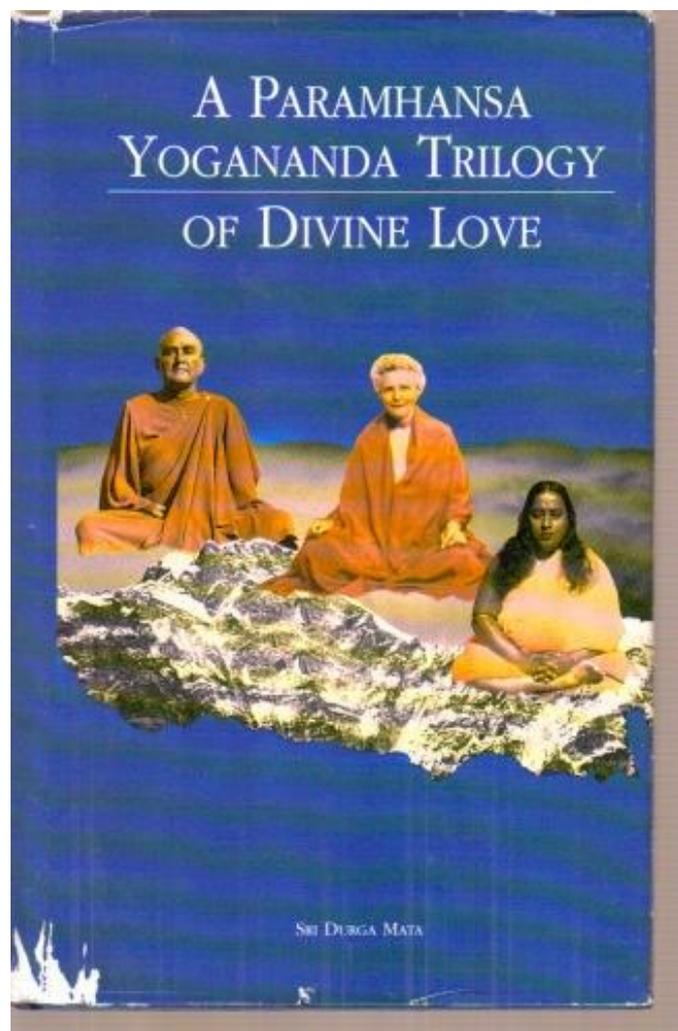


A Paramhansa Yogananda Trilogy of Divine Love

By SRI DURGA MATA
(Ma Durga)



Joan Wight Publications
Beverly Hills, California
1992/93

DEDICATION

This book is lovingly dedicated to our Guru, Paramhansa Yogananda, with a silent prayer that it bring about a new awakening of his teachings, in the hearts and minds of disciples everywhere, a prayer that has grown with ever greater love and intensity within the heart of Sri Durga Mata over the more than 65 years of service to her Guru and to his principal disciple, Rajasi Janakananda.

This book is also dedicated to our Beloved Sri Durga Mata by we, her children, who have for years lovingly known her simply as "Ma." For the last 35 years other more than 65 years of service, she has devoted her life to extensive personal counseling and leading group meditations and classes on the teachings of Paramhansa Yoganandaji and Patanjali.

– The Editor

IN MEMORIAM

Sri Durga Mata 1903-1993

My intention was to have Ma's (Durga Mas) autobiography off the press by the first week in January. I had been informed her health was failing, and my greatest hope was that she would see the finished product of her book before she passed. There were six dear and beautiful souls ("Ma's Kids") who worked day and night to make this dream come true, but unfortunately, "man proposes, while God disposes."

My typesetter, a kind and compassionate young man, had a copy of Ma's book bound as a manuscript, with the beautiful look only typesetting and design of type can provide. I was able, through his efforts, to show Ma how beautiful her book would be. As she lay in her bed I held the book up for her to see. A big, beautiful smile came over her face and her eyes showed their approval. My final promise to Ma was that her book would be off the press and on sale by March or April of this year. She smiled her approval, and at approximately 8:15 a.m. on Saturday morning, January 16, 1993, the morning of the beginning of celebrations for Paramhansa Yoganandas centennial at Self-Realization Fellowship, International Headquarters, Mt. Washington, our beloved Ma entered Maha Samadhi, the Yogi's final conscious exit from this body. She had left this world to join her Beloved Guru and those disciples who had gone before. I had been allowed to see her once in the morning around 10:00 a.m. and once again in the early evening as her body lay on her bed in her room. Her skin was as soft, beautiful, and radiant as it had been in the morning when I first saw her. At first her mouth was slightly opened. I was informed after I left it was noticed her mouth had closed into a most beautiful and loving smile. Her eyes were open, and though the expression was remote, they were clear and sparkled with a depth and beauty all those who knew Ma will associate with her. Wherever we moved about in her room, all those nuns who came to pay their last respects will testify that her eyes seemed to follow them wherever they went.

Her ashes are interned in an unmarked crypt in Forest Lawn in Glendale, California, with other nuns who have passed in the service of Self-Realization Fellowship, in the Slumber Room near the final resting place of Paramhansa Yoganandaji.

Already there are devotees who testify to seeing Ma outside her body, even before they knew she had passed, and I am certain as time goes on, there will be many more testimonials as to the help, guidance and joy being felt by disciples everywhere by her holy and blessed presence. In the words of that beautiful chant, "One thousand Vedas do declare, Divine Mother's everywhere."

Bless all those beautiful and devoted souls who have so lovingly and selflessly devoted their time, their energies, their whole beings to the completion of this divine endeavor.

Thank you, beloved Ma, for the many years of training you gave to this soul and for the many years you allowed me to serve you, and to all who had the benefit of your *darshan*. In Master's love, we'll meet again.

– *Jai Guru, Jai Ma*

PREFACE

Sri Durga Mata has given over 65 years of her life in loving service and obedience to her Guru. It is with humbleness and gratitude, we her children are taking this opportunity, on the 100th anniversary of Paramhansa Yoganandaji's birth, to introduce her book to disciples everywhere. We sincerely hope you the reader will receive inspiration, guidance, and a large measure of the spiritual joy we received in printing it. The following is a spiritual journey with Durga Ma, her Guru, and his chief disciple, Rajasi Janakananda.

Durga Mas life did not end when Master and Rajasi left this world, though she thought it would. Instead, her life took a new turn and over the next 35 years she became mother, counselor, friend, psychologist, and confidante, for Masters many disciples. For many years her phone was busy night and day, for those who needed physical, mental, and spiritual guidance. She has never turned away a sincere appeal for help, regardless of the persons race, religion, or gender. Her love is always there, her forgiveness is always there, all we have to do is ask. She would often say, "It doesn't matter how many times you fall, as long as you pick yourself up and start again."

Ma would say, "He always sends me the ones with the strong will, the rebels, the ones no one else can do anything with." I too was one of those rebels, whom Ma has, after many years, managed to tame.

Besides personal and group counseling, Ma became a master at many different art forms.

She used with great dexterity, watercolor, oil, and acrylics, which she liked the best. Over the years, she has composed and written many chants. A few appear in this book. She has sculpted beautiful statues of our Masters, of Rajasi (which Marjorie BenVau now has), of Master, and of the Beloved Mother, Sri Ananda Moyi Ma. Mas writings are unparalleled in their beauty and heartfelt devotion to Master.

Ma never liked to sew, it was tedious and time consuming, she felt, but she taught herself, and became a master tailor and seamstress.

No can hold a candle to Ma's cooking. She can take the blandest food, and with a little touch here, and a little touch there (her French touch), turn it into a gourmet's delight.

Now, at the end of the eleventh hour, when her life is fading, a child here cries once more, for the tender, loving arms of its mother to embrace and protect, to succor and love it as of old. She has promised that she, with Master, will always be there for us. All we have to do is call, "Ma, Ma," and she will be there to help us, to soothe us, sometimes to discipline and scold, and to lead us back home.

I love you, my Ma, now and forever more. Thou art mine, I am Thine.

*– Joan Wight
Los Angeles
December 17, 1992*

"All too often we praise dead saints and persecute living ones."

– Author unknown

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The word *Master* throughout these books refers to Paramhansa Yogananda, unless otherwise indicated. Paramhansa Yogananda is a great yogi and avatar who came to America in 1920 to spread the light of Kriya Yoga and the teachings of Self-Realization. He taught and trained disciples in this country for more than 30 years before his passing.

Sri Durga Mata is a chief disciple of Paramhansa Yogananda who served as Secretary and Member of the Board of Directors of *Self-Realization Fellowship/Yogoda Satsanga Society* for more than 50 years until she retired in 1986. She wrote these books in 1958 and 1959. Since then, a number of the names of persons mentioned in the books have been changed as some have taken *sannyasi* vows or have been renamed by the President, Sri Daya Mata, of Self-Realization Fellowship/Yogoda Satsanga Society. These persons' original names at the time of writing are used in this manuscript.

Rajasi is the name used throughout this text in this most familiar form for James J. Lynn, the chief disciple of Paramhansa Yogananda. When Paramhansaji gave Rajasi his vows, he originally bestowed the title of *Rajarsi Janakananda*, which is used by Self-Realization Fellowship. Right after this naming, Paramhansaji discovered the fine difference between the meanings of *Rajasi* and *Rajarsi*, and renamed him Rajasi Janakananda. Sri Durga Mata was with Master when he explained the difference between the two names and wrote down the Master's words: "*Rajarsi* means 'Royal Saint', but without the 'r' means 'King of the Saints,' which makes a big difference to me for that is what I feel he is." Sri Durga Mata said that some Indians criticize the spelling of *Rajasi* without the 'r', but that is the way Master wanted it.

Mataji is used throughout this book to refer to Ananda Mata, because it is the name Master gave Virginia Wright, Daya Mata's sister and member of the Board of Directors of SRF/YSS, and at the time of this writing, she was still officially known as *Mataji*. Her name was later changed by Sri Daya Mata to Ananda Mata. *Mataji* is not to be confused with Sri Ananda Moyi Ma, who was often referred to by her disciples as *Mataji*, or Mahavatar Babaji's sister, *Mataji*, as mentioned in the *Autobiography of a Yogi*.

Master called Sri Durga Mata, "Ma Durga," for the first time when he saw her in the International Headquarters in 1929 after she moved to Mount Washington. They had met for the first time two years earlier in Michigan, her home state. He also sometimes referred to her by the nickname, "Duj". Master himself chose names for three of the nuns in his order: Sister Gyanamata, Ma Durga, and Mataji. Other female renunciants were known by the title of Sister after they had taken *sannyasi* vows. In the 1960s, SRF/YSS President Sister Daya, as she was known then, after returning from India where she observed customs there, chose to change the title of "Sister" to "Mata" in her own name and the names of the other sisters who had known Master while he was in the body. At the time these manuscripts were written, these name changes had not occurred.

Throughout this volume Sri Durga Mata often refers to her fellow renunciants by their first names. This use of names without their corresponding titles is not meant as any sign of disrespect, but rather indicates the close familiarity the disciples enjoyed with one another.

The reader may notice that the three books share certain stories in common, with some slight variation or embellishment. We have chosen to retain these in their original form rather than compile or delete portions. It was originally planned to publish these books separately, as Sri Durga Mata had written them. It became necessary, however, to compile the three into one volume in the interest of time and economy.

*Letter to Sri Durga Mata
From Paramhansa Yogananda*

*June 24th, 1936
Bombay, c/o Am. Ex. Co.*

Dear Durga,

I know not when I have been pleased with anyone next to Saint Lynn. Among my men disciples Mr. Lynn has the first seat in Heaven and in my heart and among my lady disciples you will have the first seat with Sister in heaven and in my consciousness. Your behavior and work has pleased me most and how could an uneducated one like you become so educated in everything. I have been the same way in life, read very little-but written much. Are you flattered – no – but all this I say what comes from within for the most wonderful cooperation you have given. "Meditate and dedicate yourself to God!" And behave best before yourself within and before all,

– Paramhansa Yogananda

*Letter to Sri Durga Mata
From Dr. M. W. Lewis*

Dear Durga,

First I want to say that we love you very much. When the Master asked you to take care of my ankle years ago I felt the Divine Mother in you at that time. And now it comes out again so wonderfully in the fine thing that you have done for us. I have always thought of you with great reverence for I know the many sacrifices you have made and your obedience to Master's wishes. That has been an inspiration to me, to take his discipline.

I cannot forget your sacrifices with the Master in the early days. Also how you built the churches and of course the hermitage and other projects. But to carry out Master's orders as to putting the Fellowship on a solid foundation, was your greatest victory. I know it was a very difficult assignment-but you did it-and that is what counts. You have done an invaluable service to all of your brothers and sisters, everywhere.

I have one suggestion – that you now rest a little more from your labors, which is certainly in order – you have done so much.

Once more Durga, thank you for pouring oil on troubled waters, by your gesture, born of the Divine Love in you. If there is anything I can do, you know, all you have to do is ask.

As Master said to me, just before he left us, "Doctor, as we began in God's Love – let us finish." My deepest love to you, Durga.

– Dr. M. W. Lewis

Letter from Brother Sarolananda¹

*June 7, 1960
Encinitas*

Beloved and revered Sister Durga:

For a long time I have felt that I owed you a note of gratitude and love and encouragement. For the many kindnesses and spiritual encouragement and help you have given me.

But heretofore I had not known quite how to reach you without causing embarrassment or more trouble to you.

Had it not been for your guidance and kindness, and that of Rajasi and Dr. and Mama Lewis (and Master behind it all) I don't know what I would have done. But now a bulwark of strength has come to me and I know I can stand unshaken amidst the crash of breaking worlds. My only ambition is to serve in a humble way and give God and Master's love and hope and encouragement to those that I can.

My heart has gone out to you, for I know you have not had an easy time of it. But you may take comfort from the fact that out of those few pure and true souls who are willing to suffer misunderstandings and persecution, does God make His saints, and enfold in His Love.

Had it not been for your long years of faithful and devoted service to Rajasi and Master, SRF might not now be in the stable financial condition it enjoys.

I salute you, and send you my love and tell you that we are one. One in God, Master's, Rajasi's & Dr.'s love, and the love of all those that love God.

May you receive the strength to endure, and may your heart be filled to overflowing with His matchless love and compassion.

In His love and service,

– Bro. Sarolananda

¹ Brother Sarolananda aided Sri Durga Mata in serving Rajasi in his final days. He is since deceased and should not be confused with any living persons with the same name.

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BOOK 3

Reflections of My Guru, Paramhansa Yogananda

ILLUSTRATIONS

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**My Life and
Service to My Guru**

**An Autobiography
by Sri Durga Mata**

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My Life and Service to My Guru

Part One

My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Nault. She was born in St. Pierre, Canada on August 26, 1874. She moved to this country in 1886 at the age of twelve. The town in which she lived is unknown to me but it was somewhere in New York State. She died January 26, 1928, in Detroit, Michigan, at the age of 54.

My father, Adolphe Dufour, was born in St. Paul Bay, Canada, on October 15, 1864. He came to this country in 1883 at the age of 19. He lived in the same town my mother lived. My parents remained in the United States for the rest of their lives. My father died February 20, 1957 at the age of 93. Both parents were of French descent. This union brought five boys and five girls into the world. The first born was a girl, Ida. Next in line Arthur, Alcide, Frank, Victoria, Alice, Felix, Cedha, Ernest and myself. An eleventh child was born but she lived only three days. I was born on November 8, 1903 in the upper peninsula of Michigan in a village called Iron Mountain. I was given the name of Florina Alberta. At this writing only three of my brothers are alive, all my sisters died within their fiftieth year, except Cecilia who died at the age of sixteen.

When I was about a year old, my family moved to Escanaba, Michigan, in a French settlement. The populace spoke French; hence, my parents, especially my mother, did not learn to speak English, though my father could speak a little at his work.

Childhood Memories

I don't remember anything about my childhood except what my mother told me, that I was born sick, as it were. When sick, my mother tried to put some hot bricks at my feet, or woolen socks to keep me warm. The minute her back was turned, the woolen socks would land on the floor. My sensitive touch would never allow me to wear anything wool against my skin. The doctor used to tell my mother, "Why don't you give her a piece of burnt toast and let her die?" I was so difficult to handle. In later years, my aunt used to kid me saying, "When I was carrying you to church to be baptized I was feeling sorry for your poor mother and I told your grandfather, "If only I could accidentally just slip on this ice and put this one out, it would be that much less trouble for my sister, but now I am glad I didn't slip because I don't know what your mother would do without your help."

Being the youngest, I was always given "hand-me-down clothes. I can see my mother knitting while she stood over the stove watching the French pancakes cooking. She knitted all our socks, mittens, and caps. It kept her busy trying to keep her family in warm clothes.

When I was about eight years old, we moved to St. Sault Marie, Ontario. It was here that the whole family had diphtheria and my sixteen-year-old sister died of the disease; hence, I lost my "sitter." I went to a public school. We lived only a year and a half in that town and moved to Limoilue, Quebec, Canada. There I went to a French parochial school. Many times I had to walk in the deep snow to

school and had to sit with wet clothes in class, too shy to tell the nun that I was wet.

Attachment to My Mother

My mother, being a very strict and devout Catholic, would go to mass every morning. I could not bear to see her go to church alone in the early, dark, winter mornings so I would go along, fearing if anything happened to her I would never have forgiven myself. Though my mother's health seemed good, no doubt it was my deep attachment to her that caused me to fear losing her. If I awoke during the night I'd tiptoe beside her bed to see if she was breathing and returned satisfied, or, before I went to bed, I used to sprinkle her bed with holy water, thinking that it would keep her from dying while I was asleep. From an early age until I was quite a young lady, I did not miss one night of praying, "Please God, keep my mother alive until morning." In my childish heart and mind was the thought that if God would keep her alive during the night, I would take over the vigilance during the day. I used to pray that God take me first, but the thought came if I go first, who would take care of mother when she got sick, for all my sisters were married and had their own families, so I told God to keep me until she left and then he could come and get me. That attachment very nearly came to pass for after mother's passing I became very ill and my life was spared by Master's intervention. I asked Master many years later if my desire to die after my mother was- the cause of my almost dying, he said, "Yes." I mention this experience later in this manuscript. Therefore, everywhere my mother went I was sure to go.

Outside of my brother, Ernest, who was only two years older and played with me, ice skating, playing hockey, etc., my mother was my constant and only companion. She was all I needed and wanted as a friend, hence I never had a girl friend.

We spent three years in Canada. In 1916, my father left us in Quebec to find a job in Detroit, and when he was able to save enough money and rent a house, he sent for us. I was almost thirteen then, and I couldn't speak English. People would want to talk to me just to hear my French accent, but if I saw them first I would go blocks out of my way to avoid them, for I was ashamed that I did not speak as much English.

I went to a German parochial school in Detroit. Because I did not know English, the nuns put me in the second grade, but my arithmetic was that of the fourth grade, so one of the nuns took pity on me and said that she would keep me in the fourth grade because I would feel out of place with the smaller children. Somehow I got along all right and even passed that year to the fifth grade with her help. It was a struggle and it did not take much to make me stop school to help my mother with the housework.

The school laws were not as strict in those days as they are today for I was only fifteen years old when I left school. To help with the expenses, my mother took in some of my brothers' friends as boarders. I used to do the washing and ironing and the housework. My mother did all the cooking. Sometimes thinking I was fooling my mother I would lock myself in the kitchen and do the family washing at night. She would act surprised the next morning. We boiled our clothes on a gas stove, with the boiler sitting on the burner. The gas fumes, plus the lack of air in the room, I would be deathly sick. I would have to go out for air several times before the washing was done. But to me it was worth it if my mother was surprised and pleased.

Mother and I walked to the movie every afternoon when the matinee changed. We made our popcorn at home for it was far better than the one we could buy in the theater. On our way back from the show we would drop by and have our usual Mutt and Jeff sundae, then be on our way home to make supper.

When I would see my mother coming back from the store with big bundles of groceries I'd run to take the packages from her. When I was a very young child, I was asked by one of my relatives what I wanted to be when I grew up. Without hesitation I answered, "I'm going to be a Sister."

Marriage

When I was sixteen, I was engaged to be married to a Frenchman. But my very wise mother who knew human nature well enough to know that forbidden fruit always tastes sweeter, also knowing my keen sense of observation, would take one bad habit of the boy and make up a story about a man she pretended to know. One by one, thanks to her wise actions and counsel, I saw what he was like and broke the engagement.

On my nineteenth birthday, I was married to a very fine man. His name is Orta I. Darling. He was a non-Catholic. Though I never asked him to do this, he thought he would please me by becoming a Catholic. During the course of his learning, the priest told him that he would have to have as many children as nature would provide. Mr. Darling told him, "If I have to make my wife suffer having children to be a Catholic I won't be one," and walked out, which showed his unselfishness.

My two brothers and myself after marriage continued to live with our parents, and my greatest love continued to be for my mother. Many years later I asked Master why I married in this life against my own natural nature. He answered, "Because of the environment you were in. If you had met me before, you would never have married, it was not necessary for you." Master also told me the reason I was born in a Catholic family was because of my devotion. Mr. Darling remained the good, generous, and kind person he was, as he proved later to be.

Change of My Eating Habits

In 1927, my brother Ernest's son, Alvin, was a few months old when he broke out with terrible eczema on his hands and feet and face. The poor little fellow suffered terribly. My sister-in-law, Florence, tried everything in medicine, nothing seemed to help him. Then she heard about giving him only orange juice. She tried this and in a few days his face and hands began to clear up considerably. This was the beginning of changing our eating habits, for we thought if orange juice will do this for this little body, it would be good for ours too.

The four of us ate meat, drank tea and coffee, ate sweets, etc. in one meal, and we dropped it all in the very next meal. We did not have the knowledge of meat substitutes like cheese, eggs, milk, and nuts to make up for the lack of protein in the meat. I remember we were so dizzy most of the time, we did not know what to do, but we did not get discouraged. We soon heard of different courses in vegetarian cooking. I don't remember now which courses we took but it helped to balance our meals, with proper fruits and foods our bodies needed. Then our minds became purer and our thinking changed to more idealistic things of life.

After we took the Yogoda course, we had moved from my father's house, I became very ill. After my healing from Master, I was quite fanatical in my eating habits, and leaned towards fasting. I used to fast often and for long periods at a time, ranging from three days to as high as twenty-one days; hence, when I first came to Mt. Washington in 1929, I was very thin. Master used to feed me lots of rice and curries, and I would gain weight, then when he left for a campaign, I would fast and get thin again. After several of these incidents Master asked me, "What do you do, I fatten you up and when I come back you are thin again." I told him that I fasted. His voice had a forceful answer to that, "Fasting is not good for your health, your body will be better with a little flesh." So I stopped fasting and through his guidance and training in a balanced way of living lost my fanaticism and did as he bid me do.

Heard About Master for the First Time

One day in 1927, my brother Ernest came home from work and told me about a man who knew about some kind of a Hindu teacher that had come to Detroit. My brother told me about the things he taught and the healing he performed. It fascinated me to hear about this Swami. Every time my brother came home from work he would tell me the conversations he had with a Mr. Bone who worked in the same

drafting department as he, and who had taken Swami Yogananda's Yogoda Course, but he was not in town at that present time. One day later my brother excitedly came home to tell me that Swami Yogananda was coming back to Detroit for one night's lecture and added, 'We missed him before, now that he is coming back why don't we all go to hear him.' The four of us, my brother Ernest, his wife Florence, Mr. Darling, and I went to hear this wonderful teacher.

My first sight of Guruji was on December 19, 1927. We sat spellbound gazing upon the most beautiful man I had ever seen, in his orange robe and long black flowing hair on his shoulders, and his large lotus, dark, expressive eyes. He was playing on his harmonium, "Oh God Beautiful." I had never heard chanting before and it fascinated me to the very core of my soul (This very harmonium Master gave me in 1932). I had never heard God expressed in this light before. I was used to thinking of God as Jesus and without hope of ever reaching Him. Although I was Catholic and heard about Jesus as the only Savior, I never did have very much devotion towards Him. This chant deeply appealed to me and gave me a different light on a tangible God. Master talked about how he had gone in a vegetable garden and picked a fresh cabbage and had taken the heart of the cabbage and ate it, and how delicious and tender it was. Master did not shake hands with anyone that evening, and left the city.

Brahmachari Nerode was the teacher in charge of the Detroit center at that time. He held the services every Thursday and Sunday nights. The four of us continued going every week thereafter. Around Christmas time, the center gave a bazaar. We went to it, at which time I bought my first picture of Master.

In early January 1928, we heard that Nerode was moving to Los Angeles to take charge of Mt. Washington. That 1927 Christmas, Mr. Darling had given me twenty-five dollars as a Christmas gift to take the Yogoda course. When we heard that Nerode was leaving in a few days, all four of us decided to take the course before he left, so we could receive personal instructions. The night of January 5, 1928, we went to Nerode's hotel room and he taught us all in one night the Yogoda teachings. He showed us the exercises and technique of concentration and meditation. It all came very natural to me. The first time I tried, I was able to do the lotus posture, as if I had known it all my life. We did not receive the Kriya Initiation at that time, however. I got that directly from Master at Mt. Washington. However, Nerode's plans were changed and he did not leave until May 1929. In the meantime, we practiced. I had a little separate closet I made into an altar in my room. There were no pictures of the Masters then, only Master's. I sat at my little altar in the closet, I remember the first experience I had. I was sitting practicing the techniques. I felt a tremendous stillness come over me. I actually felt that my body was not made of flesh but of stone and I felt like a statue.

We did not see Master again until April 24, 1928.

My mother did not try to dissuade me from taking Yogoda. The picture of Master I bought was hanging on our living room wall. One of my sisters-in-law, Aurora, made fun of Master's picture. This remark hurt my mother. She told me not to leave his picture, saying, "He's too nice a man to leave him there to be laughed at." I took the picture to my room.

My Mother's Spiritual Experiences

I was able to teach my mother the Yogoda exercises and the technique of concentration and meditation. She had previously had a stroke. I would notice her standing by the door or leaning on the table. I'd ask her what she was doing, she would answer, "I am doing those exercises you taught me." One morning she told me her experience saying, 'Last night I saw the blue sky and the heaven open up and I saw the brightest light. I had never seen anything like that before, there were other very beautiful lights too.' At another time she told me that she had seen a man in a light and he had long black hair. I knew she had seen Master and he was helping her.

My mother continued to practice the meditation but she did not have much time to do so, for I taught her on January 6th and on the 22nd she had her final stroke and she died on the 26th.

My Mother's Final Stroke – Visions at my Mother's Deathbed

The morning of the 22nd, I was upstairs cleaning when I heard Florence call me saying, 'Florina, your mother.' I ran downstairs just as my father and Florence were helping my Mother into a chair. Her bright eyes were dim and looked so pathetically at me. I knelt beside her and placed my forehead on her forehead and my finger at her medulla, and I prayed. I don't know why I did that. We then helped my mother to her bed and called a doctor. She soon went into a coma, but there were times when she could see and hear us.

One time when I looked at her pale, toothless, thin face, I could not see any resemblance of my mother's former face. I put my fingers on her medulla and looked at her again, and to my surprise, I saw her smiling astral familiar face looking at me. Though it only lasted a few moments, I was made happy to see that beautiful face I knew and loved so well.

Another time while I was praying by her side an illumined object appeared on the wall above her. I couldn't figure what it was. It looked like a half of walnut meat. It was white with a black spot on the top. I saw that same thing later a second time, only this time the black spot had moved down below by the medulla. Very shortly after that my mother passed away.

My Mother's Death

At the time of my mother's death, I did not know that she had died of a cerebral hemorrhage. If I heard, it mentioned I did not know what it meant. Some time later I happened to see the picture of a brain and the answer flashed to my mind what I had seen twice as a illumined object and what looked like a walnut meat over my mother's bedroom wall was, the Lord showing me the picture of my mother's brain and the black spot on the top of her head was the blood clot. The second vision with the spot near the medulla showed me that the blood clot had moved to a vital point of the brain and took her life.

Right after the funeral I burnt some incense I had bought at the ten-cent store to get the odors out of the house. My father got the incense burner and threw it out. I asked him what he was doing, he answered "This is dope." Poor soul thought we were trying to dope ourselves because we had joined Yogoda.

After mother was laid away, my whole family turned against me and completely disowned me. They tried to make trouble for me because they knew that my mother had made a will and they wanted it. Three days after my mother was buried we were preparing to go to the Thursday night meditation. We noticed that one by one my brothers and sisters were gathering in the house. We thought they had come to see Dad, so we left. When we came back, we learned from my nephew Ted what had transpired. It seemed that they had asked the lawyer to come to the house to have the will read without telling us anything about this appointment. When we left they called the lawyer to cancel the meeting, and that made them very angry. I did not know about legal matters then. Ted was wise enough to hide our Yogoda lessons so they could not find them, but they did hunt the house for the will, but I had hidden that too.

When we got back my father was very angry due to the family's influence. He told Ernest to get out and he looked at me and said, "You too." Without hesitation, we began to pack that very night. My father said, "You don't have to do that tonight." The next day we rented a house and moved a few days later.

My Mother Comes to Me After Death

Soon after moving, one night I was in my closet meditating. I felt, more than saw, my mother in the closet with me. She was so vividly present that I could almost feel the black dress she had on. I mentally talked with her. The third night she came, I told her that her attachment to me was delaying

her spiritual progress as well as mine. I told her to practice the techniques I had taught her. I would too, and some day we would meet in a much better way. Though I really did not know the truth of my words; still, my heart, mind and soul knew. She did not come back again in that form.

After I came to Mt. Washington, while meditating I saw a little light; I went up to meet it, and as I came in contact with it, my soul felt and my intuition said "Mother," and still another time I was again deeply thinking of my mother, and before my open vision appeared a baby in a mother's womb. When I asked Master about these two experiences, he said, "There is no doubt you did contact the soul of your mother in that light and later as she was being reborn." So the Lord kept my promise that we would meet in a better way, instead of her remaining bound by this earth's vibrations through attachment to me.

My mother had given the two houses and everything to me. Years later, when I was a disciple at Mt. Washington my father wanted to sell the houses but couldn't because they were legally mine. After treating me as they did, they were afraid I would not sign the Trust Deed over to him, but they had nothing to fear from me for I had dedicated my life to God. I signed the deed and sent it back to them by return mail with a nice note. That was the turning point, they no longer held me in contempt. During the time my father lived in Los Angeles, I went to see him once in awhile. The sister-in-law who was responsible for starting the family feud now tells me I am the only one of the family who remembered my father with money gifts. He lived with her and my brother until his death.

My Father's Death

On February 18, 1957, I was in Borrego. My brother called to tell me that father was ill and he did not know how long he would be with us on earth. I got to his house Saturday night, the next evening. He was happy to see me. I asked this little toothless 93-year-old soul on his deathbed how he was, and he only answered, "I don't feel so good." I was alone with him. He began to get a little restless. I stroked his head while in French I repeated, "Sleep in Jesus." Suddenly he looked up at me and repeated in French, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." He kept repeating this. When my sister-in-law heard him, she was surprised because she told me that the priest had been there and he was trying to make Dad say this very prayer, but he was repeating it to him in English. When I said it in French, Dad caught on and repeated it.

A short time later, I was still looking down at him and as he looked up at me, was conscious that he saw a light coming from my head and commingling with his light. His face lit up and formed into the sweetest expression I had ever seen on his face. I knew then that Master had come through me to help my father on his last journey. I was not the only one who saw this. Darin [Sister Shanti] and her mother and Aurora were standing in the doorway. They too vividly saw this lighted face. Aurora told me later, "He was waiting just to see you." I came to Mt. Washington later that evening. I was told that Dad repeated his "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," and did the sign of the cross all through the night long. To a Catholic, this is considered a holy death. Though I did not physically take care of my father, still Master did for him through me what no-one else could; give the peace and light to illumine his path through the gates of life and death on February 20th at 7 a.m.

After we moved from my father's house, I did not see him again until he moved to Los Angeles. I can't remember what year but I do know it was after 1943 or 1944.

My Nephew Ted

The four of us, my brother Ernest, his wife Florence, and their son Alvin, Mr. Darling and myself and Ted lived together in the same house and shared the expenses. Ted, my sister's boy, I had raised from the time of his birth. I also raised his little sister from birth. My sister remarried and the stepfather liked the little girl and took her at the age of seven, but he did not like Ted and abused him. Mr. Darling was kind enough to want to adopt him.

My First Healing from Master Before He Knows Me

Shortly after moving I became very ill as previously mentioned. At the climax of this illness, all thought I was going to our Maker. That night I dreamt what is termed a real dream; it was more of a vision than a dream. I saw a woman, for the person had long black hair and a robe on. Later, I knew that it was Master who had come to heal me. He sat on the chair next to my bed, and lifted me sideways in his arms so that my heart was even with his. As he did so I felt a wave of electricity coming from his heart into mine and passed through my whole body and out of my toes. Slowly he laid me back onto the bed and I asked him, "I'm dead?" He answered, "No, you're not dead." The previous day I was so weak I could not walk to the bathroom alone, but this morning I got up by myself and walked. I was on my way when Mr. Darling said, "You are walking by yourself." I answered, "This is not me, I am in that box," pointing to the bed I had just risen from. I had awakened that morning with the consciousness that I was in a funeral rough box and I was still conscious of it when I got up. From then on, I continued to gain strength every day.

All of us would meditate together, exercise, and talk about the lessons constantly, and continued to go to the center. In May 1929, Brahmachari Nerode was called to Los Angeles to be the resident teacher at Mt. Washington because the leader, Swami Dhirananda, had left the fold of his Guru. Master continued his campaigns. Before leaving, Nerode made me the treasurer of the Yogoda center and in charge of holding meditations. I became too ill to continue and it was dissolved.

Second Healing from Master Before He Knows Me

In the summer of 1929, we had to move to a less expensive house. After we were settled, I had another semi-superconscious dream of Master. The doctor had thought that probably my lungs were infected but in this dream, Master instead of hearing my chest, said, "There is nothing wrong with your lungs, it is your nerve center where the trouble is." Saying this, he cupped his fingers and placed the tip of his fingers over my naval saying, "I will heal you where the trouble is." As he did, so I again felt that electric wave going through my whole body. Master looked at me and said, "What is the matter with your eyes?" At the same time, he poked his first two fingers right into my eyes, that same electric wave going through them also. I did not know I had any physical trouble with my eyes. It served two purposes, for to this day, I do not wear glasses and it awakened my spiritual eye.

I began to feel that I was living in a strange house. I was walking as if in a dream, living in an atmosphere in which I did not belong. My health began to fall again, but the doctor could not find anything wrong with me. We asked him if I went to a warmer climate if it would help me and he said, "Yes, I think it would." We knew some friends who were shortly driving to Florida. It was a good opportunity for me to go with them to a warmer climate. I looked in the East-West magazine to see if they had a Yogoda center in Florida, but they did not have at that time. I wanted to be where I could attend meetings, that is why I decided to come to Los Angeles instead. After that, everything moved fast.

In October 1929, Master came to Detroit. He gave a lecture in the auditorium. He was trying to gather enough of a group to go to India with him. After the lecture, he shook hands with the audience. When I shook hands with him I told him that I was going to Los Angeles soon and he said, "When you go, you must come up to Mt. Washington to see us." I was so happy that he invited me. I did not know at that time that Master was returning to Mt. Washington to take full charge of the Headquarters himself.

Part Two

My First Visit at SRF Headquarters

For my birthday present, Mr. Darling gave me the fare to Los Angeles. On November 8, 1929, I started out for Los Angeles and what turned out for me to be a new life. I took the Greyhound bus for we could not afford more. I continuously rode for five days and five nights without a stop. When I got to Los Angeles I got off the bus, checked my baggage at the depot and asked where I could find the YWCA. They sent me to the Figueroa Hotel; someone had misdirected me, so again I inquired the directions. I took another streetcar and found the YWCA near Westlake Park. I rented a room and I had to share the room, but the girl never showed up, to my satisfaction. I took the streetcar back to the bus depot, retrieved my bags and took a taxi back to the YWCA. For days when I went to bed at night, my bed would shake so I could not sleep. My nerves were so shaken from the five nights and days on that bus, that my body could not stop shaking.

After my arrival, the next day I called Mt. Washington and asked for Brahmachari Nerode. He came to the phone and asked, 'Why don't you come up here tonight for services, Swamiji is going to give the meditation afterwards. I asked him how to get there. He directed me, but his directions were so poor I just couldn't find it. I asked the conductor where San Rafael was, he looked at his map and directed me to walk several blocks until I'd find the street I wanted. I found it all right but it was the back way. I started walking up the hill. I had never walked a hill before. After several blocks, I came up to a young couple who was working on a car. I stopped to ask them how much further it was to the headquarters, he answered, 'You've got three miles of winding road.' I sighed, "Oh my that is a long way. I want to attend the services at the center." They watched me start up the hill, then the boy called out, "Just a minute, let me see if I can borrow my father's car and if I can we I'll drive you up." His father consented and I was saved that long walk, for he and his wife kindly drove me to the door of Mt. Washington and the beginning of a new life. When the devotee begins his onward march towards God, He will remove all obstacles on the devotee's path. I can show you step by step how the Lord cleared my way. First, He removed my greatest attachment, my mother, by relieving her of her suffering body. She had attached me to my father by giving me two houses with the understanding that I take care of my father for the rest of his life. God used my own father to relieve me of that bond. If my father had not thrown me out of the house because of Yogoda, because of my promise to my mother I would have stayed to take care of him. He lived to be 93 years old and I would have been denied all those years with Master and God's work. Man proposes but God disposes. Then the Lord made my body ill to bring me to Mt. Washington for a warmer climate; hence, stepping out of seven years of married life into a life dedicated to God's and Master's service only

Mr. Darling willingly gave me up. I signed a Trust Deed giving Mr. Darling the lake property we had jointly, leaving me free from personal attachment as well as earthly possessions that I may be free to give my full attention to the pursuit of my goal, God. My adopted son/nephew was removed, and my brother and family removed themselves by his and her own evil actions. See how the Lord takes care of His own, if we but open our hearts, minds, and souls for the delivery.

When I entered Mt. Washington for the first time, an elderly lady, Mrs. Schramm, greeted me at the door, she was very kind and led me to the chapel. Nerode was talking. After fifteen to twenty minutes, Master walked in. I had taken a seat in the front row. As I looked at him and listened to his words of wisdom, again that statue-like feeling of complete stillness came over me. I did not move the rest of the meeting.

Master Gives a Dinner in Honor of My Homecoming

A few days later I walked up the hill to Mt. Washington. I did not see anyone in the lobby so I walked to the kitchen. I saw Master and Rachid, his secretary, standing by the stove. As I stepped into the

doorway Master greeted me saying, "Well, well, where have you been?" I answered, "At the YWCA." I advanced to take Master's hand. I could feel the same electric wave come into my arm and through my body and out of my toes. Master told me later at that instant he recognized my face as one of the many he had seen in a vision before landing on the American shores for the first time in 1920. Master asked me to stay for dinner that night. Later the others gathered to help Master cook. I helped in the kitchen washing pans and pots, etc. I suddenly became very ill. I tried to shake it off, but it persisted and I left the kitchen. I met Nerode in the hallway and I told him I was leaving. He asked "Why?" I told him I was not feeling well and I did not want to stay if I could not be useful. He suggested that I go to one of the girl's rooms to rest a while until dinner. I was really afraid the way I felt that I would become quite ill and I did not want to be a burden to any one especially here. I answered that I had better go to my room and I would come some other day. Master told me later, "I was very disappointed when I heard that you had left, I thought, 'What is this Lord, is she going to turn away so soon after returning home,' but after I learned from Nerode that you had left because you were ill I felt better, for I was giving this dinner in honor of your homecoming after incarnations of absence." Of course, had I known that he was doing this for me, I would have remained even if it had cost my life. That is one time ignorance was not bliss.

I remained a few days in bed, then I found out that I could rent a room at the Bethel Lodge at the foot of the hill. I would be closer to the headquarters. It is now called the Marmion Way Hotel.

My First Room at the Headquarters

After a weeks stay at the YWCA I moved to my new room. I felt better and nearer to home, I walked up Mt.- Washington Drive every day to come and help at the center. The moment I started up the hill I would feel better and I could hear the OM. I lived in this rented room for almost a month before I got up enough nerve to ask Master if I could come and stay here. I thought I might as well pay my rent here as to give it in a strange place.

Master called me up to his library and asked me to sit down. I can still see him pacing the floor while telling me he wanted only harmonious people. I asked him how much I would pay, he answered, "You can take care of that later on with the office." He did not want to discuss money matters. The next day December 17, 1929, I moved to my natural home, our blessed headquarters. Dickinson came to help drive my bags and me and he told me to go to the second floor. As I got up to the second floor, Master and Tony were pulling a new rug into the first room to the left of the front stairway. Master smiled and said, "This will be your room, I am putting a new rug in for you." Blessed Master, to think that he would humble himself in helping to carry a rug for one of his long lost chelas who had finally come home to serve her Guruji. A wooden bed and a mattress were also placed in the room. I latter went to a second hand store to buy a dresser and table and chair. Across the hall from me, Consuela and her Aunt Cavazos shared a room. They only had two orange crates on each end of their bed to hold several planks to hold their mattress up, and more crates for dresser and shelves. Some of the rooms were furnished with the individual's own furniture and some were empty. There were only a few people here at that time, about fifteen or sixteen.

Sleeping Outside – The Appearance of a Spaniard to Master

When I first came, I thought because I was in sunny California that I could sleep outside, and I tried it for several weeks on the second floor open porch, but the fog was so thick that my covers and head would be wet by morning, and my body could not take it. Master advised me not to sleep outside or near an open window. Master too slept on the third floor's open porch, and I missed hearing his footsteps above when I no longer slept outside. It was during this period that Master told us that while he was outside in bed one night, someone appeared to him on the edge of the porch. He had to look twice to be sure of what he saw. It was a foot-high, perfectly shaped Spaniard dressed in warrior's garb, sword and all, pleading for Master's help to release him. Master said he had to tell him that he could not do so just yet, but he would do so when it was the right time.

Master Gives Me My Spiritual Name

That first Thursday night meeting that I had moved up to Mt. Washington, Master gave the meditation, and after the meeting he had the household members gather around the fireplace. Master sat on the floor, his back resting on the pillar in front of the fireplace and we all sat in a circle around him on the floor. He talked informally to us and told stories. As it got late, he asked everyone to retire, but asked me to remain. I silently sat by his side. He looked at me and said, "Ma Durga." An unexplainable thrill passed through my being. When I asked him what it meant he only answered that he would tell me sometime. That explanation did not come for many years. He said that "Durga" was the name he had given me in my previous incarnation when I was with him in his hermitage in India. He also told me I cooked for him and that I was a Sister. To Master it was only a continuation of the previous life.

I Become Master's Cook and Housekeeper

He started me right in helping him cook in his own kitchen, which really wasn't a kitchen but just a makeshift. He used one of his apartment rooms as a storage and kitchen. It had a rug on the floor and a small lavatory. It wasn't made to carry a lot of grease. For everything that Master put in his curries had to be fried first and the grease would always stop up the sink. He only had a gasoline stove that constantly went out and had to be pumped, and created smoke. He had several wooden boxes, one we used to eat on; the other to prepare the vegetables, and the other for the stove.

Karla Schramm used to come on her day off from teaching private students piano, to spend the day at Mt. Washington, and the three of us, Master, she, and myself, cooked and ate together. As she got extra money, she put shelves in his kitchen and linoleum on the floor. A new sink and gas stove were given by different students, and a round table and chairs, until his store room became a kitchen that Master and his close disciples cooked and ate in for the remainder of his life and is still used by us. He also gave me the job of hostess on Sundays and Thursday nights to receive the audience at the door and after services; and work at the book table. When he told me what he wanted me to do, he said, "Remember that receiving guests is a very sacred job, for you never know when God will come to the door." I cleaned his apartment, mended and washed his clothes, did his general housekeeping, packed and unpacked whenever he came and went on his campaigns. I quote a few excerpts of Master's letters to me regarding my service to him:

JUNE 11, 1935 – What words shall I say dear Durga for all you have done for the work and me; your hand is in everything. I find everything in order.

JULY 13, 1935 – You would laugh to death if you could see what indescribable disorder I have to put up with. Your method and complete obedience and order and doing things from reading my mind certainly spoiled me.

JANUARY 5, 1936 – Of course, who could cook for me better than you, how I miss your services, but of course, you can't give up the helm you have undertaken.

These excerpts were written while Master was on his European and Indian trip in 1935 and 1936. I did the packing for the trip and he was so happy that he found everything in order. I am a person who has to have order and system to work right.

When Master was absent from Mt. Washington, I helped Consuela and her aunt in the kitchen and also in the office shipping books and answering the phone. We only had one phone and I had to run all over the place to call someone to the phone.

In 1934, Master stopped campaigning in distant cities but remained at the headquarters and gave

campaigns in the vicinity.

My Personal Experiences with Master at Christmas

First let me say that there were many others besides myself who were involved with our Christmas activities in the many years that I was with Master, but each individual can best tell their own story. I can only write the part I played in our Mt. Washington Christmas drama.

I remember the 1929 Christmas as if it were yesterday, for it was my very first at Mt. Washington. Master had asked me to help him and Karla Schramm wrap some of his gifts to the house members, friends, and guests. When it came towards morning he said good night to me and placed in my hand, not a string of rudraksha beads, but only a single bead. I still have that bead strung on other Kriya beads Master brought for me from India in 1936. On the Christmas card, he sent to all Yogoda members and friends, and to me, he wrote a promise of a Whispers From Eternity that was soon to be off the press for the first time.

One of the members came to trim the most beautiful tree I had ever seen. She moistened pounds of table salt and heaped it on the edge of the branches until it was fully covered. It looked just like snow. Master was so proud and pleased with the tree. The tables were set in the lobby and a good time was had by all.

The following Christmas I accompanied Master on his last minute Christmas shopping tour. When we got home early that evening, Master and we all went to the downstairs kitchen to start the elaborate cooking preparations for the next day's dinner. It was one or two a.m. when we were able to go back upstairs. Then Master and I started wrapping his gifts. He handed me one to wrap, while he wrote on the gift tags. After finishing, and perhaps a few hours of sleep, we all went back downstairs to finish the dinner for the house members and many invited guests. Master loved festivities. The more people were milling about the more he enjoyed it. He was like a child during that day, for Christmas was always a very gay and joyous event for Master. He liked elaborate decorations and always wanted a large tree in the lobby. Later he had a small tree in his living room upstairs, for Master had us, his few immediate disciples who daily served him, come to his living room to celebrate his personal Christmas with him, at which time he gave us our gifts and ours to him.

To the East Indian mind, jewelry is considered as a means of security and is regarded as we do a bank account. Therefore, Master's gifts consisted of some jewelry. To his mind, he was giving us security, the same as a father would leave an inheritance to his family, something for us to rely on in case of our financial needs. They were not expensive jewels, for he could not afford them, but he shopped all year round looking for bargains, and he really got many wonderful things as he would tell us later, "I got it for a song." Master was fond of opals and he gave to the others several opals, but none to me. When I asked him why, he said, "They are not good for you," but one Christmas to my surprise he gave me a nice opal ring. He answered my inquiry by saying, "It is all right for you to wear one now." Needless to say how happy I was. I still have it and several others besides.

What a thrill it was for me to receive a Lahiri Mahasaya statue, numerous other gifts and experiences during the time I was with Master, and he with us on this earth plane. Master would teasingly say, "No fair peeking," or mischievously say "Santa Claus is not bringing Duj anything for Christmas," then we would know that he had already bought our gift. Master liked to give his personal gifts to us last and always kept the best one for the climax. In 1934, one day while I was shopping with Master, we passed a Thrifty Drugstore. I saw a teddy bear in the window. This brought memories of my childhood and I told Master, "When I was a little girl my brother had a teddy bear and do you know he wouldn't let me play with it and I've always wanted a teddy bear because of that." I dismissed the incident from my mind.

That Christmas we were all sitting on the floor of Master's library, he handed me the first box, and when I opened it and saw its content I let out a shout, "A teddy bear!" It wasn't enough that blessed

Master had gotten it for me, I placed the teddy bear on his lap for an added blessing. He held it at arms length on the tip of his knee. After a little while he handed it to Sr. Gyanamata saying, "Here Sister, you hold it awhile." I still have that blessed teddy bear. Master wanted to fulfill a childhood desire that remained unfulfilled all those years. Thereafter, he took great joy in giving toys to all of his children and especially to Rajasi, his little boy.

Master shopped and collected items all year round and stored them in his vault box in his library. When Christmas came around, he dug into his treasure chest to give away to the individuals. I particularly remember one Christmas after wrapping gift after gift I looked up from my floor seat to see if he had another one for me to wrap. He suddenly stopped in the doorway, and I saw by the expression on his face that he had forgotten me. He hurriedly returned to his almost empty box, for by this time all his best items had already been exhausted. He found a long bar pin of Moss agate. He sadly came over to me, handed me the pin to wrap for myself, because he had forgotten and the best had been given away. He started explaining to me how valuable the pin was. The more he talked the worse I felt. I did not want him, a Christ, to feel that it was necessary to evaluate a gift he was giving to such an insignificant person as I. No matter if he had to scrape the bottom of the barrel, the fact that he felt bad for forgetting me was far more valuable than a gift he could give me. I value this pin more than another gift because of this sentiment. It also had another meaning as I was to learn the next day.

After the dinner and all gifts were given to all, Salter, one of the house members at that time, went over to Master tearfully saying, "You forgot me." Master called me to their side and said to her, "Duj wrapped presents all night for me to give to all," looking at me, he directed his question to me saying, "and Duj, didn't I forget you too?" I answered, "Yes, sir." Salter said, "Well I don't feel so bad since he forgot you too." Sometimes another must pay a price that others may be satisfied.

I especially remember the 1948 Christmas, first because on that meditation day, Master was in ecstasy and he made several predictions about many persons that were in the chapel. Suddenly I heard my name mentioned and Master was saying, "Duj, Divine Mother has greatly blessed you today, your work is done." (I explain this incident later in my autobiography.)

Master had bought me a gift. In the meantime, I had done something that displeased him, he told me later, "I wasn't going to give it to you, but Divine Mother said to me, 'Yes, give it to her, she will change.'" When he gave it to me, he said, "This gift is a symbol and has a very deep significance." I came to learn its meaning the last time Master came to the hermitage before his Mahasamadhi. This is also explained later in my autobiography. The gift was, and still is, for I still have it on my clock in full view where I can see it all the time, a small gold chariot, pulled by one horse, with an angel in the chariot in front as the driver, and another angel in back. A small watch in the center forms the body of the chariot. It is a symbol of one of my past incarnations and association with my Beloved Guru then as now.

The last Christmas meditation that Master was still with us I was ill all day, but was able to come to Mt. Washington for Christmas. When I arrived Master was so pleased he said, "I knew Divine Mother would make you well to be here this Christmas." It proved to be our last Christmas with our Beloved Master. That year he gave Daya and Mildred Lewis a diamond cross ring. I was admiring their rings, Master looked at me as if he had gotten the wrong gift for me, and when he gave me my diamond cross asked me, "Would you rather have a ring like the others?" I said, "Oh no Sir, I love this far more," and I made such a delightful fuss over my gift that he was pleased. He smiled saying, "You don't wear jewelry or rings and I thought you would like to wear this cross when you have your meditation groups.

We used to have our Christmas with Master after the downstairs dinner and Master's interviews, etc. It was so late that he later changed it to having it Christmas morning, before going down to finish cooking, etc. However, it made us hurry through it because dinner was set for a certain time, and a few of us had to go down to cook or finish decorating.

We disciples also exchanged gifts with our Master. He would rejoice to see what practical and useful gifts we gave each other, and be happy with the love we shared and expressed to each other. This he told us made him the happiest. We later discontinued this exchange amongst ourselves with Master because it took too much time, besides there were girly gifts we gave each other that we did not want to embarrass Master and ourselves with, so while Master was still interviewing downstairs we had our Christmas together. It was, however, after the dinner and when we all could be together at one time. The house members' exchanges of gifts were delivered to each one's door Christmas Eve. It was and still is a joyous feeling to hear the patter of feet going up and down the halls leaving brightly wrapped gifts at each door. Gifts for Master from all were placed under the lobby tree. After dinner and a meditation, Master would put his orange shawl over his shoulders and play Santa Claus, and give his gifts to each one, and opened his own gifts from friends and members. It took hours to wade through all that. One of us would hand him one gift and tell him whom it was for, he in turn called their names. If they did not open their gifts fast enough Master would rip the ribbon or paper to help them and was made happy when the receiver showed joy over his gift to them. If there were more guests than gifts, Master would whisper his instructions to get so and so from here or there, wrap it, and bring it down for so and so. No one went empty-handed. In the last years of Master's life, his gifts from friends and members were too numerous to open downstairs. They were placed under his personal tree and he would open them at his leisure, and enjoyed it much more for he had time to really see and appreciate them before they were put away.

Though it was added hardship to the close disciples during those shopping, wrapping, and cooking days, still, Master's enthusiasm and joyous spirit were contagious and all joined to help carry it to completion. His joy spread throughout the house. Christmas with Master was a memorable one. Mt. Washington had a reputation of having the most joyous and happy Christmas atmosphere, for everyone felt the real Christ Spirit, for we also had a living Christ in our midst.

After the 1936 Christmas, Master asked me to live at Encinitas with Sr. Gyanamata. Therefore, my Christmas duties with Master were turned over to Mataji and others. But I still had Christmas duties to perform for Rajasi. He did not know what Master's needs were; therefore, he would give me funds and instruct me to buy anything Master needed as a Christmas gift from him. How happy Master was with Rajasi's gift of the big gold chair that he had his ecstasy in, which is still in Master's living room at Mt. Washington.

JANUARY 12, 1942 – Dear Durga: I am enjoying the Little One's gift and have been blessing you for your instrumentality in choosing the color, which I like.

–P.Y.

And the contour chair Master used at 29 Palms to dictate the Gita, etc.

It was difficult to find something to give to Rajasi, who had everything. Even his office associates used to ask me what they could get him for Christmas and birthdays. It was the same with Master, everyone coming to us to find out what they could give Master or Rajasi for Christmas or birthdays.

