of the allegories just didn't seem real. And if it says in the Good Book that God is love, why were we being conditioned to superstitiously fear a vindictive tribal deity? My mother, a minister's daughter, dutifully carted me off to Sunday school every week. By age ten, I put up such a fuss she quit fighting it.

I gave the religious establishment a few more chances in my late teens and early twenties. Some of my early college friends were neat people, and I visited their churches with them; but it didn't take.... It was the early 1950s and the Korean War was in progress. I enlisted in the Marine Corps. One Saturday while I was stationed in San Francisco I was walking up Market Street, pondering the serious questions of life. On impulse I knocked on the minister's door of a large church. He asked what I wanted, and I told him I had some questions. He asked, "Do you believe such and such?" I replied I wasn't sure; that was my question. He responded bombastically that if I didn't, then he couldn't help me.... Lots of empathy. I told him I was sorry I'd wasted his time and left.

One Sunday night a couple of years or so later I was hitch-hiking from Los Angeles back to the Marine Corps base at Twenty-nine Palms, California. I chatted with the driver, and by and by he asked me if I'd heard of yoga. He told me he practiced it, and related some of his experiences. Although my guard was up, I was interested. He mailed me his copy of Yesudian and Haich's classic, "Yoga and Health." I started practicing some of the asanas (postural exercises which loosen pinched

nerves, and purify and strengthen the life force) in the barracks after lights out, and began to gain some flexibility.

My release from active duty was coming up, so I returned his book and bought a copy after moving to Seattle. The asanas gave me a tremendous amount of energy. It was a good thing; times were a little tough for the first month or two of civilian life. I was staying at the downtown Seattle YMCA, and eating out on \$5 a week. I'd had to buy some civilian clothes and a set of work tools out of the first couple of paychecks. I walked everywhere—I couldn't afford the 15-cent bus fare. That winter was one of the coldest on record.

If the asanas and Pranayama (life force control via breath) exercises gave such powerful results, it seemed that a person could make some powerful mistakes practicing from a written description. It would be good to have a teacher. This was the late fall of 1955, and the only yoga listing in the Seattle phone book was the Vedanta center near the park just north of Capitol Hill. The swami there said that they didn't use the Hatha yoga exercises, but the Self-Realization Fellowship people did.

A friend who had mentioned Self-Realization Fellowship gave me Mother's address—the brick house on the corner at 7057 19th Avenue NE, just north of the Roosevelt district. Mother was on a trip for a couple of weeks, and Herlwyn Lutz was conducting Sunday services. We talked, and he showed me how to meditate.

I met Mother in late January of 1956, before she had gone to India. It wasn't like the more spectacular experience she had had when meeting Master—no inner lights or spiritual ecstasy; just a calm, peaceful sense of coming home. She told me I didn't have to accept anything, but just take things one at a time and prove them out in my life. She made sense ... the first spiritual leader I had ever met who showed depth and balance. I followed what she taught to the best of my ability, and gradually found a peace that had eluded me all my life.

In June 1956 Mother and Father attended SRF's Kriya initiation at Mount Washington, in Los Angeles. Herlwyn, Harriette Rowe (nee Rivera) and I drove down, camping along the way. I wasn't yet ready for Kriya, so during the ceremony I meditated outside on the grounds. I

felt Master's presence very strongly; it is still there in that spot, over fifty years after his passing.

In the summer I felt a reaction to the intense striving I had practiced, and talked with Mother. She understood, and gave me permission to leave. By the spring of 1957 I couldn't stay away any longer, and came back in time for my first Kriya initiation (June 8, 1957, if memory serves). I've been with Mother ever since. Mother was at Kathy's and my wedding that August, and I felt a heat in the spiritual eye from her blessing during the ceremony.

During the years that followed she has guided me insightfully through the ups and downs of life. She had herself lived life to the fullest, and spoke with sure knowledge. She once said that she had experienced everything that could happen to a woman. Never had I known anyone with such depth of spiritual insight, such wisdom, such integrity, such strength, and such love. In all things, what she taught, works.

Mother taught balance. She taught us to live in the world, and to seek God and His kingdom first. She taught us all to stand on our own feet and not to be dependent upon her; and to worship God, not her. She taught us to avoid alcohol, tobacco, non-prescription drugs, and illegitimate sex. She kept Paramhansa Yogananda's teachings intact after his passing, despite the SRF organization's opposition. I have nothing but the deepest respect for her in all things.

Once I met with her after a Sunday service to ask about something that was really bothering me. I felt such tremendous peace sitting before her that I could not for the life of me remember what had been bothering me all week. She laughed and came back down so I could remember it.

In later years, her health became severely impaired from the tremendous karmic burden she carried for all who followed, and for this entire world. It was hard to watch; some quit coming for whatever reasons. It is a miracle that one little body could continue to function at all under that tremendous load. I have visited her in the hospital and at a care facility; but I never felt any doubts. After several severely trying years of illness, she passed on; her task here was completed. Three times after her passing I smelled her lilac perfume while driving down the freeway.

There were no flowers nearby.... Other times I have felt her nearby, smiling in love.

This life has been far different than it would have been had I not met her. From the day I met Mother to this day she has guided and protected me. I have stared death in the eye maybe ten times in this lifetime (industrial accidents, traffic situations, things in the military, or sheer stupidity), and each time it has veered aside at the last second by God's grace through her.

Mother's influence has mitigated the effects of karma in other lesser events in my life. Once we were unloading yard waste at the transfer station. A fairly good-sized fir branch that we had bent double to fit into the trailer whipped around sideways past my face, breaking my nose. Another quarter of an inch closer and it would have cost me an eye. Such is God's mercy as it manifested through Mother.... She has always carried part of my burden.

Never in this life have I met such love, such wisdom, such strength. I thank Mother from the bottom of my heart for leading me to her feet once more. May God bless her forever and forever; and may He cradle her forever in His arms of everlasting love.

This world is a better place because Mother was here.

All I know is that I must please you. Somewhere in the Hindu scriptures, it says that if the guru is pleased with one, the opinions of the gods matter not at all, and I have exactly that feeling. I do not reason out why it should be so—I simply feel that it *is*.

Whether I have the opportunity to see you or not, I am ever at your feet, taking the dust from them, and pouring over them the essence of my devotion. If I could never see you, this would continue the same, for it is the settled attitude of my mind, and does not cease, day or night.

Gyanamata (from a letter to Master)

LETTER FROM A DEVOTEE

BY MAUREEN CHLOPAN

Dear David,

Last weekend I received a package from John D. which contained the latest "Cross and Lotus Journal," some magazines from Anandashram and a CD of you speaking at Loon Lake. I cried a lot remembering how sweet and rich it sometimes is when experiencing the gift of being transported to that still place within where love, peace and bliss abound. Again, I felt a connection with Mother. Thank you for your teachings that bring her to life for me.

The messages give me the strength to pray for more devotion and steadfastness in my practice. The thought of spiritual emancipation is very enticing.

In a blessed state, I recalled an experience from my youth. This would've been a couple of years before meeting her [Mother]. I was working on a salmon enhancement project in Sooke. I was on my routine wilderness walk up the river to feed the fish one morning. As I forged a path along the river embankment, I was overcome by a presence that I immediately identified as being the Divine Mother. As I ascended the hill, there was a clearing in the forest where the sun shone through onto a pool of cool still water. For as long as she stayed, I paused and wept in gratitude, awe and wonderment.

This is where my path began. The following spring my brother gave me the *Autobiography of a Yogi* for my birthday, which I so resonated with. Soon after that I met Mother. I've often wondered if it was she who visited me at the pool that day.

I am well and at peace here for the time being. I'll be home in three months.

I look forward to seeing you and Carla sometime after that.

Blessed be,

Maureen

LETTER FROM INDIA

BY MARGE RANNEY

Ed.—The article below is excerpted from an open letter Marge Ranney sent to fellow devotees August 25, 1967 after a trip she and Mother took to Montreal. Marge writes about the great efforts the Guru undertakes to prepare for a Kriya Initiation.

Dearly Beloved in God:

Mother and I were so busy during our recent journey to Montreal that it was literally impossible for either of us to take time out for correspondence. However, surely you must have felt that in truth you were with us every moment, because Mother's love for each of us is so great that She carries us forever in Her heart wherever She goes and prays for us constantly. My own heart is so filled with the love and bliss of God which came to me as a result of this, the most glorious experience of my life, that I cannot help but want to share some of the details with you.

[...] Our schedule was unbelievably strenuous as we were contacting both old and new devotees. Never did She deny them what they asked for in God. I am strong and healthy and I was only just able to keep up with Her. And then came the transition which appears to mark the end of a spiritual era that began a year ago last April and the beginning of a new one for Her. The pain in Her body disappeared and She was given new strength which radiated in a most beautiful way and with great power. Her God-Self transformed all those who came into Her presence and I witnessed physical, emotional and spiritual healings. Although She has always had a very special and wonderful love in Her heart for us, still now there is a new power manifesting through Her which lifts all who open their hearts to God.

The whole adventure really started with the Kriya Initiation which Mother was directed to give after a four-year interval. She was still recovering from the serious bronchial attack which kept Her in the hospital for a week; and the nine succeeding days at home spent in physical recovery and the extensive preparation required for the Kriya Ceremony itself seemed a very short time in the human sense for such an important effort.

But as always, God gave Her exactly the strength needed to do His will and the Ceremony was very powerful as Love and Light manifested in a far greater way than ever before as She lifted those there into His bliss and glory. Many were moved to tears.

Whenever there are great forces of Light manifesting, the forces of darkness gather their ranks and prepare for battle. Mother has told us this many times and I have had many occasions to witness the truth of this statement when I have been with Her but never more so than when for the first time, I helped Her in the great and intricate task of preparing for the Kriya Initiation. From what I had read in the *Autobiography of a Yogi* and from the few things Mother had told, I had not the faintest conception of the tremendous amount of effort necessary—physical, mental and spiritual—in order to give us this greatest of all initiations that we might attain our God-realization. I know I need not tell those of you who were there how beautiful it was nor how great was Her power and radiance. I am sure that you, like I, will never forget it and that your gratitude to Her equals my own.

Faith and practice combined can enable an aspirant to overcome any and every difficulty that confronts him in his struggle for control of mind. Surely, the Kripa or grace of a saint is essential. Under his guidance and influence, the Sadhaka progresses rapidly towards the goal. But your own effort is also as essential. Tamasic inactivity or Rajasic activity are obstacles. A selfless and one-pointed endeavour is alone conducive to real concentration and the ultimate attainment. Your life is in your hands: elevate it, purify it and fill it with the bliss of immortality. May God within you be your guide.

Swami Ramdas

A RARE SOUL

BY PUJYA SWAMI SATCHIDANANDA

Ed.—In January, 2004, while staying at Anandashram, we celebrated the anniversary of Mother’s Mahasamadhi Day. What follows below is the introduction and concluding remarks to the program by Swami Satchidananda. It was wonderful to hear him speak so lovingly of our Guru and we only hope that we can live up to the kind words he spoke about us as well.

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

Today we are going to observe the Mahasamadhi Day of our beloved Mother Hamilton. Mother Hamilton is one of the rare souls who was very much devoted to the Lord from her early days and had attained illumination after she came to Anandashram and had the contact with beloved Papa. She was here for about a year and had some wonderful experiences. After going back from here she could lead a number of seekers and guide them to the path of God-realization. Now, our friends who have come here are devotees of Mother Hamilton and will give out their own experiences about the Mother whom we remember very much, particularly today. Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram.

[At this point short talks were given by Peter Schultz, Larry Koler, Cate Koler and Swami Muktananda.]

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

Now all of you heard something about our Mother Hamilton. Hearing is nothing; seeing is more important. But you missed that. I had the occasion of closely moving with her for about a year and the moment I think of her she is standing before my mental vision—so forcefully, so strongly. We meet so many people every day in our life but very few leave certain impressions in us. But some leave such indelible impressions that they are unforgettable characters. Mother was one of them.

The peculiar thing I noticed in her was: she was God-mad. When she came and saw Papa for the first time—I mean in the ashram first time—her first request was, “Papa, we have come here. We must realize God

before we go back.” That was her first prayer. So you can imagine how intensely she was aspiring for the highest experience and went like that ... she got it and not only got it she passed on to many others also.

We can see some of her disciples and they say, as you have not seen the master, Mother Hamilton, seeing the disciples is to see the master. So, how lovingly they are talking about the Mother! That type of devotion is very, very rare. Disciples, who are so intensely devoted to the Mother, naturally develop the qualities of the Mother and ultimately realize their oneness with the Mother. We got an occasion to hear from three of her—Mother’s devotees and are surely very much benefitted by knowing something about the Mother. Our humble homage to the Mother again and again.

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

[Those who wish to read more about Mother’s stay in Anandashram should refer to the entries for October 14-26, 1957, Gospel of Swami Ramdas by Swami Satchidananda published by Anandashram Press.]

Mother Hamilton: Papa, when I was sitting with you at the Seattle airport I asked when we would meet again. You told me. ‘If the desire of the devotee is very keen, God will fulfill it’. How true, Papa! Otherwise, it would not have been possible for us to come here. We have come here only for you. You are God in human form. I know you would say that God is everywhere and that all forms are God’s. But, for me, yours is different. You are God Himself made manifest.

Tea was brought and Papa said: You must be hungry; have tea.

M.H.: Papa, really I am not feeling hungry at all. I am filled with God. God is my food.

Gospel of Swami Ramdas

MOTHER IN ANANDASHRAM IN 1957, 1958

[From an Interview with Swami Satchidananda in 1996 at Anandashram conducted by Rev. Larry Koler.]

Larry: Swamiji, I have been reading *The Gospel* [of Swami Ramdas] and I'd like to start with the question regarding Mother when she first came here. You told me the other day that Papa was very excited when the Hamiltons were coming and that of course they were coming from a long distance. And when they got here Mother was in an almost—you said in a state of ecstasy. Can you explain that at all? Just traditional ways of showing that or did she seem to be in an altered state?

Swamiji: When Papa and Mataji got the news from Mother Hamilton about coming here he was very much excited and he was looking forward to their visit. He had made separate arrangements for their staying—two rooms were allotted for them—and they had even planned how much time he would be able to spend with them and so on and so forth.

Larry: Oh, I wondered, because in the book [you say]: at 8:00, then he goes to see the Hamiltons and then....

Swamiji: Yes. When they actually arrived, she embraced him and it was a very grand welcome; both of them were taken to their room ... of course, all this I have mentioned in the *Gospel* itself. And the very day they started talking on spiritual matters. She was so anxious that she should not return home without realizing God—that [the] only aim in coming to India was to realize God: she wanted to have it at any cost. She was hammering on this point every now and then and Papa was assuring her that she would get the experience. And discussion went on for some days.

They used to meet in the mornings in their rooms and in the afternoon they would come to Papa's room for one hour, one and a half hours. They would discuss various matters and then Papa would read from some book and explain the highest state of experiences but she had not reached the highest and wanted Papa's help to reach the highest. She wanted, in due course, an assurance of Papa that she had reached the goal but Papa was avoiding a direct answer to that. He was telling her

again and again, “You are the universal Mother. What is there for you to realize? You are everything; you are beyond everything.” That of course made her very happy but at the same time Father [Hamilton] used to taunt her, “That is the way Papa looks at every woman—nothing special for you. So that doesn’t show any great attainment for you.” So she would again ask Papa, “Papa is this the way you address all women; I am not any [one] special for you?” “Yes, you are special, no doubt.” [laughter] That way the discussion used to go on. She wanted assurance of Papa, and Papa was avoiding it for a long time.

Larry: She said that Papa would give her no quarter. He gave no quarter—Ramdas. It now makes sense to me why she said that.

Swamiji: That’s right.

Swamiji: After some months she [Mother] showed signs of sort of restlessness—though she was talking about God only. She was not talking the normal way. We were a little worried about it. She wanted to do *pada puja* to Papa very often, she wanted to garland him, worship his feet. And she did it once or twice. She would take Papa’s prasad. She would say Papa was God Himself and had the highest reverence for him. But when we noticed her moods we could feel that everything was not going on properly, in the right direction. And suddenly one day she started shouting. Father came and reported to us—she could not get any sleep all night; she was not normal. Papa went to her room; she got hold of Papa’s feet, who was standing just outside the room leaning on the wall. She got hold of his feet and started pulling the feet. And it was a dangerous situation—Papa might fall down. Then, watching the situation, I caught her from behind, and lifted her bodily, took her to the bed, put her on the bed. She was furious—thought she was not allowed to worship Papa.

Larry: And Papa was pretty ... was Papa...?

Swamiji: Papa was smiling.

Larry: Is that right!

Swamiji : Papa was smiling. He didn’t say anything at all.

Larry: And he didn’t seem worried?

Swamiji: No. He was taking it very coolly. Father was very much excited. And we had to after that get a psychiatrist from Mangalore. The psychiatrist said it was nothing seriously wrong; she only wanted some sedatives. And some days rest. Some sedatives were given. And she was expressing very often that she was passing through a period of crucifixion.

Larry: So she was using that description even at that time—that that's what it felt like to her.

Swamiji: Yes. And it was really a crucifixion. You could understand the state of turmoil she was passing through in her mind. Fortunately after a few days everything settled down. She became her normal self. She could retell it—though not everything—most of the things she had passed through: and said she had passed through a very serious trial, that she had come out of it with Papa's help and she would explain it later on that she had got the highest state of spiritual attainment.

Larry: And was she still asking Papa for confirmation on that too or was that now, not a...

Swamiji: Yes, Papa assured her that she was going to be not an ordinary spiritual force in the West; she was going to lead a number of real seekers of truth and would have to do a lot of work. She was very happy to hear all those things. But Papa never assured her but that she had attained the highest. She also knew she had to attain something more before they left. She was not very happy when they left because she had to return before reaching the highest goal.

Larry: Hmm ... exactly.

Swamiji: Papa and Mataji were both happy that she had got something and she was not going empty-handed though they were not happy with certain experiences that she had—apparently unpleasant.

Larry: That's right. And really in opposition to Papa too, from what Mother said—that she thought of Papa at one time as the devil and didn't want anything to do with him and this was right before she left or she was still going through those doubts and it must have been very difficult to—as disciples of Papa's—to have someone say that.

Swamiji: It was a very difficult time. You cannot simply imagine how

Papa was taking it, though he was smiling all the time—he never made a remark, pleasant or unpleasant. Was just watching it—might have been helping her from within.

Larry: One time he said to her that, when she had been going through this—and this was while she was still in India—that “Papa had stood at the door and warded off all of the bad forces.” He told her that. And in her mind her own Master came in and said, “No he didn’t. I did.” (Laughter) Now, of course, this is the way masters are—there’s some dispute amongst us disciples over who ... it’s all God, isn’t it.

Swamiji: It’s all the same. And they were happy that she came out successful in that ordeal and could live a very happy and useful life for many years.

Larry: It took her many years to get over—to get through the next few stages.

Swamiji: And we heard she had a large following in Seattle after she returned from here—quite a number of young men were listening to her talks daily, following her teachings.

Larry: Yes. That’s right. I don’t know exactly the number but it was in the hundreds and it included all over the U.S. and Canada.

Swamiji: When she came here again we were very happy to meet her. She was blossoming to sainthood. We were very happy.

Larry: In 1968?

Swamiji: I don’t remember the exact year but it was with Mrs. Ranney she came.

Larry: Yes, that time. So that was the time when she was still finalizing—still not through it and—with Mrs. Ranney, that’s right and then the second time—the third time really—she came with Mrs. Ranney’s son, David, a very sweet man, a good friend of mine. But you felt that in ‘78 she had attained the goal, because she was relaxed....

Swamiji: Yes.

Larry: ...and in that state of mind.

Swamiji: She had got something substantial.

Larry: Hmm. Exactly.

Swamiji: And she could guide real aspirants. **That** we could feel.

Larry: She could guide—and that she was a capable guide?

Swamiji: Capable of guiding, yes. Real aspirants.

Papa has been busy with the arrangements for them [Reverend Ralph B. Hamilton and Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton] in the new guest house [...] in a short while a car arrived and stopped near the tree. Papa got up and came near the car. Mildred Hamilton who got down first, came to Papa almost in ecstasy, took his arm in hers, asked him how he was and expressed how happy she was to be here. [...]

Mother Hamilton: You have mentioned somewhere that you had been to Ramana Maharshi and that by his look your spiritual fulfillment was achieved.

Papa: Yes.

M.H.: We have come here for that purpose. We are to get that type of influence and grace you got from Maharshi.

Papa: Are you in that state of mind as Ramdas was when he stood before the Maharshi?

M.H.: I think we are. Don't you think so?

Papa: Yes, you must be. You have come with so much aspiration from such a distant place.

Gospel of Swami Ramdas

IT RAINED BLESSINGS

BY REBECCA BARNOWE

Mother held her meditation gatherings for many years in the childhood home built by my father. My own beautiful mother, Bonnie was her close confidante and friend. These were cherished times.

Of course we prepared the site with great ardor in advance: cleaning, sweeping the walkways, arranging flowers and incense. On each occasion we were told by Mother:

“God is coming to visit in the forms of His children.”

There was a very defined sound suspended in the air wherever Mother passed. It wasn't simply the 'swish' of her robes as she walked (although that in itself evoked the most tender and heartfelt anticipation).

This that I speak of is of paramount importance to convey. It is a sound described in every mystical tradition the world over. Sacred in its power to uplift the soul and awaken the deadened senses from the spell of earthly attachments, this vibration, held in silence, permeated the entire house for many days after every service. Its fullness of tone was like an ethereal field, tilled to receive and germinate untold seeds of spirit.

After speaking at length, Mother would on many occasions caution her students to: “hold this vibration in your hearts, rather than socialize just afterwards and expel this force through conversations, and hobnobbing as a group.”

Over years the call of this silence still engenders an epiphany of solace; and an arousal of untamed splendor of spirit.

Whenever Mother came to visit, it rained blessings. (Ask anyone who knew Her.) The air resounded! Physical injuries were healed. Emotional knots hidden from sight were untied. (And, yes, even financial misfortunes were banished into memories.)

Outshining every fear was an iridescent gold reservoir of pure loving power, so vibrant in its reach that everything in its wake was forevermore transformed.

Memories of Mother — Book 2

Someone has written: "...breathe deep of that yet sweet and lucid air."

There is no better way at the moment to describe the majesty invoked by a Master. I am still being blessed. We might be inclined to hearken to one of Rumi's Odes:

"Keep silent in order to hear God's whisper."

