

*OH MASTER,
MY SAVIOR*

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*MY BELOVED GURU,
PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA*

By Yogacharya Mother Hamilton

Published By Her Devotees
In Her Own Words
From Her Talks and Writings, 1960 – 1987

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Oh Master, My Savior
My Beloved Guru, Paramhansa Yogananda
By Reverend Mother Yogacharya M. Hamilton

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DEDICATED TO
GOD, CHRIST, GURU

From the first moment I met my guru he took me over, just body, mind and soul, and I loved him with all my heart. I have many times wondered if he wasn't the Christ come a second time and nobody had recognized him.

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The word 'guru' means "he who comes to lead you out of the darkness into the light." In simple terms it means the spiritual teacher. It is taken from the Sanskrit. 'Gu' means darkness and 'ru' means light.

When you give everything you have to God and lay yourself at the feet of the guru, that one who comes to take you to God within yourself, then you know what true love means. It's a tremendous thing. It is total self-sacrifice. It is a total giving, and the guru comes as the example of what each and every one of you can be.

That love is so great that it forgives all of your sins — because there is but one desire in the heart, the mind, the soul of the guru, and that is to lift suffering humanity out of the rut into which it has fallen, and help it to become that which in truth it is in God — to help each individual soul not to be a duplicate of somebody else, not to be patterned after someone else, but to find within themselves the pattern of their own life, their own soul, their own consciousness; to help them to give forth this greatest gift in the world, which is the love of God.

FOREWORD

By Reverend Lawrence Koler

Mother Hamilton had the good fortune to come under the influence of the great spiritual master, Paramhansa Yogananda, during his life here in America. He came with the express purpose of bringing back the original teachings of the Christ and to demonstrate how well they corresponded with the higher teachings of India.

When Swami (his initial title) Yogananda left for America in 1920, his guru, Swami Sri Yukteswar Giri, told him: "All those who come to you with faith, seeking God, will be helped. As you look at them, the spiritual current emanating from your eyes will enter into their brains and change their material habits, making them more God-conscious."¹

Mother met her master in 1925 at the Masonic Hall in Seattle, Washington. After his talk, when she stepped forward to shake his hand, as she often told us, "He took hold of my hand and he looked into my eyes and before God, it was just as though an electric shock went through every part of my body, from head to feet."

Thus started a lifelong dedication of spirit between a young American woman (Mother was only twenty years old) and a master from the East—a *Raja Yoga* master with many new and mysterious stories and a philosophy that was transcendent and unlike anything she could have conceived. She learned so much in her early years with her master that she could hardly hold it all. He told her that God is within us and that He was a completely loving God. These were the days when there was

¹ Paramhansa Yogananda, *Autobiography of a Yogi*, 1st ed., 1946, The Philosophical Library, p. 355

no teaching of reincarnation and that just one lifetime was all we had—and we had better make the most progress before the bell tolls.

Master's² way of talking about God wasn't one of desperation and guilt and sin. Mother lamented that Christian religions taught us the concept of original sin. Although, she knew that Master taught about karma and reincarnation, she insisted that we shouldn't start a new life with a debt consciousness. Instead, she taught original innocence. She pressed parents to teach their children about God's great love for us all.

Master came with what for us Americans was a revolutionary philosophy that was presented with great clarity and logic. In her early life, Mother seemed to know innately that what she was being taught about God by her church and the culture of the day wasn't the highest religious teaching and she was attracted to the inner experiential approach. Mother was primed in the experiences of her life to prize what Master came to bring to the West.

Master's great book, *Autobiography of a Yogi*, demonstrates the guru-disciple relationship so wonderfully. Mother became an ardent disciple as she pored over every edition of his Lessons that were sent out by mail. In 1933 Master visited Seattle, and Mother received initiation into *Kriya Yoga*. She had to wait eight long years after first meeting him to have this valuable spiritual boost. Later Master made her a center leader, then a minister with permission to initiate others into Kriya practice. Master also gave her the title *Yogacharya* (master of yoga) at his last convocation in 1951.

In those early days with Master, Mother told us "my father used to berate me terrifically and tell me that I'd 'follow that

² Mother called Yogananda "Master." We disciples follow her in this.

old Indian any place on earth.’ And I told him that was so; I would, because God in my guru came first.” When Mother would tell us this story, what was humorous and intriguing for us disciples was knowing that Mother’s father was part Iroquois Indian.

As the years went on, her loyalty never wavered. Master cured her daughter once and Mother herself many times. She learned that she could always depend on him when she was under duress, especially through the Great Depression. She had to earn a living for her family of three children and a disabled husband and Master would always support her. This was the way that she learned what miracles really are and how they were granted through Master’s intercession and the great power of God within himself.