Having Christmas at the headquarters was a tradition. Master did not, nor would not, have Christmas anywhere else. The same applied to the Christmas all-day meditation. He started it on December 24, 1932. It was such a beautiful, spiritual event, that Master made it a tradition. In later years, someone suggested that it would make it easier to decorate, finish wrapping and prepare dinner, etc., if the meditation was on the 23rd. After much persuasion, he condescended to have it on the 23rd once. That day Jesus appeared to Master much more often than at any other previous times and the experience was so great that Master definitely felt that the 23rd was more pleasing to Jesus than the 24th. Therefore, the 23rd was definitely established. Master set the pattern that is followed to this day.

When he prayed, the magnetism of his words penetrated our minds, and when he played on the harmonium and chanted, he pulled our hearts along with him to deeper depths. I played the big drum

and Daya the symbols. He would signal when he wanted us to play, and when he wanted us to play louder and faster. This became a tradition, as well as my singing Master's "Divine Love Sorrows" song.

Those meditation days with Master were not only deeply imprinted in our conscious minds, but also in the archives of the subconscious, and still deeper into the superconscious mind to eradicate numerous past, present, and, I hope, future psychological knots.

We had to be quite unwell not to go to the meditation. I remember during meditation day, I contracted a severe cold. I was positively miserable all through the first part of the meditation period. When the intermission came, I wrote Master a note stating my plight, and asking him what I should do, hoping he would tell me to remain in my room and go to bed. When his answer came, it read, "Do whatever you think best." I never did anything without his consent, therefore, I went back down to finish the rest of the meditation period. When he saw me come in, he smiled. The cold misery did not bother me at all for the remainder of the time, though I could not join the downstairs celebration, still, I put on a mask and joined his and our private Christmas under Master's tree.

Whenever Master would mention that he saw Jesus, the hair on my body would stand on end and the vibrations were tremendous. Once, while we were singing Glory, Hallelujah," I felt Jesus making a deep imprint of a cross on my forehead. Every time we sang that song, thereafter, the same feeling of a cross on my forehead returns. Another time, I definitely felt Jesus' omnipresence in my mind, heart, and soul. I was wondering if my feelings were real. When Master spoke again, he said, 'Some see Jesus and I know others are feeling his omnipresence.' I was satisfied to have my perception verified.

The experiences during our all-day Christmas meditations with Master, are too numerous and too deep to mention or express.

The first of the two occasions I had to miss Christmas at Mt. Washington was after Master's Mahasamadhi. I had to stay with Rajasi at Encinitas, for the last of his x-ray treatments fell on the 24th of December. It also happened that they had the all-day meditation on that date. It was an extremely sad day, for it was my first Christmas without our Beloved Master in the flesh, and also absent from Mt. Washington. Mrs. Lewis kindly put a very nice decorated tree in Rajasi's room, which I could see and enjoy. She had placed a pink rose on my dresser. I was so very sad that day and, seeing the rose instead of Christmas decorations, I felt awfully sorry for myself and mentally complained to Master, saying, "No decorations for me, the rose is not even a red one." The thoughts had not been fully expressed when I heard Master's voiceless voice say, "Never mind Duj, I will give you a Christmas tree." After a few hours, Rajasi wanted some juices and I sat on the end chair. While we were seated there, I heard Master's voice from the living room hall coming from a record. This was too much for me to bear; I put my head on my arms resting on the table and gave vent to soul-searing sobs. Suddenly, in the spiritual eye appeared a vision of lights in the form of a beautiful symmetrical tree. So quickly had Master fulfilled his divine promise of giving me a tree of my own, one that has and will remain with me the rest of my life. Not only did it satisfy my vision, but it also quenched the tears from my heart and soul, as I felt the vibrations of his Divine Presence too. What blessings he bestowed on this empty shell, hollow without his presence, but filled to overflowing when he deems to fill it with the Grace of his Divine Love.

Since the departure of our Beloved Master from this earthly abode, he makes himself felt throughout the holidays and is very definitely present amongst us. I know without the shadow of a doubt that he comes to the pure in heart and mind, and fills the soul with his omnipresent love.

My First New Year at Mt. Washington

My first New Year at Mt. Washington, January 1, 1930, Master took Schramm and myself and a driver, Dickinson (Master nicknamed him "Longfellow" because he was so tall and huge). We went to Laurel Canyon and picnicked by a little brook, though there was little water. Schramm took pictures of Master sitting and chanting. The picture is in the hermitage bedroom niches at this time.

Master also nicknamed me "Gultuton," because if something did not go as it should, or, I did not like what I was doing, I used to mumble protest.

I was here a short time when Master told me to bring Ted, the nephew I adopted, here, that he should look after him for my sake. But this boy was not suited to live in a spiritual home. He had inherited some of his natural father's bad habits and he had to be sent away. Mr. Darling took him in with him and his mother at Huntington Beach for awhile, but, again, the boy went from bad to worse. Finally, Mr. Darling had to send him to his mother and sister. He did not do well there either, so the boy was sent back to his natural father in Canada. During the war he went into the army and married an English girl. He now lives in England with a very nice family. I am told he is doing very well and makes a good husband and father.

My Brother Dufour Leaves Mt. Washington

Shortly after Ted arrived, Ernest and his wife and son came to live here too. She was the bookkeeper and did general office work. My brother was made the manager later of Mt. Washington, and worked around the house in general maintenance. They lived here for two years. The Dufours and I were very close, because we all took the Lessons together and lived as one for a long time and, now we were serving the same cause. They showed great enthusiasm and worked day and night to live up to Master's ideals in every way. Master even had him sleep in his living room on the davenport. Later, I asked Master if he knew that Dufour would not last, why did he give him so much attention. He answered, "Because he was with me in a previous life. If you will recall, when William the Conqueror fell upon landing in England, one of his men told William, "This fall is a bad omen, let us turn back." This man was my brother in this life, and Master was trying to help him, and find out during his sleep what was in Dufour's subconscious mind and heart. Evidently, Dufour's mind was not entirely pure and had personal ambitions, for when Satan's test came he fell hard.

Later, my brother, without knowing that castor beans were poisonous, ate twelve of them and became very ill. His life was spared by Master's grace, but during his weakened condition, my brother listened to Sraddha Devi, who was out for self-glory. They used to get together and talk against the teachings and Master. One day, my brother had a visitor, a member who Dufour had encouraged to take the Lessons. This man came to see my brother to hear more encouraging discussions of the teachings, but instead my brother talked against the Lessons and Master. I only heard a few words as I went by his room. I waited until the man left and I started in to give my brother a piece of my mind for talking against the work and Master. I only had a chance to say a few words when my brother stepped into the doorway, took me by the neck, and threw me against the wall across the hall. I was black and blue from his tight grip. This was in May 1932; Master was in Santa Monica at a rented beach house. I asked Tony Diegel to drive me to Master. I had to wait on the beach until Master returned at one o'clock, for he had gone out that evening. I told him my story. When Master and I returned to Mt. Washington, Master called my brother for an interview. My brother was so far gone in evil thinking, that he barged towards Master to strike him, but the Lord protected Master by throwing a lightning flame on Dufour. He immediately felt the impact. The burning sensation was so forceful that Dufour ran out of the room, down the steps, and rolled on the cool lawn, hoping to relieve the burning sensation. I don't think it lasted for too long, but long enough to give Dufour a good lesson. My sister-in-law had to find a room at a neighbor's house, which they had become friendly with in their search for friends in their evil thinking against the work and Master. Dufour then demanded five hundred dollars from Master, as Dufour said he did not have a cent to find work, or rent a house, etc. Master did not have much money, but he gave Dufour the money for my sake. When it came time to receive the money, Dufour would not come into the house to get it, but he told Master to come out in the middle of the tennis court. I was following Master down to the meeting place when my brother saw me. Like a mad man, he shouted, "Tell her to stay out of this. I don't want her around here. Tell her to get out." Master signaled me to stay on the sidewalk. I asked Master why Dufour did not want me there. He answered, "Because the devil does not like the presence of an angel." But, I thought, because

of money Dufour was willing to face a Christ in Master. I did not have anything to offer him, therefore, he did not want me around. They stayed for awhile in Los Angeles, but later went back to Detroit. They are now living in Indiana, still very bitter in spirit and hanging on to his false pride. I quote an excerpt of a letter Master wrote me on May 20, 1933, while Master was in Detroit.

MAY 20, 1933 – Dear Durga. I had an interesting reunion with Dufour; he came to the hotel. I called him to come, the old feud is gone, I told him you would write to him, please do write him after I see you. His address is Box 173 Utica, Michigan.

– P.Y.

In 1938, Master sent me on my first vacation alone. He wanted me to have the best of clothes and stay at the best hotel, the Book Cadillac in Detroit, to show to the Dufours that my choice of life was far better than the one he had chosen for himself and his family. Before my brother left Los Angeles, he offered to have me come and make my home with them, but my answer was that this was my home and this is where I shall remain the rest of my life.

Mr. Darling Comes to California

Later, Mr. Darling came to California, but he did not stay at Mt. Washington, but lived with his mother and brother in Huntington Beach. Master told me later that Mr. Darling had told him, "I knew that she (myself) could not stay in a worldly life, and if you will heal her body, I will willingly give her up to dedicate her life to yours and God's service."

My First Picnic at the Beach

When Master came back from his campaigns, he had to get away from crowds. He took Dickinson, Schramm, and I to the beach on picnics. I remember the first picnic on the beach just below Torrey Pines. He took Nerode, Dickinson, Schramm, myself, and a few others. I have pictures of this outing.

We Received No Salary

During 1930 and 1931, no one received a salary. When Master was away, for our recreation, a few of us would gather and say, "I've got enough money for an ice cream cone," or another, "I've got enough for a malt." We had more fun than if we had spent a dollar on entertainment. Master's great treat for us was Eskimo pies, ice cream covered with chocolate. He loved them. In order to treat his large family, he would buy a whole box of them and pass them around to each one of us. Master's greatest pleasure was to buy things, or tidbits to eat, and with his sacred hands pass it along to each. With each bite came a blessing.

In 1935, we still received only one dollar a week pocket expense. This made a very deep impression on Rajasi when he heard that we bought our own clothes out of that amount and all our incidentals besides. Of course, money went much further at that time; we could get a dress and other items for a dollar. Then, too, we got hand-me-downs. Schramm used to get some clothes from her sister and friends. She took what she needed and then passed the rest to me. Later years, our salary increased to five dollars a month, and gradually it increased until it is at its present standard, twenty dollars a month, the Directors, twenty-five dollars a month.

Housecar Trips

Master bought his first housecar in 1930. It was an old one, not the trailer-type they have these days, but the kind where the body is located with the chassis and the motor and all in one piece. I have many wonderful memories of this housecar, which I would like to share with you.

Master used the housecar a great deal to get away from telephone calls, interviews and to write, travel, and have picnics. We could not always afford hotels, cabins, or restaurants. Wherever we went,

we had our cooking equipment handy. We would stop at a nice place or under a tree, pull out all the cooking utensils and foods and cook on an old gasoline stove, which we had to pump every few minutes in order to get any cooking done at all; and the thing smoked, so it took us ages to get the black off the bottom of the pans. Master thoroughly enjoyed those outings and so did we.

Master slept in the housecar, which had a bed. Carson, or the other drivers, slept outside beside the car, Karla and I in our sleeping bags, which she had bought for me, a good distance from the housecar. The first time I slept outside, I remember I was so very cold. Believe me, later, I learned to bring enough warm clothes to sleep in. We always drove until late at night. When Master wanted to stop, we did so, anywhere. Sometimes it was so dark we could not see where we had parked and the next morning we would find we were almost in someone's backyard.

Master loved to go to the beach. One time we went to Dana Point, California, and parked on the cliff overlooking the sea. We remained there for several days. One afternoon the four of us – that is Master, Karla Schramm, Carson and myself – were standing in a row looking out at the sea. While we were gazing out to sea, several rays of light slanting towards the ocean appeared in the sky. It was like sunrays piercing through the clouds. One of us mentioned it to Master. He rejoicingly said, "I am glad you are all seeing this miracle from God." It was this occasion that inspired Master to write and compose the chant, "Come Listen to My Soul Song."

Another time we went to Palm Springs. We parked the housecar at the Palm Canyon and camped there for several days. One day Master and we were walking in the canyon, he asked me to sing "Divine Love Sorrows." Seeing the century-old trees and rocks, I felt the deep meaning of Master's words, "Centuries and centuries I called out for Thy name."

Another time in that same canyon, Master washed his hair in the brook and sat on a large rock to meditate, while the warm sun dried his hair. He went into a very deep ecstasy. Karla was sitting on another rock a short distance from Master, and I was a good distance away on a huge rock meditating too. He called us both to go back to the housecar. As I joined him and walked directly behind him, I was caught in a tremendous feeling of stillness. It was as though all motions of the body and, particularly, the mind had stopped and I was only conscious of that omnipresent stillness. I was conscious of walking and careful to avoid obstruction on the pathway. As we approached the housecar, Master turned and instructed me to pick up some firewood. I did so without losing that blissful feeling of stillness. I laid the wood down and followed Master into the housecar. He stopped on the step, and turning to face me said, "Stillness is God."

This occasion also inspired Master to write and compose another chant, "Come Out of the Silent Sky."

Early in 1931, Master left Los Angeles for his campaign in Denver. He took the train and instructed Karla, my brother, and myself to drive the housecar and join him in Denver. After the classes, we drove to Colorado Springs for a vacation. Master had rented a house, which was a minister's residence, who had gone on a month's leave. It was a neat, comfortable house. When we left, Karla and I cleaned the house thoroughly making sure we left it as neat as we had found it. Master left his "Science of Religion" book with his inscription and a thank you note for the minister and his wife. Master heard from the minister later thanking him for the book and saying how pleased they were to find the house in better order than they had left it.

During this time, some of the members helped Master buy a convertible four-seater Ford. How Master thrilled and enjoyed sitting on the very top, using the back seat as a foot stool, taking the full benefit of Colorado's beautiful view. Several members wanted to come back to Los Angeles with Master. He was in his glory to have a caravan follow him, enjoying the sights of Bryce, Zion, and other sights on the way.

Late in 1930, Master took a large group on an outing in the housecar. At the end of an enjoyable picnic, before leaving, it was Master's habit to meditate with all. The upholstered seats, when the back

was laid down, made into a bed for Master to occupy at night. This was done on this occasion to make more seating capacity. Master was seated in the center with his back against the wall. Several of us were sitting on the edge of the bed on each side of him. Master went into a very deep ecstasy. During the meditation he was warm and took off his coat, and laid it next to him. Much later, Ettie Bletch, who had just arrived at Mt. Washington, and was seated next to me, not knowing that one does not at any time use a guru's clothing on oneself or on other persons, saw that I was cold, took Master's coat and threw it over my shoulders. The minute it hit my body, I felt like an electric wave penetrated my whole being. When I saw whose coat she had used, I unhesitatingly started to take it off Master stopped me saying, "Don't take it off." What countless blessings I and the others have received in the presence of this living Christ-like soul, and this incident shows us that vibrations do remain impregnated in the clothing and the surroundings of one who is emerged in God.

This housecar was later given to the Nerodes as a means of transportation and home for their campaign work back East and the Midwest; they later sold it.

In 1934, after Master gave his housecar to the Nerodes, Karla helped him buy a second housecar. This too was the same type as the first, but, in addition, it had a shower, stove, toilet, etc. It was well built, but the chassis and motor were not too good. In March 1935, Master bought a new Dodge chassis. He was contemplating how the body could be transferred onto the new chassis. He looked at me and said, "You do it." To my consternation, I answered, "But Sir, I don't know the first thing about such things." He answered, "You'll know how, I will work with you. Castillo will work with you." I asked Castillo to find a garage that would have a crane to lift the body off the old chassis and place it on the new. He found a garage on Avenue 60 in Highland Park that was equipped for our purpose. I worked day in and day out, side-by-side with Castillo, in grease, oil, and dirt from head to foot.

When we started to take the body off the chassis, we found to our astonishment that the body was only held by two bolts. My heart gave a leap thinking back on how often this housecar had gone up and down Avenue 43, our steep hill, loaded with people and Master. What if these bolts had given way on the hill? I had visions of the body slipping off the chassis and down the hill, while the motor was going upward, but all remained safe in the fortress of God's protection.

And now we were removing this hazard by securing it with plenty of bolts. We then found that the body was too long for the chassis. Fortunately, there was an old-fashioned blacksmith next door. I consulted him; he made strong extensions and soldered them to the chassis.

One day Castillo had to go elsewhere. That morning he drove and left me at the garage, saying that Mt. Washington was going to pick me up around five p.m. After working all day by myself, I was greasy, dirty, and there was no ladies rest room in the building to clean up in. This was all right when Castillo drove me back home at the end of the day, but this time I was waiting for a car from Mt. Washington to pick me up. Knowing how they always delayed, I waited a whole hour before calling Master. He told me a car was on its way, which should have taken only ten minutes to reach me. I waited another half-hour; still no car was in sight. Tired, dirty, and vexed, I again called Master to complain that they had not yet come for me, he answered, "I can't help it if the car I sent did not reach you." My voice expressed my displeasure, saying, "What am I supposed to do, it's almost time for Thursday night's meditation and I am still here waiting?" His only answer was, "Well then, walk home." I asked the garage man if he could take me to the foot of the hill, from there our car will pick me up. He said he couldn't because he was alone 'n the garage and could not leave it alone for so long. I must have looked forlorn, and no doubt, Master was sending him the thought, after thinking it over for awhile, he condescended to drive me to the foot of the hill. Needless to say, how happy that made me, for I was not dressed to take the streetcar or even walk on the street. Fortunately, there was only one person waiting for our car to take me up the hill for the services. I knew her well, therefore, my face was saved. I learned later that the car that Master had sent had a flat tire without a spare, and with other interruptions did not get to leave the house at all, and I beat it up the hill. This was a good lesson for me, as it showed me that when one is working for God or Master, one should not expect favors. In

the background of my mind, I was thinking, "I was working hard for him, at a job that should have been done by a man, and I at least am entitled to some service." Master's answer put me right back in my place, henceforth, no matter how hard or what the work was, I learned not to expect any special favors.

After we drove the housecar back home, I painted the inside and outside of the body. Then Master wanted new spring cushions. I made them myself as well as upholstered them, put in new curtains, and it was ready for more picnics and trips. Master was made very happy with the results.

Rajasi only went on a short trip around Encinitas with Master and a few of us in the housecar. We still have this housecar body, we hope to dedicate it as a shrine. It is now located in the back of the SRF cafe at Encinitas. God willing it will be done someday.²

A Few of Master's Prophecies for Me

In 1930, Master was on one of his eastern campaigns. One morning I received a letter from him which he had written several days previously, for it came by train mail; plus delivery days. I give you this information only to convince you of Master's prophetic powers. At the end of the letter, he wrote, "Today you will see millions of little lights." As I looked up in the sky, there were lights over my head. How did he know which day I was going to receive the letter to be able to write "Today"?

Another time, in 1930, a group of us was sitting at the downstairs kitchen or dining room table. Someone asked Master what was in store in life for them. I don't remember what he told each one present, but I remember what he told me when I asked him if I would have to give lectures and teach as he did. He answered, "No, your path is individual teachings and through chanting," though many years later, he told me that I would make a good lecturer.

How well I remember the first banquet Master gave soon after I moved to Mt. Washington. He invented the gluten, and he wouldn't let anyone around except those he had taught how to make it. That Saturday night, he asked me to remain in the dining room with him while Tony and Dickinson worked on the gluten. Master asked me to sit at the table with him. He took a long bread knife and asked me to hold an 18" string with both hands and, with a quick thrust of the knife, he cut the string in two. Then he took a potato and had me throw it up in the air and he cut it in two. I threw up the potato until he had cut it all into small pieces. During the banquet preparations, Master was always so very cheerful. He would suddenly burst into a Hindu dance with his arms and head; though it was only for a second, it was enough to give me a thrill, for without knowing it, it was reawakening past memories.

When one calls God earnestly with deep feeling, God will manifest himself in the blessed form of the Guru. Another time I was preparing the vegetables for the banquet, I was standing over the sink, chanting "Door of My Heart." I had just repeated the words, "Wilt Thou come, just for once come to me," I felt Master standing by my side, saying, "I have come." I was so new here that only my soul recognized the depth of his sacred words.

Banquets

Master loved banquets and would have one every month. At first he gave me charge of decorating the banquet hall, which is now the main office. We had to put decorations on the ceiling, walls, and tables. The tabletops were made of heavy cardboard and placed on sawhorses. They were made of such rough lumber that the ladies would catch their hose on them, but it was the best we could afford at that time. We did not have tablecloths; we used white roll paper, like wrapping paper in the stores, and flowers for a centerpiece. They looked nice to us anyway. Master could not do everything himself but oversaw everything. He also put me in charge of the cooking. I would decorate in the afternoon and cook all night before the banquet under Master's directions. He, of course, put the last minute touches to the

² *This housecar is still located on SRF grounds in Encinitas.*

curries, which made them perfect. Master, in those days, used to deep-fry all the vegetables before putting them in the curry. We would do the frying the night before and after a few hours sleep, we went down to finish the cooking. We made chutney, patties, or something new Master had discovered for the occasion. Master was such a wonderful cook; everything had to be just right to suit his taste. He would work at it until he was satisfied with the results. We had to use very tall cooking pans and I, being short of stature, had to stand on a chair to do the stirring. To our minds and hearts, the banquet was a success only if our Master was pleased.

Master Plays the Organs

Master loved to play the small foot pump organ we had. In the evening, we used to gather around Master at the organ and chant to our hearts' content. When he bought the large pipe organ, he used to play it late at night, long; and the louder, the more he enjoyed it. The neighbors used to call us to soften the music; it was keeping the neighbors from sleeping.

Sankirtan – Master Introduces Me as a Musician

Master used to call us to his library for our morning meditations and sankirtan; we all sat on the floor. I remember how the heavy drum on my folded legs used to cut the circulation. Luckily, I had the big drum to use as a prop when Master would say, "Let us stand," for at least one of my legs would hang lifeless for lack of circulation. It was hard to realize in my limited mind, how much the soul expanded in those wonderful meditations with our Beloved Guruji. Speaking of chanting, one day in 1930, Master took Schramm and myself with Carson as the driver in the housecar to Phoenix to visit a member who had a retreat in the desert. Master introduced Schramm to the hostess as a musician and, also, introduced me as a musician. The woman had a piano in the house and my first thought was, "What if she should ask me to play?" As soon as I had a chance, I asked Master, "Why did you introduce me as a musician, you know I don't know one note from another." He quickly, but definitely, answered, "That is the way I wanted you." Later, he explained further, "Though Schramm was a music protégée since childhood, she cannot play one of my chants, because she did not have notes. She would have played them perfectly if there were notes, but it would not come from her heart. I want you to chant from your heart, mind, and what comes natural to you from me."

The first notes to a few of his chants were written by Minie Christmas Mayo's son during Master's absence in India in 1935-1936. Though some chants in the present chant book are not right, still it is something, that is why Master said, after he came back from India, "Duj has kept my chants alive."

I Play the Big Drum for the First Time

In 1930, Master was invited to take part in the dedication of a Sikh temple in Stockton, California. Master took with him Nina Parshell, Kamala, Tony Diegle, Schramm, and myself. We had to stand at least two hours at the doors till their committee made up their minds whether to have chairs in the temple or not, and take the shoes off or not. Finally, the decision was concluded and everyone walked in shoeless. We followed Master in and seated ourselves around him on the floor in the center of the temple. To my amazement, I saw that we were the only ladies in the temple, for the Sikhs don't allow women in their temples. Master had trained me to play the symbols, while he played the harmonium, sometimes his big drum. When it came time for Master to play his chant, he told me to give the symbols to Tony. Then without hesitation, Master picked up the big drum and placed it in my lap, saying, "Here you play this." I was never so dumbfounded, he played "Oh God Beautiful" in Bengali and I played that drum as if I had played it all my life. Much later, he told me that I played the drum in my previous Indian incarnation in his hermitage. No wonder it came to me naturally. Thereafter, until Master's Mahasamadhi, at all of Master's sankirtans and meditations, I played the drum. And if he wanted to play the drum or the symbols, I played the harmonium, for I could play it to satisfy his tempo. He played them so very well, it made our playing sound, no doubt, amateurish to him.

Sister Vows

Master said that in India they always give the different vows after an initiation, for the altar and vibration are conducive to the occasion. Mrs. C. P. Bissett became Sister Gyanamata on July 20, 1931. I was downstairs decorating for the initiation that Master was giving that evening. He had told her several days before, that she could prepare her mind for the occasion. About an hour before the initiation, Master called me upstairs to his room and asked me, "How would you like to be made a Sister tonight?" My answer was, "All right, but to me taking a vow of a Sister is a very sacred thing, and it is in my heart and mind to be one, but don't you think I should have had a few days preparation for the solemn occasion? It is only a short time before you start the service, I am dirty from working, cleaning, decorating, and I haven't finished yet, but I will do whatever you say." He answered, "You are right, you should have a few days preparation at least, we will leave the public ceremony for some other time." He said "public," because I had taken them from him privately with Schramm as each other's witness. I don't know how many times I took the Sisterhood vows since then, for every time a new, close disciple arrived and he gave them their individual vows, I always was included in the circle in which we all joined hands around Master, while we repeated the vow after him. He often said, "You don't have to wear a uniform, robes, or saris, while I am here, that can come after I go to the Infinite." Sister Gyanamata is the one who started the white robe idea. She could not put on her sari easily, therefore, she had white robes made which were easy for her to slip on and off; and, because she could not always have her hair cut and washed, she took to wearing that white veil.

Orange Robe

Many years ago, Master gave me one of his orange robes and told me I had the right to wear orange. I can understand why we could not have worn orange while he was alive, because he wore the orange robe, and many other reasons why we should not wear it while he was alive. But since the past year and a half, he does wish us to wear orange. He has told me to do so, that is why I wear it at my meditation meetings and interviews.

Different Projects

In 1933, Master painted the headquarters for the first time. And in 1934, he purchased the second temple on 711 West 17th Street. It was also at this time that Master got a lawyer who could organize and legally complete our church status. Master was the president; Sister Gyanamata, the Vice President; Richard Wright, the Secretary; I, the Treasurer, and all of us were on the Board of Directors, plus Karla Schramm. I am the only one left of the original officers and directors.

In 1934-1935, Master had a radio program every Sunday at 4:15 p.m. He gave a fifteen-minute talk. He opened the program by playing the harmonium, Daya the symbols, and I the big drum. A boy driver and all of us sang the chant, "Polestar."

Master Promises Me to Go to India with Him

During my earlier years with Master, he often used to say, "I will take you to India when I go. I will show you the hermitage where you were with me as a Sister, not a blood sister, in your previous incarnation." One day, in 1930, he was so elated, he was taking Schramm, Carson to drive the housecar, and myself to Phoenix. One of his students had invited him to her desert retreat. He seemed particularly anxious for me to see it. It was a beautiful Spanish building with a patio in the center. I was out in the patio enjoying the atmosphere. Master came to my side and asked, "What do you think of this place and what does it make you feel like?" I answered that it felt familiar, as if I had been here before. He added, "It should, for it is almost the exact replica of the hermitage in India where you were with me, that I was telling you about."

Master's Trip to India

When Master was able to go to India in 1935, he very sadly told me he could not take me with him; because, in the first place, he did not have sufficient money, and, in the second place, he did not have anyone else to take charge of the organization while he was gone. The reason he published that Sister Gyanamata was in charge was because she was much older and it was better that an elderly Sister be named. Poor Sister did not have office or other abilities, nor the physical stamina to take care of the million details of office, financial, and legal matters, that came up during Master's year and a half absence. Sister Gyanamata and I were very close and we considered each other as pals. I consulted her on matters I knew she, in her great wisdom, could and would help me with. She and I had Master's power of attorney to take care of all legal matters. I had charge of Daya, Mataji, and Sailasuta, the only ones here at that time, and sister was over us all. How happy Master was to learn through my letters to him that I had paid off many debts of long standing. And that out of our poor pittance, I was able to save enough to mail him a certain amount of money for India. When Master first told me I could not go to India, I asked him, "Do you think I will ever get to see your Master?" He could not answer, for he knew that Sri Yukteswarji was planning to leave his body, as Master's letter to Rajasi will indicate. Master told me later that he knew I would not see Sri Yukteswarji in this life, so he said, "I asked Sri Yukteswarji to send you a special blessing." And he did, during the time he left his body; he came to me in a superconscious dream. He touched my forehead and I felt that same electrical wave coming from his hand into my body, creating a light of blessings. He disappeared, and then I saw Jesus walking away. I called, "Master Jesus." He turned to face me and pronounced and mentioned my name. It goes to show that we don't have to go to India to receive blessings from those great souls. It was also at this time, when Rajasi was visiting us and we were meditating with him, I opened my eyes. I saw Lahiri Mahasaya come out of Rajasi's body and return in it again. Though I did not go with Master to India, I had the satisfaction to know he wanted me there, as his letters to me will indicate, under the file "Master's Letters to Durga." (It was also at this time that Rajasi gave and built the Encinitas hermitage, also, see this file under that title for my part in this project).

In 1950 and 1951, again, Master was planning a trip to India. He again told me he could not take me because my health would not permit it, but I also knew I had to remain to continue and finish the duties he had given me of caring for Rajasi's welfare. As time proved, neither was our Beloved Master able to go to his blessed India, for Divine Mother deemed otherwise. I have had many offers to go to India since Rajasi's passing, but Master wants me to finish the work he has ordained that I do before I go to India, or before this soul slips to join him in his infinite abode, wherever that may be. Needless to say, how much we missed our blessed Guruji during his absence. We were like lost children, trying to do the duties that every day were brought to our attention, and trying to do everything and anything that would please him in every way. You don't need to use your imagination to picture us when Master, finally, was to arrive at our shores. We were beside ourselves with joy; the house was cleaned from top to bottom.

Master had sent boxes and trunks ahead, and we put them all in his library, awaiting his return. He called us from New York; Rajasi was here at that time. What joy it was to hear his beloved voice again! Master had planned for us to meet him in Salt Lake City, Utah, on November 16, 1936. Marquart drove Sailasuta, Daya, Mataji, and Mrs. Wright, and I took the train a few days later because I had to attend the last minute details for the hermitage. I got to Salt Lake the night of the 15th and the next morning we went to the station to pick up Master. We could hardly wait. We got there in good time. The station seemed unusually quiet, I thought, for a train to arrive. When it came time, we went out and saw Master hiding behind a post. We all shouted in unison, "There he is!" and ran as fast as our legs could carry us. We all came back in the station, Master had us all sit in a bunch and he sat in front of us, playing with the Wrights' anxiety, saying Dick and Ettie had not come back and an sorts of tales. Master had hidden them in another part of the station. I will never forget how Master sat looking at each one of us—His penetrating glance, as if he was going within our very souls to see what changes had taken place during his absence. Then Dick and Ettie appeared on the scene, as if from nowhere and

the Wrights jumped with surprise to greet their brother and son. We had reserved a room for Master at the Newhouse Hotel, where he had stayed previous times. He ordered ice cream and chocolate fudge and we all had a treat. We all sat on the floor hanging on every word he spoke, but he did not say much for he was inwardly busy analyzing each one's soul. It was at this time he asked about the Encinitas property (see that file for details), then he interviewed each one of us individually. I sat with spine straight, ready to answer any question he would fire at me, but all he asked me was, "Duj, do you love me?" I threw myself at his feet and cried my answer, and he was satisfied.

We remained in Salt Lake a few days, then we drove to Zion Canyon and saw all the sights on the way back to Los Angeles. Master wanted to go to San Francisco to see if he could persuade Tara to come back to Mt. Washington to work on his books. Only Master and I boarded the train in Barstow. We spent that evening and late that night talking of many things. The next morning, I was busy packing Master's suitcase and mine. When Master came out of the rest room, he saw Tara sitting in one of the seats, for she had boarded the train at Oakland to be with him in San Francisco. They greeted as long lost friends, and talked the rest of the way while I continued packing and getting our things ready for our arrival in San Francisco. We had lunch with Truth Burberry. Strange, I, who have a good memory, cannot recall how long, nor what else we did in San Francisco, but it was not for long we were there because Master had accomplished his mission. We returned to Los Angeles for Master's homecoming and a banquet. You can well imagine everyone's elation at seeing our Beloved Master again.

Our next thrill was when Master opened all his boxes and trunks. Master was always so thoughtful of everyone; the boxes were loaded with token mementos from all over the world and India. That Christmas, he really loaded us with gifts from India and elsewhere. He gave me three saris, one yellow with a black border of crepe, a white silk with a red border, and my favorite and his, the sari I wear each Christmas since that memorable one of 1936. I well remember how Master blessed each one of his close disciples on the forehead with his finger, saying, "Kali is writing Her name in flames on your foreheads." What blessings! How can such little ones as ourselves comprehend the greatness of such a Christ-like soul as our Master was and is.

Many Jobs

My life has always been one job after another. It was either carpentry, designing, drafting, electrician, plumbing, plastering, gardening, cleaning houses inside or out, and building. I like machinery. I worked in the print shop. I don't think there are many jobs or line of work I did not do during my training years with Master and even after his Mahasamadhi. Master often used to say to me, "Duj is living many lives in this one." When he was extra pleased with my work or my behavior, he used to call me "Duj Gug," other times he called me Durga, or, more often, "Duj", for short. He has often told me that I was living on borrowed time.

Taj Mahal Repair

In 1941, when Master returned from back East, he brought back with him a delicate Taj Mahal replica, which is now in his hallway in Mt. Washington. He had cautioned everyone that drove the car to be very careful going over bumps, so as not to break the Taj Mahal he had in the trunk. When Rajasi came to visit after Master came home, he had the Taj on his desk in his library. Master asked me to close the drapes so that he could show Rajasi the Taj lit. I reached for the cord, as I did so, my arm struck the corner of the Taj and knocked it on the floor. It sounded as if it had broken into a million pieces as was my heart; as I picked up the pieces, it looked like it too. Master did not say a word. Later, I told Master I would find somewhere to have it mended and I would pay for it. I did not know where to go, so I took the pieces to my room and got the idea of using plaster of Paris. I glued the pieces I could, and built new pieces. Master came in while I was working, June Adams was with me, and she asked him, "How does she do it?" Master answered, "Duj can do anything she puts her mind to because she applies concentration."

After it was put together the plaster looked dull, while the rest was glossy. The idea came to me to use clear paraffin wax. I melted some and covered the dull parts with wax. One could not tell where the repairs were made, much to Master's and my satisfaction.

I Ask To Do a Hundred Kriyas

I had often heard Master praise a man for doing many Kriyas a day. I thought if Master is pleased with him, maybe I should be able to do likewise. One day, I gleefully asked Master, "Sir, can I do a hundred Kriyas a day?" His eyes got bigger and he shouted, "Are you crazy?" Well, I said, "You always praised Mr. Marcus for doing more Kriyas." He answered, "That is not for you, stick to the number you are doing, that is all." I never tried that again.

Gray Pulled Out of My Hair

In 1941, I was sitting on the floor in front of Master. He was talking to us. He suddenly realized how gray my hair was. As he talked, he pulled one gray hair in front of my head, and then another. He continued to do this for almost two hours. Later, he used to often remark with joy, "Duj's black streak of hair is still there, because I pulled the gray ones out with my will." The gray hair did not grow back until after his Mahasamadhi.

My Different Incarnations

Speaking of reincarnation, Master told me once that I was a dancing girl in a temple, and also, at one time, I was guillotined for the sake of religion. When I first came to Mt. Washington, he used to give me an apple or a banana to hold and eat. I never knew why for many years. Later, he told me the reason. It was because he liked to see me hold those articles with only my first three fingers and the other two fingers would stick way out. This brought back memories to his mind of my temple duties when I was in an Indian temple offering incense and flowers on the altar.

Corrections

I remember once when Master was scolding me, I don't recall the incident for there were so many, because I fully deserved them, but to this one in particular, I answered, "After all, Sir, I am a grown woman." His face became crestfallen and he answered, "I wish you hadn't said that, because I never see you all as grown women but as children of God." Believe me, I never said that again.

I wasn't without my share of scolding, for I had a lot of knots to untie. As Master used to say, his own Guru broke every psychological bone in his body, and thank goodness that our Master was kind and thoughtful enough to break all the psychological bones of my mind. I received many, many, deserving corrections and if it hadn't been for those and his constant vigilance, I wouldn't be here today, because without those impartial, impersonal, and righteous corrections, one cannot progress on the spiritual, mental, or physical path. I deserved much more than I actually received, for he was so merciful and ever so forgiving, even without asking for forgiveness, if we showed remorse and acted to prove our sincere effort to do better.

I Take a Silence Night

Reading about Mahatma Gandhi's silence day, I decided to have a day of silence myself. Joyously, I went to Master and told him of my plans that I wanted to take all day Thursdays for my silence day. His answer was, "What, take a whole working day, you take it from 6 to 12 midnight on Thursday nights instead." I started that, after several weeks, Master decided he wanted to have a silent night too. He took Saturday nights. I changed my night to conform to his. If he missed Saturdays, he would take it Sunday nights. His life, however, was not his own. And since his every moment was a dedication and service to God, and meditation to Him, it was really not necessary for him, but he continued it for a long time.

Part Three

I Move to Encinitas

Since Rajasi had built an apartment for himself next to Master's in the hermitage, it was a sure indication that he was going to make it his future headquarters, which greatly pleased Master, for it was an assurance that Rajasi would be coming to Encinitas instead of going to Florida for his retreats. Therefore, Master was determined to give him all the comforts of home, hence, he appointed me to take care of his personal welfare in early December 1936.

In early January 1937, Master sent Sr. Gyanamata and me to live at the hermitage. How well I remember this incident. I was sitting on the floor of my Mt. Washington room, the one next to his bedroom, which I had occupied after a few months of moving to the headquarters. I was packing my necessary possessions when Master came in, sympathetically patted me on the head saying, "Never mind Duj, you will have many rooms to live in someday." At the hermitage, I was given the best room in the north end where Mataji and guests now occupy. I was not, however, able to remain in it for too long at one time, for Master invited so many guests and he would want them to have the best. So, out I went, bag in hand, so frequently that I seldom occupied this lovely room. From 1937 to 1939, I literally lived in every room in the house, which was available, or in closets, drawing rooms, powder room, or anywhere there was a space large enough for this shell to lie on. I really did not have a place I could call my own to meditate in.

I Build My Room at the Hermitage

One day, I got a bright idea to dig myself a cave, so at least I would have a place to meditate, for even the meditation caves were occupied. I gleefully told Master what I was doing. He asked me, "Where?" I told him that I tied a heavy rope on the cave fence and slid down the rope, halfway down to the beach cliff where no one could reach me. I will never forget Master's eyes of extreme surprise as he shouted, "Are you crazy! You will break your neck or fall down to the beach on the rocks below." I can assure you I never slid down that rope again, but that action started the motion to build a room for myself somewhere. Master told me to look around to see if I could build a room in the hermitage somewhere for myself. I found the basement underneath Rajasi's apartment suitable for the purpose without too much expense, where plumbing would be available for a bathroom. Castillo, Manuel, and myself dug out the supporting footing and placed a streetcar steel rail in for support. We poured concrete walls and floor, made an inside stairway out of the hall closet, a bathroom, even an intercom and outside phone. I, at last, had a room I did not have to give up, because Master did not want guests on his and Rajasi's end of the hermitage. I could also be the watchman for that end of the hermitage, while Sister was watching the other end. My room was completed in July 1939. I remember the first night I was going to sleep in my new room. It was an extremely hot day. Master came down to my new room and spent the whole day, for it was the coolest room in the house, hence, my room was divinely initiated by his sacred presence.

Services to Master in the Hermitage

I remained at the hermitage continuously for seven years. During these first years at the hermitage, Master used to come often and for long periods at a time, while Rajasi made relatively few visits and for only a week or ten days at one time. Even when Rajasi was at the hermitage and did not occupy all my time, I continued my personal services to Master; cooked for him, and every Sunday, Master invited twenty to twenty-five guests after the services for lunch. I cleaned the temple; I took the book table, and received guests at the temple and visitors that came to see the hermitage. After Rajasi retired, I used to go to Master's quarters, until he told me to retire, which sometimes was as late as 3 or 4 a.m. There were many other duties when Rajasi was not at the hermitage. It was my privilege to go with

Master on his nursery or pleasure trips, or go to the beach with him and help carry his moonstones; do his cooking and accompany him on his walks; rowed in the temple pool; swam in the swimming pool with Master and other disciples. I worked side-by-side with Master building the Golden Lotus Temple (see file on same) or carried on during his absence to Los Angeles, I fed the fish when he did not have the time or was absent, looked after the guests, painted the rust off the metal frame of the Windows, and checked and paid the bills. The real estate man, Mr. Willis, and I worked together on the purchase of all the lots and real estate in general. After a few years, Daya took over the paying of the bills, and several years later, Sraddha took over that job and the real estate. The men painted the rusty spots on the building, hence, relieved me of these duties. When the first landslide occurred, I worked with the men and supervised that job. I was at Mt. Washington when the temple fell. I returned to see that all was salvaged and put in a proper place (see the file on Encinitas properties, etc. for my part in each of these projects).

I Make a Mattress for Master

Master so seldom complained about anything that we took notice when he did. I heard him say, "Why don't the companies make mattresses longer?" I understood what he meant, so while he was in Los Angeles, I bought all the materials and had Castillo build a wood extension to his Yogi bed and I made a small mattress extension, springs and all. Castillo and I were still working on it and had it finished just before Master stepped into his bedroom. Castillo and I had it as a surprise for him. How pleased, and how much he enjoyed using it and appreciated the love that motivated the act.

My Trips Back and Forth to Los Angeles

When Master was at Mt. Washington, I used to make several train trips a month to see and be with him. If he was at the hermitage, he would send me to Los Angeles to look for different things for the hermitage or the temple. I quote a note Master wrote to me.

JULY 12, 1938 – Dear Duj: Monday afternoon tomorrow positively start for here, important matters on hand to be accomplished, when you reach the station, call up, we will get you. Try to reach by 1 o'clock. Blessings very sincerely yours.

– P. Yogananda

On one of these occasions, I had a very severe chest cold. Master came down to my room; I can still see him now sitting on the chair. He looked at me for a moment, then asked me if I would go to Los Angeles to get something he wanted for the temple from a store in L.A. He added, "Castillo will drive you. You can lie on the back seat and come right back." I agreed to go. After he left my room, he sent Woody to help me dress and get ready. I was tucked in with blankets, pillows, and laid on the back seat. Castillo was worried; I could see him watching me from his rear mirror. When we got to L.A., I went into the store. It only took a few minutes and I came back, took my former position on the back seat, and went back to the hermitage. By the time I got there, I was practically well.

Master's Vision of Jesus and the Chalice

When Master had his vision of Jesus with the chalice, I was present when he told us about it. Master said, "I wonder why Jesus made me drink from the chalice?" The words came out of my mouth before I knew it, saying, "That is because you are drinking from the same cup of wisdom as Christ." Master looked at me and said, "Jesus answered me through you."

Projects

In 1942, Master wanted me to help him build the Hollywood church, so I stayed at Mt. Washington to work until after the dedication of the church (see the file on Hollywood church for my part in this

project). Then in 1943, I started on the San Diego church, hence, I came back to the hermitage and drove back and forth to San Diego until it's dedication (see the file on the San Diego church for my part on this project).

In 1941, Master brought R. K. Das from back east with him, and put him in charge of the office. He was an ambitious person for the work and did very well. He made many wonderful and good changes in the office. Master was very pleased with him. In 1944, during the India famine, Master created an India Famine Fund, and wanted hundreds of letters mailed for donations for that purpose. Sri Das had the letters mailed for awhile. When he saw the money pouring in for India, he wanted to keep that money for the office and not send it to India, nor did he want to continue the mailing. Master, who always had a soft spot for his beloved India, was displeased with Das for making such a statement. Master knew my heart was for India. He called me in from Encinitas, saying, "I want you to take over that department for India, and mail all the letters you can." I worked from morning until evenings just mailing these appeal letters, hundreds a day, for I was a fast worker. Master was more than pleased with my work and the results it accomplished, but Das was not so pleased, and did not like my sharp eyes in the office either. He complained to Master that I did nothing else but send those letters and I should do other work instead. Master answered him, "That is the reason I placed her in that department to do my wishes, since you don't want to do it." Das got on his high horse and tried to frighten Master by saying, "All right then, put her in charge of the office, I am leaving." Master immediately took him up on that, and Das answered, "All right, I will." I was dumbfounded when Master told me all this, and that he was placing me in charge of the office. The procedures and office work had grown so. I told Master I will do my best, but you will have to work through me, because all these things have changed. I was good at following orders, working and directing, and had creative abilities, but I did not think I had creative abilities in business and office procedures, and I warned Master of this lack. Master answered, "That is all I want you to do is carry out my instructions and do your best, leave the rest to me." I said, "All right then, I don't know enough about it to feel that it is my place, and I won't feel badly if at anytime you find someone else who will have that ability to replace me." I quote a few of Master's notes to Rajasi regarding my office work.

APRIL 28, 1944 – It is surprising how Duj is helping in the office, why didn't I think of it before, she gets things done and has no wishes of her own to obstruct my wishes for the good of the work. I am very pleased. P.Y.

MAY 12, 1944 – Duj is proving wonderful in carrying out the work in every way. I always wonder why I didn't think of this before; she is humble and conscientious and has the greatest example in humbleness and practicality in my Beloved in you. Duj gets things done and never breaks word given to me or tries to get away from fulfilling promises. I wished all others before had done so, then this work would have been all over this earth. P.Y.

I worked in the office from 1944 to 1948. During that time my body was giving me more and more trouble, and after May, 1946, Rajasi spent at least four to five months in the winter months at Encinitas, and three months or more in the summer months. I had to leave the office for that period and take it up again where I left off, but this is not the way to run an office. Master realized that I could not do justice to either the office or Encinitas, therefore, decided to put Daya in charge of the office, I must say a very wise decision. I, again, moved back to Encinitas and gave up my room. I had the one Mrs. Wright is now occupying.

It was also in 1948, that we all experienced a very memorable incident. Master had an extremely deep ecstasy. One noon, around June 16th, I went to our small kitchen to eat, I sit down but I couldn't eat. I left the table and went directly to Master's room. He was sitting alone on the davenport and I sit near him, he said, "Sit a little more distant away, Divine Mother doesn't want anyone to touch me." He began to talk of his love for Divine Mother. One by one, each of the dose disciples came. He told us

later, that he did not want to call anyone, that She would have to call those She wanted Herself, and She did. After I, came Daya, Mataji, Sailasuta and Woody. He had us call the Lewises to come too; it was the first time we had seen him in such a different ecstasy. He talked aloud to Divine Mother, and She would use his voice to answer him back aloud, so we could hear it all. Divine Mother took each one by our names and would tell us what each one's faults were, and Master's tender heart would come to our defense. Daya took some notes. Divine Mother laid us low and many others who were not present, according to each ones' just deserve. I remember my scolding very well. I had to give up my room either at Mt. Washington or, in particular, at Encinitas for guests. A little while back, I was asked to give my room up at Mt. Washington for a guest again, and for the first time, I made a fuss about it. Divine Mother was taking me on the carpet for that, saying, "Duj was selfish and wouldn't give her room up." Master answered, "Please Mother, don't punish her. She has always been unselfish and is my pal, and you know she takes on the sins of others, don't punish her, Mother." Each one without exception got a lesson we never forgot. Can you imagine what this did to make us deeply remorseful? We cried so much and for so long, that we were as listless as could be. After three days and nights of this crying and hearing all these conversations from Master to Divine Mother and vice versa, I had to go to Encinitas overnight. He continued his talking in the same manner while I was gone. Early that morning, Daya called me to say that I had better come immediately, they feared Master was going to leave the body. I drove so fast; I made it in a short time. I did not feel the driving at all. When I said to him, "I am sorry, I was not here last night." He looked at me and answered, "You were here, I saw you." One or more of us were in constant attendance, night and day.

One day, while I was working in the office, Master got a letter from one of the office workers complaining about my actions, and added that I had no education and I was Ignorant. When he read the note to me, I answered that she was right, I have no education. He very indignantly answered, "You may not have an education, but you are not Ignorant. Look at me, I don't know English beyond the parts of speech, but look what the Lord is writing through me. Someday, you too will write." I did not realize how much this note had hurt him, because someone had called one of his children ignorant, until this one night when I was taking my turn in attendance to Master during his great ecstasy. I sit on the floor; he began to dictate to me. I only had a very small crack from the closet light to light my pad and I had to take it in long hand. He dictated for a long time. At the end of the dictation, he said, and I quote, "June 20, 1948. An ignorant but loving God secretly was chosen to take this dictation from intellectual ignorant myself." He also said, "Divine Mother wanted me to dictate to you all this to prove to that person that you are not ignorant because you are the one who is taking this down not she." I still have my original handwritten notes as well as the typewritten transcription which I typed immediately in order not to forget what he had dictated and while my notes were still fresh in my mind.

Life Force Tries to Leave My Body

At this time, Master did not care to eat, not even mangoes, which he loved so well. For weeks after, the least little reminder would recall his ecstatic samadhi. His dear body was suffering someone else's pain. As he stood to go out of the room his body swayed, I quickly held him so he would not fall. As I did so, I deeply prayed that Divine Mother would pass his suffering into me. Several days later, I came down with the same symptoms he had, and his body was relieved. On July 1, around five o'clock in the morning, I felt a tremendous shaking of my body, it felt like a chill, but it was something far more severe and different. I tried to call Mrs. Wright, who was looking after me and who lived across the hall, but I could not get any response. The shaking became more violent. I told myself, "You must control this, or it will run away with you." The violence ceased, but it came back at intervals. Later, that morning, when Mataji came to see how I was for Master, I told her of my experience. She in turn told Master. He came to my door with a mask on. I begged him, "Please Sir, you better not come in, this might be contagious, and I wouldn't want you to get it." He remained in the doorway as I asked him what the shaking was. He answered, "It was the Life Force trying to leave your body." I further said, "Anytime Divine Mother wants to take me, I am ready to go." He sadly looked at me and said, "No,

you have a lot of work to do yet." Blessed Guruji again saved this shell from leaving this world. He had his reasons and I now know them very clearly too.

On Hand when Master is Ill

I stayed another six months in 1950, to take care of Master during his suffering for others' karma, or when he suffered, I seemed to always be on hand. I quote an excerpt of a note he wrote me.

OCTOBER 13, 1942 – I was laid up for eight days with old sore foot trouble, wish you were here to look after me in your matchless way.

Master used to call me "sensation specialist," because I could find the trouble and have a fine touch, he always said, "Let Duj do it, she knows." I have deliberately kept my personal services to Master and SRF work at Encinitas and Mt. Washington separate, that you may better understand my duties to and for Rajasi, which Master gave me, which are expressed in the following pages, as well as my personal feelings for Master, which are written in my biography of Master.

Part Four

My Services to and for Rajasi Janakananda per Master's Request and Wishes

In December, 1936, and after Master had given me the duties of looking after Rajasi's personal comforts and welfare at Encinitas and Mt. Washington, I questioned, "Why me?" He related what had transpired in the first few Interviews he had with Rajasi in Kansas City in 1932. Master said, "I was talking with Mr. Lynn (Rajasi), he was telling me of his home life and the service he was receiving from servants, etc., and while he was talking Divine Mother showed me your astral face near his, that is when I told Mr. Lynn, 'someday I will show you what real, unselfish service is like,' I knew then that Divine Mother was telling me to have you care for him, and you would be able to help me to help him. I expect much of you, I trust you with my life. I know it will be hard on you, but I will guide and protect you, you must not let Divine Mother and me down." When Master left for India, he instructed me, as his letters will indicate, to serve Mr. Lynn with Daya as chaperon, but after Master was back with us again, I served Rajasi alone, because Master was here and my greatest protection. He watched over me and directed me according to his wishes in all matters. How grateful I was, and still am, for his ever-watchful eyes, both physically, psychologically, and above all, spiritually.

This service involved such duties as cooking, shopping, and packing and unpacking his suitcases. Master had made me very conscious of how meticulously clean Rajasi was. Therefore, I made special effort to keep his apartment spotless at all times. I had to dust, vacuum, wash floors and Windows, polish furniture, arrange flowers, etc. When he was present, I had to change sheets every day. Once in awhile, I received a little help from Manuel's wife to clean the house.

Wearing a Housecoat

Trying to keep Rajasi's apartment free from the other kitchen's cooking odor, especially curry coming into his apartment, was a definite chore. He did not mind his own cooking odors, for they were so plain, but all the Windows and doors were kept wide open, even on cold winter days to have fresh air at all times. I used to be so cold all the time, I had to keep dressed warm, and in order to keep my legs warm, I wore housecoats down to my ankles. One day, Master asked me, "Why do you always wear those long dresses, you look funny in them." I answered, "I am cold, Sir. The other girls wear slacks around the house to keep their legs warm, but I don't like those things, and Rajasi keeps the apartment much colder than even the rest of the house, so that I need warm clothing."

One day, soon after that incident, Master came into Rajasi's living room to meditate with him, he had his jacket on and he sit down while waiting for Rajasi to come out of his bathroom. Master asked me to get his shawl, saying, "Why does he keep it so cold in here?" I quickly took this opportunity to point out to Master my dress problem, saying, "You see Sir, you are here only for a short time in this cold room and you want something warmer and more to wear. I am in it all the time, that is the reason I wear those housecoats to keep warm." Master never said another word about my long dresses anymore. He saw my point and reason and was satisfied.

Rajasi's Sense of Smell

Rajasi had a super sense of smell, and he would not hesitate telling me if he did not like certain odors, especially if it came from the other end of the hermitage. I had to keep my person clean and not even use perfumes, for everything around Rajasi had to be natural. In order to avoid further conflicts from the other kitchen cooking, I thought of the idea of building a wall. This, I thought, would also give Master more privacy for the disciples, and his coming and going to his own quarters at all hours of day or night. This solved many odor and other problems for me as well.