You see, everyone concentrates upon Jesus the man who became Jesus the Christ. The word "Jesus" means savior. The word "Christ" is the anointed one. So you are the man, and you become the Christ. And when you do this, then this tremendous nectar, this radiance of Light which is within each and every one of us, the petals of the lotus open up, and the nectar flows through your being, and you are filled with Light. Everyone with whom you come in contact will be changed. They will never be the same again, and make no mistake about it, because their consciousness will be lifted; it will be exalted, and they will be taken many, many steps on the upward ladder.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

GOLDEN GOLDEN

BY REBECCA BARNOWE

In the early years of study with Mother I began to experience difficulties with what I would term “prowling spirits” with dark intents. While always naturally open, I guess, to the invisible world of light presences, these more menacing, whispering energies, on the other hand, deeply distressed me in my meditations. Mother was strongly opposed to any study of the occult, (which I had never heard about anyway)—She always said: “Go directly to God: Don’t mess with Mr. In-between.”

Mother would never allow any lower forces to hold sway over the minds of her students. The purest Light of God was supreme in her teaching.

She taught me to light incense, to keep my mind on God alone, and to say the Our Father prayer over and over, and over and over. If negative energies persisted, she had me memorize and recite the following Affirmation to clothe me in Divine Protection:

*There is a Yellow, Yellow
Golden, Golden
Yellow, Yellow Spiritual Aura
Manifesting Itself around my body
(repeat)
No evil or lower force can penetrate it,
To harm or to influence me.
Father, I am under Thy Divine Protection.*

This simple mantra, resonating with the power of Master’s blessing, always sent packing any shadowy apparition that tapped on walls, or even leaned into the field of my consciousness. Later as an adult, it also protected me from any actual person intent on intimidation.

One incident evoked Mother’s sense of humor. I can still re-call her laughter when hearing about the hilarious time my younger sister, Marilyn and I rigged our adjoining bedrooms at age fifteen or so, with a yarn pulley and bell system, to sound the alarm after an uninvited ghost appeared next to my bookshelf in my bedroom the night before!

Memories of Mother—Book 2

(This was in the same house where Mother held her meditation meetings for about twelve years.) There was such an aura of Protection placed over the entire house after this, that the “bell-system” was happily dismantled!

Mother would often say:

*God is the Supreme Power.
Fill your mind and heart
With His radiant bliss,
And your whole body will be filled with Light.*

Only those who go consciously into the spirit in Mahasamadhi—the saints, the masters, the avatars—have the power from the astral plane to help those on earth. And both Master and Swami Ramdas had said that we should leave the dead alone. They are all God’s children, but He will take care of them. And the masters who have gone on will help them in their progress.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

ROSES AND CHOCOLATES

BY JERRY TROFIMCHUK

When I first started attending church at the Victoria Centre, I knew very little about what a Guru might be all about and nothing at all about the Guru-Disciple relationship. In order to come to some sort of a conclusion about what would be best to do and what would be best to avoid doing, I observed the disciples who had been with Mother Hamilton for a while to see how they carried themselves and listened to what they had to say. Over time I concluded that it was customary to bring a gift for the Guru and that Mother especially seemed to like to receive roses and chocolates.

From that point forward, whenever Mother came to Victoria, or if I went to Seattle to see Mother, I brought roses and, if at all possible, chocolates for her. That was usually easy to do as florists are to be found everywhere and Victoria has at least three or four fine chocolate-making establishments, each making a delightful variety of first class chocolates that are suitable for such occasions.

Perhaps one year after I started coming to church, Mother experienced a heart attack. This of course created a stir in the group, with much anxiety and much discussion and of course many prayers! At one point the idea was expressed that because Mother had had a heart attack, it would be better not to give her chocolates. The idea was expressed that it would be “for her own good,” or words to that effect.

I thought about that for a short while and concluded that it was a sensible and practical idea. A near fatal conclusion on my part—that the disciple should think that he knew better what was good for the guru, better than the Guru herself!

From the normal human perspective, and from a normal health practices perspective, perhaps it would have been a sensible and practical idea to stop giving chocolates to someone who had experienced a heart attack. But from the perspective of the Guru-Disciple relationship there are just so many things wrong about my deciding that I knew what was good for the guru in that instance that they are too numerous and frankly too troubling for me to list them here. And that is without even considering that Mother had not experienced the heart attack for some

personal reason but rather that she was almost certainly working out karma for the group or perhaps even karma on a Universal scale.

Nevertheless, having drawn my conclusions, the next time Mother came to Victoria, I gave Mother roses, but in place of chocolates, I gave Mother something else, I do not recall just what that was anymore.

Mother was not happy. I think I could fairly say that Mother was cross with me.

It was not the other gift that I had substituted for the usual chocolates that resulted in this reaction from Mother. Rather I am quite certain that she could see how I had come to this conclusion. Mother was not happy with me and there was nothing that I could do to change that state of affairs that day. I realized what I had done, but there was no inner relief. I found myself in a state of turmoil.

I made a firm resolve from that day forward that as long as God gave me a sound mind with which to make decisions, I would give Mother exactly what she wanted, to the very best of my ability. And I resolved to banish all notions of knowing anything at all about what might be good for the Guru.

If roses and chocolates were what Mother wanted, then roses and chocolates she would get!

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 (March 9, 1975)

MOTHER IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE

BY WIN SMITH

Ed.—Barbara Boudreau, Mother's older daughter, related a memory of Mother to Win Smith:

A number of years ago, Mother and Father Hamilton lived in North Seattle. At that time, her older daughter, Barbara and her family were living several miles away in West Seattle with her father, due to financial circumstances. Barbara's two year old daughter, Leslie had a severe case of strep tonsillitis, and had been running high temperatures. Medications did not help. Barbara called Mother and asked her to pray for Leslie. Mother said, "Honey, don't worry. I'll leave right now and everything will be okay."

Five minutes later, there was a knock at the back door. It was Mother. Barbara asked, "Mom, how could you get here so soon?" Mother smiled and said, "Well, I'm here, honey. Where's Leslie?" Barbara brought Leslie out to Mother. Mother held her for awhile. Then she handed Leslie back to Barbara, saying, "It's late and I've got to get home. She'll be alright now." Barbara said, "Thank you for being here." Mother got into her car ... and the car disappeared ... no footprints in the light snow, no car tracks.

Barbara called Mother the next morning and said, "She's fine. It's a long way over there. How did you get here?" Mother replied, "That's between me and God. God has mysteries to perform. Everything's alright."

Later, Father Hamilton told Barbara that Mother had been home with him all evening; that she had never left their house.

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, focused 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*

HOW CAN I EVER SAY GOODBYE?

BY REBECCA BARNOWE

To My Dearest Mother,
I have never stopped to look upon Your grave,
Though the seasons, year by year have rippled past,
Adorned with splendor,
And the vibrancy of youth now melds
Into a nuanced tapestry, woven by sapience.
Still, I feel Your hand enfolding mine,
In tenderest repose
Conveying without sound,
Such peace-filled eruditions, that even tears can find
no place.
How can I ever say goodbye?
You are whispering infinitude, closer than breathing!

And though the shafts of sorrow here
Have rent many to their depth,
And raw winds have bent,
Even the aspirations of the heroic low,
Winnowing each where he stands,
To the merest strand of selfhood...

Still I know the Power of Your Illumined Love,
Broadcasting across the arc of Perfect Being,
Infilling the vacant, care-worn hearts that broke
asunder from
Too much longing ... dreaming. You were mortal
after all, and that they were all alone...
Such pain, may have been anticipated by those who
came before.
Sri Yukteswar himself spoke straight to the heart:

Stories From Devotees and Friends

“ Remember that finding God will mean the funeral
of all sorrows.”

Something to contemplate.

And though the decades pass like hours
Under the star-lit vault of Wisdom’s widening gaze,
I hear your voice resounding still,
Its timeless cadence ringing,
Through the forestlands of reverie, the scent of
lilac lingering...

You are perennial joy!
Calling your children
Scattered everywhere, over mountains
And across continents and seas:
Calling your children of every color and race,

Into the dew-kissed
Apertures of endlessness
Where there is no ceiling,
Or limitation, or ending
In the peerless sanctuary
Of Purest Love.

[Written in celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of Yogacharya Mother Hamilton’s Mahasamadhi — January 31, 2010.]

Truth is One. Truth is cosmic. It is eternal. It is no res-
pecter of race, creed, denomination. Truth is truly the
heart of God beating into the life of every single one of us.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY REBECCA BARNOWE

No amount of study can prepare a disciple for the invisible work initiated by contact with a Master.

Consider an invitation for lunch by Mother. Such an honor! I so longed to present myself as gracious and receptive in her company. Yet, two minutes after hanging up the phone, I started to become congested with fleeting certainties...

Had I lived honorably since our last meeting? My mind was suddenly a Ferris-wheel of sprouting grains, wheat grass and carrot juices (all from my earnest study of nutrition in the early seventies—all so cutting edge for that decade in America.) Or, was it! My composure and confidence imploded.

Like a well-rehearsed script that begins dissolving before show-time, higher, wider energies began pouring in from all sides. Mother was the consummate Master, 'living in the world, but not of it.' I saw her before my mind's eye, impeccably groomed, a true God-lady far ahead of her time. Her refined sensitivities and her adherence to pure truth, summoned an unspeakably timeless beauty, a delicious laughter, and the spaciousness of mind that spoke invisibly across boundaries.

How could I keep any personal bearings? Like a water-color painting whose edges of color begin bleeding, softening, and producing new tones, my soul caught the delicate promptings of her arrival!

She appeared, and all apprehension vanished in the under-stated subtlety of her every feature. Her gentle bearing set me completely at ease. I watched her intently, like a time-release photographic image, wanting to record every detail in the depths of my soul.

We found our way to a table. She was so natural, bubbling with the well-spring of life! Then, it began to happen: through the slightest gesture of her hands and eyes, everything in her Presence was lifted up, enriched, transformed. This was continuous and without exclusion, from the waiters and passing staff, to the people sitting in a wide circle from us, whose care-worn faces softened, and troubled expressions melted

away! Such subtlety of transmission was her signature, as natural as breathing.

Suddenly, she looked directly at me.

“Aren’t you ready to order?” she asked.

Startled, like a deer in the headlights, I responded instinctively without filters.

“Of course, Mother. Thank you. I was just searching for something on the menu that was vegetarian.”

Instantly, I felt a profound shift. (I knew that I had been found out.) Something was about to come down hard, like a gavel. (This was my emotion, and I wanted to dart for cover, but knew I was caught in a transparent vortex.)

But Mother said with such authority and supreme tenderness, placing her hand over mine:

“I want you to see, God is equally present, and everything in existence moves and breathes and has its being, imbued with His perfect Light.”

“I want you to be of Universal Consciousness!” She emphasized. “Never again allow your mind to grow rigid or self-righteous about food. Let God’s perfect Light feed you! Whether served a meal in a small hut by people too poor to produce a feast, or by a king from a palace; recognize that it is God alone in human form who stands before you. He is the Source of all hunger! He is the nourishment that sustains you! He is the Love that will draw you home!”

We were both lifted up into such a state then, that even the air itself seemed like food! Mother and I both had an extraordinary meal of beef and vegetables, marinated in a symphony of sauces. It was the most beautiful meal I had ever tasted in my life!

That was the day I relinquished all dietary obsessions for the rest of my days. (Except for fine chocolates, which on rare occasions, persist in their power to tantalize my soul.)

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS ABOUT WAITING ON GOD

BY CATE KOLER

As devotees, we all say that we want God. But with how much intensity—are we one-pointed in our devotion? Do we not all, at times, feel like the disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane—asked by their Master and Savior to keep awake and keep watch but who all slept while He needed them?

Here is my memory of an incident with Mother which precipitated these thoughts: I had been asked by Mother to drive and accompany her to Victoria where she was to stay with the center leader, Pat Downey, and give a Sunday talk (this was around 1983). Mother, having suffered a stroke the year before, was no longer able to drive and needed assistance with dressing. I asked Mother if I could bring along my three year old daughter as I didn't want to be away from her for a whole weekend.

When I awoke the next morning in Victoria, I listened for Mother in the room next door and didn't hear her. I tapped on the door softly, calling her name, but she didn't answer. I then took my daughter downstairs to the kitchen to get her something to eat (at the time Pat lived in a very large house) and kept listening for Mother. Pat poured me a coffee; we sat chatting but every few minutes I would go up to Mother's room and listen at the door to hear if she was awake and needing me.

All of a sudden, while sitting in the kitchen, I heard a soft, "Cate, Cate, where are you?" I ran upstairs to see Mother leaning over the banister. She was noticeably upset. "Why didn't you come?" she remonstrated, "I was calling you for fifteen minutes!"

"Oh, Mother, you couldn't have been," I was quick to defend myself. "I was checking on you every couple of minutes."

"No, I have been calling you all that time," Mother scolded.

I was about to protest again. After all, my honor and pride were at stake; I didn't want to seem like a lackadaisical devotee. And, I have always been someone who places great stock in being right—all the time. But all of a sudden something inside me shifted. "I'm sorry, Mother," I apologized. "I should have been more attentive."

Stories From Devotees and Friends

Mother immediately dropped the whole thing. And the lesson burned itself on my consciousness. Mother was testing my willingness to submit—to God and Guru. Who was right in terms of number of minutes was immaterial. A devotee must be willing to love, honor and obey the guru; otherwise no spiritual progress can be made.

This story might not seem comparable to the Garden of Gethsemane. After all, Mother always wanted us to live in the world and to be completely balanced. During those years I had worldly responsibilities, like my family, and on that particular morning I was also caring for my three-year old who needed her breakfast. I had always been more than willing to do whatever service Mother required of me. And yet, what strikes me now many years later, is how many hours or days I would be willing to sit outside a door for even a glimpse of my beloved Guru.

In recent years, during the five times I visited Anandashram, I learned what bliss it can be to “wait on God,” sitting with devotees on the porch to wait for Swamiji to come out for his walk. What contentment, sitting at his feet during satsangs, even when it was hot and uncomfortable. I lamented to Swamiji one time that I felt that I hadn’t taken full advantage of my time with Mother. “If only I knew/felt then what I do now!” Swamiji smiled and said, “There isn’t a devotee alive who doesn’t feel that way about his master.” Oh, the pains of this earthly plane!

Dear Mother, hear my prayer: *Let me sit outside your door, awake and ready, until you open wide the door of my heart and make me one with Thee.*

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

BOOK THREE

THE FOLLOWING STORIES WERE WRITTEN BY DEVOTEES AND FRIENDS SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS SECOND EDITION—AT THE REQUEST OF YOGACHARYA DAVID.



But I want to tell you this story. In the early days when I was with Master I was in Seattle, he was down in Los Angeles, and I went through terrific experiences. I was very, very, very poor. I had these three little children to take care of, and I had a husband who couldn't work. And so, because of that, I had one dress to wear. I was lucky if I got one meal a day. I was many times very, very cold, very hungry.

I remember when I carried my second daughter I was cold up to my hips all the time, and I had very, very little to eat. It's a wonder they ever got here. But, on top of that, during the Depression I stood in a breadline for two solid years asking for food in order that they might eat. I was a very, very proud woman and, believe me, I lost my pride because my love for my children was greater than anything else. And so every time I would—naturally, this took a tremendous toll out of me physically—every time I would get in such a condition that I thought I was going to die and I couldn't go on any longer (I had the full responsibility for the support of the whole family, I was father, mother, bread earner, wife, everything about it), I would wire to Master and ask him to pray for me.

Immediately, when he got this wire, the tremendous power that he had would flow to me until my whole being would be rejuvenated, and I could go on for a little longer.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

PREAMBLE

BY CATE KOLER

[This article appeared in The Cross and The Lotus Journal, Dec. 2010.]

January 31, 2011 marks the 20th anniversary of the Mahasamadhi of beloved Yogacharya Mother Hamilton, the Guru and Param-Guru of many of our readers. We will be celebrating this event in a number of ways, including the publication of a second edition of *Memories of Mother*. The original book, a collection of writings by her direct disciples as well as more recent devotees, was released for the tenth anniversary of her passing. The new book will include those original writings as well as a number of new ones.

I have been given the wonderful task of compiling and editing these written offerings. What a joy it has been to read the memories of the devotees who knew Mother for so many years. Each is unique; they tell of how Mother taught each one individually, according to his or her nature. Some people I have known for many years and yet this is the first time I have heard a particular story: the tale makes me pause in wonderment; it brings back the remembrance of her multi-faceted personality—how she would play any part to help the devotee experience God.

This time we asked devotees to focus on how they have continued to experience Mother in their lives in the years since she left the body. Devotees have written about visions of Mother, of her guiding hand of protection, her whispered advice, and her example of one who loved God above all else. Some of the most inspiring writings have been from those who didn't know Mother when she was in the body but have learned valuable spiritual lessons through her talks and teachings or have experienced her presence in spirit through dreams, visions, her photograph and the still small voice within. I have finished almost each written submission in tears of joy and gratitude for this wonderful Guru who has influenced so many people and continues to do so today.

I would like to thank all who have taken the time to write. Sometimes it is difficult to put into words experiences of the spirit as they are intimate in nature, often intangible and ethereal and we are instructed to hold them within. But in this case these stories need to be told; they are a tribute to our beloved Mother. They will touch and transform readers

everywhere, and fill them, as they have me, with Mother's Infinite and Magnificent Presence.

So I asked myself which master was the greater of the two: the one who nurtured me with love, who saved my life that I might come to this moment; the one who had the power to retain in all of their perfection the cells of his own body or the one who had power to kill the ego and then to bring that one, which could be compared to Lazarus, back to life again? And in the final analysis I could not determine which was the greater of the two, and I came to know—because one time toward the end of our sojourn there, Papa and Mother Krishnabai were alone in the room where I was—and I said to Papa, “Papa, you have your own special place in my heart. I have tremendous love for you. But I cannot accept you as my guru. Yogananda is my Guru.” Mother Krishnabai turned to him and said, “What did she say?” in Konkani. And he repeated what I had said. And she said something to him in return. I said, “What did she say?” He said, “She says to tell you that we are but the two different sides of the one face of God.” And I later came to see the absolute truth of this. One was the face of love and one was the face of the crucifixion.

And the same thing is given in the *Bhagavad Gita*, because Arjuna the disciple had always known the love of Krishna, known Krishna in all of his beauty and his wonder, his glory, his kindness, his compassion, his sympathy. But he wanted to know more, and Krishna said, “But you do not want to see this. This is my awful face.” “Oh, yes, Lord,” he said, “I want to see that, too.” So Krishna, the same Christ, showed him the awful side of his nature, of his face. And Arjuna couldn't stand it and he pulled back and he said, “No, Lord, I do not want to see this. Bring back what I had again. Give me only that which was beautiful in you.” And this was my own experience.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1965)

INTRODUCTION
YOGACHARYA MILDRED HAMILTON:
OUR DIVINE TEACHER

BY REBECCA BARNOWE

Such was the power of God in Mother's perfect form that it flowed ever selflessly like a living fountain of purest light to each. She lifted up all who knew her into undreamed of states of bliss, infusing every fingertip and strand of hair with the radiant, purifying Power of God's Presence, the likes of which will forever remain impossible to convey with words. One simple glance, and immeasurable energies were broadcast through her eyes, carrying a vitalizing current of love and ease, brilliantly restoring equanimity and peace.

People would arrive before her, collapsed under the strain of their tortured emotions and obstructed lives. Not a single individual in my whole recollection, ever failed to be lifted up into the healing light of her God-drenched Power, and become combed out of all their upset and grief—free to embark on new purposeful, inspired lives attuned to the highest. Such transformations happened naturally with no hint of pretense.

Light-hearted, with a flair for the unexpected, her spontaneity dislodged the drab, prosaic mind-sets, which frequently anaesthetize many committed students of scripture and doctrine. Hers was a direct pipeline to the Infinite, flowing forth with unceasing ease, brilliance, magnetism, and intelligence.

Working night and day, one-on-one with individuals, and then giving sermons on Sundays and Wednesdays, her whole life was devoted to God alone, nonstop. Foremost in her ministry was her training of students in the sacred art and science of Kriya Yoga, a simple but proven technique, harnessing perception of the higher vibrations of light and awareness of God within, through gentle breathing and steadfast attention to the intuitive ascension of life force in the body and beyond.

Passed down in a direct lineage to Paramhansa Yogananda, through the esteemed Masters before him trained in its unfoldment, (notably in

succession: from Babaji, to Lahiri Mahasaya, to Sri Yukteswar, to Paramhansa Yogananda, to Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton), this science is a proven tool for the advancement of consciousness.

As a direct disciple of Paramhansa Yogananda, (and personally made a Minister by him and later a Yogacharya, before his death on March 7, 1952) Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton was the only woman world-wide whom Yogananda himself ordained to be a Yogacharya, fully transmitting the highest vibration from his unending reservoir of spiritual magnetism; his peerless teaching poised to broadcast over the earth in the many decades to come. As Yogananda himself wrote before his passing:

“Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth by peace.” (quoting Isaiah):

“The men of a hard-pressed twentieth century hear longingly that wondrous promise! Yet the full truth within it is realizable by every devotee of God who strives manfully to repossess his divine heritage.

“The blessed role of Kriya Yoga in East and West has hardly more than just begun. May all men come to know that there exists a definite, scientific technique of Self-realization for the overcoming of all human misery!

“In sending loving vibrations to the thousands of Kriya Yogis scattered like shining jewels over the earth, I often think gratefully:

“Lord, Thou hast given this monk a large family!”

—Paramhansa Yogananda

It is with great awe that I observe the flowering of Yogananda’s words in the direct work of his own disciple, Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton, who attained the highest state of Samadhi in her lifetime (through initiations unfolding over nearly twenty years), and is continuing his promise by passing on this heritage to a fully realized soul, Yogacharya David Hickenbottom, who carries on this lineage now with a purity of focus I never dreamed I would ever again witness in my lifetime.

Having only one purpose, to direct every soul who comes before them to God alone, there has been no basket-rattling to drum up money for new pews or fancy halls. Aspirants gather quietly in homes to absorb this highest teaching, freely given, and priceless in its power to uplift and transform all assembled. This was Mother’s way, and remains the

Stories From Devotees and Friends

hallmark of this ministry. Mother gave unstintingly everything within her power to help every single soul before her, fully trusting in God to provide for everything in her life. And God has opened up his endless bounty, through devotees who gather, freely giving whenever prompted within, whatever they are moved to contribute, whether in time, talent or treasure.