Later she learned firsthand of his mystical powers, too. She went through many spiritual experiences and most of these after Master passed in 1952. His presence and power never lessened after death—instead it grew more powerful as he worked his will for particular people who were under his charge in his remarkable life. Mother was one of these fortunate ones and she was slowly initiated into the higher realms. He was her way-shower and she followed him to “any place on earth” and beyond—into the supernal realms of the angels and above.

The physical distance between Mother and Master while he lived in California—so far away from Seattle—was the void through which Mother’s spirit reached out to know of him and to think of him continuously through her younger years. After his passing there were many changes made to his work and this disturbed Mother greatly. She was used to being on her own and so she followed God’s guidance and ended up leaving the old organization and eschewing even the use of organi-

zations entirely because of what she had learned of the pitfalls that accompany such entities.

Organizations aren't well suited to spread spiritual teachings. They are often heavily influenced by dogmatic and legalistic intrusions into the teachings. And sometimes, the people who end up running these organizations are not selected using the primary attribute of spiritual attainment.

Mother, for most of her life with Master, was connected primarily through the spiritual golden thread that binds all disciples to their gurus. She had very little personal time with him over the years, but she leaned on him inwardly and when desperate, she communicated with him by telegram to get the needed help.

In this book, Mother speaks of her great love and admiration for Master. He brought her to know God personally and he taught her to follow the inner path to Him. Paramhansa Yogananda was a great soul who was brought to this earth to change the direction of humanity. He chose Mother to carry out the work of experiencing and explaining the mysticism in the Christian scriptures. Mother devoted her life to this.

As a result of meeting her master, Mother was helped immensely to make a journey of discovery that resulted in her complete realization of the Self. This was Master's great prayer for all of us—that we gain Self-realization and that in doing so we change thousands, as he always promised.

This book tells a small part of that story and it is made possible by use of the legacy that Mother left us: her many recorded talks and a few writings, so much of which was infused with her stories of her love and gratitude for her blessed master.

EDITOR'S NOTE

In 2025, the devotees of Mother Hamilton celebrated the centenary year of Mother's first meeting with her beloved guru, Paramhansa Yogananda. This anniversary inspired us to create a book by and for her about her relationship with him.

All of the words in this book come from Mother Hamilton herself. They were gleaned from the over 900 talks she gave to her disciples from the early 1960s until the mid-1980s. Mother taught from her own God-experience. She often spoke of her Master, but we do not have any transcripts where she told the whole story of her life and time with him in one or even a couple of talks. Thus, we have woven together sections from dozens of talks to create a narrative. Mother often retold her favorite anecdotes about Master, sometimes emphasizing one point, and sometimes another. We, as long-time disciples, took the liberty of deciding which one best fit the thread of the story at that point.

We chose the chapter titles using Mother's words, each with a different theme, and while the chapters do not precisely fit into certain chronological dates, they do commence at the beginning of Mother's relationship with her guru and end with his passing. Furthermore, those stories could be related from a talk she gave in the 1960s or from the 1980s so the reader may sense a slight shift of her perspective.

Mother warned many times that disciples should not change the words of their guru. We have been most mindful of that admonition and have only taken the liberty of removing words like "and," "so" and other transitional words at the beginning of a sentence which are prevalent in speech but might hinder the reader's enjoyment. Any additional words,

such as identifying by name a “he” or “she” to avoid confusion, were inserted in square brackets. We have also added a few footnotes.

We retained Mother’s and Master’s own punctuation for their written words. Most of the book is taken from Mother’s talks and thus, of necessity, we have punctuated it as we have seen fit.

May these stories of Mother’s inspire your own appreciation and admiration of the peerless master, Paramhansa Yogananda. And may the example of Mother’s love for God, Christ and Guru illumine your heart and soul.