I Learn to Drive

Prior to 1943, I did not know how to drive a car. Master had often expressed a desire that I learn to drive, but since he did not press the point, I did not wish to add more to my already heavy working schedule. However, during the Japanese War, in 1943, gas and tires were rationed. Rajasi did not have his own car at Encinitas at that time. When he informed us of his coming visit, I took the train to Los Angeles to get fresh food supplies. Then either Sailasuta or Castillo drove me to the airport or the railroad station to pick Rajasi up and drive him to Encinitas. Then the driver had to take the train or bus back to Los Angeles again. This procedure was repeated when it came time for Rajasi to leave. One day, Rajasi and I were discussing the hardship this imposed on Master and the drivers. Rajasi offered to teach me how to drive and encourage me to learn by adding, "We will keep it a secret, and the next time Master wants me at Mt. Washington, you can drive and surprise Master by saying that you drove me." Every day, thereafter, he made me drive. He was a good teacher. We drove on the back roads of Encinitas countryside, to avoid the highway in the beginning. He would not let me miss one day for he said, "It would be harder to start again." I learned on the old Buick, the seat was set for long-legged drivers, and Rajasi forgot to tell me that the seat could be adjusted to suit any length. My legs are so short that I had difficulty in reaching the clutch. I thought, "I will never enjoy driving if I have to pull myself out of shape every time I have to change from clutch to brake." I did not feel secure at the wheel. Much later, Rajasi noticed that the seat was too far for me. He pulled the lever to adjust the seat, and I must say I was greatly relieved to be able to touch my feet squarely on the implements of the car. When Rajasi told Master that, I had driven him down, Master shouted with joy, for it relieved his mind from providing a driver, plus traveling expenses. Henceforth, driving duties were added to my service to Rajasi. Day or night, I drove him wherever he wanted to go, back and forth to the airport or stations. Master had his own regular drivers; therefore, I only drove him on several occasions. During the war, we could not exceed the 35-mile speed limit on the highways. This helped me to thoroughly learn before the speed limit was raised. I will never forget the time I had left my purse with my gas ration card in it on the fender of the car while I was putting packages in the car. It was returned the next day, however, through Master's prayers. I surely needed that gas ration card.

My Lifting Weights Beyond My Strength

Master did not allow Rajasi to carry light or heavy weights. The one who did the driving also helped carry his suitcases, food boxes, etc. in and out of the car to its destination. My doing the driving also added my having to load and unload the car, up and down steps alone. Most of the time the loads far exceeded my strength but Master's blessings and my willingness enabled me to do so. Sr. Gyanamata often told me, "When I see you bent with such heavy loads, my heart was prone to rebellion, but my mind quickly told me that Master's blessings are upon you for this service no matter how heavy they are."

Whenever I felt I did not want to do this or that, I would recall what Master often told me, "Remember whatever you do good or bad will reflect on me." If my mind rebelled at times, my heart would say, "Don't let Master down."

I remember one day I did not pick up a beach towel Rajasi used to lie on the lawn, which he had left after he had come in the house in the evenings. Later, Master told me that Rajasi had complained about it to him. I answered, "My gosh Sir, can't he even pick up one little towel for himself?" Master gently explained to me that he had advised Rajasi to help me instead of complaining, and Master pointed out the wisdom of his advice, "Whatever you do reflects on me, for he complained to me and I got the rebuff not you." Thereafter, I was extremely careful that Master would not have to go through that again, but Rajasi also corrected himself and did not further complain to Master or me. If it had not been for Master's blessings, I could do nothing, for this shell of a body was never very strong, nor was it ever free from one pain or another. The latter years in spite of living in a wonderful environment, the blessings, and Master's strength to carry me through, I still had to take hot soaking baths in the morning in order to be able to get this body moving.

Beach Going

For many years there were only a few boys living in the garage apartment at Encinitas. Master still appointed me to be Rajasi's bodyguard when he went down to the beach, and gave me instructions not to allow anyone else to go with Rajasi or to let him go to the beach alone. Also, I was to walk at a distance behind him and sit on the beach while he swam, in case he had trouble while in the ocean I could render help. Master added, "His position and money will attract those who will want to approach him for favors, etc., and if someone is with him they won't dare." Many years later, after Manuel had left our employ, Master told me a story that was reported to him by one of the Mexican boys that knew Manuel saying, "Manuel had planned to have his own wife approach Rajasi on the beach. They were going to say that Rajasi had made passes at her, then try to blackmail him, but Manuel complained, "Miss Darling was always somewhere on the beach and would have served as a witness against us; therefore, we could not carry out our scheme." Master added with great satisfaction, "See my intuition in trying to constantly protect him." The other reason was, Rajasi had accident karma, my karma being different than his would help to counteract it, this is also another reason Master always provided a driver for him. Plus I could carry his towels and solvent to remove the tar from his feet. I would place these things where he selected, then I would go off and find myself a spot a good distance away but within sight.

He always went down our own stairway. At first, the steps did not seem so steep or long to me. Winter or summer when he was at the hermitage, Rajasi went down to the beach every day. As the days and years roiled by that stairway became longer and harder to climb. My legs would tremble so it seemed at times I could not make it back up again. I found if I started to say on the first steps, "Om Coccyx," going up the spinal cord at each step until I reached the last one, or I would repeat "Om," one step was for Babaji, and each step represented one of the Masters. This is the only way I could make it. How many times in the course of those years, I asked Master to allow someone else to accompany Rajasi to the beach, but he always answered "There is no one else I can trust but you." It wasn't until after 1948 when my body worsened in health that Master, to my great joy, released me of this duty, for there were more boy disciples living at the colony and I could ask one of them to go with him. I haven't been to the beach since.

Rajasi's Supplies, Shopping

Replenishing Rajasi's toilet articles and food stuff does not sound like it would be such a chore, but it turned out that everything he used was a hard item to get or only particular stores carried them, etc., and I had to walk miles from one store to the other to find them, especially during the war when things were so hard to get. Believe me when I found them I bought a large supply.

Not Accepting Money

When I first came to Mt. Washington, apart from serving Master personally, I performed numerous services to many individuals, and it never occurred to me to accept remuneration for service rendered. In 1930, I was very friendly with a young couple who lived in the cottage at Mt. Washington (The V.L., now Self-Realization Fellowship monks' quarters). Shortly after they moved away, they both became ill at the same time. They called to me for help. I went to help them until they were able to do for themselves. When I left, they put a twenty-dollar bill in my pocket. I immediately gave it back, but they gave it again to me saying they would be hurt if I did not accept it, etc. One side of my mind did not want to accept, but the other side did, thinking I could buy a new dress to go and meet Master in San Diego with Schramm that weekend; and I walked away with it. When I told Master how I had gotten my new dress and several other items, what he said cured me for the rest of my life of accepting money. No matter what I thought or how hurt they would be, Master very calmly said, "I would have preferred you would have come to see me in rags, rather than come in a new dress at the cost of accepting money for services you rendered while you are in the service of God." I never wore that

dress again nor have I ever accepted money again. Master said it was alright to accept gifts, but money was different to accept, for it would seem like we were hiring ourselves out, but a gift was a token of appreciation. Rajasi knew we did not receive a salary or money for ourselves, therefore he wanted to do me a kindness for my services, so he would slip some cash where I could find it. After he had gone I'd find it, place it in an envelope, and send it right to him in Kansas City. He never repeated this again, but at Christmas time, Master allowed him to give everyone in the house a brand new crisp five-dollar bill. I, therefore, was included with the rest. Master did not want Rajasi to give to individuals at any other time because Master said, "They would get used to him giving to them and they in turn would think of him as a money bag, instead of the saint that he really is." This information I had to carefully pass on to Rajasi without offending him, for he was very generous, and liked to give to those on the spiritual path. Master wanted to instill in the minds of all the devotees a deep, respectful attitude towards Rajasi at all times.

Servant

Rajasi had several servants in his Kansas City residence. When he first arrived at the hermitage he would sometimes forget himself and speak to me as if he was directing one of his servants. That was the time when I deeply appreciated Master's wonderful lesson and wisdom, "When a person accepts money one becomes a slave to the giver." How proud I was when I now could look squarely into Rajasi's eyes and without anger, be able to say, "I am your sister disciple not your servant," and without another word went to my room. He would soon call to apologize. I immediately dismissed the incident from my mind and resumed my duties where I had left off. Rajasi was a person of very strong will and determination, and he used that ability to correct wherever he saw or felt the slightest discrepancy in himself. He knew this was one of them and I only had to repeat the above but a few times during all the years of my service to him. I had so many occasions to use Master's wonderful training in this respect not only with Rajasi but with other offers as well. The last one was after Rajasi left this mundane world in 1955. The executor of his estate said to me, "You were not mentioned in Mr. Lynn's will and I know you performed the greatest of service to him before and during his illnesses, if you will name any amount within reason, it is within my power to grant you such. Again, how grateful I was to Master for his patience and idealistic principles and his trust in me so that I could sincerely and truthfully answer, "I dedicated myself to God's service, and my services to Mr. Lynn was only a part of that service to God's cause. I could never accept payment for that service."

Just a Housekeeper

There was another thing Master always kept repeating to me in the many years of my service to Rajasi, "I don't want you to be just a housekeeper." Master very seldom explained his meanings to us. Perhaps it was so we could intuitively get its meaning without any outward words, so by this training we could also intuitively receive his guidance from his eternal home after leaving this earthly planet. Though I never considered myself as such, for I felt I was doing what Master wanted of me, hence, the meaning did not occur to me. However, after I had returned for my second period of living at the hermitage in 1948, one day I went over to the large kitchen where the young children disciples ate and had their living quarters in the North end of the hermitage. When I stepped into the door of the kitchen, they began to ask me spiritual questions. After I left them, I was happy to have been of service to them. By the time I reached Rajasi's kitchen where he was standing, Master's meaning of "not being just a housekeeper" came very forcefully to my mind. With the joy of comprehension I clapped my hands and loudly answered my own questioning mind, "so that is what Master meant by 'not being just a housekeeper.'" It all came very clearly to my mind now. I immediately went right back to the children and told them that I was going to take them in hand and be responsible for passing on to them the benefits of the wonderful training Master had so patiently given us, and also I formulated a Praecepta class for the adults of the colony every Monday night where the children could also attend, and then I wrote Master a note to that effect. The next time I saw Master, he joyfully said, "You are at last doing

the very thing I have always wanted you to do, and that you did it on your own accord pleases me most." That Master thought I did not want to do these things bothered me for sometime, until one day I told Master I would like to clarify a few points with him regarding some of his misunderstanding of some of my motives. "Sir, you said you were pleased that at last I was doing what you wanted me to do with the children and holding meetings every week, etc. Why did you not tell me you wanted me to do so, there is nothing I like better than to encourage and tell all what you kindly gave us, but I am very shy about pushing myself regarding spiritual things for I don't feel worthy of such, and further I heard you criticize one of the men for having regular meetings with the boys without asking you first. Therefore, I did not think I had the right to push myself forward." Master answered, "That other man had another motive, he was trying to out-do Rajasi who was meditating with the boys. Never compare yourself with that person, further you should not have to be asked, you have a right to do anything spiritual without asking or waiting until I ask you. Shyness has no place in the spiritual world." I've kept up the meetings every possible week I was present at the hermitage. One day, years later, Master critically asked me, "I suppose you are not having your meetings anymore," to which I happily answered, "Yes Sir, every week that I am there." This affirmative answer pleased and relieved him for he did not want me to stop but was afraid I had; that is why he was so relieved.

Secretarial Duties

I also performed secretarial duties for Rajasi. When no one else went to the Post Office, I had to go. When I did not drive, sometimes I even had to walk to get the mail. I kept his desk and papers straightened out. After he wrote his notes I addressed his envelopes, weighed and stamped them and saw that they were mailed the next morning early. I ordered his stamps and stationery supplies from his Kansas City office. He mostly worked at night at his desk. I took a shortcut course in shorthand, took dictation and typed letters for him for awhile. In 1948, we learned that Marjorie BenVau took shorthand, he hired her to take dictation and type his letters for him. When the BenVaus left town, Brother Sarolananda who was a court shorthand recorder, took the dictation on his machine; this however did not last long. We then learned that Brenda Lewis knew shorthand. She in turn was hired until his passing. This way Rajasi's business was taken care of through letters and by telephone to his office.

Laundry

When Rajasi came for a long period, I had to send his soiled clothes to his Kansas City residence to have them laundered and they in turn sent them back clean. This helped me a lot, for I did some mending and ironing, I made some of his things he liked to wear at the hermitage and would not wear in Kansas City.

Gardening

I had to train the new boys who were selected to pick his fruits and vegetables and who would do personal services for Rajasi. At first I had to pick the vegetables from the garden, wash and cook them just before dinner.

Accounts on Expenditures

Rajasi paid for his own upkeep while he was at the hermitage because he said, "I like good things and they are expensive and I don't want to burden SRF with my extravagances." He was very generous and gave me plenty of cash to get his things with. I gave him an account of the expenditures. He did not like that, saying, "You don't need to give me these accounts. See, I am tearing them without even looking at them, and if you persist in doing so, I will continue to tear them. So, there is no use your going through that trouble of keeping an account for me." I abided by his wishes, but I was extremely careful with his money, for I knew he was Scottish in his ways, but I also knew he liked good quality. Sometimes if I did not have my own purse along and I bought something for myself, I always

reimbursed the household purse, there my conscience was always clear of using or accepting money from him directly or indirectly or from anyone else for that matter. Master was afraid because I handled Rajasi's money and lived in the luxurious hermitage that I would get luxury conscious. During his June 1948 Samadhi ecstasy, he was talking to Divine Mother regarding myself. I wrote it down and I quote, "I was afraid that luxury and money would make you luxury conscious and spoil you, but I now know that luxury and money will never spoil you."

A Lesson on Unselfishness

Rajasi was so used to getting the best of everything from everyone that when he first came to Encinitas he was inclined to give the second best to Master. Inwardly I felt Master should receive the best, and ourselves second or what was leftover. This act of Rajasi's greatly disturbed me. When I was better acquainted with him I could not say it in the way my mind dictated, for that would have been too rough for him to take, and he would act the opposite, so I had to use a different approach. When the fruit or vegetables came in I would pick out the largest of the best for Master, showing it to Rajasi saying, "This one Master would like," or "In India the Master always gets the largest," or "The best of everything from the disciples and receives a blessing for pleasing the Guru. In this way I bet you are going to send this one to Master." This way he received the hint, thereafter eager to please Master, he made it a point to be the first one to pick out the best or largest and proudly say to me, "This one is for Master," or "Do you think Master would like this one?" or "That one, or this one is the largest but it is not the ripest, so I will send him one large one and one that I think is the sweetest." I would happily tell Master how Rajasi picked the best for him. How this pleased Master to think that his little boy thought of him first. I secretly had the satisfaction of above all, pleasing Master and getting Rajasi a special blessing.

Using Reason Not Emotions with Rajasi

One could easily reason with Rajasi and get results. Though he was a very successful businessman, he was very childlike in his mannerisms. He deeply loved his earthly mother, therefore he more readily responded to motherly appeals than to womanish emotions. Motherly praises for his good deeds towards the organization and to Master and others would give him the incentive to continue to do more.

Colds Cured

If I caught a cold just before Rajasi was scheduled to arrive, Master would immediately cure it, so I could be on hand to do my duties, but if I had a cold when Rajasi was not present or not coming soon, my cold would linger for its scheduled time.

A Lesson in Negativeness

I received strenuous training from Master during my twenty years of service to Rajasi; I also received good training directly from my service to Rajasi. I had to be extremely careful of what and how or in what manner I spoke about things to Rajasi, for negative thoughts or words were disastrous, to speak them to Rajasi, for he could not take negativeness in any form.

Asking Rajasi for Different Project Support

It fell to my lot to intercede between Master and Rajasi when Master wanted funds for different projects. I knew Master's side of the story, but I also knew Rajasi's. I would often find myself torn between asking for money I knew Rajasi could not give at that particular time, and my deep desire to do what Master wanted me to ask for. Sometimes I felt that a particular project would not work out, but still my desire to please Master would win out and I'd ask Rajasi for its support. Fortunately, only a few of Master's projects failed, but at least I had the satisfaction to know that I was doing it for Master

and God and knowing full well our Beloved Master did only for the work and God. When Master would ask me to approach Rajasi for the funds for something or other, he would want me to do it right there and then, and hurry back with the answer. With Master, everything had to be done in a hurry or quickly. He often told us, he did not have time to wait. Rajasi was the opposite. He delayed and waited, for he thought he had years ahead of him to do great things for SRF financially. Every time Master blessed him he always said, "You will be blessed with long life for doing so much for SRF," but Satan did not like his doing so much for the salvation giving work of SRF and tried to stop him before his mission had been accomplished, but through Masters and God's grace he did finish and went to his deserved reward.

Master's wanting the quick answer method however very seldom worked, for Rajasi was a man of slow decisions. He had to think over how he could manage or how he could get the funds without harm to his business. I got so I would ask Master if I could do it in my own time and words. I explained to Master that I found that if I could talk to Rajasi and pick the right time I had more success, for I usually picked a time when he was not hungry or the opportunity presented itself in an approaching conversation. This thought pleased Master and, thereafter, he would tell me, "Ask him in your own words and time." If the least negative word unintentionally entered in the conversation or if I sometimes could not quickly catch and turn the conversation to a positive trend the deal was off. I had to speak in a positive nature about things and persons all the time. This way I mostly every time received a positive answer to Master's appeal through me; then I joyfully reported to Master.

How well I remember the day Rajasi gave Master the endowment for the hermitage. Master blessed me over and over again for my part in the matter. One Christmas, Master gave me an Australian opal ring as a reward for taking such good care of Rajasi.

When Master wanted to come over to meditate with Rajasi I had to go back and forth to find out the best time for both. Or before Rajasi went to the beach, because I knew Master wanted to go out, so Master could come before Rajasi went to the beach.

Expressions Used

Rajasi did not like the expression of "Oh boy." I soon had to get out of that habit, for he would tell me how he did not like it. I changed it to "Oh Joy!" instead. The same with the word "dam." This was an unmentionable word around him, that too I had to cut out of my vocabulary.

I would so often be placed in the situation of being between two fires so to speak, that I would ask Master if he would appoint someone else to take my place in serving Rajasi, but Master would always have the same answer, "What you do for him, you are doing for me there is no difference, for I am in him as much as I am in my own body," or he would say, "I have my reason for not appointing anyone else." I now know all these reasons and I thank our Beloved Master for putting so much trust in me. I quote Master's notes to me and one to Rajasi.

MAY 7, 1942 – Dear Duj: I know you are well, taking care of the most beloved .I and big one for me. You have taken a great responsibility from my own hands. I would have had to see that all his needs are looked after myself.

OCTOBER 7, 1942 – Duj has been so good, and I am happy that her work for you is genuinely done. P.Y.

The few years after the hermitage was built Rajasi's visits were few and far between at times, but as the years roiled by, he had better men to take care of his business during his absence, so he came more often and for longer periods. After his almost fatal illness in 1946, he spent Kansas City's three hottest months and the three coldest months at the hermitage. All through those years, no matter how important my other work for SRF was, I had to drop it when Rajasi came or would do it in between if

the job was at Encinitas. Then I resumed my duties where I had left off after he left for Kansas City.

Master's 1948 Predictions

From 1936 to 1948, I served Rajasi alone with very little help from others; all the heavy as well as the small jobs, until the 1948 Christmas meditation at Mt. Washington. Master was in samadhi and made several predictions about several persons in the audience. I suddenly heard my name mentioned, Master was saying, "Duj, Divine Mother has greatly blessed you today, your work is done." Though I knew what he meant, afterwards when I was alone with Master I asked him what he meant by my work being done. He answered, "I meant your heavy manual labor, but you will have to continue to work in a different way." From that time on I received help for all the heavy work. First, I had Eugene BenVau, who worked in the garden, to carry all loads, pack and unpack the car; bring the vegetables up and have them washed. Marjorie, his wife, cleaned the apartment and did his dictation, and when they left town, there were other men and women to do that work. Brother Sarolananda took over bringing the vegetables up and did the heavy work with Bhaktananda and others. No matter where I went, I always had help to do all these things for me. I am still reaping the benefit of this Divine blessing from Master and Divine Mother to this day.

Rajasi's Food Habits

Rajasi was very strict in his eating habits, even to the point of fanaticism and critical of others who did not as strictly adhere to any particular good eating habit. If some one gave me a piece of candy, pie, or cake, I ate it in the sanctuary of my room or the other end of the hermitage to avoid criticism. All through the day Rajasi ate as he felt hunger. The first things he had after his morning exercises; if his citrus fruits were in season, I made several large glasses of strained grapefruit juice, still later I made and he drank several glasses of orange juice. On other seasons, he had melons. I would cut melons until I got a very sweet one for him. Still later, he drank a glass of carrot juice, which I made fresh every day; about two quarts at a time. He would drink another glass before retiring at night. Or I made a large glass of vegetable juice with pulp made in the blender with carrot juice or orange juice as a base, and a small piece or amount of all the different vegetables freshly picked from the garden, added almonds or pecans. Or he drank goat milk with honey, or ate fresh dates or wonderful fresh maple syrups, or whey made with pineapple juice. When the fruits were ripe on the trees I'd peel them and he stood at the sink and ate a whole meal of peaches, figs, cherimoyas or mangos; whatever was in season at the time. I would take a slice of each fruit I peeled to see if it was sweet for him, if it wasn't I would eat it and try again for a sweeter one. If the fresh fruits were not in season, he ate unsulphured raisins, figs, or dates with nuts. When the corn was in season I scraped the corn off the cob and he ate it immediately. He also liked them steamed on the cob. He did not like to buy nuts that were already shelled except those that were imported and could not be avoided, but domestic nuts had to be fresh and in the shell. I had to crack them as he ate them. His only cooked meal was in the evening at no specified time, cooked whenever he wanted it. It consisted of a few plainly cooked vegetables with very little salt or butter, he did not like onions or garlic or spicy herbs.

When I had to leave Master's delicious spicy curries and food to cook for Rajasi, I conformed to his plain vegetable eating. It was a contrast that took me several days to adjust to, for the food seemed so unpalatable. Although Rajasi did eat Master's curries and enjoyed them with Master's blessings. I really cooked sometimes two meals, plain vegetables for Rajasi and a portion cooked apart with onions and spices for myself. Rajasi could naturally smell the spicy fragrance and asked to taste it. A small serving was timidly placed before him; the results of the sample taste usually ended by Rajasi eating all of my tasty dish and I eating the plain tasteless vegetables, asking him the next day if he wanted anything in particular cooked, he would answer, "No just cook it your own way."

He liked crispy foods, especially with plain cooked rice. Since he did not drink with his meals, he liked gravies and sauces, but they could not be thickened with flour or cornstarch, but I used waterchestnut flour bought at the Chinatown stores. He did not eat bread as a rule, but once in awhile

he liked sourdough bread or corn tortillas or thin corn bread with melted mild cheese toasted in the oven until brown or just melted. Sometimes he had a raw vegetable salad with a home made dressing I made. He did not like to talk during a meal. He chewed his food so well it would sometimes take him from one and a half to two hours to eat his meal. He never expressed whether he liked the cooked foods or not. The only way I knew he liked it was when he asked for a second helping or left it on his plate if he did not, or the next day he would suggest, "Don't put this or that in today." After many trials and errors, I learned his likes and dislikes.

I dare say that eating such healthful foods did help my body, mind, and spiritual training, for natural and pure foods do help one's thinking power. I am grateful for those days of natural eating, and to Rajasi for growing them, the vegetables and fruits, and providing the funds that I too, with him, enjoyed such bounty of good and high quality foods, for this shell to continue her service to Master, God, and the work of SRF.

Master's Love for Rajasi

I received my greatest rewards when Master came in to visit Rajasi. I got in on many wonderfully spiritual discussions and received Masters blessings, plus the joys of seeing the greatest love expressed between a Christ-like soul and that of a saint. Such love they had for each other. The world has never seen such love from Masters eyes when he looked at his "Little One." It could outshine even a mother's tender love for her newborn babe, for this love was unconditional and came directly from the Divine.

Master Said I Suffer for Others' Karma

Master has also said that Rajasi would suffer for the karma of others because he was doing so much to spread the work in his own unparalleled way. Master has also told me that I too take on the karma of others. In 1950, when I was up at Mt. Washington, I told Master, "I don't understand, Sir, for a long time I've been dreaming that I am cleaning somebody else's house, room or that I am doing this or that for somebody." Master answered, "Good, good, good, that means that you are at least helping somebody else." Just before his Mahasamadhi I was talking with Master over the telephone and I asked, "Sir, you told me that those dreams I have about helping others; does that mean that I will be suffering through my body to help them?" He answered, "Yes." I know to what degree and how much I take on of others' suffering, but I also know when the suffering is my own.

Master Tells Me of Rajasi's Danger

Even as early as the summer of 1951, Master often told me that Rajasi's life was in grave danger and that Satan was trying to destroy his body. When I asked Master why Satan wanted to destroy Rajasi's body he answered, "Because he has and is still doing so much for the work and is helping a lot of souls back to God as His Divine instrument and Satan is trying to destroy it so he won't do anymore." Rajasi could not go to Master's last birthday party at Mt. Washington in 1951. He did not have a cold, and there was no sign of any disease or pain or anything wrong with him. His face was always so ruddy and healthful, but this time he looked pale.

Master Tells Me of His Arjuna Incarnation

January 6, 1951, after Master's birthday, because Rajasi was not well, Master came to the hermitage to see him. Master arrived the night before, but because it was so late he told me not to tell Rajasi that he was there, that he would see him the next morning.

The next morning Master called me to his quarters to ask where Rajasi was, saying "Don't tell him, I want to surprise him." Rajasi was sitting on his lounge chair in his living room looking out of the open door. Master stood at Rajasi's door looking at him, Rajasi sensed someone at the door, looked around, jumped from his chair, and put his arms around Master and they embraced for a long time.

Rajasi led Master to the chair he was sitting on and made Master sit in it, they talked for a long time holding hands. Rajasi had to leave the room for a little while. In that precious time, Master asked me, "Who do you think I was in the distant past, who could have better written the Gita in this life?" Several years before I had asked Master if he was Arjuna, but he did not answer for he was not ready to divulge his secret yet. By the way, Master asked the question, I answered, "Vyasa, the writer of the Gita." Master said, "No, but I remember you had asked me years ago if I was Arjuna," then I joyfully exclaimed, "You were Arjuna," he smiled his, "Yes." I then asked him if Rajasi was with him at that time. He answered, "Yes, he was one of the twins, the positive one, Nakula. He was my favorite brother and I loved him more than I loved anyone else. I was also his Guru then too. Krishna was my guru and Babaji, being Krishna, is still my guru, Sri Yukteswarji was my guru by proxy for Babaji." Then I asked him if I was also with him at that time, he looked at me and said, "Sure, you were." I asked him if I was a man or a woman, he answered, "You were a woman, you have been a woman for a long time and you will continue to be, a long time to come." I then asked who I was, he answered, "I don't have to tell you everything." I just said, "I suppose I was one of the mothers who went around looking for her loved one who had fallen on the battlefield." Master smiled and then Rajasi came back into the room. Master left very shortly after that for Twenty-Nine Palms.

Master Tells Me of His Worries

Rajasi had to return to Kansas City during the month of January 1952. When I took him to the airport, I remained at Mt. Washington for several days. Master was there and he and I had a long talk. He repeated his deep worries for the work and Rajasi's health and repeated his fears of Satan trying to destroy Rajasi's body. Master said, "He always delays and delays for he thinks he has lots of time yet to do things for SRF, but he does not have, Satan is trying to destroy his body." Tears rolling down his sacred cheeks. He added, "I wouldn't be able to live on earth without him, I will leave this body consciously if he goes first." Who could see that beloved soul cry without joining him, he dried his tears and began telling me "My days, yes, even the hours of my life are numbered Duj, I can no longer make appeals to him, Du) write to him, how he was born only to endow this work with a million or more dollars, that this work may go on after we both depart from this earth. For that same reason, he did not have children of his own that this work and all may be his children. Tell him how this work would become an orphan if he and I would both be gone, for all three of our lives; his, yours and mine are equally in the same danger. If he would make this work secure its continuance after we leave, perchance it may extend our lives for a longer period of time." My heart was as heavy as lead my mind absorbed in his every word and penetrated to the very core of my soul. This, however, unbeknownst to us, was only the beginning of a series of sorrow for us. I promised Master I could write to Rajasi these exacts words, just as soon as I got back to Encinitas, and long enough time to let Rajasi have a chance to assimilate its contents before he returned in February.

Master repeatedly said, "I am so worried about his health, Duj, take good care of him." That was the last time I saw my sweet Beloved Master alive, when he left for Twenty-Nine Palms.

I came back to the hermitage to get the house ready for Rajasi's arrival. I wrote that appealing letter and mailed it so he would have it a week before his arrival at Encinitas. Rajasi came a week before he left for San Francisco to one of his companies' conventions for their 25th Anniversary on February 20, 1952. Rajasi did not mention a word about the letter, but then that was no surprise for he never did say anything, but acted instead.

My Talk with Master in March, 1952

When Master came back to Mt. Washington early in March in preparation to receive the Indian Ambassador, Master called to give me instructions to have the Lewises come to Mt. Washington at a certain time, to be with him when he welcomed the Ambassador and added, "Why don't you come, too?" I answered, "Yes, Sir I will come if you want me to be there." He answered, "No, you better stay there and take good care of him." In that same conversation, I told him I had written that letter to

Rajasi and all he said was, "It is too late." I did not know what he meant, I also told him that Rajasi was contemplating buying a large farm for business in the desert that would come to SRF for income, and I asked him if he would like that. Usually Master was always so full of enthusiasm, but this time he just answered a very slow "Yes" but he said, "Tell him not to buy too large a place." I then told him that Rajasi may rent a place first, to wait until he was going to buy the farm and build on it. He answered, "Have the people you rent from paint the house inside before he moves, I don't want him going into a dirty house." Even then our Beloved Master was thinking of Rajasi's comfort (see Borrego Springs file for details on this).

I could not account for my deep, depressed feeling that persisted in my mind, heart, and soul, at the same time I felt a deep longing to see Master again. I asked Rajasi if we could go and see Master, he answered, "Yes, just as soon as the Ambassador's visit is over and Master won't be too busy, he would have more time to see us, we will go right after he leaves." Master called a few times during this time. One time Master called, I answered, he told me a few things about the Ambassador and then asked to talk to Rajasi and he told me I could listen in on the other phone in case he had something else to tell me. This time Master's voice had a tearful tremor saying to Rajasi "You know I would give any part or all of my to prolong your life." I cant tell how deeply that sunk into my heart, but I couldn't understand why I felt this way, for Master had many times spoken thus, but this time it sounded so final. But the next time Master called, he was his happy self, and spoke with enthusiasm, and joyful that this Ambassador was so respectful to him and how happy he was with everything. There was no trace of that former sadness in this voice or mannerism. So I dismissed any misgiving I felt.

News of Master's Passing

On that fatal March 7, 1952 evening, around 9:45 p.m., Rajasi and I were at his desk when the phone rang, I answered it, it was the operator asking me if I would accept the charge from Herbert F. of Phoenix. I was inclined to refuse, for Herbert was in the habit of calling from Phoenix for money, and I thought this was one of those times. Herbert was telling the operator, "Please tell them to accept." I told Rajasi of this, he said, "I'll take the phone." I saw Rajasi's expression fall and he said to me, "Master is gone," and gave me the phone. I kept telling Herbert to tell the disciples present with Master to keep repeating "Om" in Master's ear and don't stop, and call us right back and tell us if Master is all right. A while later Mr. Fredericks called, I answered the phone hoping to hear that Master was all right, but instead he told me that the doctors present in the hotel had pronounced it as final, I hung up the receiver and from the very depths of my soul began calling Master, loudly saying, "Om," and in my agony I made an unkind remark to Rajasi, "I wanted to go and see Master but no, you wanted to wait, its always wait." Later, I remembered what Master had told us when his Master left this earth, "Divine Mother knew she would not grant me my prayers of holding Master on earth longer, she prevented me from being there when he left in Mahasamadhi." I firmly believe now that it was Divine Mother's wish that Rajasi not be there with Master, and put the thought in his mind to wait, Mother knew Masters deep love for Rajasi and she did not want to delay Master's life on this mundane world any longer. Rajasi did not say anything to this remark; he was lying on the divan in a stupor without a tear in sight. He came to try to console me whose tears flowed unchecked.

I had to call the Lewises who were in the San Diego church giving a class or lecture. Poor Mrs. Lewis, all I could say over the phone was, "Master is gone, Mama, Master has left us." She kept saying, "Now control yourself, what are you trying to; tell me?" When they came home, I told her what had happened. We made arrangements to drive to Mt. Washington, they in their car and Rajasi said, "I better drive, you are in no condition to drive." I did not mind for I don't believe I could have seen the road anyway. We arrived around 4 a.m., because Mt. Washington was waiting to tell us that Master was back in his room before we started out. The four of us entered the elevator in the basement. I broke the deep silence by saying, "Mama, I would give anything if we could go into Masters room and find him sitting on the edge of his bed swinging his legs as he greeted us," but this time it was not to be. How can one write about the depth of sorrow that runs so deep not even a whisper can be loosened

from its roots? After expressing my outward sorrow I sit at his bed beside his head and was patting his divine silent cheek, when a serene peace came over me like a blanket of comfort. Each one in the room at that time told me they too all had felt that same peace. It was then that I could appreciate and see the blissful smile he had on his sacred face, his little pudgy hands and feet were still soft and pliable. Even then, Rajasi did not shed a tear. Some people are like that, tears cant come at a time when it would be a relief to shed, but suddenly it gives vent.

Trying to Bring Master Back

None of the dose disciples wanted Master taken away by Forest Lawn just yet. We wanted to make one last attempt to assure ourselves that he was not only in samadhi. We decided for each one of us to repeat the mantra Master had taught us, in case he went into a deep samadhi to bring him back into outer consciousness. I was first, after repeating the mantra a few times I heard Masters voice say, "Why do you want me to come back into this old carcass?" I mentally answered, "Because we are selfish, Sir," he again added, "Leave it to Duj to tell the truth." But the full conviction came that he was not going to return to us, and each one felt the same as I did. I don't know if they heard Master's voice, but I do know that Rajasi told us what Master had told him, "I am Om, everything is Om, I will come back into your body and in the consciousness of everybody." Since we all were sure, we let Forest Lawn men take him in preparation for the services in our chapel.

Rajasi wanted to return to Encinitas for the few days that Master was going to be away from Mt. Washington. We returned for the services. During the services Rajasi said later, "I could not speak, the words would not come out, and I prayed to Master saying, 'You will have to speak through me, I can't utter the words.'" Immediately Rajasi's voice rang out with such force everyone noticed it, we knew that Master was speaking through Rajasi, for his voice was naturally soft and low, very unlike the one that had just spoken to all.

What words are there to express our feeling at our last glimpse of that Divine face we loved so deeply? After all was over the only consolation we had was what Master had often told us, "I will go ahead to prepare a better place for you all, where we will meet again in greater glory."

First Signs of Rajasi's Illness

After the services we returned to Encinitas, Rajasi rested for a few days. One evening he worked on some SRF reports for two hours. After he went to bed there was a long distance call for him. I called him to the phone but he could not understand what the person was telling him. Finally, Mr. Wieder in Kansas City said, "I will call you in the morning," he thought they had a bad telephone connection. I cant tell you the heavy feeling I experienced from Rajasi's action over the phone, it was like a dark misgiving cloud hovering over my head and throughout the whole hermitage. The next morning he seemed so much different that I thought perhaps I just imagined the heaviness, or it may have been my sorrow over Master's leaving us.

Rajasi went back to Kansas City in May, and came back in July to attend our Convocation, again in his speech at the time garden party he could not speak and had to excuse himself. I thought that he was too overcome by Masters passing and his mantle on him. After we got back to the hermitage, he began to increasingly get worse. I could not understand how he was getting worse, for he had no pain, but his right hand could not hold things, he would drop them. I had to feed him, and one morning he asked me to come and see if I could stop the bleeding on his ear, he had cut it while shaving. It took me a long time to stop it, of course later I understood why, because of the pressure of the tumor was pressing the blood to the open wound. After that incident, I was afraid he would severely cut himself. I shaved him with a safety razor every day, until he went to the hospital.

I consulted Dr. Lewis about his condition, he advised me to call Dr. Novae. This doctor talked with Rajasi. He thought perhaps it was a small stroke and he soon would get over it and said he would come back in a few days. I had read that sometimes saints who could not hold metal, etc., when they

were in a high state of consciousness and thought since Master had said he would put his spiritual mantle on Rajasi this was the reason for all this. When Dr. Novae returned he saw that he was getting worse, and asked if he could bring a friend of his who was a specialist in this field, who was coming to spend a few days with him at this house in Rancho Santa Fe. He would bring him in around 10 a.m. the next morning. Rajasi consented, and the remainder of that day I could see that Rajasi's whole right side was getting progressively worse. That night I did not dare let him alone, I sit up all night outside his bedroom open door in case he fell and needed me. I could hardly wait until the next morning for the doctor to come, for I had to help Rajasi to the door of his bathroom several times during the night and I could see each time he was worse. I felt such a deep apprehension without even knowing what was the matter with him. During the day, I had intuitively prepared an overnight bag for Rajasi and myself in case we had to leave suddenly for the hospital.

Rajasi Goes to the Hospital for the First Time

After Dr. Raney examined him on August 13, 1952, he told me it was a brain tumor and it was progressing every fast and the sooner we got him to the hospital the better, and that they may even have to operate that same evening if his brother deemed it necessary, it may be a matter of hours of his life. I called the Lewises and told them; they offered to drive us to Los Angeles to the Good Samaritan Hospital. Luckily I had listened to my intuition and had everything ready to go because hearing that dreadful news my thinking ability was dulled and the heaviness returned a thousand fold. After the doctors left, I went to see Rajasi, the expression on his poor, sad face made me turn away for fear of bursting into tears before him, at a time he needed encouragement most. Controlling my emotions, I went in to help him get ready to leave immediately after lunch for Los Angeles. This was the second greatest shock of our lives, and just five months after losing our Beloved Master. You can well imagine our state of mind.

Rajasi went through a series of examinations to locate the tumor that same evening and the next morning, Eugene Lynn, Rajasi's favorite nephew, one of whom he thought of as a son, and Mr. Challinor his right hand man in his companies came the next morning. Challinor did not want them to operate until they had several specialists, and Rajasi's life was more and more on the verge of death, until they finally had to operate. We had the assurance that the Raney brothers were tops in this country.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis had to take the train back to Encinitas after leaving us off at the hospital. At the station, he met his doctor from San Diego and Dr. Lewis asked him if he knew Dr. Raney. This doctor told him that they are the best in this country. Dr. Lewis was so relieved he called me from the station to tell me this reassuring news; from the station to Rajasi's hospital room.

Rajasi was operated on August 14, 1952, between 3:30 and 6:30 p.m. Rajasi's life was spared through Master's grace and self-sacrifice. I stayed in his private room all day and every day until late evenings, for the nurses did not know his cleaning and eating habits, his likes and dislikes, and I could watch over him while the nurses went on their lunch or other duties.

He had three private nurses for three different shifts. I took care of his flowers, the nurses are supposed to do this but they were neglectful most of the time and he did not like the odor from old flowers. I made fresh carrot and other juices at Mt. Washington where I stayed for the duration, and took it to him every day, or brought him the fresh fruits from Encinitas, etc. They would not allow anyone to come and see him for a long time, only myself, his nephew, and Challinor. This is where I got acquainted with Eugene Lynn. He loved Rajasi as his father. He stood side by side with me in all these ordeals and we cried, talked, and laughed together. We developed a deep friendship in our mutual anxiety. He is such a good boy, he is all heart and not afraid to shed tears. He told me one day the first few days of our trial, "Miss Darling, this is not to flatter you, but I can't tell you how much I appreciate all you are doing for Uncle Jimmy during this ordeal, how fortunate he is to have such a good person like you to look after him." All I could say was that it was a privilege to serve such a saintly soul.

Every day Rajasi had some new visions to tell me about, which made my days at the hospital worthwhile outside of my service to a saint. He often said, "You don't know how much Master is aware of you all," or "Master is more with you all than he ever was," which kept us encouraged and brought Master closer to our physical minds. Believe me I was happy when he was discharged from the hospital after a month's stay. The Lewis' came to drive us back to the hermitage.

X-Ray Treatments

The two Raney's advised a series of x-rays treatments for Rajasi, they picked a good doctor in La Jolla, so he would not have so far to go, and after a week's rest, he started the treatments. I drove him five days a week for three months (also read Rajasi's biography for other details).

After Master's Mahasamadhi and Rajasi's first attack, Rajasi rented a house in Borrego and spent until May there. Now at each weekend after his x-rays we drove directly to Borrego, he loved so well.

Encinitas Apartment Fire

In November, we went to his usual Friday afternoon treatment and went to Borrego directly from the doctor's office. The following afternoon the Lewises unexpectedly drove up the driveway to the house. I was surprised to see them, but thought they had come for a visit, but they were bearers of bad news, they told me first that there had been a fire in Rajasi's apartment bedroom. I had left the electric blanket on from Thursday night, but I had widely spread it over a chair in the corner of his room. Friday afternoon after we left, Yoshio Hamada went over to clean the apartment, took the spread blanket and bundled it on the chair to vacuum under the chair. It was already very hot, and without the air circulating it caught fire during the early morning. Nina who lived in the north end of the hermitage got up very early and had to go to the office to put out the hall lights. She heard a constant bell ringing and became alarmed and called Dr. Lewis, who came right over and with great difficulty put the fire out with the extinguisher.

Smoke did most of the damage. I had an electric push button installed from Rajasi's bedroom to a buzzer in the hall, in case he needed me and could not get to the intercom phone, which was on the dresser away from his bed. The wires were in the floor below where the fire started. When the fire touched the wires it set the buzzer off, this is what caught Nina's attention, plus Dr. Lewis' quick action saved the whole hermitage from completely going up in flames. Mildred Lewis advised us to remain at Borrego for the apartment was in a sad state. She, Doctor, and Mr. Slavos and another man had taken the whole apartment apart, removed the rugs and furniture to clean, etc., even my room below was damaged. I thought we could stay in the north end of the hermitage, but Rajasi would not have it. I had to drive five days a week to La Jolla from Borrego. I must say I was happy when the weekend came and I did not have to drive two hundred miles every day.

We returned to Borrego the day after Christmas (see Christmas file for more details), and remained until the apartment was rebuilt and furnished. Mrs. Lewis, bless her heart, was so kind, she managed everything for me, and did all the dirty work of moving, cleaning, and having everything sent to the cleaners, for every stitch had to be cleaned to get the smoke out. What a terrific job she had, the fire insurance from Rajasi's Company paid for the bills. I remember Rajasi telling Mrs. Lewis and Doctor, "I want the best in Durga's room, she had such a terrible room and at last I can do something for her for all she has done for me all these years." We did not come back until Mildred told us to come, when all was finished and everything was back in place. Gosh, what a delightful surprise, and I did not have to do any work, except one afternoon with Mrs. Lewis at the furniture store, selecting the furniture and drapes, etc., for both his apartment and mine. It was indeed a joy to live in.

When the workers took the wall down, they found a large hole where the water and dampness could come in. No wonder my room was always so damp, my bones always ached and I had to take soaking baths to be able to move the first thing in the mornings. A new wooden floor instead of cement, new carpet and stairs, mirrored wall, built-in dressers, altar, etc. What a difference from the old

one. How proud Rajasi was to take me in saying "Now I am satisfied that at last you have a decent room to live in." He blessed Mrs. Lewis, Doctor and Brenda and I. We were all very happy with the results of a little fire, which did not amount to much. Water and smoke had done most of the damage. Rajasi was very happy with his new apartment, too. Rajasi's last x-ray treatment was on December 24, 1952, that is the reason we were not at Mt. Washington that Christmas.

Our 1953 Trip

On May 31, 1953, Rajasi went back to Kansas City for the first time after his Operation. Eugene Lynn accompanied him on these trips. Rajasi came back the latter part of June and he spent the summer months at Encinitas. During this summer, Rajasi told me what Master had said to him, "why don't you give my family a nice trip?" Rajasi told me who was to go, the ones who had served Master most faithfully. I called the girls to come to Encinitas that I had a surprise for them. When Rajasi repeated what Master had told him, Daya, Mataji, Mrinalini and myself, that the four of us were going on a long driving trip wherever we wanted to go. They all shouted with joy. I knew that Rajasi was going back to Kansas City on September 10, 1953. I arranged so the girls would meet me in Kansas City for I had to fly back with Rajasi, because Eugene could not leave the office to come and get him. Rajasi was capable of going by himself, but it was Eugene and I who wished someone to go with him.

The girls started driving earlier. They met me at Kansas City airport and Eugene met Rajasi. We all stayed at a hotel. Rajasi took us to see his residence when Frieda was absent on one of her drives. We saw the house where our blessed saint lived, his orchard, and went to his office several times. We left Kansas City loaded with Rajasi's wonderful delicious apples from his orchard, to eat on the rest of our trip towards the eastern cities.

I had told the girls to map out the route they wanted to see. We drove down south to New Orleans. We visited Rajasi's two sisters in Archibald, Louisiana, then towards the eastern coast, New York. We drove as far as Niagara Falls and back through Canada and Detroit, thence back to Kansas City and home in time to get Rajasi's house ready for his return on November 1st. It was a wonderful 10,000-mile trip, especially because Master had planned it for us and his blessing followed us throughout the journey.

Rajasi Tells of Giving Millions to SRF

Rajasi and I spent the Christmas holidays at Mt. Washington that year. It was also during this summer of 1953 when Eugene Lynn visited his uncle on business. They were walking on the lawn talking, I was in Daya's bedroom talking to Mataji and her. We were standing at the window looking at them passing by. Rajasi saw us, they both came over to the window, Rajasi told us, "I made arrangements for SRF to be the beneficiaries of my life insurance of half a million. By the time I am through doing things for SRF, it will have from three to four, yes even six million dollars in assets to its credit, that should please Master." Needless to say how profuse we were in our appreciation and thanks with our "Oh" and "Ahs" from us all; to Rajasi's pleasure.

Men from India Visit Rajasi

I think it was in March, 1954, that Rajasi met the men from India, Prokhas Das, now Atmanandaji, and Prabhas Ghosh for the first time. He was standing at the top of the hermitage front stairs. He had his orange robe on, how touching that meeting was. He put his arms around both men and all three cried like children thinking of our Beloved Master. Rajasi sit on the living room settee. Both men sit on the floor patting Rajasi's legs, looking at him with such adoring and respectful eyes. They remained for a few days at the hermitage. The men gave Rajasi his gifts they bought from India for him and I got several things from them also. We took pictures of all three.

Atmanandaji's Vows

Rajasi gave Atmanandaji his Swami vows as Master's representative because Master had already made Atmanandaji a Swami, but he wanted to get Master's blessings through Rajasi in Master's bedroom. I noticed that night before coming to Master's room, Rajasi did not look well. He even went right by the door, but he went on with the ceremony anyway. Again I felt a stab in the heart, but he was better the next day. A few days later the men left to go on their Grand Canyon trip because Rajasi had told them that he was planning on going back to Kansas City for a little while and that they would have time to go and come back before he would come back. Rajasi left on April 18, 1954. I stayed at Mt. Washington until the 23rd. I was getting ready to leave the next morning. The night before I received a long distance call from Eugene Lynn telling me that he was bringing Rajasi back and to meet them both at the airport that night, and that we would have to drive Rajasi directly to the hospital, that he was feeling the same symptoms of the tumor returning. He had called Dr. Raney and they advised him to come immediately to Los Angeles. After I had put down the phone I told Sraddha, who was in the kitchen at that time, "I know Rajasi is coming back to go through another ordeal, but somehow I feel a great load has been lifted from my mind." I did not know why but I found out after Rajasi arrived at the hospital. I took Sraddha with me to the airport for I did not want to come back alone after leaving Rajasi off. While Eugene was making arrangements and looking for the doctor, the three of us were sitting in the car, Rajasi in front of me. He looked at me and asked me, "Don't you know what I did?" I answered that I did not know. He proudly said, "SRF will get \$66,000 a year income from the dividends. I have signed over 22,000 shares of Kansas City Southern Railroad stock in SRF's name, this is worth a million dollars." We both exclaimed with great joy! We could say no more for Eugene returned to the car to take Rajasi in. He walked in, signed his own admittance card, and walked into the room and prepared for bed, for it was very late. Then I knew the reason a load had been lifted from my mind; for so many years Master wanted Rajasi to endow the work with a million or more dollars.

I Intercede for SRF

I've always worked side by side with Master and interceded for him regarding funds for the work. After Master's Mahasamadhi, I started typing Master's letters to Rajasi. He has over seven hundred of them, during the twenty years of Master's corresponding with Rajasi, regarding the work, etc. Whenever I found some and there were many beautiful passages, Master particularly expressed deep love for Rajasi, I read them to him. Once, after I finished the passage, he cried, saying, "I did not know he loved me so much." Also, in one of those wonderful letters I read one Of Master's appeals and at the end of the letter he said, "If I don't appeal to you there will be no one to do it after I am gone." My heart and mind answered Master, "Never mind Little Sir, I will carry on for you in these appeals," and I did at every opportunity I had. During the winter, I even wrote Rajasi a letter reminding him of his duties of making this work secure. It was a typewritten letter not too long, but to the point. I thought I could write it better and read it to him, for if I talked he would just say, "Not now, after I am better." I wanted to put my point over, so I asked him to read a letter I wrote to him. I sit behind him so I would not have to see his face, for if I saw his hurt expressions, I could not go on. After I finished reading the letter, he called me to his side. I knelt beside him. He blessed me with tears in his eyes, saying, "I know I have not completed my mission yet, but just as soon as I am better, I will take care of everything." The fulfillment of this duty was the weight which was lifted from both Rajasi and my mind, for he had completed the purpose for which he was born in this life, and I to help Master to accomplish this mission with Rajasi, the very thing Master wanted, that the work would continue to progress after both their bodies had melted into the Infinite.

Rajasi's Second Operation

Rajasi's second Operation was on April 26, 1954. While we were waiting for the men to come to take him to the operating room, he was very calm and looked as if he was looking forward to a meeting with Master instead of another Operation. He looked so blissful and happy. Eugene Lynn and I were

on each side of his bed. He took Eugene's hand and mine in each one of his hands and said, "Junior, before Durga I want to say this, that you are going to be the successor of my business. I want you to take care of SRF the same way I have taken care of it. SRF should come first, last, and always in your thoughts to help it." Eugene looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, "Durga, I don't know what a Guru means, but to me that is what Uncle Jimmy is to me, his wishes are mine." We then meditated until they came for him. His face was blissful. I again repeated the duties I performed at the hospital the first time. Each day as I shaved Rajasi, I noticed there were unusually a lot of different nurses who came in and out with some pretense or another. I heard later that they came in just to watch me shave him, for I did it with such ease and they liked to watch me. I was so used to having people watch me shave him, I got so I did not mind their coming in and out. I shaved Rajasi from then on for the remainder of his days and every day.

Rajasi's Apartment at the Headquarters

Whenever Rajasi came to visit Mt. Washington, while our Beloved Master was still with us, from the very beginning of Rajasi's visit in 1933, Master moved out of his bedroom and stayed in his library, under ours and Rajasi's protestations. Master also willed Rajasi his living quarters, for Rajasi had no room at Mt. Washington, but Rajasi and all of us decided that Master's bedroom and library should be kept just as Master left it, as a shrine. Therefore, this left Rajasi with only the library to stay in. The March of Master's Mahasamadhi, Rajasi was elected the second President of SRF. I, and all, felt he should have a place of his own to live in when he came to Mt. Washington, I had looked at the open tower porch and saw the possibility of making a wonderful quiet apartment for him and suggested to him, "Why don't you let us build you an apartment on the tower? I looked up there and it will make a nice place with bath, kitchen and all. You don't have a place at Mt. Washington except Master's library." He answered, "I will think it over." Later, he said something I had never heard him say before, "Go ahead with the apartment for me, and I want the best." I busied myself making plans for it. After it was complete, he said to me, "You don't have a room at Mt. Washington, I want you to occupy that room when I am not here." I thought he meant when he went to Kansas City on his trips, but now I see what he meant.

Rajasi remained in the hospital from April 23rd to May 22nd. The doctors discharged him earlier because the publicity that Rajasi was getting from his million-dollar gift to SRF. The doctors thought he would be able to hide from the reporters if he left the hospital, but they did not want him to go to Encinitas for they still wanted to see him every day for another week, so they advised him to come to Mt. Washington. How happy we were that we had his new apartment ready for him to receive the doctors and his business associates. How very embarrassed we would have been to have them come to see Rajasi living in the library without even a bed, but only a roll-away to sleep on, being the President and his million dollar gift to SRF. It was worth building it even for the short time he stayed in it, for only that one week. And how happy I am, although I was not planning this new apartment for myself. I sincerely appreciate living in its scenic tower and quietness, until such time that Master will deem me go to his Infinite home or wherever he bids me go on this earth planet. This reminds me of Master's prophecy when he said in 1937, "Never mind Duj, you will have many nice rooms to live in some day."

Rajasi Buys a New Car

Rajasi returned to Encinitas after this week was up for the summer. In September, 1954, just before returning to Borrego for the winter, Rajasi announced that he wanted a new car. Although his cream Oldsmobile, which was several years old, was still in good condition, it was in SRF's name. He asked me to go to San Diego to pick out a car for him, that he wanted all the new equipment such as power steering, brakes, etc. he was happy with my choice and always called it my car. I thought he was just saying that for he was not a man who would often say, "My this or my that." Sad to say he only rode in it a few times. After Rajasi's passing, I asked Eugene Lynn how he wanted me to send the car back to him, as the car was bought in Rajasi's Company's name. Before Daya, Mataji, Sailasuta and others,

Eugene answered, "I want you to have that car Durga, and dispose of Uncle Jimmy's clothes as you see fit, the boys here may be able to use them." Needless to say how grateful I was to have the new car, for it was so much easier to drive than the old one, which I had thought I would be using to go back and forth to Borrego or Encinitas for weekends or vacations, feeling SRF could not afford to let me personally have a car for my use all the time.