To commit oneself fully to this teaching is as effortless as breathing, because the unsullied dynamism of a realized teacher extends a restoring amplitude of calm, which quiets the restlessness so many come afflicted with. This alone is a true miracle I witness repeatedly, not only for myself, but in countless others. To lift awareness toward the highest light within your power to envision creates undreamed of good to flower. The power and subtlety of this light gently strips the personality of pretense, fear, and clownish posturing. Over time all is laid low that was counterfeit, and the authentic, jewel-toned splendor of our soul is unveiled, to walk upright among brothers and sisters until the end of time.

Then there was this terrific thing which he [Master] left for us at the time of his passing—that the power and the purity of God in him was so great that his body even remained in a state of perfection, in a state of immutability. I thought of all of his kindness, his goodness, his love, his infinite patience as I started to put my feet on the path in the infancy, in the dawn of my understanding, and how he led me step by step until my love for God in him and for God was so great that I was willing to undertake anything in order to save the truth which he had come to give.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 9, 1965)

MEMORIES OF MOTHER HAMILTON

BY HERLWYN LUTZ

Meeting Mother

A sister of a professor for whom I did garden work was visiting her. She (Althea) bubbled with joy as we talked, describing how she followed her inner leadings each moment. I had read of Yogananda in his *Autobiography*. She said that he was her guru. While in Seattle, Althea had been attending the services of his center leader and minister, Yogacharya Hamilton. She suggested that I should meet her. Mother had told her several things about me. So an appointment was set up.

Greeting me at the door of her home was a beautiful middle-aged woman wearing Gypsy earrings, heavy makeup and a sheer blouse. (Mother later told me that God had asked her to do this as a test of my rising above my fundamentalist training of how a woman should dress. Apparently I passed the test.) Cordially welcoming me we went into her living room to talk. I told her about my search for a deeper spiritual life since the age of 12, and how at age 17, Yogananda confirmed what I reasoned and intuited about the ultimate nature of the universe and humanity, but I was still unsure about certain doctrinal matters. I quoted several verses from the New Testament that, according to my Christian education, seemed to contradict some of what she and Yogananda said. (She later used to tease me about this.) Some of her answers satisfied my mind, but although uplifted, I left not thoroughly convinced.

The next day Althea told me that although she had planned to return home that week, she felt that she should not leave until I saw Mother again. So it was arranged that Mother's daughter, Billie, would pick me up after I taught my Sunday school class at the college Free Methodist church.

I was impressed and inspired with the power and spirituality of Mother's sermon and stayed afterward to talk with her further. I knew then that she was the guru for which I had prayed and that this path was to be mine with her as my guide. From then on I attended all of the services that I could and often stayed afterward on Wednesday evenings to talk into the wee hours with Mother. (Actually, she did most of the

talking.) Always in these sessions the room would be filled with a soft golden light and from the incense burner on the altar below Master's picture would sound a "ping." Mother said that this was a sign of his presence. During one of these sessions Mother gave me the same pledge of her undying love that Sri Yukteswar gave to Yogananda. I was speechless to be so blessed!

It wasn't until recently that I learned from "The Cross and The Lotus" magazine that Mother was experiencing a "dark night of the soul" at this time. It was not at all evident from the way she expressed herself so positively with her dynamic and loving personality.

In those early years sometimes only I or a few others would be attending the evening services. There was never a large number. No matter how few or many came, the talk she gave she delivered with the same dynamics. Sometimes she would be so weak and in pain that she had to drag herself out of bed to lead the service, she was so dedicated to God. But always, as the Spirit filled her with Its presence, power and inspiration flowed through her as if nothing had been wrong.

Training

Mother never strongly criticized me as she would some later disciples, although I probably needed it. She must have known that I was so sensitive that it might have sent me into a major depression.

She did give us several lessons. One was to do everything as service to God and as perfectly as we could, no matter how much effort and time it took. This, as with nearly everything, she demonstrated in her own life.

One of the first examples of this, as well as obedience to the guru, was when she wanted the walls of their home on 19th Ave. N.E. cleaned. She kept us at it until the older coat of paint started to show through! Later, when she moved into Mary Michel's downstairs apartment, she wanted a wood fence to be constructed behind the house in order to create a private meditation area. She put me in charge. I shared the frustration of her student workers when she would have us repeatedly remove the boards and force them closer together, ignoring our pleas that we could not prevent the boards from shrinking and warping as they dried.

Reflecting the Beauty of God

As beings “created in the image of God,” Mother set the example in her own life and taught us to create beauty in all that we did; most importantly, having a pure heart, living with integrity and love, but also in how we keep our bodies and homes. Without ostentation, we should keep these clean and neat, dressing according to social norms for the activities in which we engage and yet expressing our unique personalities.

In the pre-India years, if asked, she would even visit our homes and give us advice on decoration. She would always show love to everyone who came to her regardless of how they dressed, for she saw the Divine beneath the exterior body and personality. But to those who wanted her as their teacher, she asked that they expressed beauty as best they could.

Demonstrating Love without Fear

During the late 1960s and early 1970s when the counter-culture was strongest, some characters came to her or her followers, not to be inspired, but to exercise on her or them attempts of control, including with the use of psychic forces. She would hug these people along with the rest of us, giving them divine love in return. This contact is usually advised against by spiritual teachers due to the probability of being affected, as I have witnessed happening with others. But she was aware of the effect that these people might have on her students, so she asked that they not return as long as they were in that frame of mind.

Mother’s National Tour and Vision

In 1954, Father Hamilton, who was an executive with the Bell Telephone Company, was asked to visit the state offices of the company to survey and trouble-shoot. When Mother told the SRF president [Rajasi Janakananda] about this, she was asked to go along and do more or less the same with the SRF centers, and give encouraging talks.

While on this tour she went into a state of Samadhi for several days and was shown many things that would happen in the future. She did not tell me what was revealed to her, except that it might have been then that she saw her body as old and wrinkled. Also, it might have been then, but I think later, that she saw herself as the Divine Mother who with the Divine Father created both its positive and negative aspects as

seen from a dual view. The enormity of it caused her to exclaim, "My God, what have I done!"

Mother said that while in this elevated state of consciousness she passed a store in front of which were standing two children who looked at her with expressions of awe. When traveling through New Mexico she met a Taos or Navajo chief whom she was able to help rise above his anger at the white people for what they had done to his people. There in the city of Taos she and Father bought a beautiful blanket with the sacred symbol of the thunderbird pictured on it; elsewhere the blanket is made up of many very meaningful esoteric symbols of the story of creation.

Upon returning to Seattle they presented the blanket to me, telling me that since they had no children of their marriage they wanted to adopt me as their spiritual son. What an incredible blessing! The blanket served as my meditation blanket and bed cover for many years and after marriage has been prominently displayed on our living room couch.

Mother's First Marriage, Experience of Poverty and Her Transforming Love

Soon after coming out to Seattle from Minnesota in 1927, Mother fell in love and became engaged to a man who worked on the power lines for Seattle City Light. As a result of contacting live wires, both of his arms had to be amputated above the elbows. In spite of him not being able to work and needing special care, she went ahead with the marriage.

They had three children in the ensuing years as the country entered the Great Depression. In order to support her family she stood in bread lines, worked up to three jobs at a time and got down to only one set of clothes. In addition to this (I assume that in his frustration at not being able to fulfill his role) her husband became abusive to her and their children. After many years of this, she finally divorced him, mostly, I believe, for the children's sake, but they remained friends.

He later learned to hold a pencil in his mouth and write by guiding it with his stubs. He was able to get a job with the Telephone Company and became an inspiration to others at his work. While visiting him with

Mother, I found him to be a pleasant man in a successful second marriage.

Mother told me that she was shown that he lost his arms as a karmic result of what he had done to her in a previous life. I concluded that by loving and supporting him in spite of the great odds all of those years, she was able to help him overcome his anger at his karma and transform him into the good man that he became.

Mother and Father Hamilton's Relationship

Ralph Hamilton was director of the advertising department of the Washington State division of the Bell Telephone Company with about 200 employees under him, when Mother went to work in his department. She became a leading sales person for Yellow Pages ads. They fell in love with each other and were married by Yogananda in his Hollywood church. (She had an interesting story about her preparation for that.)

Ralph was later offered by Bell the promotion of director of all their West Coast operations in California, but not wanting to leave Seattle and their SRF work there, he declined the offer. He lived relatively simply, renting a mid-sized and priced house in a middle class neighborhood. He usually rode a bus to his office in downtown Seattle. He was director of the Seattle Red Cross as his volunteer service. He valued the spiritual life more than his work, retiring early with one-half pension when they felt that they should go to India to be with Swami Ramdas.

Mother and Father had a deep love for one-another. I often saw them hugging each other. He was always very loving to me. They both loved music. He founded a small band in Toronto before coming to Seattle. They enjoyed playing catchy jazz tunes on the piano.

When Mother was made minister by Yogananda, she asked that Father be ordained also. Yogananda agreed to do this. Sometimes Father would conduct the Sunday services. He gave good sermons and often more structured than Mother's, but coming more from the mind, they would not have the impact of hers. Furthermore, people would seldom go to him for advice when they could go to Mother. This must have been hard on him who was so used to being an executive in charge of hundreds of employees and looked up to for advice on business. After

Mother became self-realized, it was decided, she told us, that Ralph should go to Arizona where the climate would be better for his health. But later she had told me that during some of her spiritual trials to become enlightened, he, being a powerful being, had been an instrument of opposition on subtle planes. She learned later that this was necessary as was the opposition from Shivananda. So I think that there was more than the health issue. She needed less interference in the work she was to do. But she never ceased to love him. And I will always be grateful for the love he gave me.

Mother's Role

For her students and disciples, Mother lived her life as a model of what she taught, showing patience, balance, self-control, detachment, unstinting service and her mind always focused on God. She would not only give of her time and wisdom, but whatever else she had that could be of service. At times she would need to show "tough love" for the student's or group's good, but usually a mother's compassion would soften the discipline. She always put God first as she taught us to do. She had an extraordinary ability to see both the defects in a personality as well as the perfection of a soul. She would only mention defects that needed correction if asked and as God directed. People felt her spiritual magnetism wherever she went. When I went to a store or restaurant with her that she had frequented, I watched people light up and greet her by name.

For the world she must have been an avatar of at least the third order, for after she realized her Oneness, she said that it was revealed to her that she had gained mastery in a previous life, but volunteered to come back to help in humanity's spiritual evolution.

I know that she took on some of my karma and that of her children. She would often feel pain and physical weakness which she could sometimes attribute to a specific person's suffering. She repeated what Yogananda said that a guru might take on up to one-third of a disciple's karma. She told some of us that from the time she was two years old she had not been free from suffering. Her back was in constant pain and she had many operations. Even a noted healer was not able to help her. She also said that everything a woman could go through she had experienced. I'm sure if asked she would have qualified that to cover at least

the important experiences, but obviously, she lived many lives in this one.

In her experiences during her initiations or crucifixion of the ego and breaking attachment to the three planes of earthly existence, these were much more drastic, she explained, than most people experience them. But she was able to help anyone who was going through any of these stages both from her own experiences and what she was shown afterward. Her dedication was so complete that she often said that she would go through it all again if it were necessary to gain what she had.

Although I cannot claim more than a little understanding, and that probably faulty, all of this must be a part of her taking on some of the world karma also. This likely is related to the Great Transformation in which so many great masters, angelic beings and a growing number of spiritual people are involved.

Mother's Later Years

A few years after Mother regained her Cosmic Consciousness, she went again to India in 1967 in what became in part a triumphant return. She was honored by several spiritual teachers. One, for whom she was led to bring back into his body, saw her as divine. Another wanted her to join him as a spiritual partner. In 1977, Mother met a sage in India who told her that at all times there were twelve highly advanced masters on earth of which two were in the West, Mother being one of these.

But during a trip in 1981 to the Cook and the Fiji Islands and Australia, her life entered a new phase. While on Fiji Island, Mother fell and broke her knees. A few months later she had a series of heart attacks and strokes. During this time Mother entered a coma; the doctors told her children that it looked as if there was no hope of her recovery and suggested that her life-support system be removed. Her son, Gary, replied, "No, you don't know my mother!"

Mother did regain consciousness and was able to carry on her life with help. But her brain had been injured and did not function as before. Shingles infected her right eye and the lining of her brain causing severe pain day and night. Those who stayed with her to help found it very difficult.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

Mother continued to hold Sunday Services; during her sermons Mother repeated herself at times and had difficulty with her memory. But those who could tune in with her on higher dimensions found her just as powerful and radiant as ever, just that her body was no longer able to transmit this.

Most people could not understand how a master might not always have full control over his or her memory and mental functions. They did not realize that God, to whom was surrendered all, might want the master to fill a role that included disability. Most of her followers left, even one particular bhakti whom previously she could not keep from bowing at her feet in church.

It comes to mind that when Mother said that she had experienced everything a woman goes through, she had not yet suffered the debility that often comes with old age and strokes. That she endured that too—the severe physical pain, and the added emotional pain of being forsaken by so many—speaks eloquently of her perfect dedication to God and Gurus and her example to us all.

You must always remember when I speak of God the Father, I mean the Spirit beyond creation. When I speak of God the son, I speak of Christ: he is the intelligence of God in creation. Holy Ghost means the holy vibration out of which all creation has emerged. Remember these things and you will know everything that I am teaching you.

The whole cluster of universe is kept by the Holy Ghost, and that Holy Vibration is also impregnated by the Christ Intelligence. Christ Intelligence is the master of the Holy Ghost and God the Father is the master of Christ.

PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

MOTHER ISN'T GONE!

BY WIN SMITH

Mother left her body for the final time on January 31, 1991 ... but she isn't really gone. I have had several experiences of her presence since that time, even though she no longer lives in her physical body as we knew her.

Three times in mid- and late 1991 as I was driving down the Interstate 5 freeway in north Seattle, I smelled the white lilac-scented perfume she always wore. I could not see her, but I felt her presence. There were no flower beds nearby as far as I know. If there were, the scent would have been there on every trip through that area. Our older daughter has also caught whiffs of her perfume at different times.

I know that Mother has held my hand in potentially dangerous situations. For example, a few years ago I was mowing the lawn, and stepped backward a few steps (I know better!). The last step was one too many—I fell backward over a three-foot rock wall onto the concrete walk. By her grace, I did not hit my head on the concrete. There were no broken bones, not even a sprain. Thank you, Mother! By your grace, I made a cheap payment on some karma....

Another time, I was chipping a piece from a large rock for some steps I was building. I am very safety-conscious; but for some unexplainable reason I wasn't wearing safety goggles. A small chip of rock flew off. I could see it coming in slow motion—an insignificant pebble in the distance, growing to the size of a boulder as it shattered the right lens of my eyeglasses, leaving glass fragments embedded in my eye. I went to the ER and to a follow-up doctor, and by God's grace my eyesight was not damaged. Thank you again, Mother! Another cheap payment, by your grace...

I have not examined other events, but I know within myself that she has protected me from other potentially dangerous situations before and since her passing. I thank her from the bottom of my heart that I am still here, so that I may come closer to God in this lifetime, by her unending grace.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

Once in a while, I ask Mother for help in more trivial situations. Several times when I have mislaid something I ask her to show me where it is, if it be her will. She comes through within a few minutes, by her endless grace. I don't abuse her kindness, but I deeply appreciate it. It is like a beautiful miracle.

I can no longer see Mother, but I feel her when I am saying my prayers. I think of her, and I feel her smiling presence, and I smile back. She is never obtrusive, but she is always there...

Thank you, dearest beloved Mother, for everything. I bow at thy holy feet in love and reverence and gratitude. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for leading this child to thy holy feet....

In some of her revelations Mother Hamilton has found that I have brought with me perhaps two or three characters, shall we say; she had told me that in one of her revelations I have come as Moses, the Law Giver, the leader of men, the leader out of the wilderness. But even greater and more important than that she has seen in her revelation that I have within me the evil force of Satan, and that my purpose and my objective is to overcome Satan not to conquer Satan, not to overcome him as a victory, not to overthrow him, not to beat him, but to take him over through love and to convert, to transmute—call it what you will—but to overcome evil with good. Where have we heard that? Where have we heard that said? That is the job that I had to do, to overcome evil with good, and so bring evil back to God.

FATHER (RALPH) HAMILTON (July 14, 1957)

DIVINE LOVE DISSOLVING DISCORD

BY REBECCA BARNOWE

“When you see God’s Hand in everything, there is only one call: to align yourself with God.”

The sacred hours preceding dawn have always drawn me forth from slumber, to open my soul to vibrations I simply cannot live without.

Glorious opportunities arise in our experience also, in the guise of ‘divine adversities’ we are destined to encounter. There are many glib explanations as to why, but the mystery of God’s presence woven into every detail of each experience, resounds at levels far beyond the mind’s capacity to summon an appreciation of the magnitude they touch on. It is a common conjecture that adversities arise precisely because they manifest either our most entrenched subconscious fears, or, concomitantly, our long cherished armored arsenals of righteousness, that we have secretly held up as idols, before the oceanic sweep of God’s enlightening Pure Love, which powers through every single obstruction to instate itself in Consciousness. I once asked God for immense awakening, with all of my heart!

Blind were my eyes to how adverse I was deep within, to any discord that appeared on the screen of time and space within my field. Regarding my nature as being extremely sensitive to vibrations, I had given myself the utmost leverage to disregard those who presented aberrant viewpoints and habits which upset the harmony I had built up over decades in my home and environment. I judged the disheveled for their liquored-up scents, the arrogant for their self-absorbed bravado, the whining for...constantly whining. So happy that none of you were so ensnared in this towering mound of spiritual dysfunction, as I was! But looking back, O Lord, it was riddling my most sincere pleas for enlightenment. I didn’t see it though, but simply listened into the Silence for immense awakening, without the work!

Make no mistake about it, such colossal shifts in perspective that we cry out for can be incendiary, even for the most enduring pacifist, whose kingdom of peace is split asunder.

Without the divine protection of a Guru, desperately cruel acts can be launched when others are faced with the irrefutable Intelligent Force

at work in the mine fields of memory, separating the chaff from the wheat, not only deep within the soul itself, (with unerring aim and a boundless upwelling of blessing), but also outwardly, and relationally, exerting such a pressure to re-align life at every level.

Mother Hamilton intervened many times in the course of my life to guide my soul through such transits, with Her peerless Love and steel-rimmed will, to save me from certain death physically and spiritually, to protect my children, and to oversee the most subtle instruction for all, in the decades to follow.

Even though her body was racked with pain and she appeared to be immobile for many years, this is so far from the truth spiritually. I will describe one single morning where Mother in Her full realization was resplendent.

It began as I silently communed in the rarefied quiet waves of Spirit before dawn.

But this day, I was awakened early with a start—a “bristling sensation” rising up at the back of my neck, setting in motion a sense of alarm! My Guru, Mother Hamilton had frequently spoken of this as a sign to quickly prepare for danger—“your body’s built-in premonition.” I never have ignored it since. Most of her women devotees in the past, took this to heart.

Thanking Mother as a form of centering my soul, I breathed deeply, summoning perfect peace. But instantly my front door was broken open—and an enraged man burst in, ready to strike. In seconds, an immense fear rose up through my body, as the silence fractured. But I also felt Mother’s Presence suddenly at work, with full Power enveloping the room and my whole body. I stood up straight. (Mother disavowed all sense of playing the victim.) A dynamic spiritual force filled my whole being.

I told the man calmly, that he would be wise never to strike me, because doing so might bring into play the whole justice system. That did not go over so well, because his rational mind was not operational.

With full rage he struck my face. Yes, it hurt and left a mark, but I kept looking at his third eye point, refusing to react to this impulsive act,

absorbed instead by Mother's aura, which held my whole body in an embrace of such upliftment, I could only witness what outplayed.

Everything "shifted" suddenly. A palpable reversal of energies in the room transpired. I had never experienced such a total calming of one space in my life. (I expected Mother to actually manifest right before me at that moment! Her presence was electrifying the very air.)

The menacing siege was already passing ... like an illusion, dissolving in the all-pervading Love of a Higher Power. It is a moment I shall never ever forget, and I thank God to have manifested in my life. Looking sheepish, this towering man asked me:

"Do you happen to have any articles about sightings of the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

Something surcharged the whole room. The Presence of the Divine Mother permeated the very air in every direction, with such a feeling of indescribable radiance and unconditional Pure Love, everything discordant fell away. Even to this day I continue to receive the distilling effects of Her Presence, sweeping away the subtle residues of that one experience, which humanly altered my perception of true compassion, justice, and reliance on God, Who in fathomless ways leads each into perfect peace, regardless of circumstances, and lifts each up into the heavenly embrace of our Guru, Whose powerful Love outshines every adversity.

Even in the face of apparent danger, fear is dissolved, and lions lay down like lambs, in the miracle I daily face. Mother has safeguarded all passages, transmitting Her Divine Love into every dark corner of my experience, dispelling terror, confusion, and doubt, like wisps of illusory fog which are drawn up from the valley floor, and burned into nothingness in the rising of the Sun. Demonstrating such beatific poise, she taught me to recognize that "every guest is God"; that every hardship is the vanguard of a wide, enduring peace which carries the power to expand the soul with limitless subtlety in understanding. And so we are served best who open doors to face God as He enters. Exactly as He enters. He is bringing gifts that no one else could have given; perceptions that lift us to the stars, could we but realize this. When they are drawn away from our lives, our thoughts can secure for each fathomless resources from Infinity's storehouse. For each deserves the highest, for

having enacted God's purpose.

One of the most enduring gifts Mother has given me, recently has been in leading me to Her successor, Yogacharya David Hickenbottom. Delicate and difficult passages have already been traversed in the light of his wisdom, which is fully illumined and blessed by Mother.

She has come to me in the most beautiful visions recently, arraigned in rays of Cosmic, golden Light. She does not let her students hide anymore, but draws forth their strength in God, to work in light wherever each is called. Her cosmic family encircles the whole world and in light years beyond. Teaching all to behold Infinity within, we are "indissolubly linked" in a common fate, as Master had envisioned. What a tremendous tribute to Her Master Yogananda and to this whole line of Gurus! Divine Love radiates out from Her still in whispered bliss, cascading over all Her children everywhere, to awaken and arise to the summit of their innate potential in Spirit.

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 existence, and find out how wonderful is your Infinite Beloved.

MOTHER HAMILTON (March 19, 1980)

THE PRIVILEGE OF KNOWING MOTHER HAMILTON

BY BRUCE STEVENSON

Our First Meeting

The first time I met Mother was on a warm afternoon in Victoria. I had heard about Mother from our friends Linda and Pat Downey. Linda had visited her in Seattle with her friend, Noreen and had invited her up to Victoria to give a talk.