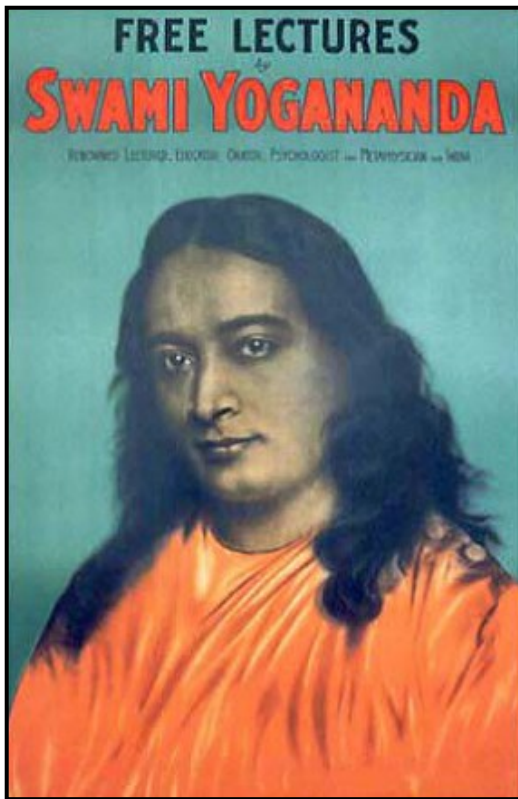
– Cate Koler and the editing team

“Somehow, if God ever permits me to write, I hope to find some way to keep it as God has given it to me, as He has put me through the Truth. I don’t want it changed, because unless you yourself have been through the fire of testing, unless you have gone all the way and returned, then you are not in a position to judge whether something is true or not. Write from your own state of consciousness, but do not change that which has been given. That is taking license of the first order.”

– from a talk in June, 1981

MASTER, MY SAVIOR

Oh Master, my Savior I'm waiting
For oneness with Thee so divine
Make me a wave in Thy ocean
Of infinite bliss sublime
Oh my Lord, Oh my God
Oh my Savior, my own
Prepare a mansion in Heaven
There I'll join Thy angels and sing
Om.....Om.....Om.....Om.



TO MY GURU, PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

Out of God's paradise you came to me
Filling my waiting soul with His ecstasy
Teaching of love divine, wisdom from Heaven
Each precious word a jewel whose lustre Time cannot
deaden.

CHAPTER ONE

“YOU CAME TO ME”

**I MEET MY MASTER,
SWAMI YOGANANDA**

Seattle, USA,
1925

When a master comes on earth, the whole earth is sanctified. The whole earth is uplifted. They who are privileged to cross his path are forever blessed.

In the beginning we go many places searching for God. Some people are interested in social functions; other people are interested in meeting their brothers and in worshipping together. But when it is time and God actually touches you on the shoulder and says, “Now, my son, it is time that you come home,” He sends somebody special. It is said in India that when the world is rampant with sin, that God Himself takes human form and comes to uplift His children.

At the time that each individual soul is ready for such an experience, God sends a master to that one, and my master, Paramhansa Yogananda, was such a man—a man completely liberated, a man of the most dynamic personality and character I have ever met in my life. He had the power to sway multitudes. He could make them laugh or cry or be serious—it didn’t make any difference what it was—he could hold them right at his fingertips. I have sat at his feet and it seemed as though when I knelt there that I touched the hem of the garment of God, and in so doing, I realized the quality of the material out of which I must weave my own destiny.

I’d been brought up an orthodox Roman Catholic, and I had had all of the usual indoctrinations, and yet when I was fourteen years old, I was not satisfied. Something inside of me didn’t accept this constant talking about “we are all born in the world in sin. We are miserable sinners. Repent, repent.” And the hellfire and damnation that we were constantly threatened with and also what was going to happen to us if we didn’t contribute to the mortgage on the church—we were sure going to hell for that—this is what I heard, constantly. The mass was

said in Latin, which I couldn't understand, and at the time when I was a child they had an influx of young, Irish priests from Ireland, and in addition to saying the mass in Latin they also spoke English in a brogue that I couldn't understand.

I was having a terrible time. So somehow, inside of myself, I reached out for something greater. I didn't know what it was, but I had visions of a universal Christ, of a universal love, and I couldn't get anything with what was being taught to me to conform with that. Gradually my dissatisfaction grew, because as I grew I seemed to realize that there was something else in this world besides what I had been taught—that God couldn't be as He had been pictured to me. And gradually, I began to see Him in all the trees and the flowers and the growing things of the earth, and I saw Him in every man.

Finally, I read a book. Strangely enough it was Marie Corelli's *A Romance of Two Worlds* and for the first time in my life I realized there was something outside of what I had been taught. Now that may not be a tremendously spiritual book, but it was the one that inspired me, and I started reading, and I read and I read. The more I read, the more I went inside of myself and thought about all of this. I didn't know about meditation because I hadn't been taught; I had been taught parrot-like prayers.

I remember that going to church Sunday after Sunday and the priest would say the prayers, but before we would have a chance to repeat them after, he would be started on the next one and say them so rapidly that it wasn't really given to God at all. Nothing was being thought about the words that were said. Now that may not be true of every church, of every teaching, but it was true with the experience that I had. And I had many bad experiences as a little child in the church.

So, with everything in me, finally, I made up my mind that when I became of age—and I was an only child, the only hard little customer that lived out of seven children that my mother had—I made up my mind that I wasn't going to be a Roman Catholic anymore. So when I became eighteen years old, I switched. I left the church. And you can imagine what I went through with my parents. They were horrified.