I Get Others to Help Me

A week before leaving for Borrego for the winter, 1954, one morning early, I heard a heavy thud on the floor. I ran up to find that Rajasi had fainted right in front of his closed dressing room door. I had to push gently because his head was against the door. I was alone in the house, even the Lewises were gone. By the time I got help from the SRF retreat, Rajasi had gotten up and was back in bed again. This gave me such a fright that I asked for the first time in nineteen years for help, for someone to stay in the north end of the hermitage to be on call in case such a thing happened again. Daya sent Sraddha for awhile. For the last five months of Rajasi's life I was thankful to have help from the alternating souls: Mrinalini, Sraddha, Pat Hogan, and the last few weeks Mataji stayed with me all the time. It was a relief to have someone to help me, for those last months were very strenuous ones. Rajasi did not suffer, but required much more attention, for towards the last he had to be fed, shaved, and someone go with him on his walks, for fear he would stumble and hurt himself. Although I had deep faith and the hope that Rajasi would come out of this, I still could not get rid of the constant feeling of extreme heaviness of heart. Rajasi did not suffer at all, nor did he have pains up to and even after his last and third Operation. He was able to take care of most of his personal chores except shave, but by the time we got to Borrego, the latter part of September, he was not able to feed himself, for his right arm was weaker. He was always so very clean about his person that Spilling something distressed him so. To avoid his being nervous about it, I or the one who was helping me feed him; I'm sorry, I don't remember who was helping me at that time, either Pat or Mrinalini or both. I do know that Sarolananda stayed in the cottage and would come at night to take the night shift, for I was afraid to let Rajasi up to go to the bathroom during the night alone.

Rajasi's Third Operation

It seemed like we had been at Borrego just a short time when the symptoms returned. I called Dr. Novac at Encinitas, he right away wanted to bring the ambulance with him, but I told him I did not want the ambulance to come where Rajasi could see it before he could talk to Rajasi beforehand and give him at least a short warning of the things to come. When the doctor came, he did bring the ambulance, but it was kept at a distance. Doctor Novac, whom Doctor Lewis had driven down, talked with Rajasi. The Lewises, bless their hearts, they were always on hand during my greatest trials and helped me more than anyone else in those trying three years. It took some time to convince Rajasi to go to the hospital. Finally, he agreed. I rode with Rajasi in the ambulance, fearful I would be seasick, but God's mercy was with me. Rajasi slept all the way. Mrs. Lewis drove Rajasi's car to show the men the way. She took the girls, Mrinalini and Pat, with her. When we got to the hospital, Doctor Raney thought Rajasi looked better than he had anticipated. He said that the ride down to Los Angeles had jarred the tumor down enough to relieve the pressure. He entered the hospital on October 5, 1954, and it did not become necessary to operate until October 13, when the pressure returned. He again spent another month this time. We drove him directly to Borrego, the girls driving up to Oceanside. Then Mrs. Lewis met us there to show the girls the way. She drove the rest of the way to Borrego. Rajasi was the first one to see her standing on the curb waiting for us to pick her up, he said, "Well, well."

Rajasi's Last Days

Rajasi never returned to his beloved hermitage again after he left it the later part of September, 1954. We had hoped that by the time Rajasi left the hospital, he would be able to go directly to his new farmhouse, for he had not seen it yet. But, we had to wait until the day before Thanksgiving to move

in, he was so anxious to move in that even a few hours delay displeased him. When we finally arrived, we took him in his wheelchair to see every inch of the house. He was extremely pleased, for this too, was another longstanding desire of his to build a home on his beloved farm in Borrego.

This third and last Operation on the poor soul left him noticeably weaker. To the doctor's amazement, he still did not suffer nor had any pain. For usually this is a very difficult disease to handle and to endure, only through Master's Intervention and blessings on his own, his Beloved Little One, this could be possible. I remember Master saying, "I am suffering that you all may not suffer." This proved it to me beyond the shadow of a doubt. I had to perform all nursing duties for him; by this time, he could do nothing for himself. What really surprised me, I knew Rajasi had always been very health-conscious and to see him so completely resigned to his fate was to me nothing short of a miracle. Doctor Raney, the younger brother, came twice to see Rajasi at his farmhouse. I remember Rajasi's face when he saw the doctor. After he had left, I had to assure Rajasi that he was not going back to the hospital, for I could see by his eyes he thought the doctor had come to take him again for another Operation, and I could see he did not want to go through that again. We took Rajasi out on his porch for sunbaths, and where he could watch the hired Mexican boys work on the farm, or see us working in the rest of the house. He was hardly ever alone, there was always one of us with him. We took him for rides down the road in his wheelchair and helped him walk. We were relieved to have Doctor Neville, a good local doctor, come every day to see and render Rajasi any aid he would need. I, also, thought of getting the nurse Rajasi had in the hospital, but both doctors said, "He is getting far better care from you than any private nurse would ever do for him. If you can hold up under the strain, it would be better for him to have you and others than strangers." Doctor Neville often remarked how very clean and odorless Rajasi's body was and not even one bedsore on his back. When Doctor Raney came for the last time after January 1, 1955, he was surprised to see how soft Rajasi's skin was and how flexible his paralyzed limbs were, for usually immobile limbs become stiff soon. Doctor Raney teased me saying, "We should have you come to the hospital and give those nurses a lesson on how to take care of a patient. If you want a job, just call me." After bathing every day, I had Sarolananda come in the afternoon or Pat, give Rajasi a good rub down with oil, and exercise Rajasi's whole body. We raised him and helped him stand as often as he could be strong enough to do so.

When Mataji came the last few weeks to help me, she brought with her several of Master's gifts to him and Rajasi's prosperity cross he loved so well. Rajasi had these things in his hand. We could not get it away from him even after he had fallen asleep. He clung to anything that was Master's and never looked away from Master's picture that was on the dresser placed where he could see it. We kept it lit all night. He also looked at the St. Francis statue the BenVaus had given him while he was in the hospital. One afternoon, Sarolananda was helping me with Rajasi by turning him on his side, so his back could be washed. In the process of turning him, Rajasi looked up at me, then at Sarolananda so sweetly, put his good arm around Sarolananda's neck and pulled his head to his chest and held him there for a long time, blessing him. Grateful tears roiled down Sarolananda's eyes. After that blessing, we noticed a definite change in Sarolananda's better behavior. At different times, each one that was helping him, Rajasi gave a special blessing as if he wanted to express his appreciation for the service rendered him. One day, looking at him, I said, "With all the wonderful care you took of your body, the best of healthful foods, exercises, still, it did not prevent all this." Though he could not speak in those last days, he nodded his head in approval. Within those same days, I asked him, "Did you see Master?" He nodded, "Yes." I then asked, "What did he say?" In answer, tears came to his sad, deep blue eyes, bowed his head, the expression was that Master had told him that he was soon going to him and leaving us. The thought went right through me, but as we never lose hope, knowing that God can accomplish more miracles, my faith kept strong, when someone would say let us pray that he gets better. When I prayed my mind's thoughts would be strong for him to remain for SRF and all of us, but on the other band my heart could not deny Rajasi the freedom of his Infinite home with our glorious Master's Company awaiting him. My heart could not deny him that privilege and reward.

During the last month of Rajasi's life, Eugene Lynn came to see him. In the course of one of his

conversations with me, he told me that Rajasi's family would insist that his body be returned to Kansas City in the event that he passed, he had a private crypt. This deeply hurt me for my faith was so strong that I did not think in the terms of his leaving, nor did it occur to me that Rajasi belonged to any other family than his SRF divine family. I answered that when the time did come, we had hoped we could place him next to Master, for there is an empty place next to Master. Eugene said, "I am sorry Durga, to hurt you this way, if it was up to me he could remain here, but I know Aunt Frieda would not hear of it." That is the reason Rajasi is interred in Kansas City instead of at Forest Lawn with Master.

Doctor Raney's last visit on January 2 or 3, 1955, he told me that he did not think Rajasi could last any longer than two or three weeks and that he did not think the tumor would be the cause of his going. He explained to me to prepare my mind of what to expect, that this brain tumor disease brings on a filling up of the lungs' disease and it fills up so rapidly that nothing can stop it, not even tapping would help. This deeply depressed me. I said nothing to the others, but as God is merciful, he still kept my hope and faith strong and to the fore, thinking that God who was the creator of the world and all things, disease as well, if He so wished it, He could prevent this fatal disease from attacking Rajasi.

Rajasi's Passing

The morning of February 19, 1955, Doctor Neville came as usual. He asked me if Rajasi had been breathing so heavily for long. I said I had not noticed. He told me he would come back that night. It was around 10:00 p.m. when he came back and pronounced the fatal words that Rajasi's lungs were filling up and it was a fatal disease and to encourage me he added, "He may last until the next day, but that he could leave anytime." I was totally unprepared for such news. Luckily, Daya, Sailasuta, and Mrinalini had come for the weekend. None of us left his room that night. I sit by his side and held his good hand in mine to the end. I could feel the life force leaving his hands and feet. I kept my eyes glued to his face and eyes. As I was doing so, I could see his eyes getting dimmer and a white light was around his head. I heard Master's voice say to me. "I am taking him away, Duj, and no one will be able to stop me." I mentally answered, "I know, Sir, and I could and would not want to stop you, for he will be happier with you than in this earthly prison." Afterwards, I could not help but think how much we depend on that little breath that goes in and out, only through God's grace. We hung on to each breath that Rajasi took. When it came in, we unconsciously breathed with him with a sigh of relief. Then just once at 4 a.m. Sunday, February 20, 1955, the breath did not come back. So many, yes, even hundreds of persons lives were changed by the removal of that life giving breath of a successful business man and such a great Saint. As I left, the room Doctor Neville gave me something to drink. I did not know I was taking something to make me sleep. I did not see Rajasi again until the services. The next morning the Forest Lawn men came for Rajasi's body. I had to answer many questions. The girls would not let me go in Rajasi's room where he was resting to get his clothes for the Forest Lawn men.

We were going to have a service for the public and afterwards one for Self-Realization Fellowship members, at which time I was asked to drape Rajasi's orange scarf over his chest and pin on his SRF pin. I said I did not think I could do it, but as I sit for awhile in the family room crying, a voice came to me saying, "Why are you not going to do this last service for him, whom you have served for nineteen years. Are you going to deny him this last service?" I told Sailasuta I would do it after all. When I went up I saw him for the first time, and then I knew that he was no longer inhabiting this shell of a body. All through the people filing by to see him, I intuitively saw Master and Rajasi sitting side by side over the casket holding hands as they used to, and as each one came to pay their last respects I could hear Master saying to Rajasi, "You did not know, so many people knew and loved you, did you?" I felt better, and the pain of losing our blessed Saint so soon after our Beloved Christ-like Master was lessened a little. I was and still am eternally grateful for Sarolananda, Mrinalini, Pat Hogan, Sraddha, and Mataji, for all the kind help they and all have rendered to Rajasi, and for relieving me so much in the hours of my, and SRF's, second extreme trial of losing its second president.

I Was Asked To Be President

After we left Forest Lawn, Daya had an appointment to keep. Mataji, Tara and others came along. They did not want me to go directly to Mt. Washington but go with them on a little drive. Now I know why. Tara is so seldom with us, they thought we had better take this opportunity to ask me what they wanted her to approach me with while Daya was at her appointment. Tara took me aside and said, "Now that Rajasi is gone, we will have to appoint another president. I spoke to Daya and she felt we should ask you first because you are the eldest sister. What do you say?" I very positively answered, "I wouldn't burden SRF with another unhealthy president for Master has told me my life too is in danger as much as his and Rajasi's were, and it would be bad for SRF. I honestly believe that Daya would make a far better president than I." I only repeated to Tara what I had told Mrinalini a short time before Rajasi's passing, and later to Eugene Lynn and to Daya. I believed it then, I more strongly than ever still believe that my choice of serving God, Master, and SRF is better for me. I am sincerely thankful that I reneged in Daya's favor.

Master had written in SRF by-laws that the Board of Directors would elect the third SRF President. I remained a few days at Mt. Washington, then returned to Rajasi's Borrego farm house to gather Rajasi's clothes and personal effects and household belongings to refurbish Rajasi's Mt. Washington apartment. I did the same at Encinitas. At first I thought I would stay in Encinitas as I did before, but I remembered Master's words several years previous when I asked him, "What can I do to further my spiritual progress?" he answered simply, "Don't stay too much alone, mix more with people."

My remembrance of this thought made me decide to live at Mt. Washington. When I gave up my room at Mt. Washington in 1948, Master had said, "You can occupy my library whenever you come up here as a guest." I told Mataji what Rajasi had told me about my using his apartment when he was not here. She answered, "I thought as much, besides there is no other room available, they are all taken." Another reason was she wanted to use the library for her own office.

I Move Back to the Headquarters

I took all the furnishings I would need at Mt. Washington from Encinitas. I thought I would keep Rajasi's Encinitas apartment intact and use it for weekends or vacations during the summer, but I thought, "How selfish of me to hold such a wonderful apartment for occasional visits."

The Lewises had done so much for Rajasi and me and were always there when I needed them the most, so my thought was to let them have Rajasi's apartment for their home. You have never seen such surprised and pleased souls as those two were when I told them about my decision. I had the right to do that, for Rajasi had bought all his own things and Eugene Lynn had told me to dispose of all his things as I saw fit.

After I got settled in my new quarters at Mt. Washington I rested for a month, then I resumed typing Master's letters to Rajasi and to me. I copied them verbatim. The first sheet is attached to Master's original handwritten letters, and the first carbon copy is for SRF files. Master wrote about several subjects in one letter. For the third copy, I cut the different subjects out of Master's handwritten letters, and filed them in each their own subjects and wrote: SRF History, with Master's, Rajasi's, and my part in each project. Subjects which cover SRF history; with Master's, Rajasi's and my life separately. I don't know what will become of these files or if anyone will ever get to read them, but at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have done my part in recording what I know of SRF history, of Master's, and Rajasi's life, and also my own insignificant life in the world as well as in my spiritual home at Mt. Washington and Encinitas.³

³ In a letter dated June 26, 1947, Master writes to Rajasi, "Duj's health is precarious I am praying. Please don't tell her I told this to you. P.Y."

Winters at Borrego

The first and second year I spent the winter months in Borrego and came to Mt. Washington only on occasions during the winter. I remained at Mt. Washington all summer. While I was at Borrego winter of 1958, I heard Master's voice say, "Why don't you come here (Borrego) only to rest, instead of all winter as you do?" The rest of the thoughts came very clear to me, that Master wanted me to stay at Mt. Washington and only come to Borrego to rest whenever I needed to get away from the smog. I have been doing this ever since.

In the summer months, I have started to go to Encinitas for my weeks of rest instead of remaining at Mt. Washington all summer. I enjoy it all with our Beloved Master's blessings. When I say I heard Master's voice, I intuitively hear it just as plain as if I actually heard him speak.

I Serve Master Three Years After His Mahasamadhi

In the beginning of our empty life without Master's presence, I again heard his divine voice say, "You started out by serving me, you shall end by serving me." I took this to mean that when I first arrived at Mt. Washington in 1929 I served Master alone, then when Master gave me the responsibility to care for Rajasi, I was serving both Master and Rajasi. After Rajasi's first operation, he would be constantly amazed at the absence of feeling that he was in his own body. He so very often exclaimed, "I tell you it is not me in this body, I died on the operating table, it is Master who is occupying this body, now I feel his body swaying in mine, I feel his head in my head." These exclamations brought to mind Masters prediction when Rajasi was repeating the mantra in Masters ear at his Mahasamadhi, "I will come back into your body and in the consciousness of everybody."

There was another prediction of this type that Master wrote in one of his letters to Rajasi in 1935, I quote it here, "I am so happy that I have found someone that I will be able to live in after I am gone into the Infinite." Since it was Master who was also occupying Rajasi's body I was still serving both, but after Rajasi's passing, I am back to only serving Master again. I feel I have actually served Master three years after his own Mahasamadhi. Master's vibrations and presence were so prevalent during those three years. I was not the only one who felt them, but all who came in contact with Rajasi. He swayed when he walked as Master used to. Even the appearance of Rajasi's body changed in many of Masters forms. When Master was not present in Rajasi's body I felt it immediately, and I would ask Rajasi, "Master has not been here these last few days?" He would answer, "No, he is busy somewhere doing something."

While Rajasi was convalescing in the desert and Encinitas, he had new spiritual experiences almost every day, which he narrated to me. After hearing them, I immediately wrote them down and read them to him to find out if I had gotten them as he had told them to me. I have a copy of them in these files.

My Dream of Future Hardships

I remember a distinct dream I had in the beginning of Rajasi's illnesses. I was standing on a small raft in the water. Someone pushed a large, heavy cardboard box on the raft, and then a second box. I said, "If you put anymore on this raft it will sink," but still a third box was pushed on the raft. It did not sink, but it went under a bit. I came to understand the meaning of the three boxes pushed on the raft of my life. These were the three years of hardship I had to undergo during Rajasi's illness during the three operations. Though the physical hardships were many and heavy in this life, one must expect to carry a cross of sacrifice to please the Lord. Whenever I mentally doubted if I was doing all Master expected of me towards my services to Rajasi during his illness, Master would invariably answer my mental questions through Rajasi, saying, "Master is very pleased with what you are doing for me." Another time I mentally asked Master if he loved me. The next morning Rajasi blessed me saying, "You don't know how much Master loves you." Could I then doubt that our Beloved Master was

answering my questions. In my thirty-one years with Master and SRF, my grateful thanks are too numerous to express. First, to have found my Beloved Christ-like Master, Paramhansa Yogananda, second, that he accepted an uneducated wad of clay and patiently molded it according to his sacred design. My constant prayer has been and still is, that I so live my life in this spiritual home, and in my consciousness, that when I close these mortal eyes and float to Masters infinite shores he will meet me at the astral gate, and my eyes meeting his will be able to say, "I have been Thine always."

The end of this, my autobiography, is complete on July 14, 1959. I would like to add just this much, that on June 2, 1959, Master gave me several messages. First, that he was very pleased with the work I was doing, and many other wonderful other things which I cannot reveal for it is far too sacred to me, but this much I will say; that I have much work to do with souls yet and that he would come for me very soon. Who is to say when, for Masters astral time dock is so much different from ours. Who is to say how soon is very soon to him. I can only say I am finishing my work as fast as I can, that he has ordained me to do, and carry on with whatever he will send me to accomplish in the future. When he is ready to come for the occupant of this shell, I shall be ready to float away with him and to be able to say with him, "For joy I came, for joy I lived, and in that sacred joy I now melt with him."

With all my love in our Master's service,

Ma Durga
July 14, 1959

Biography of Saint Lynn: Spiritual Millionaire

**By Sri Durga Mata
1958**

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Biography of Saint Lynn: Spiritual Millionaire

Parents and Family

MR. J. J. LYNN'S FATHER WAS JESSE W. LYNN. HE WAS BORN IN Noxubee County, Mississippi, on April 3, 1853. His parents moved to Richland Parish, Louisiana, in the year 1860. This handsome, blonde Irish and Scotch lad married, but his marriage was short-lived. His wife died of pneumonia, leaving him childless. In the early 1880s, James W. Lynn met a vibrant, energetic, dark-eyed Scotch lassie by the name of Salethia Archibald. When they were married, they rented a farm and occupied the lone, one-room log cabin. They called it a two-room cabin, although it did not have a partition. Here their six children were born.

The children's names are given here in the order in which they came into this world. Robert Bray lived to the age of 45; he died of cancer of the jaw. Mary, better known as Mamie, married Charles I. Bilington. Frank lived only to the age of 42; it is believed that he fell asleep at the wheel while driving his automobile and was killed. The fourth child was our own Rajasi Janakananda named "James" after an uncle, and "Jesse" for his father. Some members of his family called him "Jimmy" and others called him "Jim". These names are still used to this day (1958) by his friends and business associates. Josephine was born next, and married T.W. Logan; at the time of this writing (1958), both sisters are still living in Archibald, Louisiana. Eugene, who lived to the young age of 30, was killed with his friends who were returning from a fishing trip in the friends' private airplane. He had been in two previous airplane accidents before this fatal one. Salethia's parents, the Archibalds, were the first pioneers in the area. The town was given the family name. It is still called Archibald to this day. The Archibalds owned and operated their 120-acre farm to good advantage. It provided a good living for them.

Salethia's father died in early 1903. Salethia's two brothers remained to care for their mother and operated the farm. The youngest brother, James, married and went out on his own, leaving the eldest brother, Alec, to shoulder the responsibility of the farm alone. This uncle dearly loved his favorite nephew, little Jimmy. He remained unmarried and lived with his mother and operated the farm until his death. After Alec's passing, Jimmy's family moved in with Grandmother Archibald to continue caring for the farm and her. The children were elated at the prospect of living in a larger house. When Jimmy was six years old, the grandmother died. She left the 120-acre farm to Jimmy's parents and their children, with the understanding that the rest of the heirs would be paid their share of the estate from the produce of the farm. On this farm Jesse W. Lynn, wife, and family lived until the parents' death. Salethia Lynn passed the portals of this world on September 16, 1943 at the age of 88. James W. Lynn, her husband, followed her on August 1, 1945, at the age of 92. Newspaper accounts of the passing of both parents can be found in Appendix I of this book.

Childhood

James Jesse Lynn (Rajasi Janakananda) was born on May 5, 1892 in Archibald, Louisiana. Little Jimmy

was a very sensitive child. In 1953, his sister told me, "Jimmy was more like a little girl than a boy." He never destroyed anything. He told me later, "When my brothers played too rough, I withdrew and hid behind a tree and if someone was hurt, I would cry with them." He stayed home with his mother rather than play with the boys. The log cabin only had a fireplace in which to cook their meals. It was Jimmy's duties to build the fire, wash the breakfast and dinner dishes, milk 14 cows, churn the butter, and help his mother with household chores. He picked cotton but a few times, actually never working in the cultivating department of the farm. He walked three miles to sell two or three pounds of butter at the country store. He would proudly bring the sales money to his mother. This was her only household expense money; luckily, she was a thrifty woman. When Jimmy was around seven years old, he helped his mother plant some pecan trees around the house, which are now huge beautiful trees that are still bearing large sweet pecans.

Jimmy had a Negro playmate, whose mother regarded Jimmy as one of her own favorite children. Whenever Jimmy visited her, which was often, she ran to meet him, picked him up in her arms, and carried him in the house to feed him the sweet tidbits she had saved for him. Little Jimmy responded to her deep love. Even after 50 years elapsed, as he told me this story, tears streamed down his cheeks with the recollection of the deep childish sorrow he felt at her passing, when he was still but a small boy.

Jimmy and his dog went into the woods often to play. One day he got lost; he was gone so long that the neighbors formed a posse and went out in search for him. They found him frightened, crying, and trying desperately to find his way back home.

Little Jimmy wore dresses and long hair up to the age of six. He started school at the early age of five. He felt a deep urge for education. He walked two miles to a log cabin school. He was very diligent in his studies. He was set up as an example to the other children; he was also a leader amongst his playmates. He had a gift for spelling and giving definitions of words. When he went to the store to sell the butter, the storekeeper and the elders in the general store gathered around Jimmy, sat him on the counter, and delighted in asking him to spell long words. Without hesitation, he spelled the word and gave them the definition as well. As a reward, they gave him a piece of candy- or fruit. The family rarely had enough money to buy fruit and fresh vegetables. Sometimes the children would get an apple and an orange and nuts in their Christmas stocking. At those times, Jimmy sat on the floor with a bowl between his legs and emptied the contents of his stocking into the bowl and ate to his heart's content. That was the only gift they had, but it was to them a happy event.

On his store trek, he noticed there was always a barrel of nice red apples standing on the floor. Little Jimmy would look at them longingly and hungrily. One day Jimmy was especially hungry for fruit. The sight of the beautiful apples was too much for little Jimmy. He ran up to the barrel, snatched a large red apple, ran outside, sat on the front steps of the store, and hungrily ate the apple. The elders laughed to see Jimmy devour his somewhat stolen apple.

At the age of seven or eight, Jimmy's right leg began to curl under him. It was very painful. Bumps appeared on his thigh and calf. The doctor had to lance the infested bumps. The doctor feared that because the leg was so badly twisted, Jimmy might not be able to straighten the leg out and would remain a cripple for the rest of his life. But Jimmy's strong will, even at that tender age, was not going to let anything like that keep him down. He started gradually stretching his leg, pulling it, and exercising it until he got it to resume a normal position. He never had trouble with that leg afterward. The leg was as normal as the other.

Jimmy learned to play baseball and was very proud when he was outfitted with a baseball suit. His team won over the older boys' team. In the course of one of these games, Jimmy broke the first joint of his third finger. He did not go to a doctor for the broken joint; therefore, it remained crooked.

First Job

In the course of his childhood, he was always on the lookout to earn money. At one time he and one of his friends got a job hauling a whole carload of bricks from the railroad station. They had to haul the bricks six miles back and forth on a little hand wagon. They received three dollars a piece for the job. Their little fingers were bleeding almost to the quick, from handling rough bricks. He was happy with the three dollars and proudly gave it to his mother. At the age of fourteen, he found a job in the neighborhood town of Mangham, Louisiana, at the railroad station. His duties were to sweep the station, learn telegraphic, and handle the incoming and outgoing freight. The 4 a.m. freight car engineer would blow his engine whistle to notify little Jimmy that freight was coming. Jimmy would jump out of bed, dress, and run to the station to receive the freight, unload and put it in the shed, and return to bed. Fortunately, the hotel where he was staying, which was owned by a cousin of his, was located near the station. Jimmy would do household chores for his room and board. When he received his first wage, he bought himself a new suit and a high stiff collar. Someone had to put it on for him. Jimmy was so afraid that he could not put the collar back on the next morning that he slept all night with it on. The next day he took it off and on several times to learn how to do it by himself, so he would not have to sleep with it on again. I can well imagine what that discomfort did to him he who in later years did not like his collars and ties tight around his neck.

Jimmy had to share his room with other men and sleep in bed with one of them. This was not too satisfactory an arrangement for Jimmy, for even at an early age, he had particularly clean habits, and the workmen were not too careful of their persons. But he did not have money to have a room or bed of his own and was lucky to have a place to eat and sleep. He made the best of it. During this period, he discovered that he felt itchy and could feel bugs crawling all over his head. He could not figure out what was the matter. Trying to get rid of them, he took drastic measures. He soaked his head thoroughly in kerosene; still that did no good. Finally he threw everything up in despair and ran home to his mother to be de-liced.

While he was working at the station, he would see Mr. W. C. Morse, the division Superintendent, ride back and forth in a private car. This created a desire in his young head to ride in one of those private cars. That day materialized many years later when he was serving as Chairman and Director of the Kansas City Southern Railroad Co. He was given the privilege of traveling in a private car on his business trips or when he went back home to see his parents, thus fulfilling a childhood desire. Mr. Lynn never forgot friends who helped him on his upward climb to success; Mr. W. C. Morse and Mr. Lynn corresponded to the last. In later years, Mr. Morse's son needed financial help to start a business venture of his own. Mr. Lynn repaid a debt to the father by giving a helping hand to the son. It became a thriving business.

During the lean years of his small jobs and study in Kansas City, Mo., he roomed here and there without steady decent meals. In those early days, he did not know the value of proper eating habits. He told me he would buy and eat a whole pie or cake or two-pound box of chocolates for a meal and nothing else. Mr. Lynn often told me the story of his early and middle life, his business achievements, and so forth. Mr. Fowler has written it so much better than I could ever do, so I am copying his article in full here for your pleasure, and another article, which appears first.

Publications About Rajasi

(The following article about Mr. Lynn's life appeared in the "Kansas City Star Magazine in 1924.)

A Sprint to Big Success:

"Jimmy" Lynn's Race to the Top in Seven Years Is Almost a Breath-Taking Story of Progress

An 8-year-old boy worked in a cotton field in Northern Louisiana one day in the summer of 1900. He was hot, he was tired, and he thought with longing of a swimming hole not far away which probably

held its full complement of happy, splashing boys at that very moment.

The boy wondered what his father and mother would say if he ran down to the swimming hole for awhile. He wouldn't be gone long, and he imagined with boyish optimism that he could work all the better when he got back. He might ask his mother, he considered. He glanced toward a little farmhouse not far away to see if she were in sight. Then he started off, but stopped abruptly, and his face took on a serious look.

How hard pressed the family was to make both ends meet, the boy knew. He knew also that his father needed the cotton gathered that if anything happened to prevent the family getting every cent of money it could from the ultimate yield it would mean harder times than ever, less food on the table for his parents and his five sisters and brothers to eat.

"I'd better stay on the job, I guess," the boy said to himself, with a little sigh of regret. "Maybe a time will come when I can go swimming any old time I want to."

That time has come, and it is only twenty-four years since the boy stood in the Louisiana cotton field and envied his companions in the "old swimmin' hole" not half a mile away.

Today the boy sits in a handsome private office on the third floor of the R. A. Long building and directs the destinies of a concern that does a business of three million dollars a year. He owns in Kansas City real estate the entire area on the South Side that is bounded by Sixty-fourth street on the north, Meyer Boulevard on the south, Michigan Avenue on the west, and Olive Street on the east.

His name is James Jesse Lynn, and he is general manager of the U. S. Epperson Underwriting Company. Needless to say, Mr. Lynn goes swimming these days whenever he desires, because he happens to have a swimming pool of his own at his home. But it must be admitted that he gets more enjoyment out of playing eighteen holes of golf over the Mission Hills course than in all the swimming he ever could do.

James J. Lynn should never have been in that cotton field in Louisiana in the first place. Perhaps that is one reason that he got out of there quickly. His was one of the southern families that the Civil War ruined. Before the secession, his grandfather had an estate in North Carolina with a large group of slaves on it and a rating as a wealthy man in his neighborhood. After the war, his grandfather was just his grandfather, and "Jimmy" Lynn's father was a "renter" in Louisiana, farming a bit of land in an effort to make both ends meet and having a struggle to achieve that result.

The morning of May 5, 1892, saw the birth of "Jimmy" Lynn, the fourth of a family destined to contain six children. He had a brother, Robert, a sister, Mary; and a brother, Frank, who were 8, 5, and 3 years old, respectively, when "Jimmy" was born. Another sister, Josephine, came three years later and a brother, Eugene, five years later. The Lynn children ranged upward in age and size just like steps.

"Jimmy" Lynn was a precocious child. He seemed to be born with the word "school" on his mind. When he hardly was able to talk, he lisped out to his parents continually that he "wanted to go to tool." He was so insistent that he was granted his request at last and was taken before a country teacher when he still was in dresses. At 5, he could spell correctly every word in the old "blue-back speller" that was used in country schools in those days, and older children used to be embarrassed because "little Jimmy Lynn" would outlast them in the Friday afternoon spelling bees.

"Jimmy" went to school until he was 14, getting an education that was remarkable considering the fact that at the same time he was doing work on the farm. On the day he reached the high age of 14, he was in the little town of Mangham, La., near his father's farm, and he heard the telegraph instrument in the railroad station ticking.

"Is that hard to learn?" he asked, fascinatedly, of the station agent.

"Not very," the latter answered. "Why don't you come here and work for me? I'll teach you telegraphy in odd moments. I need someone to help around the place. You won't be sorry if you take a

chance at it."

"How much would you pay me?" asked young "Jimmy."

"I'd have to see what the road allows and get authorization from headquarters, but I imagine you could make about \$15 a month. That's high money for a boy your age."

"Jimmy" agreed it was. He went gleefully home to tell the "folks" about the grand job that was going to be his – if railroad "headquarters" only said the word. The word was said, and "Jimmy" entered the business world as a general handy man at the Missouri Pacific railroad station at Mangham. He worked there until October of that year, learning telegraphy until he could send messages well. Then an opening developed for an assistant agent at Oak Ridge, L.A., a position that paid \$35 a month, more than twice as much as "Jimmy" was getting.

"Jimmy" believed he could handle the new job and considered applying for it when the agent at Oak Ridge, who knew of "Jimmy's" work, beat the boy to it, and asked the division superintendent if young Lynn could not be moved to Oak Ridge. The promotion went through. "Jimmy" worked through the winter, the busy season, at Oak Ridge, went back to Mangham in the spring, and was almost tickled to death to be drafted by the division Superintendent himself and taken to the terminal at Ferraday, La., as assistant agent. The boy felt he was getting along in life. As a matter of fact, he was. He worked at Ferraday from 1907 to 1909, the years between his fifteenth and seventeenth birthdays.

Then a depression hit the South and the railroad announced it would have to lay off all of its clerks at Ferraday except one. Young Lynn had got his brother, Frank, a place in the office and the two held a council of war. "Jimmy" was the ranking man in the office, according to seniority rule, and was entitled to the one place that was to be left, but he was single and Frank was married. If Frank lost his job, there would be two mouths to feed instead of one. And no one knew when times would get better.

"I'll give you my place," "Jimmy" volunteered. "It looks like the best way to work things out. Don't worry about me. I'll find something to do somewhere."

He did. Before the time came for him to leave Ferraday, he had received the offer of a position as clerk in the Missouri, Kansas, & Texas station of Moberly, Mo. The traveling auditor of the Missouri Pacific had recommended him for it, despite the fact that it meant sending a good man to a rival railroad.

"Jimmy" came to this part of the country when he was 17 and was so lonesome at Moberly that he felt he would expire if he stayed there a month. He knew one man in Kansas City, Hugh Harlston, chief clerk for the division engineer of the Missouri Pacific here.

"Come over," said Mr. Harlston. "I'll get a job for you."

The friend stuck to his work. And today Mr. Harlston is one of Mr. Lynn's right-hand men in the Epperson Company.

Young Lynn stayed with the Missouri Pacific until October 1910, when he entered the accounting department of the Bell Telephone Company. He decided his education in Louisiana had not been sufficient, so he went to both the Kansas City School of Law and the night school in the old Central High School building, alternating his nights between the two institutions.

The telephone company sent him to its St. Louis office in 1912 but, once there, he missed his law schoolwork and his Kansas City friends. So he resigned his position and returned to Kansas City. He went into the public accounting business for himself and had good success in it. The year 1913 saw two great events in his life, his marriage to Frieda Prill, a Kansas City girl, in October of that year, and his admission to the state bar of Missouri December 31.

In January 1914, he went with Smith & Brodie, accountants, and remained with them until May 1917, when a turn of events made him join forces with U. S. Epperson, founder of the Company that bears his name today.

Mr. Lynn had done some accounting work for H. A. Thompson, general manager of the Epperson firm, and had been sent to Louisiana to investigate a fire loss that had occurred there. In those days, he had formed his first connection with the Epperson office.

Mr. Thompson died, and shortly afterwards Mr. Epperson called Mr. Lynn into a Conference. It concerned the Louisiana matter and a proposition under which Mr. Lynn would enter the office to help settle various affairs on which he and Mr. Thompson had been best posted.

Mr. Epperson liked the way Mr. Lynn handled himself and astonished the young man completely by offering him Mr. Thompson's place as manager of the Epperson Company.

"But he was 55 years old and I am only 25," Mr. Lynn pointed out. "I would like to have a chance at the position and I think I could handle it to your satisfaction, but won't the discrepancy in the ages of Mr. Thompson and me be a sort of a handicap?"

"Don't you worry on that score," Mr. Epperson replied. "That's my lookout and I will attend to it. Do you want a chance at this position or don't you?"

"I do," Mr. Lynn said, and took it.

The young man had a fairly Herculean task before him. Here, at 25, he was asked to take over the executive work of a man 55. He was asked to assume the management of a business, which at that time had reached one million dollars a year. He was asked to become the head of an office of forty or fifty person and knew there doubtless would be some feeling in the minds of some of them because he had been called in from the outside for this prize position.

Mr. Lynn worked day and night for a long time. The war was at hand and conditions in general were upset. But he plowed away and reached success at the end of the furrow.

One day Mr. Epperson called Mr. Lynn into his office.

"I want to have a talk with you," the older man told the younger. "I'm getting along toward that time of life when I should like to take things a little bit easier. You've been pretty much in charge of the management of this business for quite a time and you know how it should be run. Do you think you could take over the executive detail altogether?"

"I could try hard," said Mr. Lynn.

"All right, that's all I want," replied Mr. Epperson. "Now, there is this matter of your salary. Is it satisfactory to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it isn't to me. I'm going to raise it to what I think you're worth. And besides, you will get a commission on the amount of business done."

Mr. Epperson did not mention the amount of the salary increase he had in mind, but when Mr. Lynn found out what it was he was stunned. He was getting money that down in Louisiana he wouldn't have believed existed. His commission added to the figure nicely. The business that touches three million dollars a year now is probably the only million-dollar business in Kansas City that is directed by a man only 32 years old. He looks only 32, but those years have seen him undergoing an intensive course of study and preparation toward bettering himself, and it is widely know in Kansas City business circles how well he has done it.

Mr. Lynn's success seems due primarily to the fact that when he has found a matter ahead of him to be conquered, he has buckled down to it, attacked it full force, and refused to say quit until he was sitting on top of it. That is the way he made a success in the world of recreation in golf, for instance, which he decided was to be his chief amusement and which he determined he would play well or not at all.

His boyhood in Louisiana had passed without him knowing there was such a game as golf. But four years ago, after he had established his business career and had got to a place where he could look around and think of a pastime, he considered golf and determined to be as expert as possible at it.

The average beginner would have bought a set of clubs, found himself a genial companion and gone out to a public links to "dub" his way around and learn the game by the simple rule of swing and hit, swing and miss. Mr. Lynn had other ideas about the matter. He joined the Mission Hills Golf Club, bought drivers, midirons, brassies, mashies and putters, and put himself in the hands of Joseph Matthews, Mission Hills golf professional.

"Teach me this game," he told Matthews. "I want to learn it from the bottom up and to learn it right."

The result was that Mr. Lynn probably never has made an incorrect golf shot in his life. Golfers will laugh at this and say the man isn't born who doesn't hook and slice and top shots from time to time, but the point is that Mr. Lynn was under competent instruction from the start and in a short time made himself one of the best golf players of Kansas City.

He was runner-up to James E. Nugent for the Mission Hills championship last year and went to the next to semi-final round for the city championship at the Meadow Lake Club this year, being beaten by Henry Decker, last year's titleholder, in the closest kind of a match, 2 down and 1 to play.

Of the land on the South Side acquired by Mr. Lynn, forty-nine and a half acres are in the area bounded by Michigan and Olive, Sixty-fourth Street and Meyer Boulevard, while two and a half acres are between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, Garfield and Euclid avenues fifty-two acres in all. The land is valued conservatively at \$100,000. Mr. Lynn says he bought it to protect his home at 6550 Brooklyn Avenue. He plans to build a golf course on it, and a golf professional already has outlined nine holes that can be played.

Mr. Lynn says he has just four rules for success:

1. Hard work.
2. Honesty.
3. Whatever you do, do well.
4. Prepare yourself for the future.

"The rules do not have to be explained," he says, s, blue-eyed, clear-complexioned, well-dressed, he sits behind his desk and answers a visitors questions. "I have tried to follow them the best I could and, in addition, Mr. Epperson is the ideal type of a man for a young man to be associated with. He helped me beyond all imagination.

"The first and third rules, inasmuch as they deal with the manner of working, may be considered together. People may think they are working as hard as they possibly can, yet they may be doing it all with their muscles and little with their heads, and wondering why they do not get results.

"The honesty rule is all important. If a person does not hew straight to the mark, he will find himself tripped up or falling behind the field before the race is half over. Let everyone think of you, "That man will always give me a square deal." That is one of the greatest assets a person can have.

"When I say, 'Prepare yourself for the future,' that's just what I mean. Try to get so you could jump in and fi the job of the man ahead of you. I wasn't getting much fun out of life in the days when I was going to two different night schools at the same time, but it paid me in the end."

Mr. Lynn made a little talk to his employees the other day that showed them how he wanted them to work for him and, incidentally, embodied a fine set of instructions for workers in any office.

"Don't take anything for granted," he told them. "When a letter or a telegram or any bit of

correspondence comes before you, think of who wrote it and why it was written. Think of the writer's position, Company, connections, dealings with others, dealings with us, what he wants, why he wants it, when he wants it, how he wants it, what we should do to please him. Think of the effect the transaction has on our business, what it involves. Think all the way through. Know your man, your subject, the effect of your act.

"Do not be too concerned about your own importance. Learn your job, know you are right, have confidence, but let others judge your importance. Let others recognize your superiority by your knowledge and ability, your conduct, your bearing, your personality.

"When it is necessary to exercise an authority with a subordinate, do so, but it should never be necessary to remind a subordinate that you are his superior in the office. That is the height of foolishness."

Mr. Lynn is a Kansas Citian through and through now. Louisiana is a long distance away for him, and he has no desire to return except for visits to his family.

"Every time I leave Kansas City, I am never happy until I get back," he says. "I don't think there is any city in the country like it, and I have not the least idea of being boastful or ultra patriotic or anything like that when I say it. I want to see Kansas City grow commercially, of course, because that will mean continued prosperity and good things of all kinds for its citizens, but I do not want to see it be too large, like New York or Chicago. They are wonderful cities, but I believe they are too big for their residents to enjoy them best."

That is an idea, which not a few of Kansas City's biggest businessmen endorse. It carries something to think about, to say the least

(The following article about Mr. Lynn's life is reprinted by permission of the "Kansas City Star," Kansas City, Missouri. Originally published in the "Kansas City Star" on May 13, 1951, it later appeared in a book, Leaders in Our Town.)

The Remarkable Life and Business Career of James Jesse Lynn

*By Richard B. Fowler Reporter,
'Kansas City Star,' Kansas City, Missouri*

James J. Lynn – President, U. S. Epperson Underwriting Company. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the ninth day of the ninth month in the year 1909, a homesick 17-year-old youth named Jimmy Lynn got off the train at the old Union depot. Perhaps even then the something different in his nature was coming to the surface, something that caused him to notice the coincidence of the number nine.

Although the day was Sunday, he walked across the railroad tracks to the Missouri Pacific office above the freight house. Men were working as he went to work.

Some twelve years later, the whole business community of Kansas City knew James J. Lynn, successor to U. S. Epperson and owner (with a huge debt) of the insurance underwriting Company for a large share of the lumber industry. He stood out as a youthful prodigy.

This year, 1951, people who like the ring of the term "business empire" could put Mr. Lynn in the empire class at least by Kansas City Standards. It spreads into three separate insurance operations, into oil production, citrus fruits, railroading, and a substantial banking interest. Financially the original Epperson enterprise is now overshadowed by oil but it is the largest reciprocal fire exchange in the world. This man who pushed ahead building and expanding in the world of big business is unique. In one sense, he suggests a mystic in Babylon; a man more concerned with a religious philosophy than any of the showy or luxurious things that money will buy.

Life Close to Nature

His private office in the R. A. Long building breathes financial stability, a massive walnut office hung with heavy draperies in the manner of past decades. The bald man behind the heavy desk is bronzed from persistent living outdoors. Life close to nature is part of his creed. His face is so sensitive that you hardly notice the square jaw. There is nothing about him to support the building type.

Here is no ordinary case of a man devoted to his church, serving on church boards and having the minister out for dinner. Mr. Lynn belongs to no church.⁴ Through his years of spiritual searching, he attended many churches of many creeds.

The scope of his activities implies that he is one of the busiest executives in this part of the United States. From this intensely practical life he takes time for meditation, contemplates the meanings of humanity in the vast scheme of things. Out of these meditations and years of Bible reading and reading from other religions, he has developed his approach to the Christian philosophy. He discusses it freely, but not in a way that is easy for a visitor to understand. Superficially, you can say it is wrapped up with the physical and mental side of daily living close to nature. To this writer, it suggests a return to the simplicity of Christianity in earlier times when people worshipped in the forest. The exercises which he takes outdoors (breathing, tensing and relaxing exercises) may have been suggested by his reading of Oriental religions. This line of study started with a book by R. Stanley Jones, the family missionary in Asia.

Most Kansas Citians have driven past the 100-acre Lynn estate which lies between Sixty-third Street, Meyer Boulevard, the Paseo and Prospect. For years people have mentioned it in connection with his nine-hole golf course. The golf course was abandoned some years ago. Beyond the fences and the shelter of dense foliage lie a forest, orchards, and vineyards. This is James J. Lynn's outdoor retreat from early spring to late fall. He stays close to the orchards from the early flowering time to the season of harvest and glows over the opportunity to give away fruits. In the forest are some 2,000 fine hardwood trees which antedate the encroachment of Kansas City. Winters he spends all possible time in Southern California where he can continue to live outdoors.

This is the type of life Mr. Lynn manages to find in the midst of the business hurly burly. While he is nominally vacationing in California, he dashes back and forth to business meetings and the large conventions of lumbermen or automobile dealers, the men of the fields where he operates with insurance. His business for the lumber industry has multiplied itself many times to hold the rank of largest reciprocal fire exchange in any industry in the world. His somewhat similar type of reciprocal insurance for American Motor car dealers is not far behind, and within the last eighteen months, he launched a new stock Company with full coverage for motor car owners. It approached the million dollar mark its first year and appears to be going far beyond in 1951.

This man absorbed with things of the Spirit is a very active oilman. His operations spread over some 25,000 acres of leases in Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Financially oil is the largest enterprise with a gross income from wells that now average around two million dollars a year. In the Rio Grand valley of Texas, he is a large grower of citrus fruits with 500 acres of grapefruit and orange groves. As a result of the freeze last January there will be no fruit from the area for two years. But in good times the income from 500 acres has run as high as a half million dollars a year.

A railroad job brought him to Kansas City and he is a railroad man today, one of the small group of Mid-Westerners who moved to gain control of the Kansas City Southern and Louisiana and Arkansas railroads from eastern interests and to lodge the headquarters firmly in Kansas City. He is a Banker, a very large stockholder, and chairman of the executive committee of the Union National Bank.

⁴ Here I must tell the reader that Rajasi did tell Mr. Fowler that he was a follower of Paramhansa Yogananda, founder of the Self-Realization Fellowship Church. But Mr. Fowler deemed it wise not to publish that information because of past unfavorable publicity in that same newspaper some twenty or more years earlier.

And this is the man spiritually akin to ancient prophets. Men of a slant only a shade different from his came out of the desert to denounce the splendor and wealth of Babylon.

The business rise of Jimmy Lynn is one of the sensational American success stories, yet different from most. From the beginning his talents have been carried by a peculiarly sensitive human being, one who could never bear the thought of any man's ill will.

The years Jimmy Lynn worked for the Missouri Pacific Railroad were unusual for one thing. When jobs were hard to get, there was always a station who wanted him. He started at the Archibald station in school time, sweeping out and keeping freight house in order for \$2.00 a month. At fourteen, graduating from grammar school, he had a job at the Mangham railroad station and made his board and room doing chores at his cousin's hotel.

His first life ambition was fixed on the glamorous office of division Superintendent, a life goal that he never achieved. The most impressive figure he knew was W. C. Morse, the division Superintendent. In a private car, this stern but warmhearted individual of knitted eyebrows traveled up and down the line. Whenever another station agent asked for Jimmy at higher wages, Morse grumbled that he was too young and always let him go. That was the way he went to Oak Ridge for a temporary job at \$35.00 a month.

From there he moved on to Ferriday, the city and division point, at a remarkable \$63.00 a month. When there was a second opening, he got the job from his older brother who married on the strength of it. Slackening business forced a cutback and Jimmy insisted that he was footloose and the one who should go. A traveling auditor for the road was quick to recommend him to a friend with the M. K. & T railroad at Moberly, Mo., and that turned out to be the high road to Kansas City.

Homesick can be a terrible thing for anyone. More than most teenagers, Jimmy Lynn depended on the warmth and good feeling of human relations. At Moberly, he was lost in a world of old people, old men at the office and two old women who rented him a room. One of these women struggled with belated music lessons and hammered away on the piano until all hours of the night. Then she resented Jimmy's alarm clock that went off early in the morning. And so he found the job in Kansas City, working for the chief clerk to the Missouri Pacific division engineer. This chief clerk was a man he had known back in Louisiana. From that Sunday of his arrival in Kansas City, he felt that he was among friends. Within a little more than seven years, he was to be the general manager of the big underwriting Company, second only to U. S. Epperson himself.

He Caught on Fast

Promotions came fast. He was employed on the Missouri Pacific in Kansas City as an assistant auditor. In less than a month, the auditor was transferred and a frightened 17-year-old Jimmy Lynn handled the auditor's job. He learned it by doing the work and after that, he was not afraid of new jobs. But the main theme of the seven years was education. He started from a public school education that had been cut off in the middle of the ninth grade. About a year and a half after, he came to Kansas City, this young assistant planted the idea of getting a legal education at the Kansas City school of law.

The law school exacted Jimmy Lynn's promise to make up the high school education that he had missed. He carried his full law school course and high school subjects at the same time. Within a year, he added a correspondence course in accountine to the load. He soaked up education in three different fields by night and held a full time job by day. At 21, before he had completed his law course, he was admitted to the bar. By that time, he had stepped up to an assistant in the firm of Smith & Brodie, Certified Public Accountants. Without such items as getting a high school education and going through law school, Jimmy Lynn's accounting education alone would have been a prodigious undertaking.

Two local accountants offered night courses to the correspondence school students and Jimmy took them. On his own, he read everything in accounting he could find and worked all the problems. Under the rules of the state board, nobody could become a Certified Public Accountant before the age

of 25. Long before that age, Jimmy Lynn was handling involved, top-bracket accounting jobs for Smith & Brodie. When he was 24, he passed the state examination with the highest grade on record to that time. Confronted with such evidence, the board waived the age rule and gave him his C.P.A. certificate at 24. By that time, he had a 20 percent interest in the firm. It was during this period of high pressure education that Jimmy Lynn met and courted Miss Frieda Josephine Prill of Kansas City. They were married in October 1913. Along with the urge to please everybody, Jimmy Lynn seems to have been born with unusual curiosity. It was in his nature to look for the explanations of everything. For a curious individual, accounting can be an adventure. Figures tell the story of a business, how it operates and what makes it tick. In Kansas City, young Lynn was assigned to accounting work for the U. S. Epperson Underwriting Company and the Lumbermen's Alliance, which it served. In Chicago and St. Louis, he audited other reciprocal insurance exchanges. The figures were business education.

Training under Epperson

Thousands of Kansas Citians in a younger generation have seen oil paintings of U. S. Epperson, the big, bald man of the dark mustache. In other years, Kansas City knew him as the Spirit of gaiety, the leader of the Epperson minstrels, the clubman, good companion and the friend of visiting stage celebrities. At this office, he was all business, outwardly stern and given to unusual work habits. His day started around four in the afternoon and seldom ended until midnight. His thoroughness was a legend. When he started probing into a case of fire loss, he spent all night on it, refusing to give a thought to anything else. There is an illustrative story of the night a scrubwoman gathered up all the records of a case which he had spread out on the floor around him and Epperson neither heard nor saw. The next day there was a frantic search for the records. When somebody thought of asking the scrub woman, she said, "Oh, yes, I gathered a lot of stuff off the floor, two sacks full." Men from the office spent many hours in the city dump before most of the records were returned to the files. Circumstances brought together the boyish Jimmy Lynn and the weighty Epperson. Lynn was assigned to audit the affairs of a burned-out Mississippi mill which happened to be a case that had particularly concerned U. S. Epperson. He searched through the voluminous file and made a point of answering all the questions that had been raised. His audit revealed the clear motive for arson. Epperson showed that he was impressed. It happened at a critical time. Death took N. A. Thomson, the underwriting company's general manager, and Epperson was like a man who had just lost his right hand. He called on Lynn to straighten out some of his personal affairs, then offered him the job of treasurer in the Company. Lynn refused. Late at night, while he worked over the books in his office, Jimmy Lynn felt Epperson's eyes on him, and from time to time, he heard the words, "I wish you weren't so young."

Bid for His Talents

Out of the situation came the offer of the top job of general manager. At the age of 24, and barely arrived at the Status of C.P.A., Jimmy Lynn had the experience of competing powers bidding for him. Epperson started with an offer of \$5,000.00 a year and worked it up to an arrangement that accounted to 112,000. The salary was so precedent-shaking that Lynn was sworn to secrecy and it has been a secret to this time. Fred A. Smith, head of the accounting firm, countered by offering Lynn full partnership which was probably worth more than Epperson's \$12,000. It wasn't the salary that tipped the scales but opportunity. Epperson spoke of his age and the chance to take full responsibility within a very few years.

The opportunity turned out to be greater than Jimmy Lynn knew, and also far more precarious. The hope of some day taking over full management for Epperson ended in 1921. Epperson decided to sell. He was ill and fearful that something would occur to destroy the value of his business. He wanted to put his affairs in order. A frantic Jimmy Lynn proposed that he should buy the business himself. Epperson stated the very obvious fact, "You don't have the money."

In his later years, E. R. Swinney, head of the First National Bank, talked about Jimmy Lynn as his No. 1 example of a risk loan that produced great results. Swinney elaborated with the enthusiasm of a

man who might have been criticized or kidded for his daring. The size of the loan which was the purchase price of the Company has never been made public. It stood somewhere high in the hundreds of thousands and it was made strictly on the character of a young man who was not yet 30 years old.

The notes were handled through the bank but it was generally understood that Swinney had personally guaranteed the loan. When Lynn produced a check for the full amount of the purchase price, U. S. Epperson was so dumbfounded that he took a month to decide to accept the check and sign the contract.

The Epperson Company had originated with a problem in the lumber industry. Because of the fire hazards at lumber mills in early years, they were unable to get insurance for more than three-fourths their value and that only at exorbitant rates. In 1905, R.A. Long and other leaders of the industry organized the Lumberman's Underwriting Alliance which was set up to spread the individuals' risk throughout many companies in the industry, the group standing ready to make up the fire losses of any one.

U. S. Epperson formed his Company to handle the insurance for the alliance on a flat percentage basis. From the beginning, it was a choosey arrangement in which the poor risks were not admitted to the alliance. Those who took the necessary steps to protect themselves against loss received full insurance at reasonable costs.

Progress under Lynn

In 1917, when Jimmy Lynn became the Epperson general manager, the insurance premiums ran somewhere less than a million dollars a year and the resources of the Lumbermen's Underwriting Alliance were under a million. Today the annual premiums are around six million and the resources have grown to more than 13 million. A period of rapid growth started immediately after Lynn bought the Epperson business. He attributed it to the talents of people in the organization.

These talents were encouraged by his policy of turning people loose to show what they could do, a policy that also involved paying salaries according to demonstrated ability. As summed up by one man who was there at the time, it was a case of opening the door to individual opportunity.

The prodigious loan made by H. R Swinney could have been paid in three or four years. Such were the profits from the stimulated business. When the loan was reduced to manageable size, Lynn chose to expand. The second year he moved into the field of reciprocal insurance for motor car dealers. They had formed their own Universal Underwriting Exchange which had 157,000.00 of premiums when Lynn took over the management. The exchange now has premiums of around 4 1/2 million dollars and it covers one-fourth of the factory-authorized dealers of the country. Like the lumber companies, the automobile dealers come into their exchange on a highly selective basis that holds down the total.

The Lynn sideline in citrus fruits started back in 1927 with a 20-acre ranch. He discovered that he couldn't get top management for a ranch of that size so he expanded to 500 acres.