I was working as a youth counselor at the time and agreed to meet Mother at the Downey's home in James Bay. In the living room was a radiant older woman. She was meticulously dressed, with a lovely smile and a knowing twinkle in her eye. Not quite what I was expecting as a yoga teacher, but she had me from the time I walked through the door. There was an instant spiritual connection that I was only later able to appreciate.

This first meeting is still a wonderful memory, but somewhat overwhelming. It was as if time stood still after I walked into the room and sat down with Mother. I know that Linda was there and someone else and that we talked for what seemed like an instant, although it was a number of hours. So long in fact, that I was late in picking up Janice from work. I tried to explain this remarkable lady to Janice, while driving back to have Janice meet Mother. It was hard for me to explain and for Janice to understand, until she met Mother. I think we were both in awe when we left a few hours later. Yes, time can stand still.

Janice had been doing Yogananda's SRF lessons for a number of years prior to this, while I had been doing Transcendental Meditation and was learning to be a TM instructor. It was hard for me to accept the fact that I would have to switch to Master's teachings after practicing TM for many years. However, Mother was the first master I had met whose very presence filled me with Bliss and Love. I had returned from India in 1971 after searching for a spiritual guide for the six months I was there, but to no avail. There was no question about Mother's spiritual power and it felt like I was "home" after years of spiritual wanderings.

Pilgrimages:

Our lives changed direction significantly over the next few years. Mother's influence seemed to extend to changes in lifestyle, parenting, and occupational choices. It was impressive to see how all of Mother's devotees "cleaned up" so well during this time. David, Larry, Peter and I have all talked at length about the influences Mother had on all of us. Mother wanted us all to have secure and stable families. She definitely influenced many of her devotees to pursue more long-term marital commitments. She married Janice and me at the Oak Bay Beach Hotel on August 30th, 1975. And boy, were we married!

We made many pilgrimages to Seattle to attend Sunday services at Bonnie Barnowe's home. After service, in a semi-blissed state we would follow Mother across Seattle to attend brunch at a restaurant. She was an excellent but "assertive" driver.

We attended three Kriya ceremonies in Seattle. The Seattle devotees there were so hospitable to those of us from out of town. We have made many lifelong friends from those remarkable times. In some ways the out-of-towners had the wonderful opportunity to spend extended periods of time with Mother around services and visits. Lunches and dinners with Mother were wonderful experiences. She seemed to know every waitress by name in the places she frequented. It was impressive to see the mutual respect she had for those who served her.

Mother Comes to Our House

On two occasions we had Mother come to stay in our home. It was both a special privilege and a serious responsibility to have our Guru stay with us. Our 90 year-old house was originally the minister's home next to a church in the coal mining town of Cumberland. Janice had scrubbed and cleaned every inch of the place in anticipation of Mother's arrival. Although it was still a little rough on the edges, Mother was a most gracious and generous guest. One of her many talents was the ability to see the potential in both people and houses. She helped to improve or "decorate" the interiors of both.

It was memorable to hear Mother play her songs on our piano in our home. After playing and singing a number of deeply spiritual songs, she paused and winked and went straight into a Scott Joplin ragtime ditty.

What a wonderful time we had with Mother.

Mother Hamilton changed my life. She brought us into Her spiritual family that continues through David and the Masters to this day. There are many times when I'm making a decision about my life when I feel Mother's touch on my shoulder, gently directing me toward the Truth. Mother may have left the body but not this Path.

May her memory continue to live in all our hearts. Hari Oms to All!

Bruce's Poems for Mother:

Dearest Mother:

The thought of you thinking of me, sends my body
and soul into
a shiveringly joyful state!

Breath stops.

Spine is alive with a loving energy.

I picture myself at your feet,
our eyes are closed and we are both with God.

(November, 1975)

I like God!

He's a lot like my Guru.

If you ever meet Her,

I think you'll like Him too.

(July 6, 1982)

Keep your mind on God; think only of Him; speak of Him; teach your child while it is still in the womb to be a holy person.

MOTHER HAMILTON (September 27, 1978)

MOMENTS WITH MOTHER

BY JANICE STEVENSON

After reading the *Autobiography of a Yogi*, I was impressed by the story of the seeker who tracked down Babaji in the mountains, throwing himself off a cliff rather than be rejected as Babaji's disciple. I remembered the story, incorrectly, as Babaji directing him to jump off the cliff to show his absolute faith.

I am afraid of heights, and tried to imagine what it would be like to hurl myself from a towering peak. I'm standing at the edge, already dizzy, sweating, and frightened. Could I will myself to trust the guru and jump?

I replayed this scenario in my mind for some time, worrying if I was up to the task, and questioning my faith and resolve. One day with Mother, I recounted the story, and told her I wondered whether I could do it, whether I could throw myself off the cliff.

She dismissed my dramatic musings with an understated "I don't think that will be asked of you."

David talks of Mother's ability to have private conversations with individuals while those nearby are somehow immune to overhearing or participating.

I was with Mother in a large group of followers eating lunch at a restaurant, one of many such outings after a Sunday service in Seattle. In these situations, I usually tried to sit a few seats away from Mother, close enough that I could hear what she said, but too self-conscious to be right next to her. I drank in her every word, but was afraid of direct contact. I worried that she would read my mind and not be impressed, or that she would ask of me more than I was ready to give.

The meal was over and people were standing and gathering their belongings, getting ready to leave. As Mother and I both stood, she turned, looked directly at me and said, "I love you. You know that, don't you?"

After a few moments when time seemed to stand still, the commotion of the group resumed, we said our goodbyes, and Mother's words of love took their place forever in my heart.

MOTHER HAMILTON!

BY PHYLLIS VICTORY

Meeting Mother

The first time I knew about MOTHER (in 1972), was when Janice Stevenson, said to me, on the phone “*I met this woman*”.... I knew that my search that had begun ten years before was over.

Ten years before, my husband’s father had died and the church that he belonged to had refused to perform the service because he hadn’t paid his dues for the last year. Hmmm.... So, I asked the Minister of my church, the Episcopal Church that I had gone to for over 15 years, and the answer was the same. More hmmm. So, I looked around, found a Lutheran Minister who agreed to do the service and quit the Episcopal Church. In that moment I also had a very strong conversation with God. I told Him that I was about to believe that I had been scammed and maybe He didn’t exist at all, and that if He DID He better show Himself to me, because I was very disappointed and disillusioned.

Immediately after that I began to have many experiences in the astral world, and so I figured that was a sign and went looking for a teacher, one who really knew the truth. So, on that day, after looking at many paths—Ananda Marga, TM and Carlos Castaneda—those words from Janice, “*I met this woman*” spoke a Truth that echoed in my soul and indeed, I knew that my search was over.

When I finally met Mother, in 1972, we were invited to her apartment in Seattle. I remember sitting on a stiff chair and not understanding anything she said. Chakras and egos and God-realization were all new to me. I felt like a fish out of water and wondered what in the world I was doing there, when all of a sudden this small woman (Mother) sitting in front of me, turned into a brilliant ball of white light. That experience was surprisingly somehow very familiar to me and I sat there and was just bathed in the light.

On the long drive back to Cumberland, B.C. with Bruce and Janice Stevenson, I asked if anyone else had seen what I had seen and they hadn’t. I thought that rather strange, but those were strange days anyway and I was in for the ride of my life.

Mother Hamilton Visits Cumberland

Back in those days (1974ish), Bruce and Janice, and I lived in Cumberland. We lived a block away from each other and could see each other's houses. I lived in an old house that looked like a ship on a corner, up the hill and Bruce and Janice lived in the second house from the corner one block down the hill. It was a nice arrangement; not far to go for the Sunday services; a brief walk down the hill; joining in with the small group of devotees, which at the time were Bruce and Janice, another couple and me. It was cozy and was our regular Sunday routine; we never missed a Sunday....

One Sunday an announcement came that Mother was going to visit and that she would be there for a week! For Janice, it meant the house had to be cleaned from top to bottom and all the little jobs that had to be done, now came glaringly to the top of the list; for one couldn't have little less than excellence for Mother. Mother was going to give a talk on one of the nights when she was there so everyone moved into high gear. Bruce and Janice with their house and me telling everyone I knew about the incredible gift of a God-realized person coming to give a talk in Cumberland (of all places!). "You must come!" I told everyone who would listen.

The day of Mother's arrival came and I had been asked to pick her up from the airport. YIKES ... (in my very clean car, you must understand by now. Our lives had to be shining). I had been planning in my heart to ask her the BIG QUESTION: "Will you be my guru?" Finally, when we arrived at Bruce and Janice's house, the words came tumbling out of my mouth, and she very kindly said "yes," with a little smile on her face, along with those dark, piercing eyes. Whew, that part was over....

Next came a whirlwind of activity; some of it a blur. But I remember that there were lunches, piano playing, visits and **finally** the night of the talk. Nineteen people showed up that I had invited, including my friend, Bill Marion, who I worked with, and, as it turns out, had been to India and been initiated into Kriya Yoga by a disciple of Yogananda's. I sat there on the floor, drinking in the bliss of Mother's visit and her talk and feeling so good that she had been exposed to so many people from the Comox Valley. At one point there was a surge of energy that ran

through my legs and I felt it was Mother's doing somehow. The bliss got stronger and stronger, coursing through my body and my head and I was filled with a rapture, of sorts.

After the talk, everyone left and I floated back to my house, up the hill, which was (at least a corner of it) in plain view of Mother's bedroom window. What happened next is slightly embarrassing now, after the event, but I will share it with you all, here, written down for posterity.

I made a sign out of a long white piece of paper and hung it out my window, facing Bruce and Janice's house so that Mother could see it. It said: VICTORY TO GOD....

So find out about the art of living. Find out about the meaning of life. Why were you put here? What are you suppose to do? It isn't to fritter your time away. You should have a certain amount of relaxation. Certainly you should find happiness. Certainly you should have to have time to play, but in everything you do think of God. Play with Him, be His playmate. Keep His name upon your lips. The greatest prayer in the world is just to say God's name.

You will remember that this is how this great man of God, Ramdas, got his God-realization—by repeating the name. He said, "The name is so sweet." Just don't repeat it like a parrot but think of it. "Om, Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram," he said in his language. That means: *Victory to God, Victory to God, Victory to the name of God, the Word of God* because the word *Om* is the name of God. But that name expands and vibrates and it becomes a part of every name on earth because all names are the names of God. All things are God's when you stop to think about it.

MOTHER HAMILTON (1977)

MOTHER'S AND MASTER'S VISIT TO CLOUD MOUNTAIN

BY YOGACHARYA DAVID HICKENBOTTOM

The bells rang on the front porch of my cabin; it was the summer of 2001 and I had been in silence and solitude for over nine months on that blessed night. There was no wind and the sound of the bells brought my attention out from a deep meditation. Before me a wondrous vision of two exalted visitors greeted me; I beheld there my Guru and Param-Guru.

I pronammed in greeting to my beloved teachers who had long ago fled their mortal coils. I was filled with awe being in the presence of Mother and Master who both stayed for some time. My first impression of being with them was the joy and love they both exuded. Clearly they did not expect or want any sensationalism from me; really they treated their manifestation as a most natural occurrence. Most of the "discussion" between us occurred without the use of words; rather it was a direct transfer of thought that was effortlessly understood by all. I was thrilled, and I feel the same joyful vibration of that visit any time I remember this sacred event.

Many times during this visit a sudden vibration of joy would erupt from Master or from Mother. The silent laugh would start in one of the masters' mid-sections and its vibration would emanate outward, picked up by the other master; the two would multiply the joyful mirth into fathomless echoes. Such joy I cannot really describe, only that it was the purest "laughter" and joy I have ever witnessed.

We talked of the Work. Master was clearly pleased at the monumental work Mother had accomplished during her lifetime; her life was a tremendous gift to this world of immeasurable value.

An hour after their arrival I felt the time of their departure was quickly approaching; my soul was filled with gratitude along with an intense desire for our time together to never end. They both blessed me and assured me that they would always be with me. The two ascended in a cloud of pure Being; now leaving, yet never really leaving. I sat enraptured afterward; I thrilled with bliss and the love expanded into all-space.

It was during this year of silence and solitude that I became established in that state where no separation exists. In fact Mother, Master and the great Ones have come at different times in various ways. What has always impressed me is that the *signature* of his or her individuality, which is more distinctive than someone's fingerprints, is unchanged. Mingled with the personality of a perfect Master is the pure divine essence of Spirit; one does not cancel out the other, rather the personality is a pure expression of Divinity Itself.

Mother and Master, ever beaming their love and pure consciousness to all creation, may be known by any God-tuned Soul. Their work, far from being done, takes on new joyous expressions that help all creation to find its unity with the Divine Source, the one Father-Mother-God of us all.

June 19th, 1936—I was roused from my meditation by a beatific light. Before my open and astonished eyes, the whole room was transformed into a strange world, the sunlight transmuted into supernal splendor.

Waves of rapture engulfed me as I beheld the flesh and blood form of Sri Yukteswar!

[...] “But is it *you*, Master, the same Lion of God? Are you wearing a body like the one I buried beneath the cruel Puri sands?”

“Yes, my child, I am the same. This is a flesh and blood body. Though I see it as ethereal, to your sight it is physical. From the cosmic atoms I created an entirely new body, exactly like that cosmic-dream physical body which you laid beneath the dream-sands at Puri in your dream-world. I am in truth resurrected....”

[...] “I have now told you, Yogananda, the truths of my life, death, and resurrection. Grieve not for me; rather broadcast everywhere the story of my resurrection from the God-dreamed earth of men to another God-dreamed planet of astrally garbed souls! New hope will be infused into the hearts of misery-mad, death-fearing dreamers of the world.”

PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA, *Autobiography of a Yogi*

WITNESSING MOTHER'S WAY OF THE CROSS

BY JOHN DURKIN

Mother Hamilton always stated that the Bible is the story of everyone's transformation from the human to the divine. She stated that we all consciously or unconsciously must follow the Way of the Cross until we finally transcend the narrow ego-based understanding of our nature to come to a realization of our oneness with God. Early in my relationship with Mother I accepted this statement in an intellectual way; it never occurred to me that I would witness an aspect of this in the physical form of my beloved Guru.

Mother also claimed that somewhat obscure mystical statements in the Bible had their exact correspondence in the human body. For instance that the Cross of Christ was replicated in all of us when we stood with our feet together and our arms outstretched. The way of the cross for all of us took place not only in our mind and spirit but also, and sometimes most obviously, in our body. I was little prepared to witness the physical devastation of Mother's own final crucifixion.

In the last years of her life Mother experienced tremendous physical losses, pain, and a gradual decline in her previous extraordinary mental clarity. She had heart problems, repeated strokes, and a very painful outbreak of shingles. All of these were very obvious to those of us who had known her before when she was so full of life and such a dynamic presence in our lives. Her condition shook many of us to our core and caused at least some of us to even question the validity of Mother's message. For Mother this meant that her physical suffering was compounded by the additional sorrow of seeing disciples question their own spiritual path—an additional suffering that Jesus also experienced when many of His disciples abandoned or even denied Him in His time of anguish.

Mother's acceptance of all these changes was not a passive withdrawal as I'm sure would be mine in similar circumstances. Rather her acceptance was energetic and a continuation of her usual commitment to the use of dynamic will. She did everything she could to serve God in

others; she did not hide away even though disfigured, physically shrunken, and exposed to the pity and even ridicule of others.

During this whole process Mother consistently held an image of herself as being restored to her previous healthy condition and publicly spoke of this image to many. At the end of any of these pronouncements she had always stated *if it was God's will*, in the way Jesus asked his 'Abba' to take away the cup of sorrow but only if it was the Father's will. I am afraid that I was one of those who very much doubted that Mother would ever recover from her illnesses. I did not realize at the time that holding the possibility of better conditions despite all evidence to the contrary was the evidence of true faith; actual recovery in the physical sense was in God's hands.

During all this time Mother's concern always was for the spiritual progress of those entrusted to her. I am reminded of Jesus' comments to the women of Jerusalem while carrying His own cross on His way to the Place of the Skull. When Mother wrote to any of us, there might be one sentence about her condition and the rest of the letter was expressing her love for us and her thanks for some small effort that we might have done for her. All of this was written in a shaky hand, so different from her previous flowing script.

During this time I had an unusual experience with Mother. My wife Dianne and I were at an event in Seattle. Looking at Mother was painful; her body had collapsed and was rigid with pain. Her face, especially the right side, was scarred and the right eye was flaming red, deformed, and leaking fluid. If I were in such a condition I think I would have told everyone to go away, would have crawled into a cave, and pulled the mountain down over me. But here was Mother exposed to all of our stares and attempting to the best of her ability to serve God in us.

When we arrived at the event, Mother asked me to take a few pictures of the group. This always caused me some anxiety since I did not want to disappoint her. I took several pictures of the group with Mother always being surrounded by others. Later someone asked Mother if they could possibly have a picture of her. Mother said, "John will take my picture." I was not prepared for this, a common occurrence for me when it came to dealing with Mother; she had an uncanny knack for catching

me off guard. I grabbed my equipment as fast as I could, desperately wishing for the automatic digital cameras that were at least two decades in the future.

Meanwhile my wife Dianne, and constant source of help, asked people to clear a path to Mother who was sitting on a straight back chair. Mother faced the camera directly, looking straight at me without any attempt to disguise her physical condition. I got one shot and a second later she turned to smile at a statement someone had made. I quickly took a couple more pictures and then the opportunity was gone. All the pictures were taken before the flash was even ready but they are my favorite images of Mother; one of them has been on my altar ever since. [See photos]

Later I remember the legend of Jesus leaving an image of His suffering face on Veronica's cloth while on the way to the death of His body. Of course this cloth does not exist now 2000 years later, if it ever did, and my image of Mother will not exist 2000 years in the future. I know it exists now though and I know how courageous Mother was in asking me to take it. As I have gotten older and had to deal with some minor physical limitations of my own, the picture has even deeper meaning because it reminds me of Mother's approach to any present limitation: dynamic acceptance in the present while always holding the possibility of a positive outcome if it is God's will.

Guru is a spiritual guide. He is the enlightener of the aspirant's intellect. He transforms the consciousness of the aspirant and turns it from the world to God. As the word itself connotes, he is a giver of light. By the contact of such a one alone the soul is awakened to the reality of God. Truly, he is the redeemer and saviour of those who are immersed in ignorance. So it is essential that the aspirant should receive illumination from the Guru.

SWAMI RAMDAS

THE PRESENCE OF A GURU

BY RAUL BECERRA

When I met Mother many years ago—it now seems like another lifetime—I knew that I was in the presence of a remarkable human being. I felt unconditional love emanating from this being, an awareness of peace, joy and love that I had only read about before meeting Mother. In her lifetime Mother had a lot of adversities to deal with, but she dealt with these challenges with confidence, grace and acceptance. Just the thought of experiencing some of these trials buckles my knees.

She lived her life without anxiety or fear, just simply being her Self. She set the example for her disciples to be at peace with who we are—that the love, peace, and joy that was within her is in us all! That our true nature lies within the Self in us.

What I miss the most are those hugs—it's rare to get hugs from a Sad-guru! I can't count how many hugs I received from Mother all those years but can only guess over 100. She continued to hug her disciples towards the end, when her body was weak—she gave all the love she had 24/7.

If I'm going to be attached to a human form why not the Guru's? As time passes me by my gratitude grows. It's an honor and a blessing to be in her life and be a disciple. Wow, how I miss those hugs! Mother, you have left your imprint on this soul forever!

Peace, Joy, and Love to All.

Surrender to God as you are. It is not that we must purify ourselves first and then go to Him. He must purify us. We must go to him as a child to its mother. If the child goes to her in a dirty condition, the mother does not turn it away nor ask it to come clean. She herself takes the child and bathes it clean. God is more loving than the earthly mother.

SWAMI RAMDAS

MOTHER

BY JEFF MOORE

Some time back, and usually once a year, I get out Christmas cards and letters that Mother wrote to me. They always fill me with a lost memory and desire to know Her more than I had the opportunity to, but also the happiness to have known her at all.

At the same time, I look over the letters that Dave [David Hickenbottom] sent me over the years. Many years ago, I spent the weekend with Dave in Edmonds and we went to see “Star Wars” when it first came out. I had little money and Dave paid my way in and we sat through the movie twice. We went to Sunday service at Bonnie’s house and all had breakfast afterwards. That was a highlight, but even more so, was the hug I looked forward to from Mother as she stood by the door as we left. Now at the moment I write this, I can feel her eyes boring into me. I feel like a kid who can’t get away with anything. Oh, how I miss those hugs.

Mother’s and Dave’s cards and letters were a tremendous help when meditation and life got a little difficult. I had a few “dream visits” with Mother over the years and usually on a park bench (I guess they have parks up there!) but I have yet to remember what it was she said. More than once I asked her after a service if that is what she said and she always told me to listen better and she said it with a smile and a ‘you better listen’ intent. Maybe I was not ready to spend more time with Mother or perhaps I just did not see that I should, but I am so fortunate to have spent what little time I had.

When Dave and I were ‘neighbors’ and he took me to Mother for the first time I didn’t have a clue as to what she really was and am only now seeing just a bare glimmer. The same seems to be happening with David. I barely have a clue as to his ‘true nature’ but at least now I know that I am clueless!!! With Mother I did not even know that I was clueless!

I remember driving back from Washington to Illinois those years past and I had just acquired a picture of Mother that I taped to my dashboard. I still have that picture and I take it out now and then and look into those eyes that knew all my secret foibles—and try to **look** into those eyes. To surrender to them takes a courage that is hard to come by but it does come. Lately, I have become less concerned about money and

time and things working out to my satisfaction. I have begun to turn things over to God and have felt more relaxed because it is God that puts my feet on the ladder to heaven. More than once, Mother said to *let go and let God* and in this one small instance, I am. Om Sri Ram.

And as I have told you before, the pineal gland (which is the male or the Joseph gland) is cone-like in shape, and this fluid which comes from this sacred claustrum or cloister, which goes in there, is honey-like or gold in substance.

And that which goes into the female or the Mary gland (or the ellipsoid gland) is milk-like, and that is the female gland. And that is the gland which carries this Christ Seed. Now it carries it all the way down by the ganglial nervous system and glandular functions through the little cave which is in the solar plexus.