I came to Seattle from the Middle-West and I went to work for a large firm. There was an accountant there who used to audit our books once every month, so we became quite well acquainted. We discovered we had a mutual interest in religion and philosophy and so over the months we talked about these subjects.

One day he came in all excited and he said to me, "Mildred, there is a great Hindu *rishi* coming to town, Swami Yogananda. And I said, "Swami Yogananda? What's a *swami*?" I had never heard the word before in my life.

He said, "He's one of the great masters of the East. He was here last year, and you must come and hear him."

Well, I wasn't very much enthused about going, but finally he said to me, "If you will come with me tonight, I will call my wife up and ask her if it's all right if I take you." He had a wife and five children.

I thought: Well, if it means that much to him, I'll go. He called her, and she said it was perfectly all right.

The meeting started at eight o'clock and we were just a little bit late, but it hadn't quite started. He hadn't come out on the platform yet. We got seats up in the balcony, and as I looked around—this was the Masonic Temple in Seattle, and it was a huge place—the place was absolutely filled. We got two of the

last seats there and I thought: This man must have something to draw so large an audience.

People were all talking. All of a sudden there was a great stillness, and I saw their eyes turn toward the platform. I looked there also. Then I saw him. And my whole world changed.

There stood a man of medium stature in an ochre-colored robe. His long, wavy hair formed a fitting frame for the most Christ-like face I had ever seen in my life. His large, dark, lustrous eyes were filled with the light of God.

Then he began to speak, and I tell you truthfully that time and space stood still. I don't know how long I sat there—it didn't make any difference—because here was a man who spoke to me of the Christ as he should be spoken of, who taught me the truth of God as God should be taught. He put God into my heart. He put the sun and the moon and the stars where they belonged. And after all of the orthodox training that I've had—the enslavement, the threat of punishment if you didn't do this, that, and the other thing, the constant talking about the devil, hellfire and damnation—what I heard was beautiful.

This man from India taught me about Jesus the Christ in a way that I had never experienced before. He wasn't just one man—I was taught that he was that Eternal Spirit who came in every man, regardless of what his religious faith was. He taught me that he was within me, that his light surrounded me, that he was everywhere equally present, that my Father God and the kingdom of heaven were actually to be found within myself, that I was a child of God, not a miserable sinner. And all of a sudden, my soul took wings, and they soared tremendously. I soared up into the arms of the Infinite, never to be the same again.

He gave me a dream, a vision, and he told me that I could reach out for that dream and that vision, and if I did so, that I could find perfection within myself. I could find the light of God within myself, I could hear His voice, I could feel Him, I could become one with Him. And because of the words that he spoke, he so inspired me that he changed my whole life.

He talked for hours and not a pin dropped. Everybody just sat still, completely fascinated by this man of God who spoke with an accent, who didn't use particularly good English because he came from a foreign land, and yet he had the power to draw souls. He was a "fisher of men," as the Christ said, as no other man I have ever known before nor since.

There are many who come to the feet of the master, and with the first touch they are awakened. When he was finished with his lecture, he said that those who wished could come to the back of the hall and he would shake hands with them. Everybody stood in line for that blessed privilege. As I kept getting nearer and nearer to him, my heart was beating so hard—something had happened to me that seemed as though I would fall at his feet before I got there. Finally, it was my turn. He took hold of my hand, and he looked into my eyes, and before God it was just as though an electric shock went through every part of my body from head to feet. Master and disciple had met to be one for all eternity.

After his initial lectures he offered a series of classes to those who wished to enroll as students. It is needless to say that I was among those present. For five unforgettable nights I sat spellbound, quenching the thirst of my soul with the living waters of his infinite wisdom, absorbing the techniques which were to act as the media for attaining oneness with the Perfect One who sits on the throne of Universal Consciousness.

I was glued to him totally! I couldn't see enough of him and yet, I only saw him twelve times in my life, only twelve times. Yet I was never separated from him in spirit because when he took hold of my hand that first evening I became one with God within him for all the years to come and perhaps for many, many lifetimes. I couldn't conceive of ever taking initiation from anyone else, of ever calling anyone else "Master." I call him Master because he was master of himself. He was *the* master who came to tell me, to teach me how I could also become a master and become one with God.

Never once in my life, during his life, did he fail me. Even after that, since he left the body, many's the time he has appeared to me. Many's the time I have felt his presence so greatly that it was as though he was standing before me. I felt his help, I felt his presence, I felt his guidance in every part of my life. And whatever I am in God, I owe to this man of God.

The search for God within yourself is the greatest adventure that man can possibly go on. It is more exciting than anything else there is, because you have unexplored worlds within yourself, unexplored powers, unplumbed depths, undreamed of heights.



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Seattle will again have an opportunity to hear this eminent Hindu Metaphysician, Philosopher and Poet—

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