His oil business started in 1933 on the kind of deal he wouldn't take today. In the middle of a large Illinois oil field, a stubborn farmer held out for \$50,000, as the price of a lease on 100 acres. The big experienced operators wouldn't take it. Lynn paid the 150,000. and got a dry hole for a start. The second drilling job produced one of the best wells in the field and he was on his way. The only strictly public job accepted by James J. Lynn was service on the park board. It might have been connected in his mind with reverence for the outdoors and life dose to nature.

After he had resigned from the board, he had opportunity to sell the tract of land on Sixty-third Street for an outdoor theater. It happened to be near the new Sixty-third Street entrance of Swope Park, so Mr. Lynn telephoned J. V. Lewis, the park Superintendent. Lewis had been saddened by the thought of a private business beside the new entrance. "Well, the only way to make sure the park is protected is to put the land in the park," said Mr. Lynn. "I'm giving it to the city."

Rajasi as Accountant

Rajasi failed to tell Mr. Fowler that when he took the C .P.A. examination and sit down at the table set up for that purpose,

There was a young man in front of me who was reading and re-reading the questions. The school had given us a day to answer the questions. I read the examination papers during the morning hours. After lunch, I began answering the questions. That young man looked up at me and asked, "What are you doing?" I answered, "Filling in the examination papers." The man exclaimed, "Gosh, how can you fill those in already. I can't even absorb one question yet." In three hours, I had filled in all the answers. That man was so disgusted to note how fast I had answered all the questions, he jumped from his chair, threw the questionnaire in disgust, and walked out saying, "I'll never make it."

Mr. Lynn graduated with highest honors, winning several scholarships and other prizes.

When Mr. Lynn returned to visit his parents, his greatest joy and satisfaction was to see his mother run towards him with outstretched arms and envelop him with her love. Recalling this mental picture of his mother brought tears to his eyes. His father often proudly repeated to the other members of the family, "Jimmy paid us back for his keep."

Mr. Lynn had a tremendous memory, especially for numerical figures. He could add a long column of figures just as fast as passing a pencil up the line of figures.

Marriage

During his law school, Mr. Lynn met 17-year-old Frieda Prill on a blind date. He and his friend met the girls in a park. Frieda was staying in a convent at the time. They were married shortly afterwards in October, 1913. He told me that she did not know housekeeping or cooking and they lived on stewed tomatoes.

Within a year of their marriage she suffered a major operation, which prevented her from having children. She continued to be both mentally and physically unwell. Mr. Lynn's social position grew, but society did not accept Frieda into their circles, and this deeply embittered her. Mr. Lynn did not attend many social functions to avoid embarrassment from her actions. She would have such violent fits of jealousy if either man, woman, or child looked at him. Her actions caused him much mental agony.

Mr. Lynn always provided her with all the luxury befitting his position. The years did not improve her mental or physical condition. In time, she became a bedridden patient, but she would not go to a doctor or have one come to see her for fear that the physician would poison her, nor would she have a private nurse for that reason.

Mr. Lynn had to hire practical nurses or Negro maids to look after her needs. She was so hard on the hired help. For the least mistake she would fire them and Mr. Lynn had to talk them into staying by offering higher wages and other benefits. They mostly stayed because he was so good to them. He was always kind to and considerate of her, but did not allow her actions to ruin his chances in business. In fact, it made him concentrate all the more on his business and determination in spiritual pursuits.

Mr. Lynn as a young man was known as a financial wizard and a man of great business ability. Still he retained the sensitive, kind-hearted gentleness of little Jimmy. He had the perseverance and stamina and aspiration of the youthful Jimmy at 40. Underlying his whole nature was a very deep-seated spiritual aspiration to find something that would give him soul satisfaction from within. In his search for knowledge he attended churches of different denominations, but never joined one, nor did he affiliate himself with clubs or lodges. He later told me, "I could not understand, if there is but one God, why are there so many different religions. There must be some tangible way of finding that one

God."

He read the Bible but could not find its hidden truth. He read Stanley Jones' book and the Bhagavad Gita, but they did not give him the satisfaction which he sought. In the course of his search before he met Paramhansa Yogananda, he took lessons from a Hindu, a Dr. Gyani, who was lecturing in Kansas City. Frieda also was interested and she too studied with him. The couple had Dr. Gyani visit at their residence. One day, while he was reading to Frieda, she momentarily went into a rage and lost mental control. Dr. Gyani, frightened, left, and they never contacted him again. Because of Mr. Lynn's connection with Dr. Gyani, Mr. Lynn received very unfavorable publicity in the Kansas City Star newspaper. But this did not discourage Mr. Lynn's continued search for someone who would give him the spiritual comfort he so desperately needed and sincerely wanted. Mr. Lynn later related to me his meeting with Master.

First Meeting with Master

In the middle of January 1932, I was driving to my office as usual, but on the way I saw a large billboard with the picture of Master. I thought, "What a striking woman!" Later I saw advertised in the newspaper a Hindu by the name of Swami Yogananda who was giving lectures in town. I immediately had an inner urge to go and hear him. The first night Frieda opposed my going, but the second night I made up my mind whether she objected or not, I was going to attend those lectures. She would not let me go alone so she and her friend accompanied me. We heard all his lectures and took his classes. It wasn't until after I had seen Master a few times on the platform did I realize that the woman's picture I had seen on the billboard and the saint that stood before me were one and the same person. I couldn't sit or keep my body and especially my hands still, not even for a moment. On the second night of the class, I became aware that I was sitting upright, my spine straight and I was absolutely motionless. I looked down at my hands, which were so restlessly moving before and which were now perfectly still. Marveling at this great stillness I felt, I looked up at the platform. I saw surrounding Master's body a beautiful blue light which almost enveloped the whole stage. I noticed Master looking down at me smiling. I never felt that restlessness since. I knew I had found the path that gave me inner peace and satisfaction and that I had found that something tangible I was seeking, my guru.

This brings to mind what Sister Gyanamata told Rajasi one day when she was talking with Mr. Lynn: "I am so happy I found my guru before I got involved with some other Hindu teacher, for probably I would have accepted him as my guru and missed my true guru." Rajasi answered, "Sister, I followed a Hindu teacher before I met Master. Yet I knew Master was my Guru. You too would have done the same, for the soul knows the difference between an ordinary teacher and a guru."

Though Frieda Lynn heard all Master's lectures and practiced the Fourth Lesson for a few years, Mr. Lynn was receiving so much spiritually, she felt Master was taking him away from her. She turned against Master and would violently react to the very mention of his name. Therefore, Mr. Lynn silently contacted Master and stopped mentioning his name before her. I quote an excerpt from Master's letter to Rajasi:

FEBRUARY 27, 1935 – I spoke to Divine Mother about Mrs. Lynn, but I find Mother neutral. She knows what she wants of Frieda.

The previous publicity about his association with a Hindu teacher had had disastrous reactions with Rajasi's business associates. Coupled with Frieda's change of mind and heart, Mr. Lynn feared more publicity would harm his business and above all His Divine association with his Guru. One day, he put this problem before Master. Paramhansaji encouraged Mr. Lynn to follow Him silently and not

to mention His name audibly, saying that He would do everything in His power to protect Mr. Lynn's secrecy and position. Master often said, "St. Lynn is in business for God and nothing must come between his accomplishing his mission on earth."

The secret was kept so well that Frieda Lynn did not know he was still connected with Master or SRF until the 1954 publicity of the million-dollar gift to Self-Realization Fellowship at which time Eugene Lynn reported to Rajasi and myself, "Aunt Frieda sure raised the roof over the publicity of your giving that money to SRF." Rajasi never went back to Kansas City after that incident, therefore sparing him of Frieda's verbal reactions. Eugene Lynn looked after his Aunt Frieda's personal comfort during Rajasi's absence and made his periodic reports to his Uncle Jimmy.

Rajasi heartily laughed at Eugene's troubled expression over his Aunts antics and bitter tongue, and was happy at last to have someone else put up with it, after so many years of patient suffering from Frieda's tongue-lashings. Master often repeated this sage utterance from his lectures, "A woman with a three-inch tongue can kill a man six-feet tall." Master also said that St. Lynn attracted such a wife in order to learn patience. Through Master's grace and his (Rajasi's) own spiritual development, I know Rajasi graduated from this lesson before leaving this mundane world.

In November 1931, Master was campaigning in Salt Lake City, Utah. Dr. Gyani had just finished giving lectures in that city and was still there when Master arrived. During his conversation with Master, Dr. Gyani mentioned Mr. Lynn's name. Master said, "When I heard that name, my heart leaped with joy. I felt I will have to meet this soul some day."

Master's campaign was scheduled for January 19, 1932 in Kansas. After a few nights of lectures, Master sent his secretary, Miss Marquart, to see Mr. Lynn at his office. Mr. Lynn immediately asked her for an interview with Master, which was anxiously given. Miss Marquart reported, to Master's pleasure, that Mr. Lynn was attending His lectures and wanted to talk with Master. Master and Mr. Lynn, who became his principle disciple, met again for the first time after incarnations of separation. Master instantaneously recognized His long lost friend of the distant past. I quote a letter from Master to Rajasi. It is the same one that is in Rajasi's memorial issue of the East-West magazine but without editing, just as Master wrote it to St. Lynn.

FEBRUARY 27, 1932 – Blessed One: This is to bless you on behalf of Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswarji and myself, for saving our work at a very critical period of its existence. There is rejoicing in the inner world, for you have helped the Great Ones to choose you as Their luminous instrument for spreading the great emancipating Yogoda Satsanga work. The Great Ones choose willing and able men on earth to deliver other men from ignorance and suffering. In your life, the Immortal Ones have put their invisible blessings on you, which far exceeds the human mans dreams. Yes, God and the Masters can employ miracles to create big temples but that would not change souls. But when the Great Ones find a powerful human soul which makes an altar of his heart with goodness and good works, then they come in him and they are able to work through him. The Great Ones love to establish a temple of Spirit in real souls like you, that other wisdom-hungry souls may come and feast on the divine manna. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice! And I rejoice that the Spirit has taken the flute of our life to sing the divine song of Yogoda and to lure other truant children back to His Home. Let us blaze a path to build new altars of Self-Realization all over America's principle cities and drive out darkness more and more. Let us leave spiritual footprints in this dream life, that others may follow to get out of the bedlam of misery-making nightmares, on to the regions where dark dreams dare not tread, where Gods fountain of bliss plays in ever-new ways to enthrall and satisfy all the desires and fancies of the human soul. With deepest love and covenant to be your friend forever until crossing the portals of finitude and incarnations, we reach the bosom of the One Friend and become one with Him. You are the Hindu yogi of the Himalayas sent as an American prince Maharaj Yogi to light the lamp of Yogoda in the groping hearts of our Western brothers. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice! Boundless blessings,

Very sincerely yours,

– Swami Yogananda

Mr. Lynn went to Master's apartment every day to meditate with Him before going to his office. It was on one of those occasions that Master privately gave Mr. Lynn the Kriya. Master touched Mr. Lynn's forehead to show him the light. Of this, Rajasi said, "I felt that my whole face was flushed with light." Mr. Lynn took fresh milk, cream and butter, fruit and vegetables as an offering at his guru's feet. Rajasi had very fond memories of these ecstatic reunions of the soul with Spirit and the Divine Guru Transmitter.

Even before meeting Master, Mr. Lynn's own inner spiritual conviction influenced him to self-control and celibacy. Many years later, Mr. Lynn told me,

Before I met Master, I was an extremely nervous person, and I would get irritated at the drop of the hat. Would you believe to look at me today that I was so quick-tempered that when I played golf and missed hitting the ball, I would throw my sticks up the tree and walk away. I very seldom play golf now, for I don't see any sense in running after a little ball. I have Master's exercises to keep fit.

Some of Mr. Lynn's business associates told me that he was an excellent golfer.

After Master completed his Kansas City campaign, he came back to Mt. Washington and joyfully told us about the wonderful soul he had met, who had promised to help our work and come as soon as he could. It was still during the depression, and the bank with which Mr. Lynn was associated, failed. Plus, his own business difficulties prevented him from keeping his promise to visit us soon. Master's disappointment was keenly felt. The reason he was anxious for Mr. Lynn to come to Mt. Washington was he knew Satan's subtle ways and he wanted to firmly establish Mr. Lynn on this path so Satan could not divert his attention elsewhere. Mr. Lynn would write that he was coming on a certain date. Master would get Mt. Washington cleaned from top to bottom in preparation for his coming. I quote excerpts from two of Master's letters to Mr. Lynn regarding this subject.

MAY 10, 1932 – I will be anxiously waiting for your coming, even though I will have to wait another month. Yes, we will meet at Mt. Washington and delve together in the depth of silence.

NOVEMBER 2, 1932 – I have an undying desire to show you this place even if it is for a day. We all have been waiting for you almost a year patiently and anxiously. I want you to see the place with which you are cooperating. Please let us know. It would be wonderful if you could meditate with me for even a couple of days for long periods, without the business environment. This would be for your higher realization and I have to give you something more, some new methods to stimulate your spiritual growth.

Rajasi's First Headquarters Visit

This week-by-week delay extended to almost a year. Master finally got the telegram announcing Mr. Lynn's actual arrival. Master's joys knew no bounds. I quote Mr. Lynn's telegram:

JANUARY 3, 1933 Your letter received. I am so happy you will save several days for me without interference with your Santa Barbara campaign. My plans are to arrive at the Southern Pacific Station at 7:50 a.m. Saturday morning.

JANUARY – 14, 1933 – That plan is definite and you may expect me at that time.

Master got everyone on the job, to clean everything from tower to the basement. Master himself was outside with his broom sweeping the sidewalks. Everything had to be neat as a pin, Master reminding us once again, "Mr. Lynn is a very clean and particular man." Master brought all the varieties of fruits, vegetables, nuts, and dates in preparation for Mr. Lynn's arrival.

On January 14, 1933, Master jubilantly departed for the station to meet Mr. Lynn and bring him to his spiritual home for the first time. Master was so proud to show Mt. Washington to him. Master moved out of his own bedroom and slept in the library, so Mr. Lynn could use his quarters and bed. He cooked for him and watched over him like a doting mother. This was Mr. Lynn's first visit, but by far not his last.

One evening on this first visit, Master came into my room and asked me for a needle and thread. I gave it to him. He sat and started to sew, mending Mr. Lynn's broken suspenders. I offered to sew for him, but oh no, he wanted to sew them himself. Master said, "Just think, a man of his means to go without like this. He never buys anything for himself. He wears these broken and worn suspenders that are falling apart. This is the true spirit of renunciation."

Mr. Lynn came to Mt. Washington without knowing that he had a slight cold. It increased during the few days that he was visiting us. Master gave him some gargle to use. In the process of gargling, he coughed and some of the liquid spotted Master's bathroom ceiling. Do you know, Master would not let us wash it off! Sweet sentimental Guruji wanted to keep it there as a memento of his little boy's first visit. When Mr. Lynn returned to Kansas City, he was very ill, and wondered why he should have a cold in a spiritual environment. He, like so many others, thought that because they take up the path of yoga and God-contact, all diseases, troubles, and problems would disappear. This was Master's answer and I quote an excerpt of Master's letter to Mr. Lynn:

FEBRUARY 8, 1932 – When you had the cold I got alarmed. That is why I was giving you gargles. I felt the cold had already settled in your lungs. I saw that many times when you came here. I did not want to tell you for fear it would cause you to become worse. I know you had to go through this but it would have been much worse if His Immortal Arms hadn't protected you. I know if you had stayed a little longer, you would not have experienced this trouble, but I know my Gurus protected you all the time. I will insist henceforth you eat more nuts, raisins, prunes, and figs and insist you use a thicker camels hair overcoat during winter and on journeys. Yogis have to guard against colds and especially colds traveling downward to the lungs. This experience, though, has left you weak. You will soon forget. It came to you to show the changelessness of human life and that you should ever cling to God no matter how much Satan and karma try your patience.

Rajasi Calls SRF Home

It was natural for Mr. Lynn to call his Kansas City residence home, but as he began to come more often and enjoy the spiritual atmosphere of Mt. Washington and Encinitas, and also felt one of our divine family, to Master's delight, Mr. Lynn began to refer to us here as home and his Kansas City address as residence.

After Master met his guru, Sri Yukteswarji told him, "Go and find yourself a spiritual body guard." Likewise, Master wished Mr. Lynn to create a spiritual atmosphere in Kansas City by starting a meditation group under his leadership. Master thought this would keep Mr. Lynn in tune with Him and at the same time help others, therefore continuing the link with the headquarters and with him. I quote excerpts of Master's letter to Mr. Lynn regarding this subject.

APRIL 28, 1932 – I feel that you should directly or indirectly keep in touch with this work so that it becomes a permanent part of your life. I don't think Frieda could object if you took a nameless real interest in the work to improve yourself and help others improve.

Mr. Lynn wrote to Master about his meditation group later:

JANUARY 1937 – They are so earnest and steadfast. Meditation comes first with them and they are expanding rapidly. Wait until you see them again and you will realize. Blessings and deepest love from your little boy. J. J. Lynn

Mr. Lynn meditated every week with the group of six or seven.

There were three men in attendance, Mr. Lynn told me later.

I continued meditating with them as long as there was at least one man present, but when he left and the women themselves had differences amongst themselves, I could not expose myself to that for fear of unfavorable publicity again. I dropped out gradually and the center naturally dissolved of itself.

In the meantime, a young man in Mr. Lynn's office became an ardent Self-Realization Fellowship follower and still is. Mr. Lynn continued to meditate with the boy every Saturday afternoon in his office and spiritually guided Ted to the last.

Christmas

Christmas was always a very gay and joyous event for Master, especially if St. Lynn was here to celebrate with him. I quote a few excerpts of Master's letters to St. Lynn:

NOVEMBER 12, 1932 – Please let me know immediately. We have a wonderful meditation celebration during Christmas holidays. I sincerely hope you can come, even if it is just for a few days. Your business would be closed during that time. It shall please me most if you can come for Christmas. It would make it our happiest Christmas.

DECEMBER 29, 1934 – Blessed One, I know how you wished to be with us on Christmas day and how we wished you could have been with us. I too would do anything to be with you, but when you come, we will make a Christmas day of our own. Half of the day we will meditate together and bring Christ on the altar of our devotion.

NOVEMBER 28, 1939 – Christmas still remains a joyous spot in my heart, but that too is partially eclipsed with the prospect of your coming hidden in the clouds of doubts. Think when I came back from India how eagerly you came to Los Angeles to celebrate Christmas. I understand business entanglements, but as long as we feel you are very eager to be with us, we are happy. Christmas comes only once a year. We wait 365 days for it. We all have been shopping for you and looking around for things throughout the year with the eager expectation of enjoying Christmas and gifts with you. So this is the Christmas psychology. That's all I have to say to you. Nothing more. If you miss Christmas, which looks like it, the Christmas tree will be waiting until you can come, so please come soon, as near Christmas as possible that we may enjoy Christmas with you. December 24 is Sunday. Christmas is Monday. Even office work may be suspended and Christmas celebrated only if somebody thinks worthwhile. That's all I have to say to you. Nothing more.

DECEMBER 27, 1943 – In spite of writing on my book, I went to meditate. I thought I would never come out of ecstasy. Our meditation day was eight hours long. Jesus came three times, once as a child in the crib of light, and as a young man, and twice as He looked before crucifixion. In His eyes trembled the command of the Universe. It was a wonderful meditation and I felt your spirit with me. Next day the dinner was wonderful. We missed you but the Christmas tree is waiting for you. When are you coming? I and Santa Claus are waiting.

St. Lynn could not spend as many Christmases as he desired. He explained to Master and me, "It is the end of the year, a time when my business is closing its books, and I should be there to guide it, but most of all, the violent scenes Frieda enacted upon hearing of my leaving her at that time is very distressing." I quote excerpts of Master's letter to St. Lynn:

DECEMBER 24, 1938 – Most Blessed Beloved Little One: I didn't know I would miss anyone so much as I do my little One. As we are all just about ready to go to meditation, I have to write this letter to loosen the pent-up feeling. The Christmas tree and everything seems so useless without your bright face divinely appreciative of all we do for you. I know that (that which) cannot be cured must be endured. I am so sorry, everything seems like a tomb without you. Well, I wanted a divine friend and I have one, the most perfect in you, and I cannot help feeling the drama of commingled human love and divine love. Please forgive me for feeling this way. I don't want to add to your suffering.

Master did keep the trees and had a special Christmas for St. Lynn when he did come. One time we had to keep the trees up as late as April. The poor trees were nothing but skeletons. There were many times when St. Lynn did come. There was great rejoicing in Master's and all hearts; elaborate preparations were made; gift wrapping, dinner cooking, and so on. Master had his own tree in his living room. He liked the white-sprayed tree, but the odor from the spray was too powerful for such a small room; thus, that type of tree was abandoned. Thereafter, Sailasuta bought the best silver-tipped tree for his room. Master would have us, his immediate disciples who daily served him, come to his living room to celebrate his personal Christmas. Sometimes it was after the downstairs celebration, but it was so late that he changed it to having it before going down to finish cooking the Christmas dinner.

Master would teasingly say to St. Lynn, "No fair peeking." Weather permitting, St. Lynn went outside to wait for Master to call him in. Everything in order, St. Lynn was called in. We would all join hands and make a circle around interlocked Master and St. Lynn, walking around them both while singing, "Jingle Bells". Master could not carry our American tunes too well, but it was sweet to watch him sing just the same. After that, Master and St. Lynn took a chair near the tree and we all sat on the floor and began exchanging gifts.

St. Lynn would usually give Master a large sum of money as a gift, but in later years I bought personal gifts for St. Lynn to give Master, things that I knew SRF or we could not afford to buy for him. I would tell St. Lynn and he in turn would instruct me to buy them for Master. It pleased Guruji so much to receive a personal gift from his Little One. Money was not personal enough for it went for SRF financial problems; however, St. Lynn gave his usual money gift too. When St. Lynn received gifts of dates, nuts, or other eatables, he would give some to Master and then pass it to all of us to enjoy. Our mouths were as busy eating as our hands were with gifts.

Master had a fascination for something new, and mechanical movements of toys interested him. He could not resist buying several toys each Christmas for his little boy. Master used to give things that were souvenirs instead of practical and useful gifts. We finally convinced him that useful gifts can be used, whereas souvenirs are put away and can't be used or sometimes never looked at again. Thereafter, Master delighted in giving household items and foods that he thought St. Lynn would enjoy using. Master would exclaim with joy when he saw his gifts being used when he came in to see St. Lynn. Master liked giving his gifts last and kept the best one for the climax.

Christmas 1936 was St. Lynn's gift of the Encinitas hermitage to Master and SRF, as well as a very large sum of money to start an Indian Fund. Master often referred to the 1936 Christmas as his most memorable one. On this particular 1947 Christmas, Master gave St. Lynn a little mosaic picture frame with pictures of all the Masters, including his own and St. Lynn's. Master cut each tiny picture and placed them in a ring formation with St. Lynn in the bottom, saying, "You are the last one to form this ring." While St. Lynn was admiring the gift, Master continued, "I cut, pasted, and fixed them all up for

you. I did everything myself." On the Christmas tag, Master wrote, "When life's leaves have fallen and gone, on His eternal Breast our names will remain to spread His Name anon. This one was made with love's hand to commemorate four souls as one to spread the message of the One." There are more Christmas tags in a separate file for your pleasure.

One Christmas meditation day, St. Lynn was sitting on the platform next to Master. Guruji suddenly said, "I see the beautiful face of Christ." Almost immediately we heard a heavy thud. I looked up to see that St. Lynn had fallen off the platform and was lying motionless on the floor. Master went to him and after what seemed a long time brought St. Lynn back to outer consciousness. Master later told me, "He did not want to come back. It took me a while to coax him back."

Master asked some of the boys to help St. Lynn into a chair near them and had Dr. Lewis and another boy on each side of St. Lynn to hold on to each of his arms so he would not fall again. A short while later, St. Lynn got up and showed the audience by flexing his arm muscles that he was perfectly well and strong. He did not want people to think he had fainted. He explained to me later what had happened, "Hearing Master say that he saw Christ, I wanted to see him too, so I touched Master's arm and that is all I outwardly remember."

Another time while St. Lynn was outside waiting on Master's porch to come in for Master's private celebration, he was facing the hallway when Master came walking towards his door. St. Lynn saw, walking behind Master, Babaji smiling.

Though Rajasi did not come for Master's last meditation day, he was able to attend the last Christmas of 1951 with our Beloved Guruji. I had never seen Rajasi so demonstrative over receiving a gift as he was with the diamond cross Master gave him that year. St. Lynn received so much spiritual benefit from attending these Christmas meditations and the celebrations that I know he made a special effort to attend whenever possible.

Master's India Trip

As early as 1934, Master began hinting in letters to Mr. Lynn that he wished to go to India to see his Master and earthly father. But the pull became stronger in 1935. Master's letters can best say what was in his heart, so I quote some here.

MARCH 17,1935 – My father first helped me to establish the first Yogoda Sat-Sanga in a mud hut in Calcutta. He sacrificed his greatest love for me and financed me to come to America to start the work in Boston. He has waited fifteen years to see me. He regularly requests that I go to see him before he passes on. He has been more than a father. He has been a helper to my Gurus work, and an unselfish guardian angel. A letter has now come from him. He is dying of old age and wishes to see me much above everything else. I did not pay attention to this too much, but as I sat in Spirit, I have felt the calling voice of my Master. He is haunting me day (and) night and my mind has fled from here and is hovering over India. This is not sentiment, Beloved One, for I hear the voice of Master saying, "No use coming to India when mine and your father's body are gone. You must come. Make the supreme effort." This is very sacred to me and to you. I am delivering this message of Master and God for there is no one in the world at whose door I could stand with this appeal. I know Master has overstayed his span of life for us. I want to write the biography of my Master and I don't know his birthday. I will try to secure all these things for he will never write them. There is a chance if I persuade him he might agree to stay longer. He has waited fourteen years patiently for me. If it is God's will that I safely come back here, I will write the life of Master, Lahiri Mahasaya, Babaji. This is absolutely necessary in order to give some solid foundation to this work and the students. Thousands are waiting hungrily for this, as they have waited for the weekly lessons, but I have written only half. And because I lack dates and verification of my writing, I have not published anything. God permitting you to make this

trip possible, it will fulfill the greatest need of the work and my hearts haunting desire. I can only print facts, so what I write I will read to my Master and to a few other disciples of Lahiri Mahasaya. Dear Beloved, you who have saved Master's and my work from complete ruination, won't you once again be a redeemer of this situation in India, and save my soul from the horror of fourteen years of waiting. If there had been a chance, I would have begged from door to door, rather than trouble you, but by the command of my inner soul, I come at your door. Please turn me not away. Let me accomplish this great task during this little span of my life. I too have overstayed, for I wanted to be in the Infinite without the delusion of a body, but I have remained on earth for the work and to meet you, a long expected comrade of mine. If you do that for me, many times God will give the money back to you and something more of precious heaven, for the souls of my father and Master and of many others are involved.

St. Lynn came to Mt. Washington in March 1935. It was at that time he consented to finance Master's trip to India and world tour. Master's joy knew no bounds for at last, he was going to see his Beloved Master and Father and blessed India again.

APRIL 10, 1935 – Blessed One: Please keep the date of my departure very confidential for reason I will tell you later. I plan to go from New York on June 15. I have made reservations on the Bremen, I will not believe it until I am on the boat. I dare not think how for fourteen years God has frustrated all my attempts to go to India. I would have given every penny to poor India and retired in the jungles but I thought of America more and spend everything for her. Think how blest you will be when Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, and my Master will see on the foundation stone your glorious name, and Babaji's prophesy will be fulfilled, "There are many would-be saints in America," and an American saint will and is building a temple in benighted poor India, to show his appreciation to the Masters.

AUGUST 17, 1935 – Four days lie before me and India and you, dear soul, paid for this important part of my life. I renounced all. My earthly father sent me to America, and think, you are the very dear soul who sent me to India. I am entering there in triumph, this penniless renunciate adept of God.

AUGUST 24, 1935 – Guruji didn't write to me in Portsaid, but his letter was waiting for me here in Bombay. He wrote, "I am overjoyed, extremely delighted that you are here. I will soothe my eyes seeing you and your disciples. Motor from Calcutta to Serampore and take me with you." Now this is very unusual for him to express such joy and request. He is so austere and undemonstrative and never hardly requests anything for himself, and think, you have given all this joy not only to me but to Guruji (and) my earthly father. Calcutta is making big preparations to receive us at Calcutta Harah Station.

AUGUST 24, 1935 – I could sweep India's people. They are all clinging to me everywhere, and I am teaching all the time. It is a grand feeling for these people are not fickle in their search for God.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1935 – When I arrived at Calcutta, we couldn't get out of the train. I wished you could have been with us. Maharaj of Kasimbazar, son of the late Maharaj who helped me start Ranchi School was amongst hundreds who received us with countless garlands, Rolls Royce, and a fleet of autos and motorcycles. I am busy from morning till one o'clock at night. Here, the method of teaching has to be different, though they don't pay, yet they would be of greatest help in solidifying this work all over India. With ultimate possibility of a great following and backing, I am bound hand and foot with the love of people,

initiations, songs, and meditations. Oh, such spiritual atmosphere I so long missed. Day and night passes with God and God-hungry souls, crowds, flowers, and fruits of all descriptions are presented to me. People from all parts of Bengal and India are pouring in. I got invitation from Madras already to speak, but I have enough work in dear Bengal.

OCTOBER 9, 1935 – Visited the great Master Sri Yukteswarji first time. We flew into each other's arms and remained in sobs for a long time. I am staying at father's. Father and I embraced each other and remained that way for a long time crying, such joy you have given. I have shown your picture to Master and all his thousands of blessings are being sent to you through the air. They all know what you have meant to me and the work and I am sending you a souvenir from Master.

Master stopped at Kansas City to see St. Lynn on his way to New York to board the ship, *Bremen*. St. Lynn financially helped to save many situations in India as well as Mt. Washington during Master's absence. I quote some excerpts to St. Lynn regarding Master's return trip to Los Angeles:

AUGUST 24, 1936 – Sea letter aboard the *Nalders* – To J. J. Lynn, Mount Washington Estates, Los Angeles, California. Endless blessings from India's Yogodans for stabilizing Ranchi. Finally sailing towards dearest you and Mt. Washington and all. Deepest joy and love, Swami.

AUGUST 30, 1936 – Most Blessed Beloved One. Now you can't believe that I am heading towards our America. Seems so many miles of water the poor ship has to swim over, but anyway we are nearing towards you when I shall see your dearest face with child-like smile beaming with the halo of God. My earthly father who has been almost like my guru already passed on. His life was trembling in the balance when I left. How can I thank you, Gods most beloved instrument, for being such indescribably good to me and the work?

AUGUST 30, 1936 – Hurray, coming home, reaching London.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1936 – Starting from London October the 3rd, reaching New York October the 8th, then two days in Boston, then to Kansas City, then to Mt. Washington.

A telegram St. Lynn wrote to Master in London:

SEPTEMBER 1936 – This time your landing in America finds a host of devotees eagerly awaiting India's grace in your embodiment. With hearts throbbing in deepest love and devotion for you and the Masters, and blending with your heart into oneness with the love of Divine Mother. With exploding joy and unmeasurable gratitude we greet and welcome you and humbly offer our prayers of thankfulness for your Divine blessings and love. Hurry to us. Mt. Washington and Kansas City Devotees. J. J. Lynn.

Master to Rajasi:

OCTOBER 1936 – I will let you know a little ahead when I will reach dear Kansas City which contains your dear saintly self. To be loved by God is everything and you have my love added to that perpetually. S. Y.

NOVEMBER 3, 1936 – Most Blessed Beloved One: This is a short note to let you know that I am waiting with indescribable joy to see you. On November 10, Tuesday, I arrive at the Wabash Station by train No. 3 at 4:15 p.m. Thence I will proceed to the apartment you hired

for me at the Bershire Arms. You told me some people would meet me at the station and you will be waiting for me at the apartment. I could have reached Kansas City in the morning but I didn't like the thought of waiting until you could come, so I chose the afternoon expecting that you could meet me in the apartment on arrival there.

This reunion at Kansas City was another very memorial one for both master and disciple. Master then came to Salt Lake City, Utah, to meet a few disciples who drove there to meet Master on November 16th, 1936, and he drove back with us to Los Angeles.

In order to avoid confusion among the names, Mr. Lynn, St. Lynn, and Rajasi Janakananda, I will use the name Rajasi exclusively from 1936 on.

Hermitage Created

Prior to the building of the hermitage, Rajasi used to go to Florida on occasions to get away from business and retreats. It was Master's intention to have a place of our own so Rajasi could come to continue his spiritual progress, instead of going to Florida. Master started looking for beach property in July 1934 and wrote to Rajasi about different places he found, but there was one in particular that Master liked above all other property. I quote excerpts from Master's letters to Rajasi.

JULY 1934 – I combed from Santa Barbara to San Diego for a place, combination of hill and ocean, where students and I can refresh ourselves on weekends and come to L.A. Saturdays and Sundays for occasional services, it is one of the rarest places like our Mt. Washington. In Encinitas I found a four and half acre of private beach with a hill and wonderful trees for \$15,000.00, no buildings.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934 – I wrote you about the most exclusive, without restrictions on a knoll into the sea 700 feet frontage, four and half acres, with a circle of big pine trees and Eucalyptus, 100 miles from L.A. Blessed One, this is the cheapest and the best beach. It could be fenced off. It is far enough from the highway to eliminate noise.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1934 – I forgot to tell you the county has a stairway to the beach. It is the only available property. It would be an ideal retreat, a combination of sea and mountains, trees, beach, and complete seclusion. You are right. The house at Dana Point is unsuitable. Still it can't compare to Encinitas property. Some day I know God will free you from your business entanglements and you will be able to come here to Encinitas and be on that sacred hill in complete ecstasy with God.

NOVEMBER 6, 1934 – I am principally thinking of your future retirement place in God.

In the meantime Master received a letter from Sri Yukteswarji hinting that he was contemplating leaving his body and wished to see him once more. Rajasi promised to finance Master's trip to India. Therefore, the search for beach property was abandoned temporarily. However, before Master left for his India trip in June 1935, he instructed me, saying, "When Mr. Lynn comes, show him the Encinitas beach property." Master also wrote two instructive notes to me enroute. I quote:

JUNE 5, 1935 – Dear Duj: When Mr. Lynn comes to Mt. Washington, take him to Encinitas with Sister Gyanamata, you, and Faye, and Castillo driving. First let Sister ride in back with Mr. Lynn and you and Faye in front. Coming back you ride in back with Mr. Lynn and Sister and Faye in front. Coming back talk to him about the great retreat we could make for him and my retirement.

From Calcutta, India, OCTOBER 11, 1935 – Dear Duj: Positively show Mr. Lynn the place on the beach hill in Encinitas. When he acquires that land, my last wish will be fulfilled. There is no place like it. Try your utmost. S. Y.

Rajasi only visited Mt. Washington four or five times during Master's absence. The second time he came on March 18, 1936. I asked if he would like to drive down to Encinitas to see the property of which Master was so fond. His affirmative answer made us very happy. It was lunchtime when we reached Encinitas and we had a picnic under the pine trees that formed the circle Master wrote about to Rajasi. We were happy to see that Rajasi was satisfied with the environment. He ran up and down the beach like a happy child. During the drive back, he told us that he would consent to purchase the property as a surprise gift for Master's return, it is needless to express the joy we felt in his decision. Before Rajasi left for Kansas City, he charged me to negotiate with the real estate broker and to inform him of the results. We were so happy that Rajasi was getting Master's much loved Encinitas property that we did not dare ask for more, but nevertheless we did pray that he would want to build a house before Master's return. We danced with joy when we received a letter directing us to look into the possibility of building a house before Master arrived in October or November of 1936. It was also gratifying to learn by Rajasi's gesture that his mind ran in the same channel as ours to fulfill Master's mental creation long ago in his Master's Sri Yukteswarji's hermitage in India.⁵ Rajasi asked if Master had any particular plans in mind for a retreat and I quote Rajasi's letter to me regarding a hermitage.

JULY 1936 – Did Swamiji draw any plans for a hermitage or a house for the beach property? It would be an added joy to have the beach property completed and furnished ready for use when Swamiji arrives. I would enjoy taking him to Encinitas, drive up to the hermitage, take a look at the fence, the house, and the beach, and let him wonder what had happened. He would know even before we reached the property but the physical reaction would overjoy all. Will discuss more with you when I am next in Mt. Washington. J. J. Lynn

We knew of no plans, but offered our suggestions for we had carefully thought it all out. The circle of trees had made such an impression in Master's mind that it did not occur to us to have the house anywhere else. We hadn't planned to cut any of them to make room for a house. Therefore, we were going to build in the circle of trees where the ocean could not be seen from the lower level. We would have to build a two-story house. Master's and Rajasi's bedroom and bath could be located to have an ocean view on the second floor. On the ground floor we could have a living room and dining room, kitchen, and a dormitory with bath for the men or lady disciples, and of course, a garage. Rajasi advised me to find a good architect and start the retreat as soon as possible. It was already June and Master was due to arrive in November.

Sister and I went to Hayward Lumber Company; they directed us to Mr. Frye. He asked me questions of what we wanted and I gave him the directions where the property was located. When Mr. Frye came back from his inspection of the location, he was charmed and enthusiastic. He told me that the minute he stood on the cliff, he saw in his mind's eye a long rambling one-story building on the edge of the cliff, and added that his artistic sense could not see us build a two-story house in the circle. But one row of trees nearest the oceanfront would have to be sacrificed to carry out the plan.

I wrote to Rajasi the message and he immediately gave the "go ahead" signal and at the same time, he expressed his desire as to the size of bedroom and bathroom he wanted and thought Master should have the same, or whatever we thought Master would like best. He also asked if there was someone in our group who knew interior decorating who could work with Mr. Frye. I suggested Mrs. Mary B. as she had the ability and was experienced. He was satisfied with the choice and talked with her. When he had finished speaking with Mrs. B., he related her plans to me. She planned to make the whole interior

⁵ In Autobiography of a Yogi, Sri Yukteswar says to Yogananda, "Nevertheless you were not fully with me. Your objection forces me to remark that in your mental background you were creating three organizations, one was a sylvan retreat on a plain, another on a hilltop, and a third by the ocean."

a replica of a St. Frances monastery, with old bricks or antique plaster and woodwork, ceiling beams to look like it was worm-eaten, and added that she wanted \$15,000.00 in advance, not for herself but so she could have free reign to buy articles needed as she came across them to carry out her plans. His answer to her was that he would take care of it himself. He then asked if I would relieve him by taking it over. I warned him that I did not have the knowledge about such things but I was willing to try, for I knew definitely Master would not like Mrs. B's plan of making a new building look old, and added, I had been with Master long enough to know his likes and dislikes in things, and that I felt I could select what he would like.

I worked continuously with Mr. Frye, planning to make Master and Rajasi's quarters separated from the disciples, with a kitchen and dining room large enough for a great deal of cooking and serving, and a living room in which we would be able to hold services, bedrooms that would hold two beds, and an apartment over the garage. As a result, the building got larger by the day. The preliminaries over, Mr. Frye finished the plans without any further delay, and turned them over to me for inspection and discussion with Rajasi. It was thought best to build the garage apartment first, so that when we went over to inspect the work and if Rajasi came, he would have a place to stay overnight. The garage and apartment were started in mid August 1936; slowly but surely the hermitage grew and so did our joy. The months rolled by and November was getting closer and Master's homecoming.

We had cautioned the contractors and workers not to give any information regarding the building as we did not want the press to publicize anything about the hermitage, for we feared some student or friend would read about it and send the clipping to Master and hence ruin our wonderful surprise. We also took the Mt. Washington household members into our confidence and asked them to keep our secret, which they did.

When we saw that the hermitage was not going to be finished before Master arrived, we asked Mr. Frye to at least complete Master's and Rajasi's quarters first. We planned to furnish and have it ready for their use and take Master there a few days after his homecoming. We were fearful lest the secret would leak out before we could get him there. While the building was still in process, Mr. Frye introduced me to a Mr. Roy Wertheimer, an interior decorator. He furnished plans for the furniture. Mr. Wertheimer took me to the Los Angeles furniture factory for the selection of the furniture. Then Rajasi made a special trip to approve of the furniture selected. He gave his consent and also helped to select the carpet, drapes, and matching spreads, the upholstery for chairs and davenports. Rajasi gave me free reign to finish furnishing the hermitage.

I was busy getting the linens, ceiling lights, floor and other lamps, utensils, silverware, mattresses, blankets, and yogi beds, and attending to all the other details, even down to a sewing kit. Finally the date for Master's arrival was set, Master making arrangements for our driver to drive Faye, Virginia, Lani and myself to meet him in Salt Lake City, Utah, November 16, 1936, and drive back home with him.

The following night we were sitting on the floor in front of Master in his hotel room, absorbed in his every word of those precious moments. Looking straight into my eyes, Master suddenly asked, "Did you show Mr. Lynn the Encinitas property like I asked you?" The girls could not keep a solemn face before him. They gave some pretext or another and one by one, they left me alone to face Master's all-seeing eye. He more forcibly repeated the question. I did not want to say no and I did not want to admit. Divine Mother came to my rescue and without hesitation answered, "I wonder how I could when he was doing so much for India." He thoughtfully said, "That is right. He did so much for India." He later told me, "Your answer completely fooled me and took me off guard and I dismissed the thought from my mind."

We had another two weeks to wait after Master's arrival to Mt. Washington before his quarters would be finished. We had to do a lot of plotting for ways of getting Master to Encinitas without arousing his curiosity. Rajasi said that he would wait for our call when their quarters would be finished to come. He also had the idea that the next day after his arrival he would ask Master, saying, "I have a

friend in La Jolla who is letting me use his beach home for a few days. While he is gone, I would like you to go with me."

We also planned that Faye, Virginia, Mr. Wright, and myself were to drive ahead of Master's car and hide in his bedroom. Rajasi promised he would not say anything until Master opened the door to his bedroom and we all cried, "Surprise." The plan was carried out. Master, anxious to please Rajasi, consented to go with him. However, there was one change. I did not know Rajasi had thoughtfully asked Master if I could go with them in his car as a reward for my share in the creation of the hermitage. Master very kindly allowed me to go with them. We had previously instructed the workers not to recognize us as we came into the building. We did not want anyone to give us away, at least not until the surprise shouts had been uttered. The girls started out for Encinitas right after Master's and Rajasi's car left.

As we approached Encinitas, Master fell asleep. When he woke, he asked Castillo, "Where are we? Why did you not stop at Encinitas? I wanted to show Mr. Lynn that place." Castillo looked at Rajasi and me for an answer. Rajasi asked Master, "Did you want to stop somewhere? We can go back if you really want to see that place." By this time, we were nearing the La Jolla junction. We turned and started back for Encinitas. As we came to Solana Beach where the hermitage point can be seen, I saw a wave of light come into Master's eyes as he, too, saw the building. The thought crossed my mind, "Oh, Master sees the building." But again he immediately closed his eyes. He told us later the reason for closing his eyes was that he did not want Divine Mother to show him more. As he closed his eyes, he said, "No, no, Mother. Don't tell me any more. Let it be a surprise."

As we drove into the entrance, Master saw the garage and apartment on one side and a huge building still in process and exclaimed, "Oh, somebody has bought this for a playground and is building a recreation building. Oh, my place is gone." We smiled inwardly but said nothing. The front steps were not yet built nor was the living room completed. There were several heavy planks placed for us to walk up, Rajasi holding and helping Master by the hand on one side and Castillo on the other and I walking behind them. I could see Master's sweet smiling face looking and repeatedly saying to Rajasi, "Is this your doings? Is this your doings?" Rajasi smiled back and to avoid a direct answer, said, "This is a big building."

We did not tarry in the front part of the building. We went directly to Master's bedroom. As he opened the door, four voices shouted, "Surprise! Surprise!" All Master could say was, "My Lord, this is your doing!" and hugged Rajasi over and over again and blessed each one of us. This end of the hermitage was completely furnished with drapes, carpet, and other things. He was taken to see Rajasi's rooms and the rest of the incomplete hermitage and grounds. As he walked, we told him the story of the birth of the hermitage.

We remained for several days, Master and Rajasi in their quarters and we in the garage apartment. We helped Master cook in the utility kitchen and had our first meal together in our new retreat. Master went back and forth several times in December before the hermitage was completed around the December 22. He was pleased with everything except the living room ceiling. In 1936 there was no choice of colors or style in Celotex as there are today. We could not paint it for it would take away the acoustic value and defeat its purpose. All the furniture was exactly what Master had secretly wanted for Mt. Washington. When Master had visited Amelita Galli-Curci's home in 1926, he saw and greatly admired her dining table and chairs. Thus, he was pleasantly astonished to see one almost like it in the hermitage dining room. He would often say, "Won't surprises ever cease!" Rajasi also came at that time and enjoyed the hermitage while waiting to go to Mt. Washington's December 24 all-day meditation and December 25 celebration. Rajasi helped me trim the hermitages first Christmas tree. The workmen had put up a large tree with outside lights on the ground at the point, but the wind was so violent we had to take it down. Master had also invited SRF teachers from back East to come for Christmas and to show them his surprise gift. The day after Christmas, we drove to the hermitage to celebrate the second Christmas and the grandest gift Master had ever received. Master told us that he went around

in a daze for months; he could not believe that his dream of an ocean colony had been fulfilled. I quote a letter Master wrote to Rajasi:

NOVEMBER 15, 1936 – The ivory hue has been touched all over the outside. It looks like a dream retreat. The flooring of the chapel room looks like it will be completed by the 24th. Indeed my wish for something very nice for you has been fulfilled through us and as He is equally present in us, He is already enjoying through our delight in the doll-dreamdwelling by the blue brine. Such love, such abandonment in God as expressed through you in the hermitage is the fulfillment of my dreams of many incarnations. Such happiness is mutual communion of the saints, as I was coming from the hermitage many times in the car, the vast sky came upon me and lifted my soul and spread its consciousness all over. For a long time I did not know my body was traveling in the car. I actually became the vast blue sky.

– P. Yogananda.

DECEMBER 15, 1936 – I am no more living in this world, but in the empire of Eternity and you are my Vivekananda, the very sight of you paralyses all activity in the world and starts the activity in God until all things become God. God gave us Encinitas dream that all moments there may be used as altars of His Presence. Blessed you are, blessed we are as we are privileged to have Heaven-lore at Encinitas here on earth and also in heaven in the beyond. So we must be together in Spirit now and ever afterwards. May our love be on the altar of the Infinite, Love evermore.

Eternal Love.

– P. Yogananda.

Rajasi's Business Face

Early in December 1936, Master appointed me in charge of caring for Rajasi's personal needs, such as cooking and food in general and packing and unpacking his suitcases. Master had made me very conscious of how meticulously clean Rajasi was; therefore, I made a special effort to keep his apartment spotless at all times. After the hermitage was built, Rajasi looked forward with great anticipation to his visits to Encinitas, not only to get away from business but to absorb all the spiritual vibrations from Master and the wonderful atmosphere where Master created for his comfort and spiritual growth. When he arrived for one of his visits, his face would be that of a business man, hard set and intense, but after a few days at the hermitage, we could see it change into that of a soft, tender, and spiritual child-like face. Master told me that he would wait a few days to come from Mt. Washington to see Rajasi to give him a chance to lose his business attitude and take on what Master always called, "his little boy's face."

Rajasi's Food Habits

One or two years prior to Rajasi's meeting with Master in 1932, he was a very heavy meat eater, including all the trimmings, potatoes, and gravy. Eating a whole loaf of white bread at one meal was not uncommon, or a whole cake or pie to top a meal with a glass of milk. Such were his eating habits for this man of five feet seven inches tall, weighed over two hundred pounds. He had constant colds; he could not remain in a draft; all doors and Windows had to be closed tightly, his body bundled to the ears. One night he was traveling by train after a heavy meal; he was preparing to retire and in the process of trying to get into his berth he heard strangers in the next berth laughingly remark about himself, "Listen to that fat grunting p-i-g getting into bed." This statement sunk deep into his pride, and he determined right there and then, he was going to change his eating habits. Immediately he looked for diet and health books on the subject and made a complete round about face. He stopped eating all forms of meats and all unnatural sweets. In the course of his diet change, he met a teacher who advised him to eat one dozen raw eggs a day. When Rajasi undertook a thing, he went all the way.

He faithfully ate the eggs until he could not look at an egg anymore. For years he wouldn't touch an egg in any form. Only in the last year of his life did he eat one cooked egg a day. He lost the excess weight very quickly. He remained in the sun and fresh air in his orchard and his spacious lawn until it was time to go to his office around eleven or noon. He had learned a few exercises and he worked at them diligently; even in the winter months, he slept on a partially opened porch. He often told me the story of how his maids looked when they had to go out on the porch to make his bed up. He laughingly said, "They were so bundled with clothes that I couldn't see their faces." He rarely had colds. If he felt one was coming on, he drank nothing but strained grapefruit juice. He said he would get rid of it in a few days. Although this method was contrary to Master's theory, he got the results he sought. I quote a letter from Master to Rajasi.

APRIL 10, 1942 – I have always maintained that grapefruit cuts phlegm, but only at a later stage of the cold. In the earlier state of the cold when the (throat is) sore, raw grapefruit is very irritating, but of course, if the mind is extremely bent on a certain food during illness, if taken in reasonable quantity, it will come out well.

P. Yogananda.

Rajasi was also inclined to drink more liquids than solid foods.

FEBRUARY 9, 1940 – It is best not to drink too many liquids. While they vitalize and chemicalize the body they will lessen the peristaltic actions of/our stomach and intestines. When solid food goes into the stomach and intestines, the peristaltic muscles get busy and wrestle with the food trying to digest it, but if only liquids are put into the stomach, it does not struggle as much. Pulp of carrots, etc. is very good and better than too much juice, for then the teeth and the stomach all have to work. That is why the Lord made vegetables hard too. In chewing bones, the dog keeps the teeth muscles, saliva digestion juices, and peristaltic muscles active. We are losing the life of many organs for not enough chewing. Even the cat licks and chews milk before swallowing, which we erroneously do with insalivating the juices we drink. All foods should, with exceptions, due to habit, have temperatures of nature and surrounding atmosphere to which our bodies are subject to. Then that food properly vitalizes our body.

P. Yogananda.

Rajasi was very strict in his eating and living habits thereafter, even to the point of fanaticism and being critical of others who did not as strictly adhere to any particular good habits. If someone gave me a piece of candy, pie, or cake, I ate it in the sanctuary of my room to avoid criticism. One day he criticized sinless Sister Gyanamata to Master for drinking tea. Master, who would not advocate fanaticism of any physical form, answered, "That does not make her less of a saint." Master went on to explain that "good habits can become bad habits if we, under certain circumstances, cannot carry out the performance of certain good habits, and allow ourselves to become mentally disturbed. Disturbance is the evidence of loss of self-control; therefore, the good habit becomes bad. It is best to be even-minded and remain joyous and happy under all circumstances. One has to be fanatical in ones search for God but without disturbances."

Rajasi was quick to grasp the wisdom of Master's words to correct and remove any critical spirit within himself. He never criticized an/one after that. Master called Rajasi "his nature boy?", for Rajasi liked to eat his food in their natural form. He has told me he never left his rooms until his intestines were thoroughly cleansed. For this, he drank four or five glasses of water just as it came from the water bottle with several drops of lemon or lime juice. After this, he went outside to do his exercises and go to the beach. All through the day, he ate as he felt hunger.

The first thing after his morning exercises, if his citrus fruits were in season, he drank several large

glasses of strained grapefruit. When I asked him why he drank this juice strained, he explained that if all the cells of the grapefruit had not burst in the process of juicing that the whole cell in the stomach did not digest. Still later he drank several glasses of orange juice, this with the pulp. In other seasons, he had melons. He would take one hour and a half to eat half of a watermelon cut lengthwise. He only chewed the juice out of the watermelon and expectorated the pulp. I asked him why he did not swallow the pulp too. He answered, "Watermelon is a very cleansing fruit and some people cant take too much of it." After a short time when the watermelon had done its cleansing process in the stomach, he would voluntarily expectorate the watermelon.

If he ate a certain food that soured in his stomach, Rajasi had the ability to get rid of it at will without any of the other foods that were in the stomach coming out, except the disagreeable one. I asked Master how Rajasi could do that without being sick or all the food coming out from the stomach too. Master explained that in India there are certain yogic exercises that one can remove any or all part of the food from the stomach at will without effort or sickness connected to it. Rajasi had practiced this exercise in his Indian incarnation and it was now natural to him in this life." Still later during the morning or afternoon, he drank a glass of carrot juice made fresh every day, or a large glass of vegetable juice with pulp made in the blender with a carrot, orange, or pineapple juice base, and a small piece or amount of all the different vegetables freshly picked from the garden with almond or pecan added, or he drank goats milk with dates or honey or curd milk made fresh, with honey or fresh maple syrup or whey made with pineapple juice.

When the fruits were ripe on the trees, he stood at the sink and ate a whole meal of peaches, figs, cherimoyas, and mangoes. If the fresh fruits were not in season, he ate unsulphered raisins, figs, and dates with nuts. He used to ship us hundred-pound bags of fresh pecans picked from the trees he planted when he was a little boy on his mother and fathers farm in Louisiana. They were so rich in oil, they burned like a torch, which Master delighted in demonstrating. When the com season was at hand, Bro. Sarolananda would pick, clean, and bring them up. I scraped it off the cob and he ate it immediately. He knew if the corn had been picked ahead of time of his eating it. He would say, "This corn has been picked an hour ago." I would answer, "It has been just brought up." I would inquire of Sarolananda and sure enough he had picked the corn ahead. Rajasi also ate the corn steamed on the cob.

Rajasi did not like to buy nuts that were already shelled except those that were imported and could not be avoided. But domestic nuts had to be freehand in the shell. They were cracked as he ate them. He too, like Master, did not like sour fruits. He used honey on his berries. His only cooked meal was in the evening at no specific time, cooked whenever he wanted it. It consisted of a few plainly cooked vegetables with very little salt or butter. He did not like onions or garlic or eggs or spicy herbs, although he did eat Master's curries and enjoyed them with Master's blessings. Sometimes I cooked two meals, one plain vegetables for Rajasi and a portion cooked apart with onions and spices for myself. Rajasi would naturally smell the spicy fragrance and ask to taste it. A small serving was timidly placed before him. The results of the taste test usually ended by Rajasi eating all of my tasty dish and I eating the plain tasteless vegetable. Asking him the next day if he wanted anything in particular cooked, he would answer, "No, just cook it your way."