Now, we speak of mankind, and we speak of woman. Now, woman is the womb or carries the womb which bears all of mankind—that's why the "wo" in front of it. And so in the physical sense the woman bears the child. It is the man who projects the life essence into the womb of the mother. And the two meeting, the spermatozoa and the ovum, form the seed which eventually grows to be the man child.

But in every man this miracle of birth takes place—every single man. Because at the age of twelve, then the first seed which comes from this sacred claustrum or cloister comes down from that spot and is deposited in this cave.

MOTHER HAMILTON (June 1, 1975)

MOTHER IN A DRAWER

BY STEVE FISHER

Mother attracted my attention in 1975 and I have been with her, and she with me, ever since. Although I miss her in the body, I know that any time I just think of her, she is there. Like most people who have had the privilege of having her as their guru in the flesh, I always think back and wish I had been more attentive, asked more questions and gotten closer to her. But, there is a reason for everything and everything for a reason. I send my questions now through my heart and she answers every one with her loving and wonderful smile.

I have a wonderful way of reminding me of that beautiful, radiant smile she had for everyone. I have a photograph of her in the desk drawer of my office at work. Each time I open that drawer during the day, which is VERY often, I see her smiling back at me and feel the love that is eternally coming to me even now. I call her “Mother in a Drawer” and it makes me smile every time I open the drawer. She always said, “Be a smile millionaire” and I always try to do my best to practice that whenever I can.

—In continuous loving memory of Mother.

If our hearts are devoted to One, and we do selfless service for the sake of the One to whom we are devoted, that is not binding. If you are not devoted, but instead are devoted only for outward name and fame, for the good name that you will have in the world, then you are bound. You will go where you are attached.

KIRPAL SINGH

WHEN LAST I SAW THEE

BY CATE KOLER

Dearest Mother, you gave me the title for this writing some weeks ago and now I shall attempt to put down the thoughts, feelings and images that are flowing through me. I have not written of this before but now must do so.

On New Year's Eve, 1990 we were having our annual gathering. We had taken a break from the meditation and discourses and devotees were eating some snacks and chatting in the dining room of the hosts' home. I walked back into the living room and there you sat, all alone. Gone were the times when a large bevy of gopis always gathered around you, listening to your every word and gazing lovingly on your face. But now you wore a death mask and it was difficult to be with you. I sat at your feet and held your hand. The tears flowed and I asked God how I would be able to live without you.

This last crucifixion of yours was so hard for us to understand. We, who were left, were like the few sobbing disciples on Golgotha. Their Master had been at the height of His powers when He entered into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. Now He was dying on a cross, scourged, almost alone. You were manifesting your highest realization when I met you in 1976. You had emulated the Christ and died on a metaphysical cross; you had ascended into God-realization. Devotees were coming to you from far and wide. Why this new crucifixion? Did you have to leave the body as He did too?

I don't think I saw you again until January 12th, when in spite of your poor health you graciously accompanied Larry and me for our anniversary dinner as you had almost every year since you had performed our marriage ceremony. Not long after that, your dear devotee and friend, Bonnie Barnowe, called us to say that you were in the hospital and not doing well.

On the evening of January 31st we received a call from Bonnie. Mother was failing. We made some calls to devotees to let them know. A few hours later Bonnie called again. Mother had left the body. We called David, and then headed up to the hospital.

My memory may not be entirely accurate about all the details. I remember that Mother's daughters, Billie and Barbara were there, as well as a dear friend, Mary Michel. I think other family members had been there and had now gone home. Barbara told us that earlier in the eve-

ning she had been sitting alone with Mother. Mother suggested that she go to the cafeteria and get herself something to eat. When she returned Mother had passed.

The family stayed out in the hall while we had our time alone with Mother. It was hard to believe that our Guru was no longer in that beloved form. We stood with folded hands for some time and then sat by her side. I picked up one of her hands, those small, perfect hands which I had kissed and adored. They were still warm! Larry held them and noted the same thing. Mother had “passed” at least two hours before but a realized master’s Mahasamadhi doesn’t necessarily follow the same rules as those for ordinary mortals. David arrived, and sat with us too, noting the warm hands. We left the room so he could have some private time with his Guru as the mantle was being passed for the beginning of his work.

Mother came to unite the true teachings of the Christ with the mystical teachings of Yoga and of all religions. She manifested the way of the Christ because, as she said, she had been born into a Christian society. She taught that the way of the cross was the way all souls must go to reach their union with God: to crucify the human ego so that the Divine may arise. Her path does not seem to be one for throngs of people: “many are called but few are chosen.” But what she taught is having an effect on the consciousness of the world. And in David, she left her disciples a successor who is truly worthy of the title: one who continues to guide them and who has attracted more disciples for this lineage.

Mother, you are always with me. I have felt you with me since you left your poor tired body; I did not feel deserted and alone. Yet there are days I long to behold you again, in the flesh; I want you to resurrect and appear to me. Other times I feel your Divine Presence in me and around me; I am bathed and uplifted in Thee and I want for naught.

O my Infinite Beloved. Jai Guru!

Keep Your Mind On God.

MOTHER HAMILTON

MY BELOVED GURU

BY LORRAINE BOURCIER

Mother, while she was in the body, was in my life for 17 years. As of now, she has been in my life for 35 years; over half my life. I feel we are connected for eternity. Her teachings have become absorbed in my being and there is no decision ever made that I don't hear her voice guiding me. So many of her sayings remain alive and pertinent:

"Don't let a wishbone be where your backbone ought to be."

"Watch that little cannonball, the tongue."

"Put God first."

"I will always love you." I still feel that love.

She gave me Kriya Yoga and awakened a thirst in me for God-realization. Over the years that yearning has burned and ebbed and I realize it isn't as easy as I thought in the beginning. Or maybe it is. If I truly followed her teachings God would be first and all in my life and Realization would be so much closer.

The more I learn the less I know. It's a fine balance between action and surrender.

One man awake can awaken another,
And the second can awaken his next door
brother.

And the three awake can awaken the town
By turning the whole place upside down.

The many awake can make such a fuss
That they finally awaken the rest of us.
One man up with dawn in his eyes
Multiplies.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN [Mother often quoted this]

MOTHER AS KALI

BY REVEREND LARRY KOLER

This is from an email to David, dated March 30, 2000. It deals with a series of experiences that culminated finally in Mother invading my inner self, my kingdom and tearing it apart. Literally, I heard Mother howling and saw her tear at the bars of my prison—she was filled with rage. Mother opened up a hole in the firmament and the True Light of God streamed in as she tore at the veil of darkness. Yet, I tell you the Truth: I did not cower, the beast did. I was only the witness to this devastation. No ill will was directed at me. I felt that no blame attached to me. Mother only regarded me with compassion and love and warmth. She was the hero in this drama, she was my savior. Kali has skulls around her waist; these are the skulls of the beasts in men—these skulls represent egos not the sons of God.

Last night as we were listening to Mother's talk, inwardly she was showing me the meaning behind her words. As I think back on many talks of Mother's I realize that the words in her talks are the outer covering of the same refrain: her revelation to those of us who have been lucky enough to be in her presence, to be drawn to her like moths to a flame.

Oh Mother, thank you for making me a moth, this lofty position where there is no choice, no thought otherwise, than to fly straight to you—to drink in the nectar that pours from your Being. That you burn off my dross is nothing but the greatest pleasure. You are the Mother Kali in some ways, too. But, oh how I thank you for tearing from my inner throne the pretender—that great, pompous beast who playacts with all the subjects of my kingdom. You show me that this beast has had dominion for too long.

What imagery there is in this Bible! The dragon's power to connive against its lawful master and to place this damaged beast back on the throne. How many in history have wreaked their havoc from this state? Mother Kali's power and shrill war screams cannot be defeated. The beast shakes in fear as Mother Kali enters the castle of my inner kingdom. She is such a magnificent warrior—with deep concern, compassion and wisdom. She is infuriated that the Truth is not told, that all are held in subjection. Tearing at the façade put up by the beast, she shows me

the Truth of this world. She shows me the workings of God's Spirit in bringing all this great manifestation into being.

But, Mother, you know who is working this great play. Last night you tore a hole in the fabric of this world and showed me the Light of my own being that is responsible for this world. As you did this, you repeated in my ear over and over the mantra: "There is only God, There is only God." You wanted me to know this—you wanted to convince me that what you are doing is to be perfectly understood for what it is: a great act of love and compassion, an answer to my many prayers these many lifetimes. This answer is more profound than any I could have foreseen. The Truth of this world is beyond expression, but I will try:

I am that I am. I am the Ancient One, as Meher Baba says. I have always been—and I am living for that purpose that is life itself. I cannot be other than this: it is my fate, my dilemma, my great joy, my very essence, my true Self. How alone I am. How sufficient unto myself am I. There! See this, see that—all this is of me and is made from me.

"All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." [John 1:3-5]

For Terror is Thy name,
Death is in Thy breath,
And every shaking step
Destroys a world for e'er.
Thou 'Time', the All-destroyer!
Come, O Mother, come!

Who dares misery love,
And hug the form of Death,
Dance in Destruction's dance,
To him the Mother comes.

VIVEKANANDA (From "Kali The Mother")

LOVING ATTENTION FROM THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT

BY PETER SCHULTZ

Have you ever really looked up to somebody? Say a big brother or sister—or a star football player or teacher at your school—or maybe a top executive of the company you work for? You hold them in such high regard you assume they are beyond you. You figure they've got really important things to focus on—big matters beyond your understanding. And for that reason you are content to admire them from afar.

And then one day they say hi to you. They acknowledge you and are even *kind* to you. You can't believe it. With all they have on their mind and all their greatness they *still* took the time to be nice to *you*.

That's how it was with Mother and me.

I was just a fresh faced kid when I met Mother and she was the most powerful person I had ever come in contact with. She may have *looked* like a beautiful older woman but she was power itself. You could feel it sitting and facing her—it felt like your hair was blowing back in the emanation of that power.

And you think—"This is it—*this* is what it feels like to sit in the presence of *greatness*."

And then she smiles and zaps you with a million volts of love and you are thinking, "I've got the greatest thing in the world on my side—there is no harm that can come to me now."

And of course you'd be right.

When you were with Mother it wasn't hard to imagine how God could manifest in human form. She was big—really big. She could be totally sweet one instant, hard as a diamond the next and dispensing pearls of infinite wisdom the next—and it was all perfect. Each getting exactly what they needed in that moment.

My biggest memories of Mother come from the 1970s—a decade it seems when every convention of civility was being thrown under the bus. Mother was unfazed. When I was over at her apartment off of Lake City Way, and it was time for us to go she would insist I help her on

with her coat—the correct way—and open the door for her and open the door to the car when we got there. She wanted me to become a gentleman—and in learning that perhaps I would also learn how to honor and respect the God in others, and the God in myself.

One day I went to her place for a visit and she said—“Let’s go.” We went to the grocery store and she kept asking what my favorite snack foods were. We’d go here and there in the store getting nuts and other goodies and I asked her what we were doing—she said we were going to have a picnic at her apartment.

And so we did—and like all my experience with Mother it was wonderful. And the whole time I was thinking, “Here’s the greatest person I’ve ever met, hosting a special picnic in her apartment just for me—I can’t believe it.” That kind of loving attention from the greatest of the great to (in my mind) the smallest of the small created a feeling of gratitude that exists to this day.

I am eternally grateful to this giant manifestation of God that just kept driving me to Him using everything she had to do it—her beauty, wit, love, and attention and all backed by that great overwhelming will power. I don’t know what I ever did to deserve meeting such a one, but I am eternally grateful for God’s grace that I did. She is God’s great engine pulling us to His Infinite Glory.

[Babaji:] ‘Put your hand there and receive whatever food you desire.’ [...]

[...] ‘Few mortals know that the kingdom of God includes the kingdom of mundane fulfillments,’ Babaji observed. ‘The divine realm extends to the earthly, but the latter, being illusory, cannot include the essence of reality.’

PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA, *Autobiography of a Yogi*

ROAD TRIP TEST OF FAITH

BY JIM GROVE

I don't hesitate to tell people how meeting Mother remains the single most important thing that has ever happened to me. I had many conversations and experiences with Mother that stirred my spirit, inspired me, and challenged me to go deeper into spiritual practice. And I attribute most of the goodness in my life to my contact with her and her teaching.

But some of my best memories of Mother are when she simply showed her playful blend of humor and mystery. For all of the deeply profound things she said and teachings she gave, she always had a great sense of humor and a playful way of dealing with devotees, even while occasionally chastising them or presenting them with small tests of faith.

In September 1989, I was home briefly from university in Ontario, visiting my mom at her house near Victoria, British Columbia. My eldest brother Peter was also visiting from Bournemouth, England, where he was studying at the time. Neither of us had seen Mother for a couple of years due to our travels and studies, so I suggested that we visit her in Seattle before we flew back to school.

The idea struck me, unfortunately perhaps, on the Saturday afternoon of the Labour Day weekend, just before I was due to fly back to Toronto on the Monday evening. This essentially meant that we were obligated to go that Sunday, if we were to go at all. Peter and I debated a bit over whether or not it was 'practical' to try to drive to Seattle on such short notice. Neither of us had a car at the time, so we would have to commandeer our mother Marion's 1975 Toyota Cressida, which was effectively on its last legs, with upholstery dissolving and various parts threatening to rattle off the chassis and body at any moment. We debated for a while. Finally, following the inner voice, we decided to phone Mother and ask whether or not she would be able to see us that Sunday on short notice.

It was 3 PM Saturday when I phoned Mother. She answered with a quiet, delicate voice that somewhat reflected the health struggles she had faced in those recent years. I asked her if she could see us tomorrow, and she responded with an apparent ambivalence that I hadn't anticipated. She spoke in a slow and detached manner, explaining that she

had a sermon to prepare Sunday afternoon, so she would only be able to visit with us until 1 PM. It was up to us if we wanted to come.

My stomach sank. I knew that it would be difficult to get to Seattle before noon, even if we took the 7 o'clock ferry to Vancouver. As I paused to think, I felt that Mother was strangely silent, as if she was measuring my response.

I checked my inner guidance again. The time was now. "We'll come down—we'll do our best to arrive by noon," I said. I tried to muster a confident tone, but I certainly felt less than confident.

"Okay," she said calmly, "See you then." Did I hear something in her voice? It almost sounded like she was issuing a challenge!

I told Peter what Mother had said, and we began to discuss the difficulty that it presented to catch the 7 AM ferry, cross the border at Blaine, and then drive all the way to Seattle to arrive by 12 noon. Depending on traffic, that could be a three hour drive. And depending on the line-ups at U.S. Customs, it could be between 30 and 60 minutes getting across the border. Would it be possible to arrive in Seattle by noon? And even if we did, was it silly to go all that way for a one hour visit? As any devotee reading this will likely realize: of course not. One hour with Mother could potentially be life-changing. And Mother often told stories about devotees in India who would undertake great pilgrimages just to see their guru for a few minutes, never mind an hour.

The next morning found us up at the crack of dawn, both of us energized and excited. We left for the Swartz Bay ferry terminal at 5:30 AM so we could be sure to get on the 7 AM sailing. We made the sailing, crossed the U.S border at Blaine in record time, and faced so little traffic on I-5 south that we were surprised to find ourselves at the north end of Seattle at only 11 AM, almost an hour ahead of what we had hoped with our most optimistic estimate. All of this in our mother's tattered 1975 Toyota.

We were just in the midst of slapping each other on the back when we realized something. We didn't have any American money! And there was no place where we could exchange our Canadian bills on a Sunday. We didn't even have American coins to use a payphone to call Mother as she had asked us to do upon arrival. What were we going to do?

Stories From Devotees and Friends

We stopped at a discount store with the idea of asking a cashier to exchange a Canadian quarter for a U.S. quarter so we could use a phone. In the spirit of courageous leadership shown by elder brothers everywhere in the world, I was delegated to go ask.

I went inside and approached a row of young cashiers who stood idly chewing gum and chatting with each other, no lines at their tills at that early Sunday hour, only a very few customers wandering the store aisles. I explained my situation. They laughed. And after a short pause to take the measure of me from head to toe, they laughed again.

One of the women punched a button on her cash register and the cash tray popped open with a resounding thud and jingle of coins. "Sure, no problem," she said as she took the Canadian coin from my hand and handed me an American quarter. I heard more giggles and whispering as I left the store, but by now I was laughing as well.

We found a pay phone at a gas station, and I phoned Mother and told her we had arrived. She answered in a perfunctory manner. "Okay, see you in a few minutes."

We started driving towards her apartment, bristling with excitement knowing that we would soon be with Mother. But now another thought occurred to us: What would we do for lunch? We still had no American money, and it was traditional for devotees to at least pay for the Guru's meal!

By this point, we were beyond worrying anymore. "Maybe we can take her to Denny's," quipped Peter, and we both laughed with a slight hint of hysteria and exasperation. The thought of taking Mother to a Denny's chain restaurant—it was ludicrous. We had only ever eaten in relatively upscale restaurants with Mother. And this coupled with our rattling bucket of a car—we seemed to be the worst-arrayed devotees in history. Oh well. Humility was good for the soul.

We arrived at Mother's apartment and she ushered us into the living room. I passed by a framed certificate on the wall signed by Master, signifying her initiation into his ministry. We sat and began to chat. How was our drive, did we have trouble finding her apartment, small talk. And then the question.

“What do you say we go for lunch,” said Mother, and she fixed her eyes on us. She let the question hang in the air for a moment, as if measuring our reaction. “What do you say we go to Denny’s? I’ll buy. Do you have a car?”

Peter and I looked at each other, our expressions frozen. I felt the blood drain from my cheeks and my hands began to sweat. We nodded obediently. “Yes.”

We got our jackets and helped Mother walk slowly to the elevator, and then out to the car. She inserted herself in the front passenger seat in this least auspicious of motor vehicles without blinking. I helped her find the fraying seatbelt and fastened it for her, hoping that there were no bare seat springs that would injure her.

We went to lunch at Denny’s and Mother paid. The conversation was engaging as always, and we hung on every one of her words. I think Mother ordered a chicken sandwich. I had the pancake platter with eggs and bacon on the side. I can’t remember what Peter ate.

But there was a moment that has always stuck with me, and years later it still makes me chuckle. When our food arrived, we raised our forks and began to eat without the slightest pause in our conversation. As I placed a forkful of pancake in my mouth, eyes fixed on my plate, the thought suddenly skittered across my mind, “Hey—Mother didn’t say Grace.”

There was an abrupt clatter of cutlery as Mother seemed to drop her fork on her plate. I looked up, startled. She turned and looked me straight in the eyes. “God bless this food that we are now eating.” Then she picked up her fork, turned back to her plate and resumed her meal.

If it had been my grade nine metal work class, I would have expected a cuff in the side of the head as well. But given that it was Mother, I knew it was only with the truest sense of love and compassion that she chose to set me straight in such a blunt fashion!

Thank you, Mother. I am grateful that you considered me a worthy object for your most candid teachings.

MY DIVINE GURU

BY JUDY ELLIS

My Holy Guru, my Divine Mother, my Loving Mother, my All-Knowing Mother, my Perfect Friend, my constant Companion, traveling with me and I with Her, through the Grace of God, each and every single day of my life. She lives inside of me. She is my Sustenance.

When someone is friendly to me in a grocery-store line-up, as I happily walk out of that store, I whisper: “Thank you, Mother.” So many reasons to be thankful for my Guru.... When one of my children is in need of prayer, I talk to Mother. I also tell my child to talk to Mother. I know beyond all question of a doubt that I have a Protector, a Guide, a Teacher, the Ultimate Teacher, whose teachings are of the purest form. I have a MOTHER who loves me unconditionally. What a gift!

Once upon a time, when my Guru was still with us in physical form, I drove to pick my daughter up from elementary school. As I sat in my car waiting for her to come outside, a child in the playground started teasing and harassing another young child, eventually tearing a piece of her clothing and making her cry. With a mixture of sadness, anger and frustration, I walked straight to the principal’s office to report this incident. “Where was the playground supervisor?” I asked. But I was met with condescension. What I reported didn’t seem to faze the teacher much at all. Nothing was going to be done about what I had witnessed and I knew it.

Arriving home that afternoon, I began sobbing, deeply hurt by the reaction I’d received in my quest for justice. And then the phone rang. It was Mother. As She spoke, I held on, too choked up to speak, but I listened. She called me “honey.” And when I lamented that I could be so critical at times (or judgmental—I don’t remember what word I used during that conversation), my Guru said that She too could be critical. Imagine that! There are things one never forgets.

One other memory I want to share with you—I believe this happened on the second pilgrimage we’d made to sit in the Presence of our Guru. As we entered the city of Seattle, driving on that busy freeway, with vehicles speeding along in every direction, in an instant all three of us—

Ric, and I and one other devotee we were traveling with, recognized the person who'd just merged into our lane in front of us—MOTHER. She waved, then continued on Her way.

Aum God Christ Guru

MEETING MOTHER

BY DENYSE GIROUX

When I left Quebec to come to B.C. a friend gave me the *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Yogananda. After reading the book I had a strong desire to go to India to meet this extraordinary yogi. Soon after, I met some friends who were devotees of Mother and I started to attend service at their home. The first time I heard Mother I felt as if I had come back home, tears were flowing while listening to her.

I went to Seattle that year for the Kriya initiation. As I sat waiting to be embraced by Mother I was transported to another realm where I became totally oblivious of my surroundings and saw only inner light. As I returned to "my seat" I realized that I was alone with only one other person in the church. I walked timidly toward Mother and she welcomed me in her arms. She touched my forehead at the Christ consciousness point and again I saw and felt nothing but light. She told me that I was a true devotee and said, "God bless." For the next few days I remained in a state of quasi illumination and when in Mother's presence I saw her bathed in Light—her mere presence was uplifting.

I am now grateful that she sent us David to continue her blessed task on earth and still feel her divine presence. It is all a mystery to me....

Lord, let my attention be
Forever fixed upon Thee
Let me love Thee, Let me serve Thee,
Let me worship Thee alone.
Thou art All, and All in All.

MOTHER HAMILTON

MOTHER

BY CHARMIE GILCREASE

Mother—what a word full of connotations. Positive and negative, which is more depends on your own personal history. For me, the word *Mother* was actually more of a neutral with positive undertones. I called my own mother, *Ma* or *Mom*, never *Mother*. So, when I met Mother Hamilton she became the image of the word to me. ‘Divine Mother’ spoken or sung brings my Beautiful Mother, smiling, to my mind.

In the past couple of years I began yearning in earnest to speak with Mother again in person. She has come to me many times in dreams—both waking and sleeping, and in meditation, but I wanted to hold her hand, look into those eyes so deep and expansive and sparkling and KNOW that I was loved, in spite of myself....

Then, sometime after, maybe because that desire was unfulfilled, or I was more open, other women saints began entering my consciousness; Anandamoyi Ma, Mataji, Saint Theresa of Avila, and various beautiful souls whom I could not place with names. Loving, guiding, and surrounding me with Hope and Light and Trust. I cherished that, but with a degree of hesitation. How could I open myself to the Love and Guidance of these “people” when Mother is my Guru and my only True teacher?

One day, not so long ago, I had open: a book on Anandamoyi Ma, a book with Mataji’s sayings and conversations, and Mother’s picture before me. My heart was simultaneously open and loving and confused and torn. “How, Why, Where is my loyalty to my Guru?”

Physically I did nothing but read, and look, and let my mind wander where it would. Suddenly, there in my mind’s eye were Mother, Mataji, and Anandamoyi Ma. They were holding hands, laughing, and beaming out love at me, around me. Silently I asked Mother if I was being disloyal by opening to others. VERY clearly I heard, in Mother’s distinctive laughing, joyful voice; “Look beyond, look inside. Do you not see we are One; it is me you are loving, me you see. Different faces, we are one.” In amongst the words was a beautiful tapestry of thoughts, insights and a *knowing* that I could not begin to interpret here. Suffice it to say that Mother is alive and well and busy in my life.

MOTHER HAMILTON'S GIFT

BY CORLISS HARMER

Mother, I feel you near me today, your great eyes turning up to mine in tender love.

When I first came to you I was sorely lost, in the grips of a life-endangering habit. How cynical and bitter I was, a perfectionist for whom nothing measured up.

In those early days, I had men's voices talking within me sometimes, thugs really. One evening I had a vision that you knocked on the door of my home. I felt those thugs shudder within me and they vanished forever.

Your caring brought my turning point one hot and sunny July day at our church picnic in Marysville, around 1979. In the shade of a leafy tree you sat on a red and gold striped armchair, a flowered little carpet under your feet, and table of fruits by your side. Our group, people of all ages from kids to elderly, gathered all around, sitting at your feet, preparing food, and playing volleyball. I felt miserable. I didn't want to associate with the group, and only approached you because I felt it was the respectful thing to do. I sat to your left a little behind the tree, and you soon turned to me, smiling, saying you wondered who that was behind the huge sunglasses. I, trying to smile, took my glasses off, but couldn't look you in the eye. At that moment, a girl in the group walked by, and my eyes followed her, forgetting all about you. This girl was a studious devotee who I judged looked quite poor in her summer shorts outfit, and seemed to me to have as futile a social manner as I did. Then I remembered you.

I looked back at you, and you were smiling sort of out into the air, not looking at me, but still there with me. Tears starting to run from my eyes; I walked away, wanting to go home. But I remembered a parable from the Bible about the wedding guest:

The king has invited all his neighbors to a wedding feast. Most give excuses not to come, so he opens his invitation to people from the highways. The night of the wedding, when he comes into the banquet room, he spies one guest who does not have a wedding garment on. The king goes up to him and says, "My friend,

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how did you get in here without a wedding garment?" And the man was speechless. So the king said, "Cast him out, where there shall be darkness and gnashing of teeth."

Here I was: like that blasted wedding guest, hating everything, critical of it, miserable, unsociable—certainly no celebration garb on me. What would happen if I left this picnic? Go home and eat bowls and bowls of Captain Crunch and probably gnash teeth all night!

So I trudged back and hung out by you again. By some chance I was seated by that girl I looked down on. She was at your feet writing out over and over how she loved you. How pathetic, I thought scornfully. At that moment, Mother, you looked at me and smiled. Then you seemed to notice my gaze and quickly moved your head straight in front of you, with a very inward expression, your little chin firmly set in a thoughtful way.

Well, the afternoon crept on (through a salmon feast with twenty dishes, homemade honey ice cream, pies and cakes) and finally I decided, *I've had enough, I've stayed here a proper length of time; I'm going home.* This was cinched when I ran into my friend, Glory and another gal who invited me to play volleyball.

"I'm not real big on volleyball," I sneered indifferently.

"Well then, you can be real little at volleyball," parried the other gal.

Miffed, I made it to my car, and got in. *Corliss*, I told myself, keys in hand, *it really isn't going to get you anywhere to go home. Remember the wedding guest parable. Show your honors to Mother Hamilton and get back there.*

So I sat there in the grass in the outer circle around you, trying my best to look out and receive what there was for me, if I could. After a while I happened to look high up into the tree that spread over us. Scattered bits of sun sparkled through the stirring leaves and curving branches. It came to me what my friend Glory had told me.

"Divine Mother, she is the Divine Mother."

As I thought this, I felt for a brief moment close to you. Looking down, I was startled to see you smiling toward me. What I saw gripped my heart. Instead of your usual beautiful smile (lips curved sort of like

Loretta Young's), I saw an open-mouthed smile, eyes wide, baggy and looking up a little. Instead of your perfect white teeth I saw great dark spaces between your teeth, as though they had decayed and been lost. A homely Mother Nature, indeed! This Mother Divine was not perfectly beautiful, but she loved, defenseless as an innocent baby, without rancor or malice.

Lying next to me under a blanket was that girl I had thought all day was such a contemptible failure. She had a bad headache and was trying to rest. Now, instead of despising her, I felt a little compassion for her. As I moved to a nearby chair, I bumped her feet, and we exchanged some words; I actually felt a little caring and friendly. She smiled at me and stood up to move into the sun, because she had been getting cold in the shade of the tree. I felt harmony between us.

When I drove back to Seattle, I was mad because you hadn't worked a magic cure. But rage as I might, I couldn't root out the seed that you had planted in me with that vision. I knew I was hooked on Life, on love, and there was no going back.

Mother, how many people you cared for, yet you had the caring to reach out to me those times at the picnic and help me save my life.

Soon after, in a sermon you spoke of how people often criticized you and attacked you. You said you would be angry, but would go within and give back love. I realized no human could do more. If I didn't start here and accept you, I would be rejecting all of humanity.

You said once that understanding came before love—and that in order to love those people who were so negative toward you, you went deep within to understand them.

Dear Mother, although in your sermons I often found it hard to measure up to your expectations, you tempered these with such a dear, marvelous humor and laughter. Once you told us that when we awoke in the morning to get right out of bed to Kriya and meditation—then you added with a twinkle, “but don't strip your gears.”

In the next years, you honored me in many ways that helped me grow, Mother, and one of these moments I visualize every day as my meditation. You treated me to lunch that day (how you had time for all

Stories From Devotees and Friends

your devotees to give this individual attention is amazing). It was still early in my time with you, and as we talked I knew I would afterwards go home and indulge in the destructive habit you wanted me to quit. But I felt I should be honest with you on this.

“You know, Mother, I will fall again,” I confessed.

“I know you will,” you responded. And from your eyes blazed the light of love as brilliant as the sun coming from behind the clouds, so that I was struck with awe.

Today, thirty years later, every day in my meditation, I visualize that light of unconditional love in your eyes, and I am restored. All the war of good vs. bad and perfectionism falls away, as I know you love me no matter what I do or don't do. My misery is “as waters that have passed away,” in the words of Job. I have been freed of that dangerous habit for a quarter of a century. Many of my dreams have been fulfilled, including teaching college English, and I have been privileged to pass on the love you gave me.

Mother, I have such gratitude for the tremendous effort you put forth to realize God and to pass that love on to all of us. Without your heroism I would not have lived. Today, your light guiding me, I will dress in the celebratory garb of the wedding guest, to attend the marriage of all our souls to our Infinite Beloved.

Each one will experience only that which is in accordance with his own karma. None of you will experience what I did. I went through a particularly drastic deal (it was tremendous) because I had a special destiny in God to fulfill. This has been verified by Rajasi and Swami Ramdas, both of them. And as Swami Ramdas stood before me one day and saw the tremendous suffering I was undergoing, he said, “My God, what suffering. Nobody could suffer this much for their own sins. You are suffering for the whole world.”

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

SUBLIME MOTHER DIVINE

BY MAUREEN CHLOPAN

Being on a spiritual path began with my introduction to yoga through the teachings and love of Mother Hamilton's guru, Paramhansa Yogananda.

In the summer of 1978 I travelled with my then-husband to Smithers, a town in northern BC, to visit friends. Two of the couples we stayed with were beside themselves with divine rapture at that time, for they had recently met their guru, Mother Hamilton and had been initiated into Kriya yoga by her. They showed me her pictures, told me about their relationship with her, their local centre and the Seattle centre. While wild crafting and goat herding on my friends' property I listened as they shared their experiences of being disciples and of life on the spiritual path.

Upon my return home to Victoria that summer, I subscribed for spiritual lessons through Self-Realization Fellowship, as recommended by one of my Kriyaban friends. The lessons were of great benefit. During that year there was a welcome awakening of God's love in and around me. My daughter was born in late spring and a year later, my Kriyaban friends who were in town called to invite me to meet Mother. At the Victoria YMCA, I met her for the first time in illumined human form. When I recall those early years with her I feel enormous awe and gratitude. As I was stumbling along searching for bliss, guided by desire nature, she appeared before me, all compassion and delight, and thus began the guru-disciple relationship.

That summer, when I was 20, I went to Seattle for my first initiation into Kriya yoga. By then I was firmly absorbed in the honeymoon period of my journey, which lasted long enough to convince me that nothing mattered more than embracing the presence of God and Guru. During that period, wherever I was and whenever God allowed it, she'd be there with me. For simply showing up I was almost guaranteed an infusion of bliss. In those days there was nowhere I'd rather have been than wrapped up in her love. It seemed effortless.

These days getting submerged in meditation is not a given. Mother still visits on occasion, usually when I'm suffering, to remind me that

Stories From Devotees and Friends

God is love and that when I fully surrender my heart, that's the one thing I can always count on.

On my last overseas trip after being offered at least a dozen teaching jobs I ended up teaching at what my American friend, John referred to as the worst ESL school in Korea. The manager and boss were depressive and cruel and no one would speak to me in English except my beautiful children/students. One Friday afternoon, about two months into my contract, I received a "Cross and Lotus Journal" in the mail. On the cover was a photo of a radiant Mother holding red roses. A few minutes later I left for a walk and just next to the steps outside the school was a discarded bouquet of very intact red roses. I took the roses home and it was as though I took her home with me for the weekend. It was so wonderful feeling enveloped in her love. What I got from this experience was the understanding that I'd chosen that school, not by a cosmic sleight of hand, but to gain a greater desire for God-realization and thus a renewed commitment to take my practice more seriously. Knowing that God had directed me there for that specific purpose gave me the courage and strength to fight that battle.

Thank you, Mother, for being the best example I know of how to live in grace and complete and utter devotion. When I'm struggling with an issue, I think of your fierce determination and how far it took you. (Your wisdom is my healing salve.) And always, even in the midst of your zeal on the warpath, you had a playful, fun-loving nature—you would dance, dazzle, laugh, eat ice-cream and have an all-around good time of it.

Sometimes she comes to me as a flicker of sunlight on the ocean or as a thunder bolt across the horizon. But in whatever form she manifests herself to me, it is then that I know two things beyond question: that this world is truly blessed (and a blessed place to be), and that wherever I am in eternity, I am eternally safe as well.

This is a tremendous experience because, like the Christ, you are taken down into the hell of your own being, and you are also taken up into the heaven of your own being.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 3, 1960)

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MOTHER

BY JERRY TROFIMCHUK

One morning this past summer I was on my way to an appointment at my doctor's medical clinic. It was a beautiful, warm, sunny morning with blue skies and gentle breezes. While driving to the medical clinic which is across town from my home, I was practicing keeping a part of my mind on God even while doing something that required concentration (driving my car!), as David had taught us during a recent visit to Victoria. All the while my goal was also to avoid becoming a danger to the other drivers on the road.

I arrived at the clinic safely and quite early! They had not yet unlocked their doors.

There was a line of about eight or ten people waiting to get into the Walk-In side of the clinic. Since I had an appointment set up in advance I did not line up with the other folks waiting in line next to the entrance door, but rather stood by myself a distance away on the other side of the door in the sunshine, enjoying its warmth on my face and arms. My doctor's clinic is in a neighborhood of Victoria known as Vic West, just across the inlet from downtown Victoria. I was facing toward downtown Victoria as I stood there in the sunshine.

Out of habit, since I had a few minutes, I closed my eyes and began chanting OM SRI RAM JAI RAM JAI JAI RAM under my breath. I had barely begun chanting when I had a sense of Mother's presence. I experienced an inward image of her standing above downtown Victoria, and I experienced a powerful surge of energy that went through my entire being. Mother was wearing a long gown, but her form was somewhat "ethereal," almost translucent.

The most noticeable thing of all however, was the wave of Mother's power that I felt moving through my being. And with it came a deep inner sense of strength, of focus, of determination, and of conviction and certainty about all things in general along with an inward calm.

My first thought at seeing Mother standing above downtown Victoria was that Victoria is in good hands!

The word “colossus” came to mind next. Mother’s form was huge. Mother was a giant, a colossus standing there above downtown Victoria! I smiled inwardly at that thought because it was such a contrast with Mother’s physical stature in this life. In this life Mother was a woman of relatively small physical stature. But a few more seconds of stillness brought the realization that this was not about physical forms but rather this was about Mother’s spiritual “size,” about Mother’s spiritual attainment and about Mother’s spiritual power. It occurred to me that this was a representation of Mother as a spiritual giant.

At this point I hesitated. A question entered my mind. Is this real or is this just my over-active imagination? I asked God that question inwardly, “Is this of Your Spirit or is it just my imaginings?”

The inward wave of power and of conviction and certainty swept through my being once again and with even more intensity. I took that to be confirmation that this was the Truth about who and what Mother is.

MAKING A DECISION

BY WENDY PRITCHARD

I had been living in Vancouver for a year while attending Simon Fraser University. My programme was over and I now had to decide whether to return to Victoria or to stay in Vancouver. I could not decide. I made lists of the pros and cons of living in each city. The lists were of equal length!! I role-played the situation with my class-mates. No resolution there!

In desperation I phoned Mother and asked, “How will I know if I have made the right decision?” She replied, “There are no *right* decisions, there are only *decisions*!!”

I have told this story many times to people who are wrestling with the decision-making process and for myself, I am usually able to surrender to the outcome of any decision I make.

GOD ALONE

BY LOIS HICKENBOTTOM

When given the task of writing a few words on Mother's behalf it became overwhelming. How can one understand the idea of air and then comment on it? How do you explain that? How do you take something that is so outside the physical realm and then write about it on the physical plane?

My experiences with Mother are so very personal that written words cannot express them adequately, which means I am at a loss.

The best I can do is to simply say: Mother pulled me into her path and that path became my path and that path became other people's path.

So here we are all going down the same path—looking for our destiny, our own goal. How hard we look will determine how soon we arrive.

What God and Mother have shown me is that the path is not Mother's path, it's ALL God.

The laws that govern the universe do not seem to synchronise with even the most intelligent human conceptions of justice, law and order. To the bewildered man of the pragmatic mind, the workings of the universe appear to be arbitrary and chaotic. This is so because the practical man evaluates the changes and movements in the world-phenomena from his intensely individualistic and therefore circumscribed vision.

SWAMI RAMDAS

DEAREST MOTHER

BY DIANNE TIPTON

An aspiring devotee
Reaches out to you
Feeling frightened and alone
A light to search
A love to heal
A sword to fight
These gifts you offer her
Like an infant with its first few steps
She sometimes stumbles and falls
Safe in the knowledge that
You are always there
It is I who wears this face
So grateful for your grace
Amen

Swami Ramdas told me one time, he said, “Make a skeleton plan, Mother, and let God fill in the details. But if God wants to change the skeleton plan, let Him do that also.” And every day of my life, I have been forced—I haven’t always done it willingly—but I have been forced to do exactly that because my life never goes exactly as I had planned. Over all, sure, it’s all going toward God. Everything that I do, every thought, every word, every action I want to be for God alone, and everything that I do that comes before me in a day, I try to make it that way. But nevertheless, He is “calling the shots,” as it is said, and that is the truth.

MOTHER HAMILTON (September 17, 1978)

I AM YOUR CHILD

BY CHRISTINE BALDIGARA

Dearest Mother,
I am your child
You hold my hand
You are always there

But sometimes I forget
A small child, I run and play
Dashing running
Full of fears and worries
Or lost in temporal pleasures.

But you, Mother are ever watchful
I call to you
Help me!
I feel afraid and alone
And small

You are great
You fill my heart and hold my hand
What miracles you give me
Strength courage trust
So much more
More blessings than I can understand.

You are ever there
Never failing
In the dark in the light
When I forget
You hold my heart and hand.

Your life such an example
Mother wife modern woman
Hair fashion and makeup
Householder

Yet
Saint and Guru Master
Human and Divine
Beloved presence of God
Light Love Hope.

I cannot know your greatness
Your gifts and compassion
I only feel your presence and love
Your hand in mine

You bless my family
You bless us all
Such comfort
Such Grace and peace.

I am your child
I give you my hand
Take me
Direct me
Lead me

Oh Mother bless me
That I not waste time
In empty pursuits
And forgetfulness.

MOTHER

BY JONNI ANDERSON

The idea of MOTHER fills my heart with remembrances of my own dear, deceased mother. She was strong, vulnerable and gentle. Mostly kind and caring and wonderfully gifted with many talents, not the least of which was her sense of humour.

She loved living in a body even though it often hurt a lot; the pain seemed to give her much opportunity to express her deep loving self through these physical trials. I know she was not fully realized, but when I think of all these qualities, it brings me closer to a reality about Mother Hamilton.

I did not know Her and found that, with David as my Guru, I had enough to keep me conscious, so I didn't even explore a relationship with Mother. In fact when I tried to listen to Her CDs on Skype from Seattle, I wasn't able to understand what She was saying, (much garbling).

I do have Her CDs. I shall listen to Her voice and ask for Her help to really hear Her message and understand Her powerful intention to have everyone (including me) come to this place of Awareness and Unity.

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

But when it speaks of this final hour that is to come, there will be some flesh saved. And that flesh will be saved because of the elect. Who are the elect? The elect are those chosen by God because of their goodness; because of the fact that they have kept their covenant with God; that they have put Him first; that every thought, every word, every action is dedicated to Him alone; that they sit in the quietness and the sanctuary of their own souls and they lift up their consciousness and they commune with Him until finally they are so absorbed in Him that He lifts them up. And He fills them with the peace, the bliss, the power, the wonder, the glory of His love.

MOTHER HAMILTON (May 31, 1981)

MY KNOWLEDGE OF MOTHER HAMILTON

BY HONOR WELLS

I wanted to write something magnificent for Mother Hamilton but it seems that is not my way so my words are just that—words trying to convey my thankfulness for Mother and this path.

Although I didn't know Mother Hamilton while she was in the physical body, I am grateful for Mother and her realization. Her presence has been felt during some difficult times that I have had and granted me grace at the time.

Her realization brings it closer to myself, as I can see how one can participate in this life and yet not be a part of it. It's okay to have your hair done, have nice things surrounding you and want to be the best you can be in the physical sense and still be on the path. No need to have ashes and shaven heads.

Mother Hamilton was a western professional woman who has shown us the way. We can be women, working professionals, have families and still attain God-realization. This is all good news! And it brings it more into perspective for myself as I know I can have my physical worldly life but God-realization MAY still be attainable or at the very least strived for.

She has given me HOPE that it is possible to attain God-realization in this form and reality that I find myself.

Now, we have talked before about the six spinal centers below the brain. And it is from this brain, this sacred claustrum which is right underneath the brain itself, that this sacred fluid comes forth. Now, prior to the time that it comes forth, it is one. But as it comes forth, it divides itself into two, and it becomes the positive and the negative—the male and the female, the Joseph and the Mary.

MOTHER HAMILTON

DIVINE MOTHER

BY CHAD HICKENBOTTOM

A while back I was sitting at a Bhajan that was being held by an Anandamoyi Ma devotee. With my attention at the third eye and the music washing over my being, suddenly Anandamoyi Ma herself was before me smiling. I was so excited. Her grace and beauty were beyond words. I found myself as a child of God; I felt no more than 8 or 9 years old, holding the hand of my Divine Mother while I beheld Ma. I felt such an attraction to Ma that I wanted to run and hold her hand, but I was unwilling to let go of my Mother's hand to do so. Mother Hamilton then asked if I would like to meet this saint; I of course replied *yes* and we walked over together to meet Ma, who took my other hand. The three of us sat in the bliss of God and were completely content.

When I came out of this experience at first I felt that Mother Hamilton was there in order to introduce me to another Divine Mother, and that the experience itself was about Anandamoyi Ma—after all I was at a Ma Bhajan. I quickly realize, however, that this notion was entirely false. Though the meeting with Ma was exciting and uplifting the real experience was with Mother Hamilton. In the experience Mother did not have to walk over to me or make herself known to me, she was already there, already holding my hand. What this experience really confirmed for me is that Mother Hamilton, through eternal grace and love for her children, never leaves us.

[continued next page]

If in the midst of the diversity of the world of appearances you make a sustained effort to do all your work as a faithful servant of the Almighty Father of the Universe, love and devotion for Him will awaken in your heart. As the confining prison walls of the ego are broken down, you will become more and more persistent and wholehearted in your pursuit of Reality. Then all the manifold pictures you perceive will merge into one single picture and all your divergent moods and sentiments will be engulfed in the one great ocean of Bliss.

ANANDAMOYI MA

This has always been true, though how often I forget it. Years ago if I focused on Mother and didn't feel her presence the thought came, "She's busy doing something else." And I felt quite okay with this explanation. How could I not!? That meant the limit in God Consciousness was in her not in me. Oh fool, oh ego!

Through the experience with Anandamoyi Ma and others I know now that if Mother's presence is overlooked in any way, it's my own state of consciousness, and so I'm reminded to refocus the mind where it should be. Then a wonderful subtle current flows up the spine and meets the medulla where light begins to surround my head. In my mind's eye this looks exactly like Mother's hair. Then love for Mother, love for the divine, flows out the heart going nowhere and everywhere. Oh Mother, Oh Param-Guru, you fill me up. Never let me forget you.

DEAREST MOTHER

BY JILL HOUGH

You have given me the greatest gift anyone could ever ask for: my Guru. You poured your wisdom into His being, your love into His heart. Whenever I seek you, you gently turn me by the shoulders toward Him and whisper in my ear, "I am here, seek Me within."