Rajasi liked crispy foods, especially with plain rice. He was a Hindu when it came to eating rice. He could have eaten it three times a day if it had been a healthier food. He did not drink tea and never touched coffee in his life. He told me the reason coffee and its odor made him ill. When he was a tiny boy, his mother used to give him castor oil in a little coffee, leaving him with a distaste of the smell of coffee. Since he did not drink with his meals, he liked gravies or sauces but they could not be thickened with flour or com starch, but with waterchestnut flour purchased in a Chinatown store.

He did not eat bread as a rule but once in a while, he liked sourdough bread or corn tortilla or thin com bread with melted mild cheese toasted in the oven until brown or just melted. Sometimes he had a raw vegetable salad with a homemade dressing of olive oil, lemon juice, and sometimes blue cheese. He

did not like to talk during a meal for he said that the dinner table was a place to eat and thoroughly masticate the food. He chewed his food so well it would sometimes take him from one and a half to two hours to eat his meals. He even chewed liquids. He never expressed whether he liked the cooked food or not. The only way I knew he liked it was when he asked for a second helping or left it on his plate if he did not, or the next day he would suggest, "Don't put this or that in today." After many trials and errors, I learned his likes and dislikes.

It was entrancing to see Master and Rajasi sitting on the lawn facing each other with a large pail of freshly picked peas in front of them, eating to their hearts' content. When Rajasi found specially nice-sized peas, he would pour them into Master's hand, saying, "Taste how good this one is." Master in turn would do likewise. The same thing would happen with fruits they fed each other. When the fresh picked fruits came in from the garden, the first thing Rajasi did was to pick out the largest and what he hoped would be the sweetest to send to Master, no matter where Master was, at Encinitas, Mt. Washington, or Twenty-Nine Palms. Master, likewise, did not go by a store without going in to see if perchance there might be something different for his little boy. Such loving thoughts passed back and forth with these handouts that I am sure that the fruits and other edibles were made sweet because they were impregnated with the Divine love they bore for each other.

Rajasi's 1946 Illness

Early 1937, Rajasi's financial and business difficulties forced him to remain in Kansas City more than he wished. His visits to the hermitage were few and far between, and when he was able to come, it was only for a week or utmost two weeks. But as the years rolled by, his business improved and he had better men to whom to entrust his business during his absence, and it made it possible for him to come more often and for longer periods. In the spring of 1946, Rajasi suffered a serious illness. He came to the hermitage to convalesce and he remained for the whole summer. He again came to spend several of the winter months that same year. Thereafter, Rajasi would come to the hermitage during Kansas City's hottest months and the winter's coldest months. During the period between February 1952 to 1955, Rajasi only returned to Kansas City for three short business trips.

Exercises

Rajasi was an early riser but he did not come out of his rooms until nine or ten, depending on the weather. If it was clear and sunny, he was out on the lawn early doing his tensing and other exercises, such as standing on his head or walking on his hands with his legs upright in the air. He could walk on his hands in this fashion for a long distance. After perfecting it, he told me that when he was younger he had a cousin who could walk on his hands and he, Rajasi, was not able to; therefore, he acquired a deep desire to do likewise. He was like a proud little boy showing Master and us how well he could perform this exercise. When Master's brother, Bhisnu Ghosh, came from India to Encinitas, he wanted to teach Rajasi all the asanas. Master advised Rajasi not to delve in too many physical exercises because he said, "You will lose your ecstasy." These physical exercises outside of tension and other of Master's exercises are alright for those who do not deeply meditate.

Rajasi liked to outstretch flat on the floor to straighten his back and spine and bend his knees suspended over his stomach, baby fashion, and remained in that position for a long time. He repeated the exercise many times during the day and evening. He said he practiced this often during his business hours in the privacy of his office.

Rajasi and his playmates, the sun and fresh air, got along very well together. He loved them both. He did not come in the house until he had to. He spent the whole day long outside, sunbathing and meditating on the lawn. It was Rajasi's habit to lie on his stomach with his spine straight. I could see by the expression on his face that his mind and will were pulling the energy up his spine to the Christ Center, I once asked him, "Do you meditate all the time?" "Well," he said, "not all the time. Otherwise, I could not concentrate on my business. If they were not successful, SRF would suffer." Master often

repeated his favorite line to Rajasi, "You are in business for God." Every time Rajasi financially helped SRF, Master would repeat, "Doing so much for God proves you are in business for Him." Master explained, "There are a lot of religionists who use religion for business, but there is no sin in using business methods for religion, nor to make your business successful that you may help God's work."

Rajasi loved music, but he could not carry a tune. Whenever he had a particularly deep meditation, he came into the house singing, "I am the sky, Mother, I am the vast blue ocean and sky," expanding his arms above his head as he sang.

Swimming in the Ocean

Summer or winter, he enjoyed going down to the beach for a long swim; however, he enjoyed floating rather than swimming. Though he liked the invigorating exercise ' of swimming, better than that, he liked the relaxing effect of floating. He told me, "It was like floating in the Infinite, with the depthless ocean below and the limitless sky above." Afterwards, he would take a long walk on the sandy beach before coming back up.

For many years, there were only a few boys living in the garage apartment in Encinitas, but Master still appointed me to be Rajasi's body guard when he went down to the beach and gave me instructions not to allow anyone else to go with Rajasi or let him go down alone. Also I was to walk at a distance behind him and sit on the beach while he swam. In case he had trouble while in the water, I could render help, Master added. "His position and money will attract those who will want to approach him for favors, and if someone is with him they won't dare."

Many years later, after Manuel left our employ, Master told me this story that was reported to him by one of the Mexican boys that knew Manuel, saying, "Manuel had planned to have his wife approach Rajasi on the beach. They were going to say that Rajasi made passes at her, then try to blackmail him, but Manuel complained, 'Miss Darling was always somewhere on the beach and would have served as a witness against us. Therefore, we could not carry out our scheme.' " Master added with great satisfaction: "See, my intuition is trying to constantly protect him."

The other reason why Master had me accompany Rajasi was that Rajasi had accident karma. My karma being different would help to counteract his. This is also another reason Master always provided a driver for Rajasi. I could also carry his towels and solvent to remove the tar from his feet. I would place these things where he selected, then I would go off and find myself a spot a good distance away but within sight. He always went down our own stairway. Winter or summer when he was at the hermitage, Rajasi went down to the beach every day. I remember he went down alone once. When he came back, he was bleeding profusely. He had been deeply cut by a stingray. They were semi-poisonous and very painful. I called the doctor just in case. There were no other accidents. When the boys were available, Rajasi liked to take some to the beach with him.

During the first few years, Master used to go down to the beach with Rajasi and a group of us. It was on one of these occasions in January, 1937, that Master sat on a large stone and Rajasi beside him. Master touched him on the chest and Rajasi went into samadhi and remained in that consciousness for a long time. Master brought him back to this mundane world again. Rajasi did not like to swim in pools for the water was not fresh enough for him, especially if he could have the fresh salt ocean to bathe in. He did, however, go a few times in our pool only because Master asked him to go with him and he wanted to please him.

Rajasi's Hobby

Rajasi's hobby was growing fruits and vegetables. He had a five hundred-acre grove in Pharr, Texas, of pink grapefruit, some pink and other oranges, and full large tangerines. His navel oranges were the largest I have ever seen. All of these fruits were very sweet and juicy, the best in the world, Master would exclaim and we all agreed. His fruits won many blue ribbons. His greatest pride was to grow the

best quality and maintain that quality. He used to ship thousands of baskets filled with his fruits for Christmas gifts to his friends and business associates. He used to fill his suitcases with his fruit and bring them to Master and for us all to enjoy. One winter in the late 1940's, his grove suffered a three-day freeze which killed all the fruit on the trees and destroyed many trees. He did not have fruit to sell or give to his friends, although there was enough for his personal use. For several years, this grove was a million-dollar business. It was a profitable hobby. On his Kansas City Estate and residence, he also maintained a large orchard of wonderful golden delicious apples and other varieties of apples and fruits. He had a nice garden which supplied him with fresh vegetables at every meal, except of course, during the winter months. In 1947, our Encinitas garden was proud to ship him two large boxes of fresh vegetables and fruits twice a week by air express so he never was out of fresh garden vegetables in the winter months when he was in Kansas City. During the period of 1938 to 1947, Master and Rajasi both made several attempts to grow vegetables and fruit at Encinitas. We did not have sufficient men or money to carry the garden for any length of time, although with bits of gardening, there was always enough vegetables for Master and Rajasi's use. I quote a few of Master's letters to Rajasi regarding gardening.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1940 – I am trying to find Imperate carrot seed and will plant them behind the cottage.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1941 – I abandoned the vegetable garden for the lack of efficient help. The water bill was so high it is cheaper to buy vegetables. But your carrots and small patch of peas will be regularly taken care of. I have definitely arranged under mine and Durga's supervision that a large carrot supply for you be maintained. R Yogananda.

Rajasi, seeing our Encinitas land was not being utilized, wanted to start a large-scale farm to provide Mt. Washington and Encinitas disciples. But Master had plans for this or that plot of land. Therefore, it was lying idle. Rajasi always said, "The soil was made by God to grow the necessities of life." One day he came to me and said, "If I can't have land around this colony to grow things, I'll go out and buy myself a farm." He asked me to drive him in the country on a farm hunt. We went several times, but each time he came back to the hermitage, he would say, "There is no place like here." Seeing how anxious he was to have a farm, I spoke to Master about it. When Master heard that Rajasi was so determined to have a farm even to the point of buying one elsewhere, he agreed to let him use all the available land to make it his Encinitas' project. Rajasi was very happy. He always wanted to hire a Japanese family to work in the garden, but Master was not too keen on the idea because he felt that an outsider would cause trouble.

Early in 1947, Master found that Eugene BenVau, a student and a farmer, had lost his farm through bad weather and debts. Master hired him to work in the garden. Rajasi took full charge of the tea garden and all its expenses and wages and managed it. He bought all the different varieties of fruit and nut trees and bought a new tractor and farm equipment. He went at it in a big way. He planted many varieties of vegetables. We had at one time or another the assortment of eleven different vegetables, even seeds from India. We tried and succeeded growing several of them. He even put wire cages around each fruit tree to keep the birds out. One could see Rajasi walking around each tree with his basket going from one cage to the other, picking peaches, figs, or whatever was in season. He would eat his fill and bring the basket full to the house for us all. His only past time and joy he had once told me "was to grow and eat fresh fruits and vegetables. I don't smoke, eat meat, drink, or have other bad habits so I like to grow things," a past time which was very profitable for SRF. We reaped the results of the project. His only past time in Encinitas or Kansas City was spent in the orchard or in the vegetable garden, plucking the sun-cooked vegetables and fruit off the trees, vines, or from the ground, and he ate them on the spot. Master was very happy that the garden was so successful. He thoroughly enjoyed all the vegetables and specially the Babcock peaches. Master and Rajasi used to sit or walk hand in hand, talking of this or that vegetable or fruit. They were at one in all their

understanding, for love reigned supreme in their hearts for each other.

I quote two letters from Master to Rajasi:

JULY 6, 1946 – Your idea of gardening fruit trees is very practical and appealing, but for your starting the garden, we would have little to eat here.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1947 – Your practicality is very evident for acting according to my God-guided wishes and the way you are managing the vegetable garden, canning, and selling the surplus to prevent any willful waste.

Rajasi loved to walk. He would go on a long walk before or after the evening meal. He would go to the orchard, or to the retreats and the cafe to bless the devotees and encourage them. He loved the rain and would put on his bathing trunks and go out for a walk in it. The sweetest sight was when Master was at Encinitas, he and Rajasi would joyfully walk hand in hand, up and down the hermitage lawn.

Replenishing Rajasi's toilet articles and food stuff or household articles does not sound like it would be such a chore. But it turned out that everything he used as a hard item to get or only particular stores carried them. And I had to walk miles from one store to the other to find them, especially during the war when things were so hard to get. Believe me, when I found them, I bought a large supply.

Rajasi was happiest in the fresh open air. The house had to be well aired at all times, rain, cold, or foggy. The Windows and doors had to be kept wide open. His bed never had the spread on because he liked to have his bed made up with fresh sheets every day and left open, and the bed pushed in the doorway where the sun shone to let the sun pour on it until sundown. Being on the ocean, the apartment was always dampish.

Rajasi Giving Money to Members

At Christmas time, Master allowed Rajasi to give everyone in the house \$5.00. Master did not want Rajasi to give to individuals at any other time because Master said, "They will get used to him giving to them and they in turn would think of him as a money bag instead of the saint that he really is." This information I had to carefully pass on to Rajasi without offending him, for he was very generous and liked to give to those on the spiritual path. Master wanted to install in the minds and hearts of all the devotees a deep respectful attitude toward Rajasi at all times.

Odors and Cleanliness

Personal cleanliness was a necessity around him. He was so clean himself. Even after a swim, he would take a shower every day. He did not even like fragrant perfumes used around him. Master used to call him, "his nature boy."

In order to avoid the odors from the large kitchen coming into his apartment, I thought of the idea of building a wall between Master's bedroom and quarters and Rajasi's kitchen. This I thought would also give Master more privacy for the disciples and Master's coming and going to his quarters at all hours of day or night.

Rajasi's Reading Habits

Rajasi did not do much reading. His newspaper, a few of Master's books, and his letters were all in his bathroom where he said he did most of the reading. Being a businessman he was very strict about receiving his business letters. Special trips had to be made to assure his getting them on time. He would glance through them. Unless the weather did not permit sunbathing, he seldom sat at his desk to work

during the day because he did not wish to miss any of the day outside. He worked and answered his mail until late in the evening. He either wrote notes or letters long hand or he dictated them. In 1948, Marjorie BenVau took shorthand. He hired her to take dictation and type his letters for him. When the BenVaus left town, Bro. Sarolananda, who was a court-shorthand recorder, took the dictation on his machine. This way Rajasi's business was taken care of through letters and phone calls while he was at the hermitage. He would make one or two long distance business calls to Kansas City or Texas almost every day. He rarely retired very late, it was usually eleven or thereabouts.

Carrying Heavy Weights

Master did not allow Rajasi to carry heavyweight things. Master has said that "persons who go deep into meditation can do light or mental work, but not heavy manual labor."

Rajasi's Dressing Habits

While in Encinitas, Rajasi lived in his bathing trunks. However, he dressed to meet someone or to go for his walks. He was a neat dresser and had beautiful suits and jackets of very fine materials of cashmere. He did not like roughness. He wore a tie only when he had to. His shoes were large enough to be comfortable, and he would take them off the minute he came in the house; however, he did not go barefoot either, for it was too unsanitary. He wore sandals, mules, or other soft houseslippers. Being of a conservative nature, he would not wear sports shirts at first, but he soon got over that, for near a beach, most of the men wear sports shirts and slacks. He was happy to wear them thereafter, for they proved so comfortable to him. When Rajasi came for long periods, I sent his soiled clothes to his Kansas City residence. He had a good laundress who washed every day and she would send them back clean and ironed.

Once in a while, Rajasi would like to go on a drive, especially out in the country. He liked a good rate of speed, traffic permitting. He was rather impatient on the road with other drivers who would not move over if he wanted to pass. He would lean on the horn until they did. He was a very good driver and enjoyed driving himself at times. At first Master let him have one of his cars for Rajasi's use, but in the latter years, Rajasi bought his own. He was partial to Oldsmobiles. He had a chauffeur in Kansas City, though Rajasi drove himself back and forth to his office. The chauffeur kept Rajasi's car immaculately clean and in perfect working order at all times, ready for Rajasi to turn the key. Rajasi expected the same service from us and became rather impatient if the car was not just right.

Prior to 1943, I did not know how to drive a car. Master had often expressed a desire that I learn to drive, but since he did not press the point, I did not wish to add more to my already heavy schedule. However, during the Japanese war in 1943, gas and tires were rationed. Rajasi did not have his own car at Encinitas at that time. When he informed us of his coming visit, I took the train to Los Angeles to get fresh food supplies, then either Sr. Sailasuta or Mr. Castillo drove me to the airport or railroad station to pick Rajasi up and drive him to Encinitas. The driver had to take the train or bus back to Los Angeles. Again this procedure was repeated when it came time for Rajasi's departure. One day Rajasi and I were discussing the hardship this imposed on Master and the driver. Rajasi offered to teach me how to drive and encouraged me to learn by adding, "We will keep it a secret and the next time Master wants me at Mount Washington, you can drive me and surprise Master by saying you drove me." Every day thereafter, he made me drive. He was a good teacher. We drove on the back roads of the Encinitas countryside to avoid the highway in the beginning. He would not miss one day for he said, "It would be harder to start again." When Rajasi told Master that I had driven him down, Master shouted with joy, for it relieved his mind from providing a driver, plus eliminated travel expenses. Henceforth, driving duties were added to my service to Rajasi. Day or night, I drove him wherever he wanted to go and back and forth to the airport and stations.

Landslide

Rajasi was down at the beach when the first landslide occurred under the temple. Bernard Cole came running down to tell him. Rajasi was not a bit excitable. He did not say a word to Bernard nor did he hurry back. He took his swim and walk as usual before coming to see the damage the slide had done.

Ugliness and Negativeness

Rajasi did not like ugliness in any form. For instance, if he dropped something on the floor and spilled its contents, he disgustingly walked out of the room as fast as he could so he would not have to see it. He was repulsed by any swear word; even "dam" he did not approve of, nor did I ever heard him say it either or any other ugly word, not even "Oh, boy." Master would not allow us to talk in a negative vein to Rajasi; the conversation or reports or talking to Rajasi had to be on a constructive basis. I can well understand the reason for this wisdom, for Rajasi was not able to take negativeness of any type. If the slightest negative element entered into reports, he thereafter would not have anything to do with the project or person, or if he saw someone step out of character, he would disregard that person. If he had to deal with the person anyway, no favors were granted to that person, though he was very merciful and forgiving most of the time.

Rajasi was especially naive towards anyone on the spiritual path. He thought they were all angels and without faults and if he saw them make a faulty move, he was highly critical of that person. He, however, became very tolerant as he progressed on the spiritual path. That is the reason Master told me that Rajasi attracted a mentally and physically invalid wife, to learn patience, and he surely did.

One could easily reason with Rajasi and get results: Though he was a very successful businessman, he was very child-like in his mannerisms. He deeply loved his earthly mother; therefore, he more readily responded to motherly appeals than to womanish emotions. Motherly praises for his good deeds toward the organization and to Master and others would give him the incentive to continue to do more.

Economical Habits

Rajasi was the kind of person that if you tell him to take one spoonful of anything, he would take two for good measure. This was also true with his generosity. He did not mind paying a high price for something good, but he was very economical on other things, like when he peeled an apple, he would take infinite patience peeling it so thin that the skin would be transparent. He was honest to the core and liked honesty in others like when he gave me money to spend on household items. Rajasi paid for his own upkeep while he was at the hermitage, because he said, "I like good things and they are expensive, and I don't want to burden SRF with my extravagance."

Finances

He was very generous and gave me plenty of cash to get his things with. I gave him an account of the expenditures. He did not like that, saying, "You don't need to give me these accounts. See I am tearing them without even looking at them, and if you persist on doing so, I will continue to tear them, so there is no use your going through that trouble of keeping an account for me."

I abided by his wishes, but I was extremely careful with his money for I knew he was Scottish in his ways, but I also knew he liked good quality. After he gave Master money, he never questioned Master, what he did with it, nor how much was spent on this or that project. Soon after, the hermitage was completed, Rajasi suffered great financial and business difficulties. Being a gentleman of generous and tender heart, he did not wish to dampen Master's joy and enthusiasm for the improvement of hermitage grounds. He said nothing to Master. Master, not realizing Rajasi's predicament, continued purchasing and paying bills, and he had to continually write to Rajasi for more funds, with which to replenish his fast-diminishing Indian Fund, which Rajasi had given him as a Christmas gift in 1936.

Somehow Rajasi provided the money for the current bills, but not the amounts Master spent in beautifying both the hermitage and Mt. Washington grounds. Therefore, Rajasi could not catch up in restoring Master's Indian Fund.

Master was used to poverty and self-denial for an ideal. India's simple life did not require so much buying of furniture, repair bills, and replacements of supplies as we have here. Of course, Master realized that America's living conditions could not conform with India's way of life. Master often said, "In America I am criticized for wearing a cotton robe, and in India I would be criticized for wearing a silk robe." These and similar conditions bound him to the grinding stone of earning the money to provide his American Institution with the immediate necessities. He was not a businessman. He knew nothing of business terms or problems nor the hard knocks of American business tactics. He had to learn by the trial-and-error method to make a success of an organization whose expenses always far exceeded its income. Therefore, Master suffered many known and unknown hardships, all through his life.

Master struggled through the depression years of 1930, 1931. Master depended upon and received from Dr. and Mrs. Lewis financial help the previous years, but this new undertaking of managing Mt. Washington was more than they and he could carry alone, so his constant prayer was that God would send him a male disciple who would be wealthy, honest, kind, and above all who would have a deep desire and love to consciously contact God. This was not an unusual prayer, for Master knew God's law that when the Lord sends out one of his Divine messengers, He also sends both kinds of devotees those who will help him financially as well as those who will give service to fulfill his mission in life. God answered Master's appeals in February 1932 with one of His willing sons J.J. Lynn, who in 1951, was given the spiritual name of Rajasi Janakananda to help Master bear his financial cross. Rajasi was all Master spiritually expected, yes, even more. He was a practical business man, humble, never bragging about his abilities, so much so that it was not until the latter part of Master's life did he find out that Rajasi was a financial wizard, who knew the stock market like a book, for he was also a banker, a lawyer, and well-versed in real estate matters, and had numerous other capacities.

Immediately upon meeting Paramhansaji, Rajasi accepted him as his guru and implicitly trusted and revered him as a Christ. All these wonderful qualities served him well now and for the years to come, for the tests placed upon him were indeed very trying. The Lord had answered Master's prayers for a friend who would help him carry out God's work. At their first meeting, Rajasi had given him a large donation to start republishing bimonthly the East-West magazine and placing more ads to promote the Lessons, to spread the salvation-giving Kriya technique to the world by extensive and continuous advertising to keep the name of SRF before the public's eye. Master fully expected the funds to come in unlimited amounts for that purpose, and it may have been so, but in the meantime, Master made his first appeal to Rajasi in his April 3, 1932 letter to pay off the Mt. Washington mortgage. After several appeals and due consideration, Rajasi told Master to start negotiations with the Mortgage Company. In May 1933, Rajasi gave Master some Government Bonds, the value of which would cover the full amount of the mortgage.

In the meantime, Master, desperately in need of money, sold the bonds which Rajasi had stipulated for the mortgage payment. Rajasi later explained to me that he had give Master all the ready cash that was available to him at his first meeting with Master in February. Therefore, when Master asked him to pay off the mortgage, he did not have the money, but he did have these bonds which he gave Master to hold until the negotiations were complete and they could be sold to pay the mortgage. When the time came to make the payment, neither Master or Rajasi had the money to complete the transaction.

On the other hand, let us take Master's predicament into consideration. Our country in 1932-33 was in one of its worse financial difficulties, Mt. Washington was heavily in debt and had many mouths to feed, Master had campaign and travel expenses to meet, the work was again at a stand still, and Master had no one to take care of all of these matters or to advertise to get new members. Master,

fearing another stock market crash, sold the bonds earmarked for the mortgage to keep the wolf away from our doors. By Master's action, much good was derived for the organization and the souls living at Mt. Washington. However, in October 1936, when Master called us from New York on his return from India, Rajasi was able to tell him that the mortgage burden had been lifted from his shoulders, as well as many other debts which were pending before and during Master's world tour.

Early in 1933, Master decided not to go on traveling campaigns anymore. He wanted to remain at the headquarters and concentrate on writing and spreading the teaching through the mail order system, to attract and train more souls for the future of the work. His reason was that when he went to one city, he lectured and taught to hundreds, even thousands, but he could only be in one place at a time, whereas by mail, the teachings could reach all over the globe. He did, however, give several campaigns in Los Angeles and vicinity which eliminated traveling expenses for himself and secretaries. This decision placed the full burden on Rajasi for the organizations' maintenance. Although Rajasi was a successful businessman, he told me later, that he was neither financially nor mentally prepared to shoulder the full brunt of this surprise turn of event. Master, however, did not remain idle. He was extremely busy planning for the progress and expansion of the teachings, writing, giving Sunday Services and interviews that lasted far into the night; all this helped the financial situation. In that April 3 letter, Master asked Rajasi to donate at least \$100,000.00 for a permanent trust fund that the institution may receive and be able to carry the general expenses from the income of the investment without touching the principal, plus Master wanted a large sum of ready cash as a working fund. If Rajasi could not give the money to immediately pay off the mortgage, he did not have to donate such a large fund for a trust or for the working fund.

Though his heart was eager and willing to please Master, and though he was a successful man, there was a limit to his wealth for he only received a salary from his Fire Insurance Companies and various other incomes. Master did not know, however, that Rajasi did not get the money his companies received, because his companies were selling a service and not a product. Therefore, the money belonged to the policyholders and not to him. It had to remain as a capital to pay off all fire damages. He was also answerable to an Advisory Committee and could not personally use or give that money away.

Rajasi could not give according to the dictates of his generous heart, for he was also handicapped by the income tax laws which said one could give to a church, but that gifts totaling only a small percentage of one's income were tax-free for charities. He told me that no matter whether the taxes were high or low, he had for many years been in the higher income bracket. In the latter part of his life, he was only able to keep eight cents on the dollar earned, the rest of his income went to taxes. He also had his own maintenance to keep up. Rajasi did provide the funds to pay off old debts, current bills, repairs for Mt. Washington's buildings and cars, and buying a new car. He also paid for advertisements and hundreds of other items that come with an organization. When Master realized that the large sums he had anticipated were not nor would be forthcoming, he sought new opportunities which would make the work self-supporting. He thought that starting new and different projects would be the only way he could ask Rajasi to donate for SRF. This way, the sums would not be too large at one time and he could accomplish his dreams for SRF's present and future progress.

This was the beginning of the snowball that kept on growing larger with each new project created. Along with the appeals for the new projects, Master constantly repeated his suggestion of a permanent fund. In the meantime, Rajasi was kept busy providing funds for the new projects, plus for other business reasons he could not give cash for the fund. Therefore, in order to create that permanent fund Master wanted, Rajasi gave all his own stock holdings which he had acquired through the years at a very reasonable cost, but which were later worth three times more than Master had asked for and which paid large dividends.

Stock certificates to Master were not money that he could see or spend. Then too he feared another stock crash, rendering them worthless. He thought real estate was much more a paying

proposition than stocks, whereas Rajasi, a banker, said that real estate for income purposes was also very risky, for buildings have to be maintained in good condition, therefore, decreasing the income, whereas stocks paid their dividends without any expenses to the stockholder. True, they can go up or down, but real estate also depreciates in value, and if the country goes down all businesses would do likewise, including real estate. Master did not realize that each new project increased the expenses instead of providing income. The primary cost was not the only expense of the project, but its maintenance, with additional personnel to operate and care for the project, increased the expenses. Master still wanted a large cash-working fund to be able to create these new projects without having to ask Rajasi for additional funds for them. Therefore, Master sold several stocks at a loss. He did not realize that by selling the stocks he was depleting the very thing he wanted most a permanent fund. Master's continued appeals for an endowment for the hermitage bore fruit in 1948.

When Rajasi arrived at the hermitage and when Master came in to see him, Master was wearing his amethyst ring. They sat on the davenport together. Presently Rajasi left the room and came back, holding a large manila envelope in his hand. He sat on the floor at Master's feet and opened the envelope and laid certificate after certificate side by side on the floor at Master's feet. Then, on the other side of the Forum Cafeteria stock certificates, he placed several cash bonds. Smiling, he looked up at Master and asked, "Which of these two do you want?" Master shyly smiled and answered, "both." Rajasi laughed and handed them all to him security which provided the hermitage with a good monthly income. Tears of joy ran down Master's cheeks, for at last his dream hermitage would continue to exist after their earthly departure. Master threw his arms around Rajasi's neck and kissed his forehead and blessed him over and over again. Thereafter, Master called the ring he was wearing his "good luck ring." He added this amethyst to others he had and had a cross made for Rajasi for Christmas and called it "Rajasi's prosperity cross." Rajasi highly cherished this cross as well as the diamond cross Master gave him at Master's last Christmas on earth with us.

In the latter years of Master's life, he came to understand the value of the stocks and its regular dividends and deeply lamented the fact that he sold those wonderful stocks and spent so much money on building projects, for it was at this time also that Rajasi told Master how much money he had donated throughout the years. Though irregular and in small, medium, and many times large amounts, he had given Self-Realization Fellowship over a million dollars in cash, which was used to build projects, and a million in stocks, it was then that Master said regretfully that he wished he had not spent that money on projects that were located in so many different directions, but if he had concentrated all his effort and that money in spreading the teachings and making Mt. Washington a presentable international headquarters, instead of buildings that cost so much to maintain, the work would have gone far in his lifetime.

It fell to my lot to intercede between Master and Rajasi, when Master wanted funds for different projects. That is how I knew Master's side of the story, but I also learned Rajasi's side as well. When Master would ask me to approach Rajasi for the funds for something or another, he would want me to do it right there and then and hurry back with the answer. With Master, everything had to be done in a hurry or quickly. He often told us he did not have time to wait. Rajasi was the opposite. He delayed and waited, for he thought he had years ahead of him yet to do great things for SRF financially. Every time Master blessed Rajasi, he always said, "You will be blessed with a long life for doing so much for SRF." But as we will see later Satan did not like Rajasi doing so much for the salvation-giving work of SRF and tried to stop him before his mission had been accomplished. But for Master's and Gods grace, he did finish and went to his deserved reward.

Master's desire to get an answer immediately very seldom worked, for Rajasi was a man of slow decisions, for he had to think over, how he could manage or how he could get the funds without harm to his business. Writing all this after the elapse of so many years, it seems like a large order for Master and Rajasi to fill. Our American minds may question how could Master expect so much from one person. The answer is that if one understands that our Beloved Master felt his oneness with the Creator of the Universe; hence, a son can expect abundance from His Divine Father, Mother God, or

vice versa, which is often the case between the Master and disciple in relationship. Master deeply loved Rajasi and regarded and treated him as a son. Therefore, he felt the right of a father to demand from the son whom he knew was destined to play the role of SRF's financial savior. Though Master knew this deep-hidden truth and often wrote Rajasi about it, still it did not penetrate as deeply in Rajasi's consciousness at that time as it was imprinted in Master's Christ Consciousness. But one only has to see the files prepared on different projects and the present-day financial reports to see that through God's grace and Master's deep foresight and Rajasi's generous and loving response, this great work has borne, and now more than ever bears the fruit of their individual actions and sacrifices.

Master had hoped and prayed that Rajasi could have supplied him with all the funds he needed without having to constantly make appeals, but since this was not the case, Master resigned himself to perform this difficult task for God's work. Rajasi was very generous and took pride in fulfilling Master's every wish. His compassionate heart could not bear to see Master suffer in any way. He would put his arms around Master's shoulders and put his hand in his own pocket and empty them in Master's hand. I have often seen Rajasi leave for Kansas City with only a few dollars in his pocket for he had given all he had to Master for the work. Rajasi was human enough to get ruffled with some demands. He did not say anything or just a few words, but his jaw would set more firmly either with determination or repulsion. In most of the time Rajasi lovingly responded, for one could reach him much quicker by love and kindness than by forceful demands. Master loved him so he did not want to cause the slightest tinge of disharmony between them, and if Rajasi had to refuse for some reason or another, Master would not have had the heart to argue the point further.

Master's greatest desire was to remain on a spiritual relationship with Rajasi at all times and at all costs. When Rajasi came to Encinitas or Mt. Washington, Master meditated and only talked spiritual topics and avoided business matters, perchance those discussions might bring about the slightest disharmony. Therefore, it was in extreme cases that Master personally discussed the organizations business matters. Instead he wrote all his appeals in letters or asked me to intercede for him. Not only that I may boost his projects to Rajasi, but more often than not, Master did not want to feel the brunt of his Rajasi's refusal if that would have been the case. Master always wanted to see and remember Rajasi not as a businessman but as the beloved child of God. The love they had for each other was truly divine. I quote one of Master's letters to Rajasi, expressing his deep spiritual love for him.

MARCH 8, 1932 – Most Beloved of Ages: Guru is disciple and disciple is guru bound in one eternal pledge of friendship until they redeem one another's soul in Spirit. Divine friendship is unconditional and waits until perfection. Such is my friendship for you. Human friendship is selfish, imperfect, and most cannot reach beyond the portals of the tomb. Your very presence reminds and inflames in me the samadhi of God. For I see Him blazingly awakened in you. Do you know what it is to meet someone blossoming out of incarnations from ages of dark waiting. I shall watch until all the petals of your mind are awakened and they drink the divine fragrant sunlight and spread Yogoda fragrance to all. It is good to meet one according to the fulfillment of Master's prophecy. One who in every detail meets with all my divine expectations. Nobody in America has drawn such love and appreciation from me as you have by your divine simplicity, self-control, and above all your intoxicating, deepening love of God. I shall lead you on. There is no depth to the sea of nectar. We will dive like plummets until we have reached the endless ever-new bliss. We cannot meet often enough for I want one such as you to enter into samadhi with me. I care for nothing else. Though as busy as you are, write to me. Just a line will suffice for our living link will always remain burning to keep our souls tied to Spirit. Blessed one, a million blessing for your cooperation of last night. I feel what you are doing for my Guru's work. I never saw anyone do with such heart, spontaneity and nobility as you do. I had prayed to Divine Mother, send me a divine son, powerful and immaculate like the rays to be my co-partner in Babaji's great work. As you are rejoicing for the new bliss gathering in your heart, so remember you too have given me the same joy for being the

instrument of emancipating me from the tangles of our divine work that I may serve you, Guru, God, Yogoda, and all through writing and samadhi. My joy is boundless. With deepest love and eternal blessing with ever watchful eyes of love for your constant progress. Very sincerely yours,
S. Yogananda.

I quote an excerpt of Master's letter to Rajasi in 1934:

Another banquet has come and gone and another is planned for November 11th. Will you be able to come?

Public Functions

Rajasi did not like to attend public functions. He rarely attended any banquets or large affairs even in his own business. The few he attended at Mt. Washington were purely to please Master. For a business reason, he was cautious that his name did not appear in public, which is usually the case in these affairs. Especially if it was connected to Yoga, the newspapers would be anxious to publicize his name as they had done before in Kansas City on different occasions and caused much damage to his business. (As Rajasi told Master, "In India for following Yoga I would be called a saint, but in America I am called a fool.") Master was anxious to protect Rajasi from difficulties, for Rajasi was in business for God. At one banquet that Rajasi attended, I believe it was the first time he had come to Mt. Washington in 1933, as he walked in the banquet hall (which is now the main office), I was placing the tablecloths on the first table as he came in and he stopped to help me with the other end of the table. Master was so pleased with his gesture, he said, "I see you have the spirit of service. That is very good."

Rajasi also attended the Encinitas cafe dedication. After the refreshments were served, we all sat at the tables, when suddenly Master touched Rajasi. He again went into a deep samadhi. When he came back to conscious consciousness, Master asked him to bless each one present. Those who received the blessings all said the same things, that they felt an overwhelming love coming from him. Master said that his "samadhi was one of Divine Love." Rajasi liked to remain alone and meditate while he had a chance in the spiritual atmosphere and not be in public functions.

Sense of Smell

Rajasi had an overly active sense of smell. He could detect odors via long distance, so to speak. He never smoked. Therefore, he was all the more sensitive to it than other odors. He told me, "If a salesman came into my office with a cigarette in his hand, that salesman went out of my office without selling me a thing." He had a "No Smoking" sign on his desk in his Kansas City office. Through Rajasi's example, many of his business associates stopped smoking and drinking. Knowing Rajasi's dislike for smoking, I asked him how he got along at business meetings he had to attend so often. He answered, "I don't allow it when I have my own meetings with my men. When I go to the bank, Forum Cafeterias, and railroad meetings, they too know I don't like smoking and they respect that and don't smoke during the meeting. But at other committee meetings, I patiently endure it."

I asked Rajasi when he went to board of directors or other meetings, how the other members behaved. "If they argue amongst themselves and do a lot of talking, how do you act or re-act to their actions?" His reply was, "I quietly sit and practice Hong Sau or I mentally go up and down the spine with open eyes, of course, and I let them talk themselves out, and when they run out of arguments and words, someone will turn to me and say, 'What do you think, Jimmy?' By that time, I have intuitively come up with an answer, then they will exclaim, 'How do you do it? You haven't said a single word and yet you are the one who solves the problem!' They wouldn't believe me even if I told them so I remain silent as to my method and they are satisfied." For that reason, Rajasi was in great demand, for everyone who heard of his business reputation wanted him on their board. One of his associates told me, "I have been with Mr. Lynn 40 years and I have yet to see him make a mistake in business

judgment."

Eugene BenVau, knowing that Rajasi was sensitive to bodily odors, felt himself obliged to take a shower and change his clothes before coming up to see Rajasi, or if he did not have time, he would remain a long distance away to talk. The other men felt the same, who worked in the garden or around the house at Encinitas. During Rajasi's illness I had occasions to talk to several of Rajasi's business associates who told me? "Mr. Lynn sure has a powerful sense of smell. We keep away, if we have just been smoking or had a little liquor for he can detect it a mile away." During his last illness Satan put him through several tests. On Aug. 20, 1954, he was sunbathing as usual when he hurriedly came in to ask me if I could smell this vile odor he was getting from his person. I couldn't smell a thing. The odor was so vile that it caused him to have a chill and the hair on his arms and chest stood on end with the largest goose pimples I have ever seen on anyone. I went outside to inspect the place where he was lying on the lawn to see if there was anything that was causing this. Upon careful examination, I found nothing. After a short time, he came back complaining again of the same vile odor. Seeing how disturbed he was, I asked him to sit down and I told him how I had read in some saints life that Satan tried with vile odors and apparitions to discourage him from the spiritual path. I continued, "Satan will take any form to rob the devotee of his blissful consciousness, and I believe that Satan is creating this vile odor, knowing how sensitive you are to them to try and disturb you. Just laugh in Satan's face at his antics and tell him that he cant disturb you from God and Master." Rajasi smiled and said, "That must be it."

I left him to contemplate this thought. When I came back in a few minutes to see if he was alright and if the vile odor was persisting, he was smiling and told me, "Sri Yukteswarji came. He was very happy and smiled upon me and the odor left." That repulsive odor did not return again. Such are the ways of God to help us overcome our over-indulgence in any one or all five of our senses.

War

I quote excerpts of letters from Master to Rajasi on America.

FEB. 18, 1940 – The world is getting more and more complicated. I am offering my prayers for Beloved America.

Nov. 9, 1944 – Beloved Americas only redeeming feature is she is in the war for an ideal and not for gain, but it is creating a lot of bad karma which is influencing the political trend of this country towards communism and feudations. There never has been a better country than America, where capital and labor worked in harmony and enjoying common prosperity.

OCT. 15, 1947 – There never was a more benign or democratic civilization than America. Most parts of the world are not livable, that is, in the true sense of the standards of comfortable, safe living as that offered by the U.S.A.

I quote a few excerpts of letters to Rajasi from Master on War.

FEB. 16, 1940 – The metaphysical purpose of war is paving the way to the freedom of India, China, Egypt, Indonesia, Africa, and all down-trodden nations. Still I pray daily for an earlier termination of war than what mass karma of belligerent nations might decree. There is grave danger for Satan is coaxing some politicians to entangle America into war. We pray that day will never come.

Rajasi was an American through and through. Though he said he was almost drafted in the first world war but the war ended before he was called, he was too old for the second war; hence, he was spared. Many of his key men were drafted or joined the services. Like other businesses, his companies

had to hire women to take the place of the men he lost to the service. After the war they all came back.

One thing in particular made him impatient. It was that it was extremely difficult to get train or plane reservations, and many times when he went to the airport he would find that priority had taken his reservation and he had to return to his office or the hermitage to wait until he could get a new reservation. Although he called before leaving to confirm his reservations, there always was the possibility that a last-minute serviceman would come to claim a seat and the passengers had to give it up to them. He did not mind that. It was the uncertainty of the whole thing that made him impatient.

Rajasi too, side by side with Master and all, prayed for a quick termination of a useless war. Just once did I hear him use the word, "fight." It was in connection with the watermelons he had planted and the neighborhood boys who would steal the watermelons. He did not mind the watermelons being taken but they would ruin the vines so the rest of the melons would not grow. When the action was performed too often, he said, "There is just enough Irish in me to want to fight." He was three-quarters Scot and one-quarter Irish. He did fight by placing a watchman in the melon patch every night and it worked. They did not come back.

Rajasi was very sensitive to others' sufferings and disliked violence of any sort. He told me, "When I was a little boy and my brothers or friends used to fight amongst each other, I would run behind a tree and cry my eyes out for I did not want either one to get hurt."

Bangle

Master gave Rajasi a bangle on Christmas of 1937 as a physical, mental, and spiritual protection. The bangle came off easily and he was afraid it would drop into the ocean and get lost. Therefore, he took it off, not knowing the danger it subjected him to. I told Master of this, and he became very worried, and wrote Rajasi the following letter and I quote

DEC. 15, 1938 – According to astrological laws to do away with all bad influences of planets, there is nothing better than a bangle. Each two bodies of the universe attract. When this adhesive power of the bodily cells becomes lax with the advance of age, the planetary pull becomes stronger, causing more laxity of cells, inviting disease and the mind to disturbance. The bangle and its combination of metal as fixed by the Rishis emanate electronic ray (unseen to human eyes) which counteracts all planetary vibrations. Just as a lightning rod is affixed to a house to absorb the falling thunder and lightening, so the bangle is a lightening rod to absorb the ferocity of bad planetary rays falling on the body, when disease attacks of bad karma. Besides, I heard Master say many times that Satan creates in the mind of the bangle wearer the impulse to take the bangle off, so uninterruptedly he could punish them through the instrument of bad karma of past lives. I remember definite instances of cases who almost could not wear the bangle as the arm rotted under it. One person had to change the position of the bangle three or four times. He was cured of paralysis and some kind of fits. The bangle will also modify and lessen any wrong influence on business. Sometimes to take the bangle off when one needs to, even in that moment, it is also dangerous. I write this only to emphasize the laws of electronic vibrations which God created and the Rishis discovered to counteract the evil planetary influence on the human body.

Rajasi never took off his bangle again.

Planes

I quote a few letters Master wrote to Rajasi regarding his taking the planes as a means of travel.

OCTOBER 20, 1937 – Another airplane accident with another noted person killed, a bank president of Utah.

MAY 25, 1938 – Rich people travel by plane because they have money and they take chances with their lives and their karma of being rich invites death when airplane disasters come. Airplane travel is not as safe as railroad. Those who traveled by railroad are all living. Besides individual karma, different machines have a correlated karma. Steam ships versus automobiles, according to their individual karmas. Various degrees of safety conditions or otherwise bring man to enjoy or suffer accordingly. In other words, if a man with good karma deliberately rides an auto in a dangerous condition, (he) will invite the dangerous karmic conditions of the auto too. This is the same with airplanes. This is the way the law works. The law is not a respecter of persons because of their good karma. All of us have to be careful.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1940 – In railroad accidents, there were changes for some, but none in airplane disaster. It is better to get to a place than not to get there at all. My soul shivers whenever I hear of an airplane accident. In two more years, it would have been safer for you to use the planes. However, you enjoy traveling by plane, but please don't take any chances when the weather is cloudy or raining. Please take the train then. Please follow this advice, only take the best planes, I hope Satan never hurts me by hurting you for then my body too would be no more. Your loving divine self is my greatest incentive to remain on earth. However, be with God always and remember He is always with you, ever protecting you. My love and friendship ever surround you. P. Yogananda.

Rajasi was a very busy executive and time element meant much to a businessman. He started to travel by air as soon as transport planes were available. He even bought himself a small plane and started taking lessons in flying. His teacher spoke so harshly to him while teaching that Rajasi discontinued the lessons and gave his plane to his younger brother. This boy was later killed in a friend's private plane returning from a fishing trip. After this accident, Rajasi promised himself he would never fly in a private plane again. He only traveled by large transport planes and was very careful to start out on a trip in good weather; however, a few times during his travels, the plane had to turn back or land at any available airport due to bad weather encountered on the way. Once when he was flying to Los Angeles to visit us during Master's absence in India, there was a terrible thunder and lightening storm. They had to land in Arizona.

Another time one of the planes engines caught fire and dropped off. They landed safely, however, with the other engines.

After Master came back from India, he asked Rajasi to give up flying for awhile and travel by train and that he would tell him when the time was right for him to fly again. Rajasi did abide by Master's wishes, but one day in 1937, we got a wire saying to pick him up at a certain time at the Biltmore. I sensed that he had taken the plane instead of the train. I said nothing, but Rajasi told Master that he had flown in and wanted to be released of his promise to take the trains. Master could say nothing but that he would ask God to protect him all the more. Of course, trains were slower than they are now. It took the few days that Rajasi had to spend in traveling by train and he had no time left to enjoy the peace and meditation he so much enjoyed at the hermitage. By plane, he could fly in six or seven hours and later in four or five hours. It made a lot of difference to one whose time was limited.

Although Rajasi was released of his promise, it did not release Master of his anxiety for he knew that Rajasi's karma was the same as that of his two brothers: one was killed by plane and the other by car accident. This greatly worried Master; hence, the letters he wrote of warning about planes, It was not only Rajasi's accident karma that worried Master but because Rajasi was our only source of donation to propagate our teachings or projects. Master feared Satan's subtle ways of actions, to use Rajasi's accident karma to remove him, hence preventing that Divine soul from helping many more souls. It was my duty to drive Rajasi to the airport and knowing our Master's deep concern, after Rajasi left the gate to board the plane, I stood at the fence silently praying. I would not be satisfied until I saw

a light surrounding the plane; then I knew and felt Master's prayers were protecting him.

One time from the plane window, Rajasi saw me bend my head in prayer. It deeply touched him and he again started taking the train. He kept that up for awhile, but the flying habit was so strong in him, he again began to travel by plane. Our poor Master, every time he read about a plane accident, his anxiety increased and would worry from the time Rajasi left until he knew he had landed safely at his destination. He would ask Rajasi to wire or phone upon his arrival. Rajasi continued to fly to the end of his life. After Rajasi's first operation in April 1953, he felt that he had to go back to Kansas City on business. He was pondering which way he should travel by plane or train. So I said? "Why don't you ask Master which way you should travel? He will tell you the way it will be best for you." He answered, "I will ask him."

When Master came to him in a vision, Rajasi asked him. Master looked at him and said, "In due time, I will tell you," and told Rajasi that the end of May would be a good time for him to go. The next time Rajasi saw Master in a vision (was on) May 2, 1953. He saw Master and Sri Yukteswarji together, so Rajasi spoke to Master saying, "Master, if you don't want to tell me which way I should travel, why don't you ask Sri Yukteswarji to tell me?" Sri Yukteswarji and Master burst into a loud laughter and disappeared without giving him the satisfaction of an answer. Again on May 9, 1953, when Rajasi saw Master that morning, he said, "Master, I've always gone the way I wanted to travel, by air, but this time I am going by train unless you tell me otherwise. If you want me to go by air, you will have to tell me." Master smiled but said nothing.

The time was getting short and Rajasi had not yet received his answer, so again on May 14, 1953, Rajasi was meditating and telling the Master, "Tell me which way I should travel. I want to please you. If you want it to be the train, tell me. If it is the plane, you tell me. I want you to be pleased with me." After Rajasi finished talking, there was a great light. Sri Yukteswarji came out of that light, and enveloped Rajasi in light and said, "I protect you through all." Master was standing behind Sri Yukteswarji smiling, hence, Rajasi got his answer, and through Sri Yukteswarji. Rajasi took the plane on May 31, 1953, for Kansas City. Rajasi and I both felt that the Masters were letting Rajasi feel the anxiety that he had caused Master to suffer during his lifetime, because he had taken planes.

Vows

Wednesday, August 22, 1951, I drove Rajasi to Mt. Washington to see Master. During the conversation Master was inspired. He called me to bring him one of his orange robes scarves. Master attached the scarf around Rajasi's neck with his own SRF pin. While Master was admiring and beaming with joy at the sight of Rajasi in the renunciate's color of orange, I asked, "Sir, why don't you give him an Indian name?" Master thoughtfully meditated for a long time before he found the name he wanted. I saw a happy smile come over his divine face as he said:

I thought of many names, but none seemed to please me, but God gave me this one, Rajasi Janakananda. At first, I thought of the name, Janaka, the king who was also a saintly prophet and the guru of Suk Deva, because you, like him, have worldly riches and are a saint, but I wanted something more for you, so I thought of Rajarsi, which means, "King of the Saints".

While I was still present, Master asked Rajasi to kneel before him. Placing his hand on Rajasi's head, he asked him to repeat the following vows:

I take this following vow here, by the name and command of God, Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswarji Guruji, and myself.

Master said:

I annoint you with the Divine Spirit and the name of Rajasi Janakananda. You, like King

Janaka, can use civilian clothes, or any clothes, including the orange robe which I wear. With all my love and the Gurus blessings. I remain ever yours,

– Paramhansa Yogananda
AUGUST 22, WEDNESDAY, 1951
LOS ANGELES.

Both Master and Rajasi melted in joy of the occasion. Master went on to explain, "*Bibidisha* means 'with ceremony', with fire and incense, but your vow was *Bidwat*, which means 'without ceremony'. It is the highest vow, because it comes directly from God through the Guru." Master wrote the vows on a small piece of paper and gave it to Rajasi. It is put away with the rest of his treasures from Master. Master did not want anyone else to know of this until he was ready to announce it, on August 25, 1951, the night of the initiation given by Dr. Lewis and Bernard. The latter part of the ceremony, Master went down with Rajasi for the first time in his orange robe. Master was so very proud to show his little boy in the orange robe to the public. At the end of the meeting, Master asked Rajasi to kneel before him and again repeated the vow, before the newly initiated Kriyabans.

At first, Master spelled the name as they do in India with an "r" as *Rajarsi*. Later he removed the "r" (to make it *Rajasi*). Christmas of 1951 Sister Tara questioned Master regarding the difference in the spelling. Master explained it all to us: "*Rajarsi* means 'Royal Saint', but without the 'r' means 'King of the Saints', which makes a big difference to me for that is what I feel he is." India is still criticizing the spelling without the "r" but that is the way Master wanted it. So be it.

Rajasi Regarding Animals

A few disciples said to me that they heard that Rajasi hated animals. My answer to that is, "If his nature was too sensitive to fish or hunt, how could he hate the domestic pets. It is only that he does not want them in the house because they have strong odors, shed their fur, and bark or meow." Frieda once had several dogs at one time, but he would not allow them in the house. They had to be kept in the places provided for them. I remember one day someone had left a kitten at the hermitage driveway. The little thing was hungry and came crying at my door. Rajasi heard it and advised me not to feed it for, "You can't get rid of them after you feed it."

Well, I did not feed it that evening but the next morning, I could not let it go hungry. I picked it up and carried it in my arms to the north end of the hermitage entrance to give it milk. As I was carrying it, the poor little thing looked up at me and I could see from its eyes (it was saying), "Are you going to feed me after all?" The expression was so vivid that I cried as I watched it drink. I related this incident to Rajasi. It made him feel so sorry for the kitten. He told me to continue to feed it until we found a place for it. The contented kitten came around where Rajasi was lying on the grass. I was going to prevent the kitten from annoying him, but to my surprise, Rajasi said, "Let it stay." The kitten won his heart and the kitten ran playfully around Rajasi's legs, but it did not come into the house.

Another incident was when Rajasi was in his last illness. George Shintaku brought to the house a two-hour-newborn goat. I took it to show Rajasi. He wanted to hold the goat in his arms. He held it for at least an hour petting his ears and tail. He loved the little thing and let us keep it in the house. Rajasi would laugh to see the goat run and jump and play around. He had the habit of jumping on Rajasi's bed. This was alright when he was small but he got heavy and on the fatal day before Rajasi's passing, the goat seemed to sense that there was something wrong. Before we knew, we could not get him to play or jump as usual. I saw him make a beeline for his jump on Rajasi's bed. I had to stop him before he could make the leap and closed the door, for fear he would try it again and hurt Rajasi. I could see the goat was hurt to have been stopped. He hid behind the davenport for the remainder of the day until George came for him in the evening. We brought the goat back with us to Mt. Washington but we later had to sell him.

Satan Wanting to Destroy Rajasi's Body

Even as early as the summer of 1951, Master often told me that Rajasi's life was in grave danger and that Satan was trying to destroy his body. When I asked Master why Satan wanted to destroy Rajasi, Master answered, 'Because he has and is still doing so much for the work and is helping a lot of souls back to God as His Divine Instrument, and Satan is trying to destroy it so he won't do any more.' He could not go to Master's last birthday party at Mount Washington. He did not have a cold, and there was no sign of any disease or pain or anything wrong with him. His face was always ruddy and healthful but this time he looked pale.

Master's Last Visit to Encinitas

January 6, after Master's birthday, because Rajasi was not well, Master came to the hermitage to see him. Master arrived the night before, but because it was so late, he told me not to tell Rajasi he was there, he would see him the next morning. The following morning Master called me to his quarters to ask where Rajasi was, saying, "Don't tell him. I want to surprise him." Rajasi was sitting on his lounge chair, looking out of the open door. Master stood at the door and looked at him. Rajasi, sensing someone, looked around. When he saw it was Master, he jumped from his chair and put his arms around Master and they interlocked for a long time. Rajasi made Master sit in his chair and he pulled his desk chair beside him. They talked for a long time holding hands. Rajasi had to leave the room for awhile.

In that precious time, Master asked me, "Who do you think I was in the distant past? Who could better write the Gita in this life?" Several years before, I had asked Master if he was Arjuna, but he did not answer; he was not ready to divulge his secret, and by the way Master asked the question, I answered, "Byasa, the writer of the Gita." Master said, "No, but I remember you had asked me years ago if I was Arjuna." I joyfully exclaimed, "You were Arjuna!" He smiled his "yes". I then asked him, "Was Rajasi with you then too?" He answered, "Yes, he was one of the twin brothers, the positive twin, Nakula. He was my favorite brother and I loved him more than anyone else. I was also his Guru. Krishna was my Guru and Babaji being Krishna in this life is still my guru. Sri Yukteswarji was my guru by proxy." Rajasi returned into the room. Master shortly left for Twenty-Nine Palms.