Thank you, Mother, for the gift of your son, David. He fills our lives with Your light.

MOTHER'S BLESSINGS

BY SHAMA VOHORA

I have Mother's picture next to David's in my room. Every time I pass by the corridor to get out of the room I see her smiling and blessing me. I look at my mother's picture, who is no longer with us, and I see the resemblance. The two of them look so alike: stern, very strict, very powerful, very proud of their achievements and doings, and above all, very attractive.

I wish I had a chance to meet with her when she was alive. Yet her teachings and her blessings will always be there....

WHERE THERE IS LOVE, THERE IS HOPE

CARLA G. HICKENBOTTOM

Since the tenth anniversary of Mother Hamilton's Mahasamadhi (2001) my life has changed in delightful and very unexpected ways, all guided by Mother's love, teachings and protection.

If I had gone to see a fortune teller before coming to this path, and had she rubbed her hands across the crystal ball, and told me all the unbelievable experiences I was to have, I would have demanded my money back and walked out—shaking my head in utter disbelief. The extreme experiences that I was to have: suffering to my very core, and also rising to the peace and bliss that words can never describe, could **never** happen to me! And yet all of this has happened, my life changed in the most remarkable and wonderful ways.

As God's beautiful messenger, Mother orchestrated my marriage to my Guru in December, 2001; an arranged marriage to her beloved son, a privilege and a blessing for which I thank her every day. David's devotion to Mother inspires me and has taught me so much.

Even though I did not know Mother when she was in the body, her presence feels more real to me than if she was physically here. When I think of her I feel her love and protection; I have dreamt of her and I know that she is protecting and guiding me at all times. I often see myself, in my mind's eye, sitting next to her and talking to her, telling her my problems and always, **always** feeling such love and acceptance from her.

In these last ten years Mother has also given me—in real and experiential form—the true and lasting gift of HOPE! That I can, whenever God wills it, attain that highest goal of existence, my Self-realization, my God-realization, my complete and total oneness with my Father-Creator, my Beloved.

During the time I have come to know Mother, she has shown me through her teachings, her presence and her love that I can attain this highest goal. The path to realization is strewn with so many hardships, suffering, pain and difficulty, yet Mother has shown me the way. She

has shown by her example that **it can be done**; this mountain can be summited and the view from the top is well worth the uphill climb.

David noticed that when I start to read a book, I always go to the end chapter first so that I will know how the story ends. Only then do I start from the beginning and read how the journey progresses. Mother has given me that end chapter; she has assured me that God-realization is the ultimate conclusion to my soul's adventure.

I know that Mother is telling me the truth; I believe her! She has shown me, chapter by chapter, how to get to that final realization—"to go over the top" as she says. Her teachings have given me the understanding that no matter how hard it gets, that in the end, I will know and experience my oneness with God.

Thank you, Mother, for all that you are and all that you do. I love you with all of my heart and soul.

Ask yourself that question. What it is speaking of is this cross. And the crucifixion that takes place, which has been the pattern for all men who are on the way to the Divine since the beginning of the inception of the idea that there was a God, is this way, the Way of the Cross and the Christ. "He who will not pick up his cross and follow me cannot be my disciple," said the Christ. Now, does He say that He is the only one that can do it, as we have been taught? No, He doesn't. "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God...."

MOTHER HAMILTON (July 2, 1978)

INSPIRATIONS FROM MOTHER

BY CATHY KELLEY

I write this at the last possible moment if I want it to get in for publishing. I have seen the requests for stories, but did not feel inspired to write anything until this morning. As I sat down to meditation, the story I wrote in the last book of stories of Mother came to my mind. In this short story, I spoke of how, when I first began the path, I heard Lois Hickenbottom say that when she was experiencing one of life's challenges, she would write it on a piece of paper and put it under Mother's picture. I had taken on that practice and my challenges were always taken care of, in God's time of course. During my meditation this morning, as I thought of this story, I realized I had not taken the time to put some big challenges I have been facing on paper and give them to Mother. I did this as soon as I was done with meditation. I then went for my morning run. During my time out there on this wonderful, cold winter morning, I received answers to my challenges. The answers to the struggles that I have been facing came easily and I have been inspired as to the correct action to take.

Thank you Mother Hamilton.

Please know that I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mother Hamilton in the flesh, yet she has inspired my life in so many ways. I have listened to David and others talk of her. I have listened to her talks. I have seen the videos of her when she was in India. She is in my heart. On one tape I recall her talking about doing certain things in one situation, then doing something else in the same situation, but on a different day. She took her guidance from inside, rather than outside and what was expected in the earthly world. This has given me understanding of the intuitive self.

Quite a few years ago, I recall a Christmas Service (I think it was Christmas) at Jill and Greg's in Seattle. After the service, we watched the video of Mother in India as David and Larry spoke about putting the video together and shared the stories surrounding the scenes in the video. I sat there with tears streaming down the outside of my eyes. Someone told me later when the tears are streaming down the outside, they are spiritual tears. I was filled to the brim with Mother's love.

FAMILY

BY GERALDINE DI CICCO

It's been many years since Mother Hamilton's Mahasamadhi and her spiritual family often brings up experiences and fond memories they have of her. I have noticed as I listen to these experiences people had with her how much love, respect and good humor is always present. I feel that I know her and I love her and she is a big part of my life now. I love her because my Guru, David loves her. It shows in everything David says about her. That love is powerful and is so impressive. My Guru's love and devotion to his Guru has helped me get to know my Param-Guru in a very intimate way.

One time walking by a river by myself I smelled quite a strong but lovely perfume smell. It came into my head and my heart that it was Mother's presence. I have no way of knowing at this point in my life if this is true but intuitively I think it was and this simple comfortable and peaceful impression comes to my mind often and I smile.

I must say that when I first started listening to the CDs of her I thought she sounded strict and even severe. Now I listen to her with great love in my heart. I consider it a great gift that I can hear her. I regularly listen to her songs so beautifully played by Janice and they fill my head as I go through the day. The tunes resonate with me like they are great symphonic works I am hearing, like a whole orchestra is playing. It is the power of her ways and of God's ways.

I love to sit with my spiritual family and hear the stories. It is very ideal when you think of it. How many families sit together in a relaxed, peaceful way with no noise and distractions? Just being together and talking about the mother they love.

That is such a testament to her life, I think. The feeling in the air is wonderful, the love and tenderness pouring out. This special group I belong to has shown me who Mother Hamilton is, what her message is, and I feel I know what kind of person she is. If I were to meet her in the flesh I would feel like I have met her already. That I know her and she knows me. I feel her support and love and presence. It has been an honor to witness how naturally and seemingly without effort this group has kept alive what Mother Hamilton taught, the essence of who she is.

The group has kept the fire burning and that is so important, I think. She can continue to flow through our lives in this way.

This way of remembering, honouring and respecting her helps us know her and allows her to be more fully among us.

Now, once every twenty-nine and a half days after puberty (usually at the age of twelve), there is a Master or Christ Seed which drops from this sacred claustrum or cloister. It is carried in the female gland, but both glands have furnished the substance. And this is the tax money which Mary and Joseph had to pay when they went to Jerusalem. It was the substance that carried this Christ Seed.

Now, they went there, and the Three Wise Men saw the coming of the Christ, the birth of the Christ, in the Star of the East right here [touches center of forehead]. “Let thine eye be single, and thy whole body shall be filled with light.”

Now, some of the agnostics say this is absolutely impossible—that a star should have been over the cradle or the manger in Bethlehem, that, in effect, we are getting at: human consciousness, the ability to move, and actually the intelligence, to go over a certain place.

But, you see, they are wrong because actually the Star of the East is over the manger because it is here [in the center of the forehead]. And as this substance and the Christ Seed comes downward, this Christ Seed is put into a conical-like cave behind the solar plexus. This is Bethlehem. The word Bethlehem in Hebrew means “house of bread.” So, this Christ is born of the Holy Bread, a virgin birth; there is nothing physical about it. This is the mystical Christ which is being born within yourself. And so the birth takes place.

MOTHER HAMILTON (MAY 3, 1960)

THREE WEEDS FROM MY GARDEN

BY DIANNE DEVEREAUX

Hi David,

I struggled with your email about a personal story regarding Mother Hamilton. My personal most profound experience happened partially in a dream.

It was my first time at Christine's, a pot luck dinner. I looked at a picture of Mother and felt I knew her, she looked familiar somehow. A few days after that I was planning to go to Christine's to listen to a CD of a talk of yours. I thought it might be a good idea for me to have a nap before I went. So I fell asleep, and in my dream, there was a man, who handed me a most beautiful huge bouquet of flowers. There was Mother, and I asked her: *aren't these so beautiful!* She took them from me and tossed them over the fence! She declared, "Three weeds from my garden will give you more happiness, love and peace than the most beautiful flowers from one who has no integrity!" She added, "Would you like to come to my house and see?" I agreed, and followed her to a place, down the stairs. When I entered, I saw several men in yoga 'postures', all with the faces of Jesus. They looked so peaceful. She promised, that I could have more happiness, more love, more peace than I could ever imagine. I suddenly felt as though I was a child again.... There were great lights, thunder, lightning, I was suddenly afraid ... but a young woman approached me and promised me I was safe, it was just that this woman (Mother) had so much power within her.

When I awoke, I was stunned, but had no time to think about it, as it was time to go to Christine's. When I arrived, we heard a CD of one of Mother's talks, and her voice was exactly the same as in my dream, although other than that, I had never heard her voice before. I was amazed. Listening to her was important to me; I knew in my heart that this was no coincidence. It was a profound experience for me, and I'll never forget it.

I don't know if this is worthy of your collection, David, but I am happy to have written this, even if only for an opportunity to put it into words. It brings back a fond memory for me. One that propelled me to change for the better. One that started me on this path. I'm far from per-

fect, but Mother was right, I have found much happiness, love, and peace—more than what I felt before. She was right ... three weeds from her garden....

Many Thanks & Blessings.

MOTHER'S CALL

BY ADAM SHINN

As a child, growing up in California in the 1970s, I felt a strong pull to go to Seattle. Though I never knew at the time what or who was pulling me there, the feeling never left me. When I finally followed that call and arrived in Seattle as an adult in the mid 90s, I quickly became interested in reading everything I could find written by Master. He became my sole interest and then one day a complete stranger invited me to Sunday Services at Cate and Larry's house where I first heard Mother Hamilton's voice. At that time David was doing a silent retreat, so for many months I wrapped myself in Mother's words, heard her stories, and learned Ram Nam, until it was time for me to meet my own guru, David. David's connection to Mother and Master is so tight that as I spend time with him, I grow closer to Mother and the entire guru lineage.

Perhaps because I never met Mother while she was in the body, the thought that she is no longer here with us is not something I experience. She has been here with me long before I ever heard her voice and she is still here 20 years after her Mahasamadhi. When I listen to Mother's tapes dated in the mid to late 1970s, I think about where I would have been at the time of each soul-changing sermon, and I imagine that that talk somehow is being sent through time to me back then, transforming my life from the past forward. Mother's talks are so filled with her desire for my realization, that I know she has been a spiritual force my whole life. Today she cheers me on when I sit to meditate as well as when I face great obstacles. Her greatness is in me now in a tangible way, and I thank God for her each day.

YOGACHARYA MOTHER HAMILTON

BY MICHELE ROGAN

I came to this path and met David and the Masters in June of 2000. Some of the Masters took time for me to connect with, but with Mother I felt like I had known her for a long time. The first time I saw Mother's picture at Cate and Larry Koler's house, I could not take my eyes off of her and felt her presence very strongly. It was as if she was introducing herself to me and I felt my soul being filled to the brim with bliss and God-light as I looked into her eyes. At long last, I had found my spiritual family and my true path.

Since that time I have felt her presence many times. I have felt her in my heart loving ones I cannot love. Mother has protected me and kept me calm and clear-thinking in various stressful work and family situations. I have often felt Mother's love and care come through David as he has counseled me through some challenging times.

I feel Mother's caring influence in many ways: when I am feeling overwhelmed at work, she helps me prioritize, and when I am worried, she comes to me as peace and surrender. One time I was trying to drive to Loon Lake for the retreat but was very distressed from some news I had just received about my son. I was letting God know that I couldn't believe He would let such a terrible thing happen. I called on God, Christ and Gurus to help me understand the situation. I smelled a flower perfume in my car and I couldn't figure out where it was coming from. Then I realized that it was Mother and I felt peace and reassurance that my son would be fine and that God would take care of him, and was then able to finish my trip to Loon Lake.

I felt Mother's and the Masters' peace and grace recently when I had a meeting at work that I sensed would be difficult. Before the meeting I called on God, Christ and Gurus and looked at Mother's picture. My fear dissolved and I felt a deep sense of peace. As I received news that I would be laid off, I completely surrendered to the situation as God's will for me and felt as if a huge weight was lifted off of my shoulders. I did not feel any fear, anger or resentment towards my supervisors—just a sense of peace and bliss. It was quite miraculous.

Mother influences me in other little ways such as telling me it's okay to buy something new, and encouraging me to always look my best. I believe it was Mother working through some other devotees who encouraged me (for some time) to go to a particular hairstylist. Once I finally made the appointment and went, it really helped me to feel better about myself. Mother also strongly encouraged me to buy some new clothes the day I was laid off from my job, and through this experience, she helped me to have a sense of expansion, confidence, and hope for the future.

When I think of all the extreme difficulties that Mother went through in her life and on her path to God, it makes my own challenges pale in comparison. She had every type of difficulty that any one person could possibly have and yet she never ever gave up. She only got to see Master a few times in her life and yet she was completely devoted to him. Mother was so committed to go all the way for God that she serves as the perfect example that the ultimate goal of God-realization is possible because she attained it. I am so very grateful to have Mother in my life and I feel that she has been with me always and will be with me always. She will always be pointing me towards the ultimate goal.

MY NORTH STAR

BY JOY PUTNAM

I never met Mother Hamilton in the body or consciously in a dream or meditation. However, reading about her visit with Papa Ramdas in *The Gospel of Swami Ramdas* has inspired me. When Papa talked about how she is “a shining being spreading love, light and bliss to all [...] You must be able to radiate peace and joy wherever you go in America and lead people on the path to God,” this has become my North Star, my mission, what I aspire to, with God's grace. I'm very grateful for her example of courage, determination and love. I'm also grateful for all the blessings she has given me through my Guru, David.

THE ROAD TO MY GURU

BY HEATHER MCLEAN

Sometimes our road to a guru is very long with many twists and turns and dead ends. Fortunately there are guiding lights on the way. One of the beacons of light for me was a beautiful photograph of Mother Hamilton. Another was a photograph of an intriguing East Indian man with long hair and intense eyes, Master Yogananda.

Through a very circuitous route of referrals from friends I ended up in the treatment room of Phyllis Victory. I was immediately drawn to a photograph of a woman who reminded me of a very dear friend who had passed on. I was then curious about the man in another photograph. In response to my questions Phyllis briefly replied the woman was her Guru and if I was interested in learning about the man I should read *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramhansa Yogananda.

I found the book in the library, read it and was even more interested in learning about the path of Master Yogananda and Mother Hamilton. I had more questions for Phyllis when I went for my next appointment. The next step was a referral to the Cross and Lotus website.

Finally...“when the student is ready the teacher appears.” I first met Yogacharya David in December, 2003 and was accepted as a disciple and received Kriya initiation in 2004. I am very grateful to Mother Hamilton and Master Yogananda for showing me the way to my Guru David. The light of God is reflected in David’s eyes, the same striking feature that drew me to the photographs of Mother and Master.

PRAYER TO MOTHER

BY STEPHANIE MACKIE

I feel you in my heart and pray for peace to all!
I feel your motherly warmth wrap around my body
and pray to all in need!
With every thought of you, I pray for world peace,
love and happiness.
You radiate all that I strive to be, a true mother to all!

LIMITLESS TREASURES

BY ANGELA VICTORY

Mother Hamilton highly influences my life; when I am feeling small and lacking the confidence in a grown up situation, I step into her skin and enter the room with her power, grace and love. I feel no separation for sometimes just a split second but it's enough to reset me to carry on. I always add Mother Hamilton to my makeovers and beauty routine; her tremendous energy brightens and uplifts from the inside out.

Mother not only influences me by who she was and what she taught but through dreams and visions. My first darshan of Mother Hamilton was in a dream: she was passing me by, skipping, in a large group of very happy people; her head was bobbing; she was in blue Indian attire; the sun was shining and she took my arm and gestured to me to come along and join her. Then I opened a makeup compact and looked in the mirror; her face was reflecting back at me, smiling and loving me.

Another encounter was in a session with David, talking about planting two feet firmly on the path. In my mind's eye, I could see an enormous cruise ship with all the bells and whistles, party lights; people having a blast; life really seemed to be happening on that ship. To my surprise when I went to investigate, all the rooms were empty, what seemed like the place to be, due to its festivities, was dark and lonely; there was nothing there for me. I stood on the dock and watched the cruise ship sail into the distance. Then I turned to my right and saw a high powered speed boat with only Mother Hamilton standing onboard, beaming and smiling the greatest smile, looking at my soul. I could feel the meaning of my talk with David and planting two feet firmly on her boat, so I did and she took off with such a roar. I was assuming that we were going forward in the direction the speed boat was facing but she completely surprised me and led me in an unpredictable direction. We were traveling at the highest speed and I was assuming again that the ride would feel bumpy and blow me over but instead it felt calm and steadfast with ease. She just kept surprising me with every thought; I loved it and I was so happy to have opened my heart to such an invitation.

MY MOMENT WITH MOTHER

BY RICK BOHR

As I write, it is Thanksgiving morning and pretty quiet around the neighborhood. A perfect time to write. Over past weeks I have been aware that the book of comments about Mother was being created but I was not getting a clear sense of what or if I would contribute some words. And then this morning during my practice it felt to me that today was the day to write. And so here I am, an hour later, giving thanks to Mother on Thanksgiving Day.

Before I tell my story about Mother, I want to share that ever since I consciously began on this path in 2002 I have wondered how it happened that even though Peter Schultz and I had been friends and had a business together as far back as 1985, I never did meet Mother. I was well aware that Peter did something called meditating. And I knew that for a couple of years he had a “Guru living in his garage.” Hmm, no one near the acreage I grew up on outside of Portland ever had one of those! But I never did meet Mother—at least not while she was in the body. However, she did introduce herself to me in a very powerful way a few years ago.

I had been attending church at Peter’s house in Ashland for a couple of years and had been to a few gatherings in the Seattle area and maybe one or two retreats. I had not yet been initiated into Kriya. Peter and I had traveled to one of the first gatherings at David and Carla’s new house. A main event of the night was to watch the video which had been crafted about Mother’s life. I suppose many devotees of David and Mother have seen that video. So there we were, a couple of dozen devotees gathered together in the house to share in watching the recently created, wonderful video. And during the presentation something very profound happened which changed my life and caused me to immediately become much more conscious of this path. It certainly caused me to become much more committed.

I was sitting in the very rear of the group and due to the number of folks present I did not have a super good view of the TV screen. But there was a clear path through the bodies and chairs which enabled me to see a good portion of the screen. I was so much enjoying seeing and

hearing about Mother's life, much of which I was previously unaware. I sat there absorbed and engrossed as I learned about the life of this woman whom I had heard so much about. Since I began on this path I had so much wished I had met her. And then she "zapped me," right from the TV screen! At a moment when a certain photo was paused on the screen and I was looking directly into the eyes of her photo, she did what I have always referred to as "zapping me." It was as if she sent some jolt of electricity from her eyes to my entire being. It was the most amazing God moment in my life up to that time. I was blessed to have had some wonderful God moments in my life before that and I have had very many since, but in that moment many things changed inside of me in a big way.

I remember there was a break in the program shortly after my experience with Mother. Cate Koler was sitting close to me and over time we had become acquainted. I knew she had been very close to Mother. And so in my state of combined shock, excitement, amazement and awe I blurted out to Cate what had happened. And although I don't recall any details about Cate's reaction ... her lack of astonishment was notable! I have wondered if Mother set things up so that Cate was the person I first mentioned this to, as she was so perfectly accessible to me at the moment. When I told her the story she seemed to act as though this sort of occurrence was not so highly unusual: she acted as if such amazing things can and do happen when we are on this path ... well, to say I took note of this possibility would be an understatement! And so that night and early the next morning I could not stop thinking about and recalling how it felt when Mother "zapped" me. And what was the meaning of it?

The next morning David, Peter, I and a couple of other devotees went to breakfast together. I told them the story over breakfast. And to a person, they were all very happy for me when they heard this had happened. And they acted sort of as Cate had the night before ... as though this sort of thing happens to devotees on this path and they did not seem very shocked or as if this sort of experience was so highly unusual. I thought, *could this be?* That sealed the deal for me. You see, it was clear to me that I had just experienced something that most humans would

consider impossible. And some others would call it a miracle. But to my future Guru and several devotees of Mother, this was recognized as being not so incredibly unusual, not at all impossible.

I left that breakfast with the sense Mother was real and alive in my life. Somehow, it seems that maybe Mother knew that I needed some sort of special event to get to a point of deeper belief and commitment. Shortly after that event I set up my special altar, my place to do my practice. One of the photos along with photos of our line of gurus, is a copy of the one from which Mother introduced herself to me that night.

Thank you so much, Mother, for being in my life. In that one brief moment you immeasurably raised my level of belief in what may be possible in this human life. And in the time since, I have realized that what also happened in that moment is that you helped me to move closer and deeper with David.

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

And this was very real to me. It was as though this was a kingdom. I had Jerusalem within myself. I had all of those who were going to crucify the Christ within me right there, and those also who tried to save me.

And so I found through my own experience the true meaning of the Bible. I realized it. It wasn't something that I had just read about. It wasn't something that I had listened about in a sermon, but something which I actually experienced within my own being.

MOTHER HAMILTON (November 2, 1960)

A POWERFUL PRESENCE OF PURE LOVE

BY JODI INGRAM

I met David, Mother and the Masters three years ago. I was 16 when Mother left the body. I am now 36. David met Mother in 1974, the year I was born. I believe that I have matured and grown over these last few years in very profound ways, perhaps more than I ever have.

Having lost many close relatives including my parents, grandparents, aunt, uncle and friends, I have discovered that relationship in spirit is very intimate. As I read Mother's words in "The Cross and the Lotus Journal" and as I listen to David and those who have known her, I have felt her person and spirit. I have imagined that I am Mother at the times that I have needed to be strongest; this tiny woman with a powerful presence of pure love, pure spirit. I can see with my medicine eyes and feel with my medicine heart that wherever we gather there she is.