Rajasi had to return to Kansas City during the month of January 1952. When I took him to the airport, I remained at Mt. Washington for several days. Master was there. He and I had a long talk. He repeated his deep worries for the work and Rajasi's health and his fear of Satan trying to destroy Rajasi's body. He said, "Yes, you know he always delays and delays to do for the work. He thinks he has lots of time yet to do things for SRF, but he does not. Satan is trying to destroy his body." Tears rolling down his sacred cheeks, he added, "I wouldn't be able to live on earth without him. I will leave my body consciously." Who could see that beloved soul cry without joining him? He dried his tears and began telling,

My days, yes even the hours of my life are numbered, Duj. I can no longer make appeals to him. Duj, write to him, how he was born only to endow this work with a million or more dollars, that this work may go on after we both depart from this earth. For that same reason, he did not have children of his own, that this work and all may be his children. Tell him how this work would become an orphan if he and I would both be gone, for all three of our lives his, yours, and mine are equally in the same danger. If he would make this work secure and assure its continuance after we leave, perchance it may extend our lives for a longer period of time.

My heart was heavy as lead, my mind absorbed in his every word and penetrated to the very depths of my soul. This, however, unbeknownst to us, was only the beginning of a series of serious sorrows for us. I promised I would write to Rajasi his exact words, just as soon as I got back to

Encinitas and long enough time to let Rajasi have a chance to assimilate its contents before he returned in February. Master repeatedly said, "I am so worried about his health, Duj. Take good care of him." That was the last time I saw my sweet Beloved Master alive. When he left for Twenty-Nine Palms retreat, I came back to the hermitage to get the house ready for Rajasi's arrival. I wrote that appealing letter and mailed it so he would have it a week before his arrival at Encinitas. Rajasi visited Master in Twenty-Nine Palms but twice. Although Rajasi loved to see Master and loved the desert air, still it was over 200 miles from Encinitas.

Desert/Borrogo

During my last Mt. Washington talk with Master, he had told me to have Rajasi buy a place in the desert for he said, "I hear there is a desert only 100 miles from Encinitas. Before he comes, go over there and see if you find the place suitable for him to buy land or a house where he could spend the winter months. There is no place in the world like Encinitas in the summer, but the winters are too damp for him and Twenty-Nine is too far. He would not like to travel so much, but he would not mind 100 miles." This request reminded me that in November or December of 1951, the cafe girls had taken me on a picnic to Borrogo Springs. I told Master that I had been there and it was a beautiful quiet place and I was sure Rajasi would like it too. Master replied, "Good, don't delay. Find something for him to spend this winter there. Tell him to buy several lots so he wont be having neighbors to disturb him."

I later asked Mrs. Lewis if she would go with me to Borrogo to see the place. She consented and we drove there for a days outing to investigate and get information. We sat on the ground and dug in to see how the under-soil was and found only a few inches deep of sand, the rest, good fertile soil for growing. After inquiring at the real estate office, we found there were some districts that were for farming and some for residence only. We returned to Encinitas both thrilled with our findings.

Rajasi came a week before he left for San Francisco to one of his companies' conventions for their 25th anniversary on February 20, 1952. I asked him if he wanted to go see this desert area and he answered he would after he came back from San Francisco. Several days after he returned, I drove him to Borrogo. He fell in love with the valley. Mr. Jack Benson, the broker, showed us around in a jeep, going over the ground where there were no roads, showing him all the farm areas for sale. Rajasi wanted a large farm because he said it cost no more to operate a large farm than a small one, because you had to buy the machinery, so you might as well have lots of land to use the machinery. He wanted to grow citrus fruit. This soil was just right for it was decomposed granite and silt and citrus trees can withstand strong winds. Being a man of cautious decisions, we returned to Borrogo several times during February and early March. Joe Hanada went along because Rajasi wanted him to manage the farm. Rajasi had his mind set on a 300-acre farm but the definite decision was not made until after Master's Mahasamadhi.

I talked with Master over the phone a few days before his going and I told him that Rajasi was contemplating a farm deal. He said, "Don't let him buy too large a farm." Then I said, "Rajasi wants to rent a house to live in, until such a time he wants to build on the farm." He answered, "That would be alright if the owners will paint the house inside before he moved in. I don't like to have him go in a dirty house." Mr. Benson found the house to rent, the one Rajasi bought for SRF to use after he had built on the farm. Rajasi went to the rented house which had just been newly painted in March after Master's Mahasamadhi service. In November 1952, he bought that house. The next morning after purchasing it which we all knew Master would have loved, for it was just what he would have wanted if he would have had the choice at Twenty-Nine Rajasi saw Master in a vision, on November 20, 1952. Rajasi said Master was like a child. He had never seen Master as happy as he was this morning. Rajasi said, "You know how happy Master was when I did things for him or SRF. Well, that is the way he was this morning. Master, happy, happy, happy." Rajasi felt it was because he had bought the house.

He lived in that house up to the last three months of his life at which time his farmhouse was

built. He only enjoyed the farmhouse for these few months before his passing. Rajasi purchased the 300-acre farm and kept adding more until he had 710 acres at the time of his demise. Alfalfa was planted, seven wells were dug, and several hundred fruit trees were planted as a tryout. There was one house for the manager, who was George Shintaku and his family, one house for the foreman, and another for the assistant foreman. Thirty Mexican labor boys lived in a Butler aluminum bunkhouse, and there was a separate house for a mess hall, and another for laundry and showers. Also there was a large packinghouse and a machinery shop with huge farm equipment, everything one could need for farming. There were nine cuttings of alfalfa that first year and plenty of vegetable gardens through which Rajasi loved to walk and eat the raw vegetables from the ground.

Joe Hananda, the Japanese gardener who was hired to grow vegetables at Encinitas, was a small farm man and got frightened at the prospect of such a large farm. He talked George Shintaku into taking the job at Borrego and it was for Rajasi's benefit, because George was a far better man for the job than Joe. He is a hard worker, very honest, and a good organizer. His wife, Yona, used to clean Rajasi's house once a week and do the laundry. Rajasi treated them as friends and they in turn loved Rajasi deeply. After Rajasi's demise, the farm was sold by the executor of the estate. George and his family now live in Los Angeles, working in a factory.

Rajasi also bought the cottage near the Desert Lodge for SRF use. I now use Rajasi's retreat for occasional weeks' rest. It was at this retreat that Rajasi saw so many visions of Master and all the Masters, which I shall put at the end of this history.

Master Calls Rajasi in March 1952

When Rajasi arrived from Kansas City, he did not mention anything about the letter I had written for Master, but then that was not surprising for he never did say anything, but acted instead. When Master came back to Mt. Washington early in March in preparation to receive the Indian ambassador, Master called to give me instructions to have the Lewis' come to Mt. Washington at a certain time, to be with him when he welcomed the ambassador at Mt. Washington. He added, "Why don't you come too?" I answered, "Yes sir, I will come if you want me to be there." He answered, "No, you better stay there and take good care of him." In that same conversation, I told him I had written that letter to Rajasi and all he said was, "It is too late." I did not know what he meant. I also told him that Rajasi was contemplating buying a large farm for business in the desert that would eventually come to SRF for income. And I asked him if he would like that. Usually Master was always so full of enthusiasm, but this time he just answered a very slow "Yes." But he added, "Tell him not to buy too large a place." I could not account for my deep, depressed feeling that persisted, mind, heart, and soul. At the same time, I felt a deep longing to see Master again.

I asked Rajasi if we could go and see Master. He answered, "Yes, just as soon as the ambassadors visit is over and Master won't be too busy. He will have more time to see us then. We will go right after he leaves." Master called a few times during this period. One time, Master called, I answered, he told me a few things about the ambassador and then asked to talk to Rajasi, and he told me to listen in on the other phone in case he wanted to talk to me again. This time Master's voice had a tearful tremor saying, "You know I would give any part or all of my life to prolong your life." I can't tell you how deeply that sunk into my heart, but I couldn't understand why, for many times Master had spoken thus, but this time it sounded so final. But the next time Master called, he was his happy self and spoke with enthusiasm and joy that this ambassador was so respectful to him and how happy he was with everything. There was no trace of that former sadness in his voice or mannerism, so I dismissed any misgiving I felt.

Master's Mahasamadhi

On that fatal March 7th 1952 evening around 9:45 p.m., Rajasi and I were at his desk when the phone rang. I answered. It was the operator asking me if I would accept the charge from Herbert F. of

Arizona, I was inclined to refuse for Herbert was in the habit of calling from Phoenix for money and I thought this was one of those times. Herbert was telling the operator, "Please tell them to accept." I told Rajasi this, he said, "I'll take the phone." I saw Rajasi's expression fall and he said, "Master is gone" and gave me the phone. I kept telling Herbert to tell the disciples present with Master to keep repeating OM in Master's ear and don't stop, and call us right back and tell us if Master is all right. Awhile later, Mr. Fredericks called. I answered the phone, hoping to hear that Master was all right, but instead he told us that the doctors present in the hotel had pronounced it as final.

I hung up the receiver and from the very depths of my soul began calling Master with OM aloud, and in my agony made an unkind remark to Rajasi. "I wanted to go and see Master, but no, you wanted to wait. It's always wait." He said nothing, I remembered later what Master had told us when his Master left this earth. "Divine Mother knew She could not grant me my prayer of holding Master on earth longer. She prevented me from being there when he left in Mahasamadhi." I firmly believe now that it was Divine Mothers wish that Rajasi not be there with Master and put the thought in his mind to wait. Mother knew Master's deep love for Rajasi and She did not want to delay Master's life on this mundane world any longer.

Rajasi was lying on the divan in a stupor without a tear. I had to call the Lewis' who were in the San Diego church giving a class or lecture. When they came, I told them what had happened. We made arrangements to drive to Mt. Washington, they in their car, and Rajasi said, "I better drive, you are in no condition to drive tonight." I did not mind for I don't believe I could have seen the road anyway. We arrived around 4 a.m. because Mt. Washington was waiting to tell us that Master was back up (in) his room before we started out. Even then Rajasi did not shed a tear. Some people are like that, tears cant come at a time when it would relieve them most, but suddenly it gives vent.

Rajasi Repeats Mantra for Master

None of the dose disciples wanted Master taken away by Forest Lawn until we made one last attempt to assure ourselves that he was not only in samadhi. We decided for each one of us to repeat the mantra Master had taught us in case he went into deep samadhi to bring him back into outer consciousness. Rajasi told us what Master had said to him while he was repeating the mantra in his ear. "I am Om, I am Om, nothing but Om, I am everywhere and in everything. I will come back into your body and in the consciousness of everybody's body." Since we all were sure he would not come back, we let the Forest Lawn men take him in preparation for the services in our own chapel. Rajasi wanted to return to Encinitas for the few days that Master was going to be away from Mt. Washington. We returned for the services.

During the eulogy, Rajasi said, "I could not speak, the words would not come out, and I prayed to Master saying, 'You will have to speak through me. I can't.'" Immediately his voice rang out with such force everyone noticed it. We knew that Master was speaking through Rajasi for his natural voice was soft and low, very unlike the one that had just spoken to all.

What words are there to express our feelings at our last glimpse of that Divine Face we loved so deeply. After all was over, the only consolation we had was what Master often told us, "I will go ahead to prepare a better place for you all, where we will meet again in greater glory.

Rajasi's First Symptoms of Illness

After the services we returned to Encinitas. Rajasi rested a few days. One evening he worked on some SRF reports for two hours. After he went to bed, there was a long distance call for him from Kansas City. I called him to the phone, but he could not understand what the person was saying. Finally Mr. Wider told him that he would call again in the morning. I can't tell you the heavy feeling I experienced from Rajasi's action over the phone. It was like a dark misgiving cloud hovering over my head and the whole apartment. Rajasi went back to Kansas City in May and came back in July to attend our convocation. Again, in his speech at the garden party, he could not speak and had to excuse himself,

but I thought it was that he was too overcome by Master's passing and his mantle on him. I quote an excerpt from Master's letter to Rajasi:

NOVEMBER 23, 1932 – I am happy beyond dreams for if I ever loved and prayed for anyone, it is for one like you. My Master's wish was that I find some worthy American that I may give my all, which I have received from my own guru. As material wealth can be transferred and willed, so can spiritual realization be transferred and you are my most beloved one to whom I shall give everything. So rejoice! I see you often blazing in Him.

After we got back to the hermitage, he began increasingly getting worse. I could not understand how he was getting worse for he had no pain, but his right hand could not hold things. He would drop them. One morning he asked me to come and see if I could stop the bleeding in his ear. He had cut it while shaving. It took me a long time to stop it. I later understood why, because the tumor was pressing the blood to the open wound. After that incident, I was afraid he would severely cut himself. I shaved him with a safety razor. I consulted Dr. Lewis about his condition. He advised me to call Dr. Novae. He talked with Rajasi. He thought perhaps it was a small stroke and he soon would get over it, and said he would come back in a few days.

I had read that sometimes saints could not hold metal and other things when they were in a high state of consciousness and I thought that since Master had said he would put his spiritual mantle on Rajasi that this was the reason for all this, for Rajasi had no pain. When Dr. Novae returned, he saw that he was getting worse and asked if he could bring a friend of his who was a specialist in this field who was coming to spend a few days with him at his home. He would bring him in around 10 a.m. the next morning. Rajasi consented.

The remainder of that day, I could see that Rajasi's whole right side was getting progressively worse. After Dr. Raney examined him on August 13, 1952, he told me it was a brain tumor and it was progressing very fast, and the sooner we got him to the hospital the better, and that they may even have to operate that same evening if his brother deemed it necessary. It may be a matter of hours for his life. I called the Lewis' and told them. They offered to drive us to the Good Samaritan Hospital, I went in to help him get ready to leave immediately after lunch for Los Angeles. This was the second greatest shock of our lives and just five months after losing our beloved Master. You can well imagine our state of mind. Rajasi went through a series of examinations to locate the tumor the next morning. Eugene Lynn, Rajasi's favorite nephew, one whom he thought of as a son, and Mr. Challinor did not want them to operate until they had several specialists' advice. Rajasi's life was more and more on the verge of death, until they finally had to operate. We had the assurance that the Raney brothers were top in this country. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis had to take the train back after they left us off at the hospital. At the station he met his doctor from San Diego and Dr. Lewis asked him if he knew this Dr. Raney. The doctor told him that they are the best in this country. Dr. Lewis was so relieved he called me from the station to tell me this reassuring news.

First Operation

Rajasi was operated on August 14, 1952, between 3:30 and 6:30 p.m. Rajasi's life was spared through Master's grace and self-sacrifice. He had three private nurses on three shifts in attendance. Around three o'clock that morning, he woke up and asked the nurse if they had found out what was the matter with him. He was bright and cheerful, he talked and laughed with the doctors. They asked him to raise his right arm and leg which couldn't move before. He raised them both high. The doctors were all amazed. After an operation of that sort, the patient doesn't act like that so quickly. All the doctors could not understand. He was the miracle man of the hospital.

On the fourth morning, I came in as usual. His back was turned to me. He said in a very strong voice which did not sound like him at all, "Give me a Kleenex." It sounded more like Master than Rajasi's voice. It struck me very forcibly. When I went back to Mt. Washington that evening, I told a

few disciples what a peculiar feeling I had had when I heard him say, "Give me a Kleenex."

Visions

On August 20, I came in, Rajasi was inclined in a sitting position on his bed, and he was crying. He told me in a tearful voice,

Do you know what I saw? I have had a very, very bad experience. I saw Satan in a very dark form, everything was black, Satan was taking on different ugly forms and was trying to get after me. He even tried leaping flames to destroy me. Even though the flames came near, they couldn't touch me. And through the flames, I could see houses and people going through them, and the flames were trying to destroy them. It was terrible, so very awful. If anyone tries to tell me there is no Satan, I can tell them otherwise for I have seen him. I was so frightened. I tried to get out of that evil force. Then all disappeared and only dense darkness remained. In a corner in far-off space, I saw the tiniest little light expanded into the form of Sri Yukteswarji. With his coming, all the darkness vanished and He smiled at me and said, "All is well now." Then Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Master, and even Jesus came before my vision.

Hence, Master's prophecy at the time Rajasi was repeating the mantra in Master's ear, "I shall come back into your body." He did come back and occupied Rajasi's body from August 13 -20, 1952. It was Master who was talking, moving his limbs, and it was also Master who asked me for a Kleenex. Several days after August 20, Rajasi told me that he asked Master if he could tell us what had transpired at the time of his operation and for seven days afterwards. And Master answered, "If you want to. Rajasi said:

Master stepped into my body and occupied it from the time of the operation and for seven days thereafter. I was in the ether out of my body for I did die on the operating table but Master brought me back by occupying my body during that crucial period.

The following story was told to us by Master. It illustrates the power a master will use to save a disciple. At the same time, it explains how masters can save disciples from death karma, and how Swami Shankara was converted to Kriya Yoga. Swami Shankara was known to be one of India's greatest astrologers of his time. Whenever he predicted an event, it always came to pass. A disciple of Babaji's went to see this great astrologer. Shankara told this disciple that on the seventh night he would die by lightning. The disciple was distraught at the prospect of his coming death. He went to Babaji and tearfully told him the story. Babaji told the disciple to go back to the astrologer and "tell him that you will not die by lightning on the seventh night." When Shankara heard this, he told the disciple, "Tell your Master that if you do not die on the seventh night, I will throw all my astrology books into the Ganges and follow him. I don't think I will need to, for the stars never fail."

On the morning of the eighth day, the disciple went back to Shankara to show him that he had not died as predicted. Shankara, a man of his word, threw his books into the Ganges and followed the disciple to his Master's hut. Babaji smiled. Shankara bowed in due respect to the great Master and asked, "This man, according to all indications, was to lose his life by lightning last night. How is it that he did not die?" Babaji answered, "You were right. His body, according to his karma, was to have been electrocuted last night by lightning, but I wasn't.." But Shankara said, "I was not predicting your death." "True," Babaji said. "Last night I told this man to come to my hut and sleep on my bed. He did so. This morning he told me he had a very vivid dream that he saw lightning playing around him and its tongues of flames trying to destroy his body. Still the flames did not come near him. I had slipped into his body, therefore protecting him against the onslaught of death. It was not my time to go, so we both live."

Our Beloved Master did likewise so Rajasi's life may be spared to complete his mission toward

SRF. Master wrote to Rajasi on September 19, 1932, and I quote: "I shall be with you in the last day and beyond when I may be of most service to you." This was Rajasi's last day and Master kept his promise of the greatest service, which no other human being could perform for him. Another quote:

JUNE 11, 1935 – In the ocean, in the hall, in the room, in the sky, I see your beloved image. What joy you have brought to this work and to me. Though you expect no reward, in heaven I shall give you infinite wealth and blessings and unending joy on earth. Every day half of my meditation I install in your astral storehouse. Lots of astral riches are being stored for you. You will need them in the long, long journey when, for a time, we will apparently part and yet I will watch over you all the time.

And still another quote from Master's letter to Rajasi:

DECEMBER 6, 1935 – When all will seem dark and still you go on doing and working for Her, She will Herself come to your rescue.

Still another:

JULY 21, 1935 – You will be longer here on earth than I. I will remain until my work is finished. You have greatly helped to work out my destined task.

Satan Still Trying to Destroy Rajasi

How very right Master was, that Satan was trying to destroy Rajasi's body. When he could not get him, he tried several times. He was still in the hospital during the first operation. While the nurse was out of the room, he drank some water. When he finished, he missed the table and the glass fell to the floor and broke into pieces. The nurse took particular precautions to clean the floor thoroughly. Later when I came, Rajasi had to go to the bathroom. His slippers were on the high footstool near his bed. He put them on and when he came back, said, "There is something in there." I looked and there was a large two-inch piece of broken glass in it. He had stepped on it and walked back and forth without a scratch. A worse incident happened when he was back at the hermitage. Mrs. Slavos often kindly made him some homemade yogurt which he enjoyed. If Rajasi had been like some of us who almost swallow our food whole, (but Rajasi chewed everything he ate, including liquids), he may have had a very serious internal injury. While he was eating some fresh yogurt, his teeth struck something hard. He pulled it out of his mouth. It was a sharp, two-pointed-edge, inch-long piece of broken glass. I inspected the glass from which he was eating and the others that were in the icebox, but none had a broken piece off of them. Mrs. Slavos looked in her kitchen but could not find where it came from. It may have been in the milk she had used. It was so sharp that if he had swallowed it, it could have killed him. Again, our Beloved Master protected him.

Every day while Rajasi was in the hospital, he had some new visions to tell me about. He has often said, "You don't know how much Master is aware of you all," or "Master is more with you all than he ever was," which kept us encouraged and brought him closer to our physical minds. I quote some of the visions Rajasi had while he was in the hospital between August 20 and September 22, 1952: "I see Sri Yukteswarji a lot." When I asked him, "Don't you see Master too?", he answered, "He comes too, but Sri Yukteswarji sent Master somewhere to do something." One morning when I came in his room, he asked me:

Do you know I saw Sri Yukteswarji holding little Master's head on his lap and petting him like a little boy, and Master was so happy, he looked up at Sri Yukteswarji with his big eyes and with such love? Looking at them both, I melted in Master's joy and there we were both in Sri Yukteswarji's lap. I have not seen that darkness again. It was like (I) fell off and now only

Master remains. Whatever I say or what I do, it is Master who is saying it, it is not me. I don't feel myself anymore. Just Master all the time. It is he who is blessing. It is he who is talking. It is he who is walking, everything is Master, little Master everywhere.

"Even though you do not see Master," Rajasi was telling a group of us, "Master is very much aware of you all. I quote a letter Master wrote to Rajasi in February:

FEB. 27, 1935 – Always remember this, whether I am in this body or not. My love is your door to His Kingdom, I often feel you in my bosom like a spreading light indescribable. Two lights joined together eternally stretching in space. I am happy that I met you.

Another on May 25, 1935:

This is the truth. You are everything that is Divine to me, and in you my highest spiritual desires are fulfilled. I wanted to live in somebody after I am gone, and I am happy I am living in you. You are my divine child. Through you my life shall give salvation to many and bring them back to the mansion of God.

Rajasi was discharged from the Hospital after a month. The two Raney doctors advised a series of x-ray treatments for him. They picked a good doctor in La Jolla so he would not have to go too far. After a week's rest, he started the treatments five days a week for three months, and one month's rest in between. Rajasi continued having visions, I quote a few here:

SEPTEMBER 22, 1952 – I was lying on my side when Master came. I suddenly became as small as a baby, innocent, without worries, or a care in the world.

On September 28, 1952, Rajasi was talking to a group of us and rubbing over his heart, said:

This is where you will feel Master. Bring all your consciousness here and you will feel little Master.⁶ He is here. Bring your consciousness from the coccyx to the heart, you will see and feel Little Master there. It is not I. I have completely lost the consciousness of my own self. It is all Master. Master taking, Master walking, and Master speaking because Master is everywhere. I died when I went on the operating table. It is he who is occupying this body now.

On September 30, 1952, Rajasi said:

Master has told me, "Don't meditate too strenuously or go up and down the spine. Just relax in me and in your heart. If you make too hard an effort you will go out of your body. Just feel and be with my consciousness without effort and I will be in you."

Fire In Rajasi's Apartment

In late October, it was cool enough to be able to go to Borrego for weekends. After his Friday afternoon treatment, we drove directly to the desert. In November, we left for his usual Friday afternoon treatment and then went on to the desert. The following day or the next, the Lewis' unexpectedly drove up the driveway to the house I was surprised to see them but thought they had come for a visit, but they were bearers of bad news. They told me first that there had been a fire in Rajasi's apartment bedroom. I had left the electric blanket on from Thursday night, but I had widely spread it over a chair in the corner. Friday afternoon after we left, Yoshio Hamada went over to clean

⁶ Rajasi used the word "Little Master" a great deal during this period as an endearing term. He would melt in joy as he mentioned "Little Master".

the apartment, took the spreaded blanket and bundled it on the chair to vacuum under it. It was already very hot and without the air. It caught fire during the early morning hours.

Nina, who lived in the north end of the hermitage, got up very early to go over to the office to put out the hall lights. She heard a constant buzzing sound and became alarmed and called Dr. Lewis who came right over and with great difficulty put the fire out with the extinguisher. Previously, I had an electric push button installed from Rajasi's bedroom to a buzzer in the outside hall in case he needed me and could not get to the intercom phone which was at a distance from his bed. The wires were in the floor below where the fire started. When the fire touched the wires, it set the buzzer off. This was the buzz which caught Nina's attention. This and Nina's quick action, saved the whole hermitage from completely going up in flames. Of course, we knew that our Master had the superhand in the matter.

Mildred Lewis advised us to remain at Borrego for the apartment was in a sad state. She, Doctor, Mr. Slavos, and another man had taken the whole apartment apart and removed the rugs and furniture to clean. Even my room below was damaged. I thought we could stay in the north end of the hermitage, but Rajasi wanted to remain in Borrego for the duration of the renovating of the apartment and my room. I had to drive back and forth five days a week to La Jolla for his treatments. I must say I was happy when the weekend came and we did not have to drive two hundred miles a day. Rajasi' last treatment was on December 24, 1952. The girls were all coming after Mt. Washington Christmas dinner to be with Rajasi and me for Christmas night. It was an extremely sad Christmas for it was the first without our Beloved Master. Mrs. Lewis kindly put a very beautiful, decorated tree in Rajasi's room for the occasion.

We returned to Borrego the day after Christmas and remained until the apartment was rebuilt and furnished. Mrs. Lewis, bless her heart, was so kind. She managed everything for me and did all the dirty work of moving, cleaning, having everything sent to the cleaners for every stitch had to be cleaned to get the smoke out. What a terrific job she had. The fire insurance from Rajasi's Company paid all the bills. We were all very happy with the results of a little fire which did not amount to much but the water and smoke damage.

More Visions

During the winter months of 1952 and 1953, Rajasi had very wonderful experiences with Master and the other Masters. On December 6, 1952, Rajasi saw all the Masters, Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswarji, and Master. I quote some of the visions during that period. On January 5, 1953 the first birthday celebration after Master's Mahasamadhi, Mt. Washington sent to Rajasi in the desert, a piece of Master's birthday cake. After Rajasi ate the cake, which he never did before, he sat very still and said: "Master has completely absorbed me. He is pleased that I ate the cake in his name (not because of eating the cake, but that Rajasi would eat it just to please Master). That night Rajasi said,

Last night after I laid down, I went into a deep meditation and I found myself in a vast hall, where a large group had gathered. You know Babaji created a golden castle for Lahiri Mahasaya. Well, Babaji created one like that for Master's birthday. I was standing at one side with other people when our Little Master walked in. You have never seen nor will you ever see a more beautiful youth. He is so young looking, his face and smile radiant with such joy. He was so happy. His walk was light, vigorous, and so full of light and joy. He had a robe on, I suppose to represent his earthly birth. It was like the robe he used to wear but yet so different. It fitted skin-like and when he walked, it did not flutter or move like a robe does when one walks. It was as though it was a part of his body. It had so many colors with the most beautiful blue you have ever seen and it had a gold band about three inches wide that draped coil-like around him. It was brilliant But not blinding to look at. He was walking towards a throne. He stopped to greet and talk with this one and that one as he passed by. I have never seen him so radiant and happy, everything and everyone was full of joy, joy. I was absorbed in that joy but I was hurt that Master did not come over to greet me too.

On January 19, 1953, Rajasi said:

I saw Master standing in a group showing them a certain technique. Babaji and Master were both showing this technique to me and how I should do it. Babaji was laying down and he even turned around on his side and with his finger showed me how it was done.

Several days later, Rajasi said: "Babaji again showed me that same technique. It is a technique specially for me because of the operation." On January 26, 1953, Rajasi was out walking on his farm at sunset. It was a beautiful sky. He related the incident to me:

I was walking fast, my pace became slower, and it came so I could not move my feet and had to stop and I faced the East. As I did so, a very bright light appeared in the sky. In that light Master's beautiful face appeared. He had a very pleased smile. After the vision vanished, I was able to walk again.

On February 15, 1953, Rajasi went for his usual evening walk. When he came back, he said, "As I was walking down the road a bit, Master stood before me (and) said to me: 'Babaji wants you.' Then I saw Babaji standing before me." Rajasi did not say what Babaji wanted of him or said.

On February 27, 1953, when I asked Rajasi if he had seen Master lately, he answered, "No, Master is gone somewhere, doing something. I haven't lost contact with him but he is very busy. The other Masters come, though." On March 1, 1953, one of the boys had asked if he could go to different centers around the country to lecture. Rajasi was asked to seek Master's opinion in the matter. After his evening meal, Rajasi laid his head on his arm resting on the table. I went over to see if he was all right. He looked at me and answered:

I was getting the answer about the boy going out to lecture. It came direct from Sri Yukteswarji and he said to me, "I don't want those who have personal ambitions or who want to go out looking for flattery nor who have selfish aims. I only want those to go out to give these teachings who are unselfish and who love God only and have some realization. None but these should go out to teach." Then all the Masters came and Master was in the center of them.

On March 7, 1953, I was telling Rajasi, "It was a year ago to the hour that our Beloved Master left us so alone." Rajasi answered by saying:

Master is very much with me today and he told me, "I too felt the sting of leaving. I did not want to leave you all. I had no attachment to anything or anyone, but I did not want to cause you all so much sorrow by my leaving. This ends a full year without me. It will be easier to bear from now on."

Rajasi added, "Master loved us so much." On March 27, 1953, Rajasi said, "Sri Yukteswarji was with me all day in a great brilliant light." On March 28, 1953, Rajasi was walking around his desert retreat. I went out to see if I could get him anything. He looked at me and answered:

I tell you I cannot feel my body at all. It is Master who is walking. It is just like he is in my body and I personally don't exist. When I am walking I feel Master's body swaying in mine. I feel his muscles in my muscles. I feel his head in my head. It is not I who is walking now but Master.

May 5, 1953 – That morning Rajasi said:

This morning I was awakened by singing and the Masters were dancing around me. I could not understand why the celebration, when the thought came to me that it was my birthday and the Masters were singing and dancing around, in celebration.

While Rajasi was still in his room, I sat at the organ and played "Happy Birthday to you," until he came out. He finally came out and sat on the large chair in the living room and fell into a deep meditation. He told me afterward, "Babaji came in the brightest light I have ever seen. Sri Yukteswarji and Master were dancing around Babaji." I went over to receive my blessing. I asked him if he would go to Mt. Washington or Encinitas to let everyone celebrate his birthday with him. He answered, "I will ask Master." Later in the morning he got his answer from Master. Rajasi said: "Master said to me, Why don't you go to Encinitas to celebrate with all." I called everyone to be at Encinitas for that evening for Rajasi's birthday. I quote a letter Master wrote to Rajasi regarding his birthday:

MAY 5, 1940 – Most Blessed Beloved Little One: This letter is written on your birthday to tell you how much India and I appreciate the precious gift of the Father in your birth. You were born for the sake of the world's upliftment. The good that has passed, through your instrumentality, through the Self-Realization work, is appreciated not only by India and by those who know you here but is also held in high approval by the Heavenly Father, the Masters, and my humble self. The world's opinion and fame are fleeting, but God's certificate of recognition of your goodness is everlasting. I especially appreciate your birthday, for besides being a gift to the world, you are a personal gift from God to me, of the highest, sincerest, and sweetest friendship. And this is my everlasting prayer, that in my eyes you ever stand high in esteem and love, continuously more spiritually progressive, that I may ever relate the same to my Father, He who has delegated me on earth to usher you in love's chariot to His everlasting kingdom. May your birthday be an everlasting beacon light of inspiration to spiritual aspirants on earth and in the astral life hereafter. May your life become an inspiring model after whose fragrant pattern spiritual aspirants of East and West will shape their own lives. My soul expresses this perception about you on your birthday, which I have taken more seriously than usual this time. You all have made me birthday-conscious here recently, after my long eluding it. I shall see that in India, especially at the Ranchi and Dakshineswar hermitages, celebrate your birthday. This is my personal wish, for in India's annals you are already immortal. Tell your group, those who meditate regularly with you, it is my distinct wish that they celebrate your birthday each year by a special meditation, followed by light refreshments. Please don't forget to tell them this. We will do the same whenever you are here with us. With deepest love and blessings to you on this occasion. Very sincerely

– Paramhansa Yogananda.

On May 31, 1953, Rajasi went back to Kansas City for the first time after his operation. Eugene Lynn accompanied him on these trips. Rajasi came back the latter part of June and spent the summer at the hermitage. On June 2, 1953, after Rajasi came back from Kansas City, I asked him, "While you were in Kansas City, were the Masters with you as much as they were at the desert?" He answered, "Yes, but mostly Master, because I was doing things for him and he was directing me what to do for the work." On August 1, 1953, Rajasi said, "I have asked Master to help Senator Taft who died on July 31. Master liked Taft very much." Later that same afternoon, Rajasi said, "Master is feeling a great deal for Taft and is helping him, because Taft can't do anything for himself, so Master is reaching him and helping Taft because of the good he has done for America." On August 20, 1953, Rajasi was lying on the grass. He said, "In my heart and mind, I was calling out to the Masters, Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswarji, Master, and Jesus, when out of the ether all the Masters' voices in unison answered, I, of myself, can do nothing. Thy will be done.' "

Rajasi attended to the initiation of the convocation of that year. Rajasi was blessing and putting the

spiritual eye to the new Kriyabans. It was a long time to stand. He suddenly sat down and he had to leave the room. While he was lying on the divan in Master's library upstairs – he was left alone for just a few minutes – he received this vision. On August 22, 1952, Rajasi told me:

I have seen Master from the heart up, but this time I saw him in a very brilliant light and in it, I saw Master's entire form. There was only a very thin veil between him and complete materialization in human form.

I often read some of Master's letters to Rajasi. This one I read to him was written in 1933 and it was particularly sweet, Master expressing a great love for him. Rajasi said nothing and went to his room. He came back shortly and stood in the middle of the room and seemed to be in an ecstatic mood. He was repeating, "All is joy, nothing but joy, love, nothing but love, ecstasy, full of joy and love from all the Masters." He added, "All the Masters came to me and they just filled me with such love and so full of joy." Rajasi's face shone. He was so elated that he could not hardly contain the love and joy he felt.

Rajasi Tells of Giving Millions to SRF

It was during this summer of 1953 when Eugene Lynn visited his uncle on business. He and Rajasi were walking on the lawn talking, I was in Daya's bedroom talking to Mataji and Daya. We were standing at the window looking at them passing by. Rajasi saw us. They both came over to the window. Rajasi told us, "I made arrangements for SRF to be the beneficiary of my life insurance of half a million dollars. By the time I am through doing things for SRF, it will have from three, four, yes, even six million in assets to its credit. That should please Master." Needless to say, how profuse we were in our appreciation and thanks with our "Oh's" and "Ah's" from us all.

Weather permitting, Rajasi was back to Borrego for the winter of 1953 and 1954. Again, the following are visions he had in the desert. On December 6, 1953, Rajasi was saying, "I don't feel myself at all. It's just Master. When his joy comes, I cry." On December 8, 1953, Rajasi did not give any explanation but all he said was, "Master sure likes Babaji." On December 9, 1953, Rajasi was asked by several persons, "Why doesn't Master show himself to me?" Master gave Rajasi the answer, "They must come to me through meditation and light, not me come down to them, but they up to me." On January 5, 1954, Rajasi said:

I awoke around two or three o'clock in the morning and I saw Lahiri Mahasaya in the greatest blaze of light I have ever seen. Then one by one, Sri Yukteswarji, Babaji, and then Master. Master lifted me out of the body and we floated together over many gatherings of people, even to India. Master blessed each group as we floated over them. We were not walking, but floating overhead. It seemed as though Master wanted all the people to know that I was with him. I was with Master a long time from waking to 9 a.m. This is the longest time I have been with him this way. Master is very busy there, just as much so as he was here, helping people in these other spheres, teaching them the way of salvation and how to achieve self-realization themselves.

January 12, 1954, Rajasi had many more hours with Master, again visiting many places, Master showing the group the way to salvation, traveling afloat over the group. On January 17, 1954, again I asked Rajasi if Master had come last night and if Master had said anything. Rajasi answered, "Yes, Master came but he did not say anything. He just came to see me."

Men from India Visit Rajasi

January 18, 1954, again I asked Rajasi if Master came to give certain answers to questions we wanted him to ask Master. Rajasi answered, "Yes, Master came again, but he did not have any answers. He just

came to love me." Also in January, 1954, I again asked Rajasi if Master had come to him and if he had the answers we wanted. Rajasi answered, "No, Master is in India doing something." This is the first time Rajasi told us that Master was in any particular place. Several weeks later we heard that the men from India were to arrive in February 1954, that they had received their permit to leave India. Rajasi's telling us that Master was in India doing something led us to believe that he was preparing the way for the men to come. At this same time, Master had appeared in a vision to a disciple in India telling this man, "Why are they delaying on going to America?" Master evidently wanted the Indian men to see Rajasi before it was too late.

February 8, 1954, Master told Rajasi this morning that he was in no immediate danger, but not to stay where it was too hot or noisy, he would have to be careful of those two things and confusion. March 30, 1954, Rajasi said, "Master is very happy that the men from India are coming. "Whenever we would ask Rajasi about a certain person who wanted to return to Mt. Washington to live, Rajasi answered, "When I will talk to that person, Master will tell me what he wants me to tell them." Whenever we asked Rajasi a question about certain problems of the organization he always answered, "I shall ask Master. He will tell me the right thing to do or say."

After the men from India arrived, Rajasi met them, Prokhas Das and Atmanandaji for the first time. He was standing at the top of the hermitage front steps. He had his orange robe on. How touching that meeting was. He put his arms around both men and all three cried like children, thinking of our Beloved Master. Rajasi sat in the living room settee. Both men sat on the floor, stroking Rajasi's legs and feet, looking at him with such adoring and respectful eyes. They remained at the hermitage for a few days. The men gave Rajasi the gifts they brought from India for him. We took pictures of all three. Rajasi gave Atmanandaji his Swami vows, as Master's representative, because Master had already made Atmanandaji a Swami, but he wanted to get Master's blessings through Rajasi in Master's bedroom.

I noticed that night before coming to Master's room, Rajasi did not look well. He even went right by the door, but he went on with the ceremony anyway. Again I felt a stab in the heart. He was better the next day. A few days later, the men left to go on their Grand Canyon trip, because Rajasi had told them that he was planning on going back to Kansas City for a little while, and that they would have time to go and be back before he would come back.

Rajasi Gives Million Dollars in Stocks

Rajasi left on April 18, 1954. I stayed at Mt. Washington until April 23. I was getting ready to leave the next morning. That night I received a long distance call from Eugene Lynn, telling me that he was bringing Rajasi back and to meet them both at the airport that night and that we would have to drive Rajasi directly to the hospital, that he was feeling the same symptoms of the tumor returning. He had called Dr. Raney and they advised him to come immediately to Los Angeles. After I had put down the phone, I told Sraddha, who was in the kitchen at that time, "I know Rajasi is coming back to go through another ordeal, but somehow I feel a great load has been lifted from my mind." I did not know why, but I found out after Rajasi arrived at the hospital. I took Sraddha with me to the airport for I did not want to come back alone after leaving Rajasi off. While Eugene was making arrangements and looking for the doctor, the three of us were sitting in the car. Rajasi, in front with me, looking at me, said, "Do you know what I did?" He proudly said, "SRF will get \$66,000.00 a year income from dividends. I have signed over 22,000 shares of Kansas City Southern Railroad stock in SRF's name. This is worth a million dollars." We both exclaimed with great joy. We could say no more for Eugene returned with the doctor, Rajasi walked in, signed his own admittance, and prepared for bed for it was late. Then I knew the reason a load had been lifted from my mind. For so many years, Master wanted Rajasi to endow the work with a million or more dollars. I had always worked side by side with Master and interceded for him regarding funds for the work.

After Master's Mahasamadhi, I started typing Master's letters to Rajasi. He has over seven hundred

of them, during the twenty years of Master corresponding with Rajasi regarding the work. Whenever I found some, and there were many beautiful passages in which Master particularly expressed deep love for him, I read them to him. Once, after I finished reading a passage, he cried, saying, "I did not know he loved me so much." Also, in one of those wonderful letters, I read one of Master's financial appeals and at the end of the letter, he said, "If I don't appeal to you, there will be no one to do it after I am gone." My heart and mind answered Master, "Never mind, Little Sir, I will carry on for you, in these appeals," and I did at every opportunity I had.

During the winter of 1952, I even wrote Rajasi a letter reminding him of his duties of making this work secure. It was a typewritten letter not too long but to the point. I could write it better and read it to him, for I read all his mail and newspaper articles for him. For if I talked, he would just say, "Not now. After I am better." I wanted to put my point over, so I asked if I could read a letter to him. I sat behind him so I would not have to see his face, for if I saw his hurt expressions, I could not go on. After I finished reading the letter, he called me to his side. I knelt beside him. He blessed me. With tears in his eyes, he said, "I know I have not completed my mission yet, but just as soon as I am better I will take care of everything." The fulfillment of this duty was the weight which was lifted from both Rajasi's and my minds. For he had completed the purpose for which he was born in this life the very thing Master wanted that the work would continue to progress after both their bodies had melted into the Infinite.

Rajasi's Second Operation

Rajasi's second operation was on April 26, 1954. Between the period of April 23 – 26, Rajasi told me that he had seen Master, saying, "Oh, Master is with me all the time. He is happy, happy. He is in me. He is so happy. He is nothing but joy, joy all the time." Rajasi added, "Master is happy because I turned over those stocks for SRF and that I have finished my duty on this earth."

While we were waiting for the men to take Rajasi to the operating room, he was very calm and looked as if he was looking forward to a meeting with Master instead of another operation. He looked so blissful and happy. Eugene Lynn and I were on each side of his bed. He took Eugene's and my hand in each of his hands and said, "Junior, before Durga, I want to say this, that you are going to be the successor of my business. I want you to take care of SRF the same way I have taken care of it. SRF should come first, last, and always in your thoughts to help it." Eugene looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, "Durga, I don't know what a guru means, but to me that is what Uncle Jimmy is to me. His wishes are mine." We then meditated until they came for him. His face was still blissful. We stayed until he came out of the operating room.

When I saw him the next morning, he was very quiet. He looked at me and sweetly smiled. He did not have any pain. Just before he left the hospital, the afternoon nurse, who took care of him after he came back from the operating room, said, "You know, you can always tell a patient before he comes out of anesthesia. You can always tell what a man is like by his subconscious mind." She continued, "I have never in my experience seen anybody as peaceful and quiet and as angelic as Mr. Lynn was when he was in his subconscious mind. It was like he was the incarnation of God. His face was so illumined. I have never experienced anything as beautiful as that, and I don't think I ever will again." For a perfect stranger to say that made me realize all the more that Master was shining through Rajasi. I quote a few excerpts of letters from Master to Rajasi:

MAY 25, 1932 – Now the same power is to be used to accomplish something lasting at Mt. Washington. Then our twin karmas will be free, then we will be free to roam in the Spirit in ever bubbling joy.

JANUARY 20, 1934 – When your work will be finished you will shine in Her Bosom as a most Beloved child and we will sing and play many lives to bring others back to Her Mansion. You are ever with me and I with you in our Father. Rejoice for the Kingdom of God is yours.

FEBRUARY 18, 1934 – You will never know what great part you have played and are playing in this great Babaji's work, and those that are Instruments of the Most High sit on Their throne. You are not only helping me to help this work but you are directly cooperating with the Great Ones. I know from actual vibrations they are supremely pleased with you. I hate to think what struggles we would have met without God sending you to us. You are playing an equal part in this work as I, unlike Plato's stallions, turned not heavenward and another earthward, but we both are pulling the chariot of this movement to one goal of Divine fulfillment. Both are necessary to draw this Divine vehicle to its goal directed by the Great Ones. When you will fulfill your highest mission on earth in firmly establishing this work, then you and I will be released of our duty on earth forever. Then we will freely stay in Heaven; otherwise, we will be forced to come back. But when we are free we may take trips to the earth freely, to load our boats with spiritually shipwrecked souls and bring them to the shores of heaven. I write this now as I see this vision, sitting on my roof under the sun encircled by the Infinite.

AUGUST 25, 1934 – Words fail to tell what you make me feel, that you are trying and actually bringing this work out of the jaws of untold trials. Many incarnations, if you choose to ply your boat to earth to take others to Divine Mothers shore, you will enjoy untold prosperity materially and spiritually.

OCTOBER 17, 1934 – I hate to think what would happen to this work if you and I are taken suddenly in the bosom of the Father. This is the responsible thought that the Heavenly Father constantly tells me. You and I must permanently establish this work so that any me we are called to Heaven we shall be able to tell them, we ensured the continuance of the work against destructive power of Satan during our earthly absence. Not until then you and I will be free.

Rajasi Builds His Apartment at Headquarters

Whenever Rajasi came to visit Mt. Washington, while our Beloved Master was still with us, Master moved out of his bedroom and stayed in his library, under ours and Rajasi's protestations. Master also willed Rajasi his Mt. Washington living quarters, for Rajasi had none. But Rajasi and all of us decided that Master's bedroom should be kept just as Master left it, as a shrine. Therefore, this left Rajasi with only the library to stay. The March of Master's Mahasamadhi, Rajasi was elected the second President of SRF. I, and all, felt he should have a place of his own to live in when he came to Mt. Washington, I had looked at the open tower and saw the possibility of making a wonderful, quiet place, and suggested to him, "Why don't you let us build you an apartment on the tower? You can have a bath and kitchenette. You don't have a place at Mt. Washington except the library." He answered, "I will think it over." Later he said something I had never heard him say before. "Go ahead with the apartment for me, and I want the best."

Rajasi remained in the hospital from April 23 – May 22. The doctors discharged him earlier because of the publicity that Rajasi was getting from his million-dollar gift to SRF. The doctors thought he would be able to hide from the reporters if he left the hospital, but they did not want him to go to Encinitas for they still wanted to see him every day for another week. So they advised him to come to Mt. Washington. How happy we were that he had his new apartment ready for him to receive the doctors and his business associates. How very embarrassed we would have been to have them come to see Rajasi living in a library without even a bed, but only a roll-away bed to sleep on, being the president and having given his million dollar gift to SRF. It was worth building the apartment, even for the short time he stayed in it, which was only a week. Rajasi returned to Encinitas for the summer.

New Car

In September, 1954, just before returning to Borrego for the winter, Rajasi announced that he wanted a

new car. Although his cream Oldsmobile, which was several years old, was still in good condition, it was in SRF's name. SRF is still using it to this day in 1958. He asked me to go to San Diego to pick one out for him. He wanted all the new equipment such as power steering and power brakes. He was happy with my choice. Sad to say, he only rode in it a few times.

I Get Help to Care for Rajasi

A week before his leaving for the winter in Borrego, one morning early I heard a heavy thud on the floor. I ran up to find Rajasi had fainted right in front of his closed dressing room door. I had to push gently because his head was against the door. I was alone in the house. Even the Lewis' were gone. By the time I got help from the SRF retreat, he had gotten up and was back in bed again. This gave me such a fright that I asked for the first time in nineteen years for help someone to stay in the north end of the hermitage to be on call in case such a thing happened again. Daya sent Sraddha and for the last five months of Rajasi's life, I was thankful to have help from the alternating souls Mrinalini, Sraddha, Pat Hogan, and the last few weeks, Mataji. It was a relief to have someone to help me, for those last months were very strenuous ones, for toward the last, he had to be fed, shaved, and have someone go with him on his walks for fear he would stumble and hurt himself. After his second operation, I had to shave him for the rest of his life. Rajasi did not suffer at all, nor did he have pains up to and even after his last and third operation, I quote a letter from Master to Rajasi:

JULY 31, 1935 – Half of my spiritual realization is yours. I have not given so much to none but you. On the last day on this earth, you will feel a sudden doubling illumination of all your inner perceptions, an unexpected expansion, untold increase of light and bliss. Then you will know what I have given you. What I give you now is subtly added to the results of your own effort. I have taken almost all of your karma on myself and I will work the sufferings out in this body that you may be free from the subtle traps of desires and attachments and have a clear sailing, like a shooting star in the distant heaven. Of all my effort, you have been blest with ever-increasing joy and spiritual development without interruption. This is my spontaneous gift of my deepest love and devotion, and relieving me of a great many organizational dudes. These are all very sacred things I am telling you.

Rajasi's Third Operation, His Illness, His Passing

Rajasi was able to take care of most of his personal chores except shaving, but by the time we got to Borrego the latter part of September, he was not able to feed himself for his right arm was weaker. He was always so very clean about his person that spilling something on himself distressed him so. To avoid his being nervous about it, I or the one who was helping me, fed him. Bro. Sarolananda stayed in the cottage and would come at night to take the night shift, for I was afraid to let Rajasi get up to go to the bathroom alone during the night. It seemed like we had been at Borrego just a short time when the symptoms returned. I called Dr. Novae at Encinitas. He right away wanted to bring the ambulance with him, but I told him I did not want the ambulance to come where Rajasi could see it, before he could talk to Rajasi beforehand and give him at least a short warning of the things to come. When the doctor came, he did bring the ambulance, but it was kept at a distance while Dr. Novae, whom Dr. Lewis had driven down, talked to Rajasi. It took some time to convince Rajasi to go to the hospital, but finally he agreed. When we got to the hospital, Dr. Raney thought Rajasi looked better than he had anticipated. He said that the ride down to Los Angeles had jarred the tumor down enough to relieve the pressure.

Rajasi entered the Hospital on October 5, 1954, and it did not become necessary to operate until October 12, when the pressure returned. He again spent another month this time in the hospital. We drove him directly to Borrego, the girls, Mrinalini and Pat, driving up to Oceanside, then Mrs. Lewis met us there to show the girls the way. She drove the rest of the way to Borrego and Rajasi was the first one to see Mrs. Lewis standing on the curb waiting for us to pick her up. He said, "Well, look

who's here." Rajasi never returned to his beloved Encinitas hermitage again. He left it the latter part of September 1954. We had hoped that by the time Rajasi left the hospital, he would be able to go directly to his new farmhouse, for he had not seen it yet. But we had to wait until the day before Thanksgiving to move in. He was so anxious to see it that even a few hours' delay displeased him. When we finally arrived, we took him in his wheelchair to see every inch of the house. He was extremely pleased, for this too was another longstanding desire of his to build a home on his beloved farm in Borrego.

This third operation on the poor soul left him noticeably weaker. To the doctors' amazement, he still did not suffer nor have any pain, for usually this is a very difficult disease to handle and endure. Only through Master's intervention and blessings on his beloved Little One could this be possible. I remember Master saying, "I am suffering that you all may not suffer." This proved it to me beyond the shadow of a doubt. What really surprised me, I knew Rajasi had always been very health-minded and to see him so completely resigned to his fate was to me nothing short of a miracle. Dr. Raney, the younger brother, came twice to see Rajasi at his farmhouse. I remember Rajasi's face when he saw the doctor. After he had left, I had to assure Rajasi that he was not going back to the hospital, for I could see by his eyes he thought the doctor had come to ask him again for another operation, and he did not want to go through that again, nor did we.

We took Rajasi out on his porch for sunbaths, where he could watch the Mexican boys work on the farm, or see us working in the rest of the house. He was hardly ever alone. There was always one of us with him. We took him for rides down the road in his wheelchair and helped him walk. We were relieved to have Dr. Neville, a good local doctor, come every day to see and render Rajasi any aid he would need. When Dr. Raney came for the last time after January 1, 1955, he was surprised to see how soft Rajasi's skin was and how flexible his paralyzed limbs were, for usually immobile limbs become stiff very soon. After bathing Rajasi every day, I had Sarolananda come in the afternoon and give Rajasi a good rub down with oil and exercise Rajasi's whole body. We raised him and helped him stand as often as he could be strong enough to do so.

When Mataji came the last few weeks to help me, she brought with her several of Master's gifts to her and Rajasi's prosperity cross he loved so well. Rajasi held these things in his hand. We could not get it away from him even after he had fallen asleep. He clung to anything that was Master's and never looked away from Master's picture that was on the dresser placed where he could see it. We kept it lit all night. He also looked at the St. Francis statue the BenVaus had given him while he was in the hospital.

One afternoon Sarolananda was helping me with Rajasi by turning him on his side so his back could be washed. In the process of turning him, Rajasi looked up at me, then at Sarolananda, and so sweetly put his good arm around Sarolananda's neck and pulled his head to his chest and held him there for a long time, blessing him. Grateful tears rolled down Sarolananda's eyes. After that blessing, we could noticeably see a definite change in Sarolananda's better behavior. At different times, to each one that was helping him, Rajasi gave a special blessing, as if he wanted to express his appreciation for the service we all rendered him.

One day looking at him, I said, "With all the wonderful care you took of your body, the best of healthful food and exercise, still it did not prevent all this from I happening." Though he could not speak in those last days, he nodded his approval. Within those same days, I asked him, "Did you see Master?" He nodded, "Yes." I then asked, "What does he say?" In answer, tears came to his sad, deep blue eyes, lowering his eyes and head with an expression that Master had told him that he was, soon going to him and leaving us.

During the last month of Rajasi's life, Eugene Lynn came to see him. In the course of one of his conversations with me, he told me that Rajasi's family would insist that his body be returned to Kansas City to their private crypt in the event that he passed. This deeply hurt me, for my faith was so strong that I did not think in terms of his leaving, nor did it occur to me that Rajasi belonged to any other family than his SRF Divine family. I answered, "When the time did come, we had hoped we could

place him next to Master, for there is an empty place next to him." Eugene said, "I am sorry, Durga, to hurt you this way. If it was up to me, he could remain here, but I know Aunt Frieda would not hear of it." That is the reason Rajasi's body is interred in Kansas City instead of at Forest Lawn with Master.

At Dr. Raney's last visit, he told me that he did not think Rajasi could last any longer than two or three weeks and that he did not think the tumor would be the cause of death. He explained to me to prepare my mind for what to expect that this brain tumor disease brings on a disease in which the lungs fill up. They fill up so rapidly that nothing can stop the process, not even tapping the lungs will help. The morning of February 19, 1955, Dr. Neville came as usual. He asked me if Rajasi had been breathing so heavily for long. I said I had not noticed. He told me he would come back that night. It was around 10 p.m. when he came back and pronounced the fatal words that Rajasi's lungs were filling up and it was a fatal disease. To encourage us, he added, "He may last until the next day, but he could leave anytime."