Mother stands behind, and all around David and each one of us as we meditate and learn. Mother hears the deepest yearnings of our hearts. She knows our fears and our sorrows. She feels what we feel, and if we ask she opens the door for us. Mother and Jesus, and Master, and all the great masters of realization, are always right beside us and behind us knowing that this dream of separation has already passed and that we are one and the same. When I think of Mother I know who and what I long to be, and therefore who and what I am.

I remember driving home from Nanaimo to Port Alberni in a thunder shower one night. I could barely see the road and I was very tired. My hand gripped the wheel and I leaned forward to try to make out the road. "Om Sri Ram" repeated over and over in my mind. Then as I drove I felt that I would be safe. I could feel the presence of Mother and the Masters pouring through me, from behind, like a river. It was a wonderful and magical energy. It felt like such a complete love.

I knew in that moment more than ever before that God is love and that there is nothing that can happen to me that could ever change that. My fear went away in those moments and all I felt was God's love at work. I had no expectations of what that looked like or how it should be ... it simply was. It simply is ... more amazing and magical and incredible than I can express.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

I feel like Mother is one of the great grandmothers. She wraps her skirts around us with the greatest protection. To ask for her protection is to ask for God's protection. There is no fear. I know her in the most intimate way, in the deepest part of my heart. I know her by her fruits. And the seeds that she sows in me, and I know that it is very good!

And it is all God's will, because during a certain phase of the development, it is absolutely necessary that you have the outer Guru. But the time comes when even that outer form must disappear, and the Guru goes inside of your heart. If you are still attached to the form, that one goes within and takes you through the last mile. But don't forget this, that you have to break all forms before you can become completely liberated because God is beyond duality, beyond form, He is beyond every thing there is; He is your spirit, and your attachment to that form; in the end, at the time when it is right and you are ready, he [the form] must disappear in order that you get your God-realization. It is not that you will not feel love and revere God in that form which came to take you to Him, because that is there in deep gratitude.

The trouble I had with Ramdas was over this very thing. For me, Master was. There was no other, and yet he, himself, wrote an article in one of the old East-West Magazines (one of these days I will come across it and I will read it to you) where he says, "People are always crucifying their Master because they insist that God is only in that one. They should give love, reverence, and respect to God, the Guru, in all forms who serve Him." And this is true. As I told you, I believe I have come to know that Master and Ramdas are but two different sides to the same face of God. Both had a tremendous love for me in taking me to Him.

MOTHER HAMILTON (April, 1964)

IN HER GAZE

BY BRIANA JONES

What an infinite treasure to have been born into a family held firmly and lovingly in the tender arms of our beloved Mother.

My early memories of Mother are blurred, like the unfocused brush strokes of an impressionist painting—a soft swash of sherbet orange robe, the whisper of something sweet mixed with unfathomable strength, the clinging to my own mother, who felt so safe and pure, infused with the loving spirit of her guru.

I was baptized by Mother, and though I have no human memories of this experience, I was told that as I was held up to her, my eyes became locked on hers, as they had to no other person or thing during my short time on the earth. I can't help but feel that in her gaze I was blessed for all eternity, always to be held in her protection, love and infinite grace.

Looking back to when I came to David and this spiritual group, I now feel that it was Mother who carried me to the doorstep of my Guru's heart that Easter Sunday. I had come to a climax of suffering and pain in my heart the prior evening, feeling that I would surely break into a thousand irreparable pieces, when my mom began to talk to me about Mother. As she spoke of her first memories of meeting Mother, I felt a ray of hope enter my soul. I had been reading the *Autobiography of a Yogi* at the time, and was longing to be led to a truth that would set my heart free. Oh Mother! Just hearing of her was like having a pitcher of liquid peace poured over my heart. At the end of the evening, my mom suggested that she and I go to meet David in Mount Vernon that very next day. It was by Mother's loving hand that we were both guided towards our truest destiny.

Not long after, my mom gave me a gift—a tiny miniature Bible given to me by Mother at my baptism. When I opened it with an exalted spirit, my eyes laid upon Mother's written hand. Such a message of love written to a tiny baby, and the powerful vibration of pure Divine Spirit washed over me with incredible force. My heart overflowed, and I knew then that I belonged to Mother and Mother belonged to me.

Stories From Devotees and Friends

My beautiful Param-Guru of such strength, spirit, and transforming grace. With all of my heart and soul I thank Mother for her constant, guiding presence of love and perfection that has touched so many in my family, and in the world. Mother saved my tormented heart and brought me to the feet of my dearest Divine Guru, for which I can find no words to describe the gratitude and love that wells within my heart.

May we ever walk in the precious golden footsteps of Mother's Light and Love.

Lahiri Mayasaya left this world shortly after I had entered it. His picture, in an ornate frame, always graced our family altar in the various cities to which Father was transferred by his office. Many a morning and evening found Mother and me meditating before an improvised shrine, offering flowers dipped in fragrant sandalwood paste. With frankincense and myrrh as well as our united devotions, we honoured the divinity which had found full expression in Lahiri Mahasaya.

His picture had a surpassing influence over my life. As I grew, the thought of the master grew with me. In meditation I would often see his photographic image emerge from its small frame and, taking a living form, sit before me. When I attempted to touch the feet of his luminous body, it would change and again become the picture. As childhood slipped into boyhood, I found Lahiri Mahasaya transformed in my mind from a little image, cribbed in a frame, to a living, enlightening presence.

PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA, *Autobiography of a Yogi*

OUR LIVING MOTHER

BY KIRITI SENGUPTA

Mother Mildred Hamilton. *Mother Hamilton.* She is simply, “**Mother.**” Never I had an opportunity to feel Her mortal presence. Yet, She is my Mother.

My encounter with *Mother Hamilton* began in the year 2008 as I surfed through the internet and located the website of The Cross and The Lotus team. Mother’s devotees founded this organization to publish her teachings. I vividly remember when I saw Mother for the first time; I experienced an amazing calming effect. Her very presence in the photograph acted as an instant tranquilizer. Later I came to know of Mother’s Divine Life from the journal and was utterly astonished to realize that She was the only Lady who had been offered the title of “*Yogacharya*” by Her Guru, Swami Yogananda Giri Maharaj who is popularly known as *Paramhansa Yogananda*, the author of the spiritual classic, “*Autobiography of a Yogi.*”

Mother Hamilton propagated the teachings of *Yogiraj Lahiree Mahasaya*, the fountainhead of *Kriyayoga*, in the sense that She propagated Kriya. Once *Lahiree Mahasaya* wrote, “*Propagate Kriya and you would derive divine bliss.*”

In the year 2008 The Cross and The Lotus team published a brief biography of my Guru-ji, *Yogacharya Dr. Ashoke Kumar Chatterjee*, The “*World Kriyayoga Master.*” As I offered the September ‘08 issue of the journal to Guru-ji, I saw a spark in His eyes whilst He looked on the cover-page which carried a photograph of *Mother Hamilton*. Guru-ji’s vision paused for a few minutes and I could sense an unexplainable exchange of vibrations between Them.

Mother has left Her mortal frame years back, but wait, who says, “She is no more”!! It is just the unavailability of Her worldly existence. Mother Hamilton is still alive, as *Srimad Bhagavad Geeta* urges, “*Soul never dies.*”

For the soul there is neither birth nor death at any time. [...] He is unborn, eternal, ever-existing and primeval.

Bhagavad Gita, 2-20



APPENDIX A

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE WRITTEN TO MOTHER IN HONOR
OF HER 80TH BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1984.
SOME OF THE LETTERS ARE ADDRESSED TO YOGACHARYA DAVID
BECAUSE HE HANDLED THE CORRESPONDENCE FOR THIS WORK.

Letters From Saints on Mother's 80th Birthday

Dearest Mother,

In a few months, we will have been dear friends for a quarter of a century! In one way it seems like yesterday, yet, in another—ages. So many things have happened in our lives—especially yours.

In '60 when you came to N.Y.C. at Rose's invitation, I had been to only a few meditation sessions at the S.R.F. group at Carnegie Hall in N.Y.C. I heard Rose tell someone—don't forget, next week a Yogacharya will be here, she lectures, sings and plays an Indian instrument. I thought that would be great—probably she would dance while chanting! Imagine my surprise when I saw a beautiful American woman clothed in a yellow-gold robe topped by a startling blue satin cape. You looked as if you had just arrived from another world (and I guess you did). It took but a short time for me to learn what a wonderful supply of love, truth and understanding you were able to give at each lecture.

Whenever you were in N.Y. life became exciting and interesting and I recall that when I would walk from 5th Ave. & 34th St., where my office was in the Empire State Building to 57th St. and 7th Ave. to Carnegie Hall, Om would always be louder than usual. Even all the city noise did not dim it one bit—the closer I was to 57th St., the louder Om became! I soon realized I had found a great pearl!

I have always been thankful to God, Christ and the Gurus especially Yogananda for bringing us together. Surely my life has been greatly enriched. With a thankful heart, much love and appreciation for your unconditional love, willingness to help all and the giving of yourself **twenty four hours a day!!** I wish you a wonderful birthday, improved health and may your pure heart always beat in tune with His.

Yours with love and
In Divine Friendship, I am
FREDDA

December 25, 1984
Merry Christmas.

Om Shree Rama Jay Rama

Jay Jay Rama

Dear David Hickenbottom,

Namaskar.

Received your letter of 9th November '84 today only.

I have good relations with Yogacharya Mother. We stayed at Anandashram for a couple of days at the feet of Holy late Swami Ramdas and Mother Krishnabai. She did her Sadhana there for few days. Again she came to India—specially at Ahmedabad with Marjorie. We went to see a very great saint named “Shree Mota” at “Hari Om Ashram” at Nadiad. There Mother & Rev. late Shree Mota talked for a while and then quietly stared at each other for about ten minutes and both had tears in eyes. Rev. Mota said, “You are my mother” and then both of them embraced each other.

It was a great and awe inspiring scene. We had gone to another ashram “Sadashiv Swami Ashram”—who was also a great saint and with whom Mother had discussion on the “Devotion to Sun”. We call that Upasana “Devotion to Gayatri Devi” i.e. Lord Sun’s devotion. The Mother was much pleased with his Mantras and specially “Japa Yoga”.

There are many such instances but for “Mother’s birthday”—it is enough.

My hearty greetings to her on her birthday. May the Almighty Lord Rama and Lord Krishna keep her physically fit and mentally inspired to work for God, to devote her special time for God only.

With best compliments for X-mas and New Year to all of you.

Sincerely yours

JAYMAN R. DAW’EE

Letters From Saints on Mother's 80th Birthday

Dear Mother,

The memories of our joyful days spent visiting saints and sages in India will remain with me always.

My love and appreciation goes along with these memories for the great care and patience you have always given me.

Many long years ago it was you who opened my heart to spiritual values.

In divinized love,

MARGE

The first words I heard from you in our first meeting: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God...."

Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram

Revered Yogacharya Mother Hamilton –

Today, December 22nd 1984¹ is one of the auspicious days for us all.

We all pray our All-merciful Lord, dear Mother, that He may continue to shower His blessings on you on this your 80th birthday today so that you may be enabled to continue to serve Him in humanity for all TIME!

You, dear Mother, are aware that it is now many years that we were first introduced by our beloved Master Swami Ramdas and beloved Mother Krishnabai in the holy garden of Anandashram, Kanhangad, India. Since then God has arranged frequent meetings between us in India when we both were blessed to hear your inspiring talks. It is your love and kindness for us all, dear Mother, that you continue to remember us by sending us beautiful, inspiring and picturesque New Year Cards with your blessings.

Mrs. Chandrakala joins me in sending our heartfelt greetings, and we both pray, dear Mother, that your dedicated life be blessed with good health and happiness so that you, dear Mother, may continue to enlighten the hearts of all devotees so that they may experience God's Grace and enjoy Divine BLISS.

With love and all best Wishes to all devotees and affectionate prostrations to Revered Mother,

Ever Yours,

N.G. PARIKH

¹ Mother's birthday is Dec. 25 but the celebration was on Dec. 22.

Letters From Saints on Mother's 80th Birthday

Dr. Parvinder Singh
Managing Director

Ranbaxy Laboratories Limited
19, Nehru Place, New Delhi—110019

November 28, 1984

Dearest Mother,

Your 80th Birthday falls on December 25.

I am writing to send our very best wishes to you on this happy occasion. Both Nimmi and I pray for your good health and a long life so that you could continue to guide your devoted disciples on their path to self-realisation and to God realisation.

Mother, I can never forget that it was through your love, guidance and understanding that I was able to recognize the difference between orthodox religion and the path of spirituality. You have been the light to so many struggling souls and have put them on the path through which they can ultimately realize their oneness with the Supreme Being, no matter what name we give to Him.

Please accept our sincerest good wishes and we seek your blessings in our journey back to the Lord.

With love,

PARVI

SRI ANNAMALAI

Phone: 613037

ADWAITA ANAND ASHRAMM

NO: 9, FIRST MAIN ROAD, (EAST)

SHENOY NAGAR, MADRAS-30, S.INDIA

21-11-1984

Beloved Mr. Hickenbottom,

I thank you for your kind letter and come to know of our Beloved Mother Hamilton's 80th birthday, being to be celebrated on December 22.

You know the universe exists only in the mind, and disappears in the mind, when the mind is withdrawn. So, in the universe the mind is everything, and the mind does everything. The universe is only the Creation of the Mind.

The mind loses its creative force and its ego, when it comes in direct contact with God in Nirvikalpa Samadhi. The ego sense of I, me, mine and etc., are crucified there. Such persons will have no birth or death knowledge in their mind.

I think our Mother's mind has reached to that stage. She is always one with God and there can be no separation.

If you develop your thinking & try to get your answer for, "Is there anything in anything?" You will get only 0 as answer (zero), which is Infinite God Himself. So let us place all our problems, whatever it may be, at His Lotus Feet, and carry on our work, constantly thinking of Him, and praying to Him. Then we will find, we will have no problems of our own, and we live in peace and calm.

Though we seem to be living in distant places, I am always with our Mother Hamilton and you all.

May God shower His Choicest Blessings on Mother Hamilton throughout, and on you all.

Ever Your Self,
SRI ANNAMALAI
21-11-1984

4th December, 1984

Dear Mr. David,

I am delighted to receive your letter dt. 9.11.84 reg. Revered Mother's Birthday Celebrations.

I regret the delay in replying, for the reasons, that your letter reached my old address from where I shifted over three years ago. It was further delayed due to unprecedented communal riots in Delhi. I am sure you have read a lot about the carnage let loose on our community.

Mother Hamilton's memories are deeply embedded in our heart. I vividly remember Mother's love and affections that she gave me when she was in Delhi. Please convey my grateful thanks to Revered Mother for having considered me among her loved ones. I wish I could personally greet her. However, I am sending a Greeting Card through you for long life & health and pray for her so that she could continue enlightening the souls of millions of followers and share the miseries of suffering humanity.

With kind regard.

Yours sincerely,

SURJIT SINGH.

30-11-1984

Beloved Mother,

Mataji and myself have received letters from our friend Mr. David Hickenbottom from which we learned that they are celebrating your 80th birthday on 22nd December. It is really a day of rejoicing for all the friends who are so devoted to you and who have been looking upon you for their spiritual guidance. It also gives us great joy to learn that you continue to be a source of inspiration to many earnest aspirants there. Mataji and myself pray for the Lord's continued blessings on you for perfect health so that the great work you have been doing may go on for the immense benefit of innumerable seekers of truth. Kindly accept our hearty love and pronams. We would like to hear from you how your health is and how your great work is going on.

Love and regards.

Ever your Self,
SATCHIDANANDA

Yogacharya Mildred Hamilton
U.S.A.



APPENDIX B

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE WRITTEN TO MOTHER BY SWAMI SATCHIDANANDA FROM THE YEARS 1959 TO 1987. THESE ARE EXCERPTS FROM HIS LETTERS THAT DEAL WITH MOTHER'S SPIRITUAL WORK AND ATTAINMENT IN GOD-REALIZATION.

18th June, 1959.

Beloved Mother,

[...] Papa asked me to write to you that he has read your letter carefully, especially what you have written about the various experiences you had gone through and your present spiritual state. Considering all points, Papa advises you that you must now concentrate more on your own sadhana, staying wherever you are at present, and before you think of going out of the United State of America you must have attained the highest spiritual status. Spiritual realisation alone is the authority for us to guide people on the Godward path. We must have realised our oneness with Him, must see Him alone everywhere and we must always be conscious that He is the supreme God-head who is beyond all that is manifest and unmanifest.

Papa wants me to add that we will all be happy to have you here again when you next go out of America. We do think of your stay here very often. After you left, many friends from Europe and America visited us for short periods. It has been seen clearly that, for people, especially from the West, it is difficult to stay here for long periods, due to various reasons. The main difficulty arises in regard to food and climatic conditions.

It is very interesting to note that some very good aspirants are in your circle, and that you are meeting together frequently. It is true you have to do a lot of travels in those parts to meet friends and followers together.

29th September, 1968

Beloved Mother,

[...] You must have reached The States after the memorable tour in India and many other places on the way back. There is no wonder that wherever you went you met with pure and unadulterated love. It cannot be otherwise because you are so full of God who is love [...]

4th July, 1969

Beloved Mother,

God's ways are mysterious. He is still making you pass through fire as it were. He alone knows what it is for. Of course, from the results, you understand that it was all to give you further lift and make you established in Him. When He makes you His instrument, He has to make your body also perfectly fit for it. Has He enabled you to regain your normal health? I can imagine how busy you are there surrounded by friends and earnest aspirants to hear you talk about God and by doing so going into ecstasies. There are many many people who can talk about God, give detailed expositions of scriptures, Gita, Upanishads etc., but unless they also really live in God, the teachings simply fall flat. I very well remember how Papa had assured you that you would become the guiding Star in the West. It is a very happy thing to see how this is coming true and how you are able to live, move and have your being in Him. May He be praised!

December 19, 1970

Beloved Mother,

[...] your beautiful card conveying your greetings and best wishes for Christmas and New Year has been received [...] Beloved Papa has assured you that God will work great things through you. We can imagine how busy you are with the various appointments and lots of correspondence to attend to [...] You must be busy in connection with the celebration of the great day when the Great Master chose to come in human form. I am sure in the midst of such loving friends and earnest seekers you will be in ecstasies radiating divine peace and joy all-around. May you have a very happy Christmas.

25th August, 1971

Beloved Mother,

[...] It would have been impossible for any other person with less inner strength and courage. Whatever physical ailments you had to pass through, the all-merciful Lord gave you wonderful

strength to bear them not only patiently but cheerfully also. How wonderfully you are carrying on your work in spite of all these physical handicaps!

The pictures that you sent give us some idea of your great work. It is sure the young ones will be after you to know and experience more and more the bliss of the Supreme. They will naturally be after the wonderful person who can unravel this mystery and make them stand face to face with the Truth or at least taste a bit of His peace and bliss.

The Government rules may put many restrictions in regard to religious teachings at schools which of course is a very silly thing to do. But the urge for God-realisation and God-experience cannot be curbed by any Government rules or law. The Divine Law will see to it that the really aspiring ones are enabled to contact and be guided by those who can show them the path and lead them by the hand.

How can religious life be boring? People do not realize that it is the other way. A real life is only a life lived in God. Everything else is groping in darkness. The saddest part of it is that they do not even realise that there is light which they can see if only they open their eyes, which will make them free for ever. Mysterious are His ways!

29th December, 1972.

Beloved Mother,

[...] Beloved Papa's words are being proved. God is making you do His work even though He keeps your body very frail. God's work God fulfills. Let us feel blessed that He has chosen us to be His instruments. What a splendid thing—to spread peace and joy everywhere, to awaken the consciousness of God in the hearts of the seekers. On one side when God is playing His wonderful game of pure worldliness, He is making you an instrument, He is bringing peace, harmony and happiness.

He must surely keep your health in good condition. This is our prayer. But why does He not do it, He alone knows. Perhaps He

Memories of Mother — Appendix B

wants to show to the world that when His power works even a frail body can do wonderful things or rather He can do wonderful things even through a frail body.

3-12-1979

Beloved Mother,

[...] You must be very busy with your students getting ready to celebrate the great occasion — Christmas. You are sure to awaken in them the real meaning of Christmas. Mataji and all of us here wish and pray for Beloved Papa's blessings on you and all your students for a very blissful Christmas and that the New Year may bring you all good health, more success in your great work and enable you to lead your students to their cherished goal.

7-1-1980

Beloved Mother,

When your work increases and many aspiring souls are coming to you for spiritual guidance and help, the Lord will surely come forward to help you to find a suitable place to meet together and talk to them. The experiences you went through while you were here were really horrible and unimaginable. He made you pass through them and now He is making you reap the sweet fruits not only for you to enjoy but for many other seekers also.

1-3-1987

Beloved Mother,

[...] We are, at the same time, sorry to know that you have been suffering from tremendous pain. This reminds us of our Mataji's suffering in 1976 when she had Spondylitis. She was suffering so much that it was unbearable for us to see her. But, somehow, Beloved Papa made her come out of the ordeal and now she is much better in health though her movements are somewhat restricted. She is able to meet and talk to the many devotees visiting the Ashram daily and also see to their comforts etc.

We are sure, Beloved Papa will enable you also to get over your pain and do the great work that has to be done.

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This book is about the extraordinary effect that Mother Hamilton had, and continues to have, on those who have come into contact with her. These writings are but a very small sampling of the thousands of lives that Mother touched, changed and lifted into higher Consciousness. I know as you read this book you will feel the Guru-shakti, the powerful spiritual current of a realized Master. The effect of Mother on aspirants and her spiritual standing is attested to by some of the greatest spiritual masters of the 20th century.

"Words fail to describe how my spirit & the spirit of the masters are rejoicing for your opening of the SRF Centre. As spiritual you are—This is the fulfillment of a long-waiting wish of God and the masters."

Paramhansa Yogananda

"You will be a great spiritual force to guide people in America. God will make you a blazing and powerful instrument to spread His message in America."

Swami (Papa) Ramdas

"I very well remember how Papa had assured you that you would become the guiding Star in the West. It is a very happy thing to see how this is coming true and how you are able to live, move and have your being in Him. May He be praised!"

Swami Satchidananda

The ego sense of I, me, mine and etc., are crucified there. Such persons will have no birth or death knowledge in their mind. . . our Mother's mind has reached to that stage. She is always one with God and there can be no separation.

Sri Annamali