I was totally unprepared for such news. Luckily, Daya, Mrinalini, and Sailasuta had come for the weekend. None of us left his bedside that night. I sat by his side and held his good hand in mine to the end. I could feel the life force leaving his hand and feet. I kept my eyes glued to his face and eyes. As I was doing so, I could see his eyes getting dimmer and a white light was around his head. Dr. Neville remained all night with us. Mataji faithfully held the oxygen mask over his nose and mouth. Dr. Neville said later to Sailasuta, "It was the most peaceful death I have witnessed for that type of disease." The light kept getting brighter around his head. Afterwards I could not help but think how much we depend on that little breath that goes in and out, only through God's grace, we hung on to each breath that Rajasi took. When it came in, we unconsciously breathed with him a sigh of relief.

Then just once at 4 a.m. Sunday, February 20, 1955, the breath did not come back. So many, yes, even hundreds of persons' lives were changed by the removal of that life-giving breath of a successful businessman and such a great saintly soul. It does not surprise me that our Beloved Master would take his most loved Little One first to enjoy the blissful freedom of the Eternal Beloved God together. What more can I say about Rajasi than to quote several of Master's letters to him which will express Master's love for him, and Rajasi received and reciprocated it. He often said he regarded Master as a Christ.

When Master and Rajasi were both at the hermitage, they would see each other at least once during the day or evening and sometimes more often. No matter how often they met, they greeted each other with fond embrace. Their love was so spontaneously given, it was as if this was their very first meeting in this life. They sat on the porch in the sun, or on the davenport side by side, hand in hand, talking. It was Master's habit to rub Rajasi's chest over the heart, imparting his divine blessings, and the more Rajasi pleased Master, the faster he rubbed. Rajasi, with closed eyes, absorbed every bit of the blessings and melted in Divine acceptance. They would meditate holding hands, Master transmitting to Rajasi many wonderful spiritual visions and countless blessings of joy and bliss. Now they are roaming hand in hand in the land of the spiritually free and resting on the Bosom of the all-Blissful Mother and melting in each others' Divine Love.

The following letters Master wrote to Rajasi Janakananda. I copied one for each year from 1932 to 1952. These can better express the deep love a Beloved Master had for his principle disciple and Beloved Little One.

Master's Letters to Rajasi Janakananda

APRIL 21, 1932 – Never Before In The History of the cause did it need a God-given savior businessman like you endowed with soul and power. Please know this in your heart. I have no desire for anything personally but I want to see in America the work of Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya and Guru perpetuated by the efforts of a most worthy soul like you. Blessed you are that you have come as the greatest friend to the cause. I will give my life to free you from

the bondage of the flesh, so it is mutual that we will save one another. At times when the crucifixion of material responsibilities and debts seem so pressing, I think of complete freedom, but stand sailing in the midst of bullets of trials and responsibilities and death, if necessary, with my Divine Mother in my bosom. While I was in Kansas City, I shall never forget all the material help you rendered to carry on the work and my worries were blown away by your timely Divine instrumentality.

DECEMBER 18, 1933 – I recognize your many changing faces of the past. How often in the gloom of incarnations, I have meditated with you. Such love and divine friendship, such golden cords that tied our souls in the past. It was worth coming ten thousand miles to meet an immaculate sincere soul like you, one who knows not but the love of God. You are richer than many kings of the earth. If your business keeps you from coming, I will come to you, to drink from the eternal well and dive together in the laughing waters of immeasurable bliss. What words can I say to tell you what joy you gave me. When my ship first touched the shores of Chelsea Harbor near Boston, I wrote, "Sleeping memories of friends once more to be did greet me sailing over the sea." Of all the misery, misunderstandings, crucifixion, praises, and garlands of false laughter of so-called friends, your face stands illumined as one of the most precious of my soul in the Western hemisphere.

AUGUST 31, 1934 – Your dear letter made me feel that you were within and without me. A flame of blessedness from your heart visited mine. Untold joy spoke to me of the unending joys of your heart. As Krishna met his divine friend, Arjuna, so have we met on this earth plane to train divine soldiers to fight the powers of darkness. Such joy your letter gave me that my spirit is wandering over the wayward hills everywhere. My God is calling me and you are the reminder of His Light in this country. To tell you the truth, you are the only one in this country who truly conflagrates my inspiration and adds to the endless God in the moments of my work's tribulations. You asked me for my blessings. Many have my blessings which you also have boundlessly, but in addition you have an eternity full of my love, which I give to very few.

JULY 2, 1935 – It was Lahiri Mahasaya who was with me when I last saw you. Many times I have seen his astral body in your frame. Even your body is changing into his. Shoulders, head, face, everything. There is a saying in the scriptures, "When a glowworm gets hold of a beetle, the beetle turns into the glowworm." The same is true with Divine Vibrations.

OCTOBER 1936 – Most Beloved Blessed One of Ages: It is so delightful and good to do for spiritual work, knowing that your spirit is steadfastly working with me. God and I worked alone before, God remaining subtly present with me. Now he is working through your visible body with me. How very encouraging. Not once but many times you were in India. I especially saw this during our meditation in Chicago. You came to the West where there were better material opportunities for you to help India. Also, so you could enjoy the Western culture and cleanliness. No doubt you feel so drawn to India. I am so happy that your memory as being one of the Himalayan saints of India is so splendidly awakened in you. I prayed for this for a long time, especially for India. All that I wished for Dhirananda, I only got such disappointment, but God has fulfilled many times in you. O what Joy. I must stop a little for my eyes are filled with tears of Bliss. And each of my teardrops has and will destroy many of your past obstructing karma. Blessed you are to have Her love. Her you shall love forever and ever in unending Merriment. This is the reward for all that you have renounced for Her and the cause. A thousand-fold reward comes and the greatest reward lies in Her surrender to the devotees.

AUGUST 27, 1937 – Thank you little One for your immortal love. I send you mine unto eternity. Just imagine right after this life, eternal emancipation is waiting for us. The goal that millions want but don't get. Thank the great Beloved God and the Gurus. What pleases me most is the fulfillment of Divine Mother's pledge in response to my prayers. You are just as I wanted you to be. Your reasonableness in cooperating with my divine desires. God eternally blesses you for that. You have all my blessings and love from the very core of my heart. As you cooperate with my wishes with perfection of heart and love, so shall all nature cooperate with your wishes. We shall go on and on the eternal path with Divine Mother, Gurus, you and I moving swiftly to eternal consummation, to the endless end and on to the ceaseless lap of happiness. Meditate and be in Spirit every moment, that Satan doesn't get one tiny grasp to annoy you with restlessness. Meditate with deepest faith that you have found Him and He will ever be with you and you will be with Him. Meditate thinking that all your desires are finished for you have found the One who is the fulfillment of all desires. Only strongly keep the desire to help all others through your example and by ever expanding this work over the earth. That is your duty as ordained by the Great Ones. How happy and blessed you are. Andrew Mellon who died, his riches wouldn't secure him the kingdom of God, nor his good works without God. Your good work with God's consciousness will secure the eternal kingdom. Everlasting love. Ever yours,

– S. Yogananda.

DECEMBER 12, 1938 – Dear Little Divine Prince: For this is what I feel to call you for being the instrument of God to give Christmas presents to all through me. I am so sorry my little One is tossed on the sea of trials. No matter how many trials and how hard the winds strike you, know you are drifting toward the shore of Infinite happiness. The strong winds of trial are His Hidden Caresses to take you home and make your footsteps firmer as you are heading homeward. Trials indicate God is testing your strong spirituality and deep attainment in Him. Do not take the trials seriously even if they look serious. Just wait with an inward smile and surely the present test and their attending trials will blow over.

MAY 23, 1939 – Now since God comes first in your life and our work, so shall God voluntarily be first in your life increasingly. To think of you is joy. This joy links our souls in God.

JANUARY 23, 1940 – I never felt such love for you as when you were here last time. The more perfect you are the more it draws out my infinite love for you. I am glad all plans of Satan are coming to naught. In your appreciation of what God has given you through the Great Ones, in that lies your redemption. Now you know that suffering is a part of doing good. Jesus Christ paid with his life for doing good. We must be prepared to suffer for doing good to show and prove to God we are ever ready to bum our cross in the furnace of the tests of life.

FEBRUARY 18, 1941 – A day does not pass that I have not thought of the superjoy I've had in your Company when you come. I let go everything and launch in Spirit. You have felt your spirit with one and all here. In the past you must have been a flying yogi sometime. Astral flying is much safer. If it is His Will, you sometime have to learn that again through His Grace. However, I have surrendered you in His Arms, He who gave you to me. I am happy. However, it thrills me to see you carried on the winds in the clouds and someday when your soul is winged over the vast spirit more and more, I shall be happier. I am so happy you enjoyed the sunshine. As Guru blessed me with good weather whenever I wanted it, so may you mostly be blessed with good weather. That is my standing wish for you in the Father. I am wrapped up day and night in Divine Mother's arms and offer you to Her in my daily

contact with Her.

APRIL 5, 1941 – Your telegram was comforting and letter very sympathetic and touching. We have worked together, enjoyed and laughed together, walked hand in hand in Gods Path together and for the first time we suffered together.

JULY 23, 1942 – The inspiration of your presence and your little hands putting into my pocket the much-needed help, was the answer of your love for what I am going through. I saw it all but did not want to disturb you. Your soul answered and really I could smile in Hades if you were with me. Your spiritual advancement and experience of meeting huge business disasters has given you the power of unshaken inner attitude and amazing sympathetic calmness which was solacing to me. I want you to know if it were not for you, I would have lost the last vestige in me to continue to live in this world of misery and imperfection.

JANUARY 10, 1943 – My thoughts lullaby you in the cradle of Cosmic joy and offer soothing love to mitigate the mutual disappointment. Your word, "soothing," was very touching and reveals how you love me as immeasurably as I love you. I will ever remember that expression. That is the best salve for me because of your forced absence.

JANUARY 22, 1944 – Most Blessed Beloved .1 and B .1: Your last note made me very happy. You are the only one on earth to whom I take my troubles for the organization. You are the only one who consoles my anxiety for the future, everyone else I have to console. There is no word which I can use to express my feeling for all your goodness to me and us. Tears come to my eyes as a great divine love flows over me and radiates and envelops you wherever you are. God certainly took your form and heart to suit my love for an ideal understanding friendship and spiritual idealism. Nothing else can I say which can express my thoughts adequately.

JANUARY 25, 1945 – I am deeply praying for your good father. There is an example how the body is a delusion and only the soul is real and everyone should find realization before the body becomes an encumbrance and a test. I am so happy your spirit soars beyond your body and God has given you realization. Not only are you redeemed. Your father and mother will find redemption through your good karma, inheriting your spiritual, imperishable riches....

MARCH 21, 1946 – It was your true self, sweet voice, and your loving spirit, devotion to God which was so manifest in your talk yesterday. You have won the highest through His Grace and the help of the Great Gurus. It has been a terrible test for me too, for I have always felt I would not like to live without you. I have always wanted to go before you. I well know the ways of Satan. You can well understand why I talked to you as I did about the grove in Texas, etc., but Satan becomes the tool of God for He turns Satan's evil into good, and yet Satan came near succeeding in Texas, but God and the Great Gurus planned differently. It is so nice that you now see that all human aid would have been futile if God had let Satan arrange to keep you in Texas a little longer. In every test, God must be approached first. Then all comes right and your test would have been less.....

JANUARY 1, 1947 – New Year's Greeting from My Heart to St. Lynn
By *Paramhansa Yogananda*

*When comes such another, though I have searched all o' er earth's ether
So sweet, kind, and understanding, ever trying to help His devotees shining
Even when Heavy earthly duties' load*

*Keeps him running on life's road
 Richer you are with ever heaping Spirit's gold
 than many mundane riches gone decrepit poor and old
 I have put in you an undecaying, bright, ever-blessed
 God's golden lotus temple of light
 All's well what ends well and in His Sea
 You are diving deeper with first born ardour's glee
 Here we met and together we have laid
 His temple in true soul's ever made
 Naught can I say to express to you
 the Age-long gathered tea drops of lives dew
 Walk sacred, bright-faced soul
 scattering God from your heart's chalice to all
 Your happiness my happiness, your joy my joy ever
 Your smile my smile in God forever
 We met before, we meet again
 on earth's tumultuous main
 By ever increasing effort, keep fixed your gaze
 beyond strong delusions' haze
 Then what I have my heart that in His heart live
 in your hands I bestow
 A bouquet of little souls fragrant with God's glow*

AUGUST 11, 1948 – Dear Most Beloved .1: Welcome home. So sorry I did not have a chance to write to you, due to the uncertainty of your date of arrival. Yet I was very glad to hear your sweet voice over the phone. Encinitas is your sanctum on your green grass altar. You, God, Gurus, and sunshine have kept you ever happy, a true God nature boy. Do not mix with business and internal politics of the organization. It will bring you nothing. Remain more with God. Only your goodwill, constructive suggestions, and cooperation will bring things to success as God wishes it. I felt like running out to greet you, but my Spirit is ever with you. All my love, Ever sincerely yours.

– P. Yogananda

JANUARY 1, 1949 – You have lived up to my expectations and given me such joy for living so ideally. Rejoice boundlessly, continuously for you have gained the Grace of the Divine Mother and the Gurus. You are richer beyond the wealth of kings. The riches of Her Grace is imperishable. All else, including the body, does not belong to us and will be taken away from us. Your joy I have endlessly felt. Continue in that joy. The Infinite kingdom is yours. With my deepest prayers that you be victorious over all God's tests forever. In being in joy continuously lies your greatest victory. May Eternal joy and victory be yours. With all my love. Very sincerely yours. All my love and Mother's love be yours.

– Paramhansa Yogananda.

JULY 30, 1950 – I heard what you did for Phoenix. There is only one St. Lynn, a true saint alive for God and the Gurus, and Self-Realization. This is my blessing throughout eternity. He will never want but he shall have financial and highest freedom and bounty from God, and my words said from the heart are always true. God is behind them. It will be ever remembered every day. You have helped me to finish my task on earth through the Gurus. With all my love and unending blessings for all you have done, unceasing love, unceasing thanks, unceasing blessings. P. Yogananda.

OCTOBER 9, 1951 – Most blessed Beloved .1: I pictured myself and, God forbid, yourself, away from this earth, and watching what SRF Board would be doing and how it would be able to carry on the work of SRF. You have been a valiant victorious warrior in direct business difficulties, surely you can successfully bring SRF through to the end. What you have done at this time for God and the Gurus is directly received by the Most High and the Great Ones and personally to my great happiness that will many times be saved in the bank of Eternity, wherever you go here and in the great beyond. And may you live long and well to carry on the blessed work of the Masters in SRF all over the globe....

This is the last letter Master wrote to Rajasi Janakananda before Master's Mahasamadhi.

MARCH 6, 1952 – Most Beloved Blessed .1: Thank you for your wonderful grapefruit and oranges. Great affairs visit of ambassador from India. It was a triumph for SRF, for politics and religion don't mix. With deepest love, Very sincerely yours,

–. Yogananda.

P. S. The ambassadors party and consul general Ahega visiting Encinitas Saturday. Please be sure to meet them and be introduced by Dr. Lewis. Duj, be there too. Do everything to please them. With love,

– P. Y.

APPENDIX I

Mrs. J. W. Lynn of Archibald Dies After Long Illness

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1943 – RAYVILLE, RICHLAND PARISH, LOUISIANA – Mrs. J. W. Lynn, 88, one of the few remaining pioneer citizens who helped to build Richland parish, died at her home in Archibald early Wednesday morning following a long illness of several years duration.

The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church in Archibald yesterday (Friday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, with Rev. A. R. Cates, of the Rayville and Archibald Presbyterian churches, officiating. The interment, directed by Mulhearn Funeral Home of Rayville, was in the Archibald family cemetery at Archibald.

The active pallbearers were E.J. Archibald, R. H. Lynn Jr., Guy McDonald, Joe McDonald, Noel Bradford, J. C. McDonough, J. Foster Jones, and Richard Downes.

The honorary pallbearers were all friends of the family.

She is survived by her husband; two sons, R. H. Lynn, of Archibald; and J. J. Lynn, of Kansas City, Mo.; two daughters, Mrs. C. I. Ellington, of Mangham; and Mrs. T. W. Logan, of Archibald; and one brother, Velah Archibald, of near Archibald; and a number of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Mrs. Salethia Jane Archibald Lynn was born in Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, February 13, 1855, and removed to Richland parish in 1871, with her parents, who settled at what is now Archibald, on the place where she maintained her home at the time of her death. She was married to Jesse W. Lynn in 1883, who survives her and celebrated his 90th birthday last April 3. The Lynn and Archibald families are two of the outstanding families of this parish, and are well and prominently known in this part of the state, and in Kansas City, Mo., where one son, J. J. Lynn, is one of the leading business men of that city, and another son, Eugene Lynn, who lost his life in an airplane accident several years ago, was a prominent young attorney. Another son who lost his life several years ago in an automobile accident was V. Frank Lynn, who established the V. Frank Lynn Company, one of the largest wholesale grocery businesses in Monroe.

Mrs. Lynn was possessed of a full measure of goodness, charity, and love, which was best made manifest in her home, where she was the devoted wife and affectionate mother, always with tender faithfulness discharging the duties of a life that enriched the lives of those whom God had given her. The sincere friend; in fact, loving all who came within the scope of her great warm heart, few women lived to attain greater nobility of character. She practiced her religion which brightened and consecrated her life to the welfare and happiness of others. Another life of love is now a blessed memory.

Until a little more than four years ago when an unfortunate accident brought to a dose the activity of a life ever tireless in service for those she loved, there was never a moment during her wakeful hours when her limitless energy and boundless love were not in full motion looking after the comforts and joys of those of her family and friends as well. She gave her utmost in consecrated thought and devoted service, prompted by a heart as open as the gates of day. She shed kindness as the sun sheds light. If all her deeds were flowers, the air would be faint with perfume.

The *Beacon-News*, whose editor claimed her as an aunt, begs the sacred privilege to mingle its tears with those of the bereaved family in deep and sincere sympathy.

Parish's Oldest Citizen Dies

Jesse W. Lynn dies at advanced age

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1945 – RAYVILLE, RICHLAND PARISH, LOUISIANA – Jesse W. Lynn, aged 92 years, probably the oldest citizen of Richland parish, member of one of the old pioneer families to take up residence in the parish before the Civil War, died at his home in Archibald last Wednesday at 10:50 a.m. Mr. Lynn had been ill for several years, and confined to his bed for several months prior to his death. He is survived by two sons, R. H. Lynn of Archibald and J. J. Lynn of Kansas City, Mo.; two daughters, Mrs. C. I. Bilington of Mangham, Mrs. T. W. Logan of Archibald; and one brother, J. B. Lynn of Montebello, California.

The funeral services will be held at the Archibald Presbyterian Church Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. A. R. Cates, of the Rayville and Archibald Presbyterian churches, officiating. Interment will be in the family cemetery. Mr. Lynn was born in Noxubee County, Mississippi, April 3, 1853, and came to what is now Richland parish with his parents in 1860, and has since resided near where he originally settled. He engaged in farming all of his life and was very active in his business up to the time his health failed him. While never seeking political preferment of any kind, he was a citizen who took a keen and unselfish interest in the affairs of his community. He was the ideal home man and neighbor and citizen, and did much to enrich this part of North Louisiana during his long and useful life.

His wife, who was Miss Salethia Archibald before her marriage to him in the early 1880's, preceded him to the grave in September 1943. She too braved a long and painful illness for months before her death.

The love and devotion that characterized their married life all through the years, found deep consecration in their last days when illness confined them to their home. Always rather modest and not very demonstrative of the deep feeling and sentiments that made up his heart of gold, those who knew best, as this editor who was one of his nephews, knew his personality to be one of rare sweetness and charm, and his private life and his association with neighbors and friends a model of manly virtue and true and upright citizenship. In him was the consistent beauty of high ideas and ideals which make life a sweeter and happier thing. Love of purity, a spirit of tenderness and kindness, Christian integrity and loyalty, loving fidelity to his family and friends, delicacy of thought and feeling, high ideals of thought and conduct, a high conception of one's work as the expression of his character, and therefore a holy thing, sublime courage to battle with the ills of life, even to the end, and a soul aglow with Southern warmth.

He will lie buried in the family cemetery on the place he last claimed for many years as his home. Around him sleep those he loved most and dearest in life, a fit place for him to rest till the eternal awakening.

To his devoted children who have been privileged to have him with them so long, we tenderly commend them to Him who endowed this loved one with such a rare heart and soul as to enrich their lives and leave to them the rich legacy of the clean life of good and gracious parent.

Reflections of My Guru Paramhansa Yogananda

By Sri Durga Mata

July, 1959



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Master first mentioned his birthday to Rajasi, January 8th, 1941. Master used the name Swami or S. Yogananda up to 1938. Then he used only Yogananda for awhile. And the time he signed P. Yogananda was November 28, 1939. First wrote Paramhansa Yogananda to Rajasi, March 1940.

– By Durga

Reflections of My Guru Paramhansa Yogananda

By Sri Durga Mata

I will not write here about all the work master did, nor the projects he created, the files that are in this file cabinet will tell you about his creations, struggles to acquire them, and the results. Hence, I will confine this writing about Master personally as I have seen, heard, and felt in my very limited capacity.

The first time I saw Paramhansa Yogananda was in Detroit, Michigan, my hometown, in December 1927. My Impression of him was no doubt the same as thousands of others who had seen him years before me, and during his short span of life on this earth plane, and ever since his Mahasamadhi through his photographs, writings, and teachings. At this first meeting which I attended on that memorable December 1927, my gaze was riveted to the beautiful face before me, because my soul was sensing the God-like soul within the outward form. I had never seen anyone like him before and I soon came to learn that there would not be another like him for me. Without realizing or even knowing what a guru was like nor to what purpose a guru served, my starlet soul sensed His Godly light and hitched itself once again to that Polestar of my eternal Guruji.

How can one write about ones guru, or put into words what a Christ-like soul is like, or how can I express what my soul gained through his divine contact, words are so inadequate, but nevertheless, I will make a feeble attempt to express the outward form as I have seen, heard, and felt it, during twenty-three years of dose physical contact with him, and still another seven years of Omnipresent contact with my life's Polestar who is ever intuitively guiding me.

Master's Body Structure

First, let me describe the outer form of Master. He was not more than five feet seven inches tall, though he had very small pudgy hands and feet, and small-boned. He was heavy, with some fat, but through tensing exercises, he developed muscles and shoulders, arms and well-formed legs. The muscles were not the bulgy type, but evenly distributed and hard as steel. He had a large abdomen. In later years when he was exercising, trying to lose some of the abdomens largeness, he humanly told me, "To think when I was younger I did not have a stomach at all, but after I became a Swami; it was a special mark in those days for a Swami to have a large abdomen, so I practiced special exercises that would develop the abdominal muscles, and now that I don't want it, it is remaining steadfast." For this reason Master did not want the general public to see pictures of him without a robe or suit, he was human enough not to want to exhibit his acquired stomach. Though the abdomen was large, it was not fat, but mostly muscles. Several times Master performed a feat in his public lectures demonstrating the strength of his stomach muscles. He stood against the stage wall and invited a dozen men from the audience to come up; he had them standing single file one in back of the other and all pushed in one direction pushing against Master's stomach. With his stomach muscles, he gave an outward thrust, and all the men were suddenly pushed away and fell backwards. He also said that he knew how to walk on fire, and to go without eating indefinitely, but that God did not want him to perform such feats, for his

mission was to teach and bring souls back to God through Kriya Yoga and love.

For having the body of a man, he had less than average hair covering his body. For a person of his weight and strength, his carriage was graceful and he walked with a springy step; one could hardly hear him coming. He could run like a deer, as if on his tiptoes. He could outrun even the fastest person. He used to run many races with us all on the tennis court or on the beach and he would soon leave us far behind. He carried a cane not because he needed it, but because to him it represented a staff, which the masters in the Himalayas carry as a symbol of the spine and Kriya Yoga. No matter how busy or in a hurry he might be, he never missed his daily shower. He ever left his bedroom without a clean mouth or unshaven. I never saw him with a five o'clock shadow, for he shaved so dose that many thought he did not need to shave at all. To him cleanliness was next to Godliness.

Exercises and Walk

Master's wonderful physique was acquired through his own tensing exercises, which he created and developed in India before coming to this country in 1920. He said at hat time he tried what he called all kinds of muscle bumping exercises to develop and improve his body strength. He often thought, "There must be some better way of exercising." He continued, "One day I saw a cat awakening from its nap, and immediately upon rising I observed that the cat stretched its body as far as it could and for a long time. I wondered why the cat stretched and what was the stretching doing to its body. I began to stretch myself. Having keen observation power, I discovered that I felt so much more life in my body. The cat had tensed its body; and this experience gave me the idea of my tensing exercises. As I practiced stretching every morning and evening and during the day, I felt such wonderful results; from one improvement after another, it became what I gave in the first Yogoda lessons." In later years Master added more exercises, the same that are now practiced in the SRF lessons that have awakened the world to a new method of exercises. Later, many students who took Master's lessons copied them and gave them out as their own. All Master would say to that was, "At least they are helping people." Master never missed doing his exercises, no matter where he was or how late at night or how early in the morning. I remember many times he and all of us stood in front of a hotel, or on a side street, highway, or beach to do our exercises, whether there were passersby who looked at us wonderingly or not. Then after exercising we went for a walk. Master was very adamant that we continue to do our exercises. One time when he was suffering with someone's karma, he sat on the edge of his bed and began doing his exercises. I asked, "I know Sir you no longer need to do the exercises, why do you?" He answered, "To be a good example to you all."

Experiences with Dress and Long Hair

Master had often told us that when he first came to this country he wore his traditional Swami Order ochre robe, and long hair flowing below his turban. He said he was going to educate the Americans by wearing his robe and long hair on the street and everywhere. He told us many stories of his experiences in the process of trying to educate people. One day late in October, he was invited to speak at a girl's college near Boston. He took the streetcar, and at a stop, a bunch of girls got on. He was standing, for there were no seats left. A few of the girls began to horseplay, as it were, and started making funny remarks about his dress and hair, etc., and even pulled his hair. After exercising a lot of patience, he thought he would teach them a lesson and in a loud voice said, "So these are the American girls I heard so much about in India." Their laughter dropped with embarrassment and they began to apologize for their misbehavior and explained that since it was so near Halloween they thought his robe was a costume and he was trying to play a gag on them, and they were going right along with it. Thereafter, they asked his forgiveness and could not do enough for him. They gave him a seat, began asking questions about India, what he taught, and even escorted him to the hall where he was to make his speech.

Another time when he went to a fair, he ate some of the food samples. Afterwards, when he wanted to wash his hands, he asked where the restrooms were. He followed the directions that were

pointed to him, and without looking at the sign on the door he went in. He saw ladies to the right and ladies to the left, he was the one to get out of there in a hurry! When he started down the steps to the men's restroom, one of the men was coming up and said to Master, "upstairs, lady, upstairs." Master continued down and when the men saw him, they ran in all directions telling him to go upstairs. They remained quiet only after they heard Master's loud, masculine voice say, "I know where I am going."

Once when he was on the train, he noticed that the porter kept going back and forth. Finally, the porter could not stand it any longer and asked Master, "Is you a man or is you a woman?"

Master's hair was long, thick, wavy, and blue-black. Many thought he "marcelled" his hair. Once he had a young man who was helping him with his campaign work and one night before going on the stage to deliver his lecture, Master was standing in front of the mirror combing his hair. He parted it in the center and pulled the back hair more to the front on each shoulder. The boy was mentally thinking how vain Master was. Master often demonstrated in his lectures what he did to give this boy a lesson. He said he stood for the longest time in front of the mirror deliberately taking more pains to affix each hair in the right places; petting his hair here and there, combing and recombining; all the while watching the boy's expression change to deeper criticism. Finally, Master turned to him and said, "So you think I am vain, because I comb my hair before going to face an audience. I saw you in the mirror and received your thoughts. That is why I deliberately acted vain. I did it all the more to give you something to criticize me for. Let this be a lesson to you. Never criticize people for things you don't understand, or judge others by yourself. You would also criticize me if I went on the platform looking like I just got up from bed." The boy apologized and never criticized Master again. Master seldom washed his hair, because he had an old theory that washing his hair too often would make it drop out. He kept his scalp spotlessly clean by religiously and daily brushing his hair and scalp. There never was a trace of dry flakes, and I don't remember his head or hair ever having an odor, except, when he had to be where there was smoking and he would air his hair when he got home to get the odor out. I write here an excerpt of Master's letter to Rajasi regarding this smoke in his hair.

JULY 14, 1937 – I used to come home, my hair saturated with smoke and my eyes burning after luncheon talks. I felt even suffocated. One day I made up my mind, Divine Spirit was smoke and light, and I was never bothered since. Mind is everything, whichever way you train it. Though most of the time I traveled in first class on trains in India, sometimes I went in the third class compartments packed with dirty, smelling, even leprous people. I concentrated and found Divine Mother there too.

Master wore his hair flowing loose whenever he wore his robe; other times he took to braiding it. He would braid it tight and then tuck the braid inside his white scarf or tuck it under some hair at the nape of his neck and hold it down with a bobby pin under his hat. From the front one could barely see it. From behind it looked like it was cut at times, so well was it concealed. He did not cut his hair except to trim it around his ears and at the nape of the neck for the few loose hairs. Although his hair' R thinned and had a few gray hairs in the latter part of his earthly life, it remained black and beautiful.

Once Master heard from one of his brother disciples that Sri Yukteswarji had seen a picture of him with his hair tucked in back, and Sri Yukteswarji said, "I see Yogananda has become Americanized now, he has cut his hair." Immediately upon receiving this news, Master had his picture taken and sent it right out to his guru and wrote, "If I had cut my hair it would not have grown in so fast, it is still long according to your wishes." Sri Yukteswarji was pleased that his spiritual son had kept his request, and Master was pleased to be able to show his guru that he had kept his wish alive by keeping his hair long.

His Clothes

Master said that after a few years of trying to educate the American people in his way of dressing and wearing his hair, he had to admit that he was only one lone soul against millions, so he decided to follow the millions' mode of dress, and began to wear business suits. When I first came, he also wore a

roman collar with a white scarf folded in the center and held with a peacock pin. Later, he used our SRF pin. After a few years, he abandoned the hard collar and only used the white scarf held with the emblem pin. Usually his suit was a navy blue, or sometimes brown and gray but never black, and always with a white shirt. Later years of his life, he wore slacks of light blue, gray or white with jackets. He never gave up wearing his white scarf and ordinary shoes. Later years, he put heavy crepe soles on his shoes. His theory was that the hard cement walks or streets jarred the body too much. He always wore an overcoat summer and winter. For many years, I wondered why he always wore a summer overcoat even in the hottest weather. One day I asked him, "Sir, why do you always wear an overcoat even when it is so hot?" He answered, "Because it makes me feel that I am wearing a robe." Then I understood that he was not going to let the business suit take his mind away from being what he was always in his mind: one whose order was to wear a robe. I have never heard him ask for anything for himself, and if he needed a new suit of clothes, others had to get it for him. He wore patched orange nightgowns for years and only in recent years did he wear pajamas of different colors.

Master wore his robe to lectures, classes, Interviews, and all celebrations or ceremonies and sometimes during Interviews when he was at home. The first few years his robes were of cotton and he found that Americans thought he was poverty-stricken and would not follow him. In India, he said, "A Swami is looked down upon if he wears anything but cotton, but in America I am looked down upon if I wear cotton, so I had to change to silk in America, and when I was in India in 1935, I wore cotton again." When I first met him he wore his robe with a long belt around his waist, and his long scarf folded in half, pinned in front at his neckline. Later he started wearing the scarf as you now see it in his latest pictures, on the side. Master said orange is the color of the soul and the renunciant's color.

Food

Master did not eat breakfast; maybe lunch, but usually he had only one cooked meal, at no particular time, depending on his activity. Sometimes he would walk to the big kitchen refrigerator and take a bite of this or that, left-over curry or other foods, or he would sit at the kitchen table and cut potatoes or other vegetables for a curry he wanted cooked. He usually took his bath before eating. Master liked his cooked foods well spiced and curried and most of the time chili-hot. Although he did not make it too hot for the rest that ate with him, he had a side dish of chopped hot chili to put in his own curry.

Master ate Indian-style with his fingers, except if there were guests, or at a restaurant, he used a fork. He could even scoop up juice from his flat plate with his fingers. For hours after eating, he used to pass his fingers under his nose to get the fragrance of the curry that still lingered on his fingers even after several washings. He used to tell us that was one way of telling if the curry was good; if the fragrance remained on the fingers for long. Master's greatest pleasure was cooking. He would intuitively get the taste in his mouth, and no matter what time of day or night or middle of the night he would go into his kitchen and would put the different ingredients together, until he got the same taste from the finished product, as he had previously received. He had so many different ways of cutting potatoes. One way for a certain curry, another way for a cauliflower curry, or lengthwise for soup. The "new" potatoes had to be cut entirely differently. He would cut them himself or show me how to cut them and give his instructions and what I had to get ready for frying, etc. When about ready I would take a cup with curry in to him to taste and tell me what was needed. Then he would always put the delicious finishing touch that made them "out-of-this-world" curries. He stood over a hot stove for hours sometimes, with beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead and face. He always tasted the food to get the proper flavoring and sometimes he would taste boiling hot food, but never burned his mouth. Master's saffron rice was made with white raisins and blanched almonds, cinnamon sticks, bay leaves, Spanish saffron, sugar, and salt. This dish was something to remember. I can still see him mashing a hard-boiled chicken egg or duck egg with his fingers, adding ghee (clarified butter), salt and rice. If it was mango season, we made more rice to have some left over so he could mix mango pulp, sugar. And cream in the rice as a dessert. What fond memories this all brings back. He never ate alone. He always had to share with others, especially after services on Sundays, at either Golden Lotus

Temple, Hollywood, or San Diego Church. He would fill his interview rooms with guests to eat with him. How he delighted to feed all his spiritual children. Master loved to put the food on the individual's plates and if we wanted to be polite and pass it on to the one who sat next to us, he would tell us to take it back saying, "I prepared that plate for you. I serve each plate for that person, giving each their particular blessings, and it does not belong to the other person." Thereafter, we always kept the plate he handed to us, anxious to receive and keep our own special blessings.

Eating time was our one time we were all together. We thought we had much to say to each other. Poor Master had to tell us several times during the meal that he liked to eat in silence. We would keep quiet for awhile, then we would whisper or make signs until he had to remind us again. Our greatest joy was when Master would take a pinch of this or that with his Divine fingers from his own plate, and give it to us in our hand to taste that special morsel, impregnated with his blessing. It was to us manna from heaven. After our family dinner, Master would talk for awhile, then like the Divine Mothers child that he was, his large lotus eyes would get heavier and heavier and his head finally resting to one side or on his chest, would be sound asleep. This picture always reminded us of baby pictures we have seen of babies sitting in their high chairs sleeping. How very precious are these memories.

Master loved banquets and crowds of souls. The night before the banquet he would stay up all night directing the special foods on the menu. He always had a different menu each banquet. He loved to surprise people and make them guess what was in this or that. He would laugh when people could not tell his substitutes from regular meat. He made a turkey with bamboo as bones. And he even made marrow in the bones. He liked to make substitute eggs: the yolk as well as the whites. He was so pleased when they couldn't tell the difference. Master always remained cheerful throughout the night. It made no difference whether he was over a hot stove or tasting this or that; chanting at times, telling stories, he kept our energies and spirits up at all times. If the food we had cooked the night before because of summer heat would spoil, he was never at a loss to know what to do to remedy the situation. The food had to be perfect, only then would he be satisfied. He was such a perfectionist at that. His happy countenance kept us going all night side by side with Him.

I remember when Master and Rajasi first moved into the hermitage in Encinitas. Master cooked in the utility kitchen located in the center of his and Rajasi's quarters. He took the greatest joy in trying out new recipes to feed Rajasi and all of us. When Rajasi ate all that Master put on his plate Master beamed with joy. When Rajasi expressed delight over the food, Master would smile and say, "He likes it. Give him some more." The dinner table was the spark that sent off the conversation of food. Master would tell us how in India there was a small round vegetable called patol that tasted something like our Irish potato but was far superior in taste. He would relate the different recipes made with patol. How elated Master was when he received his first fresh patol from India. This called for a cooking celebration. We all got a small piece, and I must say it was everything that he had claimed it was. Or, Master would tell us how India had foot-long string beans and equally long English cucumbers or 18- to 20-inch-long Chicago squash; this was the most delicious vegetable fried in butter. There was the sweet squash that Master loved, which he purchased at our Chinatown. The mango season would start the ball rolling for Master to explain that in India there were 200 varieties of mangoes and how each one was different from the other. Master planted mango trees at Mt. Washington. The year that Master was arriving in New York from his trip to India, his first ripe mango came into being. We shipped one or two mangoes air mail to him to New York, so he would have the first mangoes off his own trees.

In the earlier days, it was hard to find mangoes. We could only purchase them in a Mexican town groceries and quite expensively, but Master always managed to get some. In later years, we had some center leaders in Florida, and they sent Master mangoes. Still later, more people shipped him some, until they came in streams and Master had all the mangoes he could want, and was able, to his greatest joy, to give to everyone in the house, one mango a piece. Every time they came in bushel baskets, we had mangoes spread everywhere, even in the tub. Oh, how he loved that! He would ship boxes to Rajasi to Kansas City or Encinitas. Rajasi in turn ordered some from Florida and would send Master some too, so we had our delightful fill of mangoes. Master loved litchi nuts. The fresh ones were so

very good. They are red-shelled and white on the inside, juicy and sweet when ripe, they are certainly delectable Master found in San Diego an orchard that had several litchi nut trees. He bought all the litchi nuts from the tree and reserved them for the following season. He shipped boxes to Rajasi, after he had watched and ripened them for him; or Master would keep them in the refrigerator until Rajasi would come home. We could almost taste the fresh, soft, creamy coconut and the milk when Master would describe them to us. We were able to purchase cherimoyas from a grove in Encinitas. They are delicious and Master loved them. He would go into great detail about the cherimoyas they had in India. They were much smaller but sweet as honey. I can still see Master cutting the top of the passion fruit and with both hands, squeezing the juicy, seedy pulp into his mouth. We had vines growing on the fence at the Papaya grove. Master Dear loved the sapota too. The avocado was a new fruit for Master. When he came to this country, he loved to experiment with them, but he found that they became very bitter if cooked. He used to make delicious desserts with the avocado mashed with sugar and a little cream and Major Grey's chutney. I can still taste it. He also liked to mash avocados with added onion juice and garlic and real hot chili; salt to taste and fill the chapati, mmmmm good.

Master's favorite topic was the Jackfruit of India. He would talk a half-hour on that one fruit alone, for there were so many recipes you could make from it, at different ripeness. This fruit is as tall as a man is and equally as big around, and how many different varieties of recipes one could make from the pulp, others with the seeds, and still others when the fruit was real ripe. He would say, "I can't describe to you what a wonderful fruit this is; and so many uses it can be put to." The papaya was another fruit he enjoyed here, but India's papayas were far sweeter with many varieties to choose from. He never ceased praising Rajasi's sweet oranges and grapefruits and juicy tangerines, he loved them above any other citrus fruit. Master did not like sour fruits such as berries; unless, of course, there was a lot of sugar on them. Master seldom ate pies, cakes, or cookies, although he did enjoy Indian sweetmeats. Master used to spend hours making sweetmeats for Indian guests and made a lot for all the rest of us to enjoy with him as well. He made white Rashagulas. Some he would deep-fry brown and then boil in heavy syrup. The Sundish with pistachio nuts on top was so good; all made with milk or chana. But Master's Halvah was out of this world. No one can ever make it like he could.

Master did not chew gum. He tried it, he would chew it only with his front teeth, never on the sides. We showed him how, but he reverted to the front chewing.

Master did not drink coffee. When he first came to this country, he did not know that coffee could become a habit. He drank it and wherever he went they served him coffee. One day he was alone, and when he could not get coffee and he missed it, he said to himself, "So you miss coffee do you, very well then you shall never drink it again," and he never did. He used to tell us if a habit makes a slave of you then it is time to quit. The same thing happened about the ginger ale. It tasted to him like a drink they have in India. No matter where he traveled, his friends would ship ginger ale to him. One day he missed the ginger ale; this too he put aside, as he did coffee, though once in a great while he would drink ginger ale.

One day one of his friends asked him if he had ever tasted beer. Master answered, "No." The friend coaxed Master to try it. Master repeatedly refused. Then the friend said, "For my sake, just taste it." To please him, Master dipped the tip of his little finger in the beer, and touched his tongue saying, "Well, you wanted me to taste it, so I did. It is bitter, I don't like it, and even if I did like it, I wouldn't drink it." Once Master was invited to a society party where they were all drinking Cocktails. They poured Master a glass. He was sitting next to a Scotsman. To the Scotsman's delight, Master poured his liquor in his glass. The servant came and refilled Master's glass again. This went on for some time. Suddenly, someone said, "Swami is a good sport, he is drinking right along with us." Master thought, "Oh my goodness, I am in a spot, they will think I've been drinking and brand me a drunkard." Then the Lord came to his rescue, and one of the guests spoke up and said, "Nay, not so, if you will take a look at the Scotsman sitting next to him, you will see that he has had more than his share, for the Swami has been pouring his liquor into the Scotsman's glass all the time and hasn't even had one drop." That saved Master's reputation, and he thought never again would I do this, for that was dose.

He did not care whether they thought him a good sport or not. He went about in his own spiritual refusal of anything offered him. Master upheld his principles all the time.

I write all this about food because of what Master told us, "That the pull that makes the soul reincarnate on this earth is desire, and the only way to get out of these rebirths is to learn to become desireless. The heavy load of desire weighs you back to where the desires are formed." Master used to tell this story, "That if you have a desire for apple pie you will have to come back here in America to eat your apple pie, because only in America is apple pie made, but when the load is dropped you migrate to a finer sphere of existence." He has said also, "That souls who are already liberated who come back on this earth to help others have no desires; therefore, they deliberately take on a harmless desire in order to keep the body from melting into the Infinite before their work is accomplished." Master intimated that he had taken the desire of eating and food, for it was a harmless desire and could harm no one. How very privileged we were and still are that he so loved God's children to the extent of weighing himself down to this mundane world for our sake.

Master's Skin

Master's skin was that of an East Indian, bluish, golden hue. It was extremely soft and velvety, especially on his face, hands, and feet. Even when he walked in his bathing trunks in the wind and sun without using oils, his skin remained soft to the end, though he used Barbs and talcum powder after shaving.

Voice

You have heard Master's voice on records and tapes; therefore, I can only add that seeing the expression of his eyes and face and gestures, plus the power of his own soul's perception, gave the voice a power of conviction. Hearing his voice on the lecture platform, singing or talking, many were healed of body, mind, and soul. Such words of wisdom and love came through one of God's greatest vehicles, Master and his God power-driven voice.

Sleeplessness

Nighttime was when Master did most of his writing. He was just as active during the night as he was during the day, for night or day was the same to him. Master did very little reading, but he kept up with the times by reading the newspaper or having someone read it to him. Interviews sometimes lasted to all hours of the night. Since Master did not sleep, he would forget that others did. When he asked for a telephone number, we would remind him of the time and that the person would be asleep and would not appreciate being awakened in the middle of the night. If he knew the person well enough he would call anyway, or he would call Dr. Lewis on the house phone and talk for hours sometimes. Or, he would call Eugene BenVau and others during the night. When he called Mt. Washington, he talked to several persons at Mt. Washington. He had no desire to, nor did he want to sleep. Whenever we asked him if he was going to bed, he would answer, "Don't mention bed to me, I hate bed." Master had absolutely no consciousness of time; therefore, he had no definite time set aside to go to bed. I believe he went to his bedroom in order that we would get our much needed rest and sleep. When he dismissed us he would say, "First meditation and then sleep." This could be any time between midnight and 7 a.m. The amount of his sleep varied from two to six hours, and most of the time only four hours. Master never failed to meditate before sleep. He was mostly conscious during sleep. Therefore, it was more of a meditation than sleep to him. The only time we knew he was asleep was when we walked past his bedroom door and heard loud snoring or the deep breathing of a sound sleep. Master, however, took several short naps during the day or evening, especially after his meals. Or, if he was reading his newspaper, he explained that he fell asleep while reading because he had practiced the three-eye-level consciousness so much that when his eyes were lowered, they automatically went into the subconsciousness, but he could not go to sleep if his eyes were straight ahead or in between the eyebrows. The seat of conscious and superconscious levels.

Writing

Some of Master's greatest writings were written in the Encinitas hermitage. He remained in his rooms when he was writing. Most of the time he wrote long hand. Other times he dictated to Daya's shorthand, or Daya and Mataji would alternate taking dictation on the typewriter. This is the way he liked best for he said he could have them read it back to him and he could correct or clarify a thought immediately without having to re-read. Master wrote his Autobiography of a Yogi, Second Coming of Christ, and some of the Gita in Encinitas. The rest of the Gita he wrote in Twenty-Nine Palms. During the course of all these years, Master wrote many other gems, which flowed from the depth of his spiritual perception for the benefit of the world for centuries to come.

Reading Habits

Master said that he did not read more than a dozen books in his life. I can well believe that, because in all the years that I have been in close contact with him, I saw that when he did take up a book he only read awhile and never picked the book up again. He did, however, read the newspapers to keep up with the times. He did not like to have his newspaper messed up by anyone. He wanted to see it first and most of us respected his wishes in this matter. He would get to read the paper anytime during the day or mostly at night. Some of us were always in attendance to his needs, and when a few of us got together, we would always find something to say to each other. Master would put his paper down saying, "I am a poor reader, I can't read when you all talk, remain quiet if you want to stay in the room." We kept quiet for a little while, but would whisper. He would say, "I still can hear your whispers," then we would resort to sign language. Also, this disturbed him, for he could feel our restlessness. Sometimes one of us would read to him. By a poor reader, he meant that his mind was used to going within when he would start to read. His mind reverted within and it was hard for him to bring his mind on the object in question and, therefore, the least talking or noise would distract his mind from the reading matter.

War, 1941

Master followed the war from the beginning to its termination. He read or had one of us read aloud to him all the newspaper articles on the activities of war; especially during the Japanese war, for his beloved India was in danger. And how Master prayed and suffered for India's fight for freedom and its famine years. His deep concern for America was that she did not make too many serious mistakes in piling up bad karma for herself through wrong decisions on war maneuvers. His heart was in constant prayer for the boys in the battlefield, their broken-hearted mothers, and their families. He suffered with each soul that fell wounded on the battlefield, in the air and at sea. He was with them in Spirit as they fell. How deeply he felt the uselessness of killing the best of the young men of any nation, destroying buildings that took years to build and pay for. Master always said that killing people and destroying buildings did not solve anything. Greed was the cause of wars. The uselessness of war was constantly on his sensitive and loving heart.

America

Master has often said that his American students, disciples, and friends were his real relatives. When we would be on trips and had to stop at some remote place, we would find plenty to eat, good bedrooms with baths, well-equipped motels or cabins. The restaurants served ice water; one could always get cream or milk or anything that could be found in the city. Master's constant remark of amazement was, "There is no place like America, we can get everything and anything, anywhere, or anyplace." And then again, "Americans can take an idea and improve on it and they don't stop at that but continue to try and improve on it. Such practical and progressive minds are bound to success." His deep appreciation of America made us realize how much we took for granted and how privileged we were that we are Americans.

Regarding Money

Master liked to have some money in his pocket, but it was usually to buy things for the disciples or give a dollar or so to the boys or the others around the hermitage. He liked to barter with clerks and would stand at a counter trying to reduce the price of an item he had in mind until the man gave it to him at his price. Then Master would give the man a heavy tip, which would make up for the price it was in the first place. Sometimes he would receive a gift or buy some things for himself he really liked and he would make up his mind to keep this time. One day we would notice that the article or articles were gone; he had given it away to someone who would admire it. He did not see a child that he did not give a coin to.

I used to be at the book table at the temple and I took care of the collection, counted money, and gave it to Master for the miscellaneous expenses. In the middle of the week, when he would ask me for the collection money, I would say, "I gave it to you, Sir." "When did you give it to me, what has become of it?" he would answer. So in order to refresh his memory of getting it, I said now, "Sir, every time I give you the collection money from now on (the amount was so small), I will have you initial a piece of paper with the date and the amount given you so there wont be any confusion in the future." He would smile every time I gave the money and the slip to initial, he never forgot I gave it to him thereafter and we were both happy. I still have those little slips he so sweetly initialed.

Driving a Car

Master never drove a car. Once he did try, he said, "I went on the sidewalk, zigzagging all over the road. The person that was with me never forgot that ride. Sri Yuktswarji had blessed me saying that I would always have someone to take me wherever I wanted to go, and that blessing has never failed."

Working

Master did not need to do manual labor anymore, for he had finished that phase of his training while he was with his Guru in India. He sometimes went out to sweep the sidewalks and the tennis court to be an example to us all, and he stood for hours on end, preparing food and cooking. He never lifted heavy burdens, for he had enough carrying our heavy karmic bundles without adding to the weight. As regarding Master working, when you read his letters to Rajasi for each project he created, and the accompanying history I wrote about each project, you will realize the tremendous will and work he had to exercise, to accomplish all in his short span of life. When he worked, it was with full concentration and will and personal zeal, not for himself but only for his spiritual child, SRF He took the mission his Masters had placed on him, and worked at, with all the intensity of body, mind, and heart, while his soul rejoiced in God-contact to provide the past, present, and future generations of our SRF family and the world, an organization whose teachings are for its own salvation and the world's. Master never told us his plans ahead of time, even if we had to work with him on these plans, for he said that Satan would step in to put a stop to it or change it somehow. After the idea had materialized, then he would tell us what his plans had been. We never knew if he was planning a banquet until he would announce it from the platform two Sundays ahead. He would receive his vision or thought and then silently but surely pursue its materialization. Master writes to Rajasi on May 12, 1950, "Please keep this matter of my going to India, If God wills absolutely secret, my Master always advised secrecy regarding plans."

Movies

Master went to the movies to get away from the telephone or Interviews. He liked westerns, horror, or fighting pictures, for it kept his mind outward more, but most of the time he was in meditation and watching the inner movie of God. In the theater, he liked to have the disciples around him. He would ask the person to move up to make room for one of us, or if we were scattered around, as the people near him would leave, he would have us come over to him, until he had us all around him. He liked

playing by poking this or that one with his cane, and then pretending innocence to the act. Or, he would make little curls of Kleenex and very carefully put them in the disciple's hair who was sitting in front of him. When they would get up without knowing that they had all that paper in their hair, he would have lots of fun. He liked for a short person to sit in the front seat ahead of him, so he could see over them. If a stranger was there and nothing could be done about it, he would move around until he had a short one in front. Naturally, we always gave him the seat that had a short person ahead. If the movies were funny he would laugh so loud, and he would pound his cane and stomp his feet on the floor with laughter. Our Guruji was a happy, playful soul; there was no show or pretense of holiness in his make-up. He used to say, "Why be sad, for when you take up the path towards God, it is a happy event not a sad one, for it is the death of all delusion." He added, "Those that pretend at holiness are usually the ones who have to work hard trying to convince others of their saintliness or holier-than-thou attitude, but those that are genuine don't have to pretend, they need only to be a natural."

Playful

He used to call from his rooms or kitchen window to a disciple that had the rooms below his, and when the disciple put their head out only a little, he used to say, "Come out a little further, I can't see you." And when they did so, he would pour a pan full of water on their heads and then roar with laughter. He was full of mischief and fun. He used to wear scuffs around the house, that is, in his rooms. When he came out into the hallway and saw one or more of us standing in the hall, he would aim with his feet and throw his scuffs at us, and more often than not he would hit a bull's eye, then he would bounce with laughter. When I first came, he asked me to sit at the table with him. He took a long bread knife and made me throw a potato up in the air over the table, and quick as a flash he had cut the potato in two. I continued to throw the potato until there was nothing left of it. He loved to play sleight of hand tricks and many other playful tricks he played on his disciples, and how happy it made him. He would make a pretense of hitting me and then hit the person next to me, or take water in his mouth and squirt it at us. Many playful actions like that helped to keep us balanced, because our activities were constant. To hear him laugh was to laugh also, no matter if we understood or not. He loved to tell jokes and sometimes he would only tell half, and he laughed through the rest of the story. We laughed whether we understood the joke or not for his laughter was so contagious.

Human Traits

When a liberated soul like our beloved Master comes on earth, they deliberately take a human form and hence act like a human. Otherwise, how could we understand them. They come down to our human level, though inwardly they remain on their spiritual level in order to all the better correct our mental and spiritual levels to raise our level of understanding. If they remained aloof, we would not be able to act natural. Thence they could not correct or keep us on the straight and narrow path and show us the pitfalls of the razor's edge. That he condescended to come down to this earth, knowing of greater and better worlds and the sacrifice he had to make for our sake, is truly a miracle. The depth of his and God's love for us, their wayward children.

Radio

There was nothing Master liked better than to be doing things that would push the work forward. He took great pride in his radio talks.

Chanting

Master loved to have sankirtans with us all. He usually played the harmonium and led us in chanting. He played the large drum too. He could make that big drum really boom. His fingers would go like lightning on the tabla drums. He made the esraj talk. Master loved to demonstrate his ability of playing the different instruments. He certainly played them equally well and expressively. When he went into a

deep meditation or samadhi, he usually came out with a new inspiring chant, giving vent in words the depth of his perception. Then he chanted that one over and over again, everyday or during evening time or on other occasions for months on end, as he said, "To spiritualize them," though they were already spiritualized for he had received the words from God. When he chanted, one could feel the meaning he put behind the words for he chanted with his heart and mind, not with just his voice. Sometimes after he made a new chant, he would not chant the old ones for a long time and then, when he did, he would start in a different place and use different words in places, for he had forgotten them. So, we would chant louder, so he would pick up the right note or word and the next time around he would sing it as he used to have it before. Towards the end of his life, he used to chant with the younger generation and we older ones were busy with our respective duties, and we were not able to help him remember the right notes or words. That is the reason so many chant differently.

Travel

Master was a nature lover. He saw beauty in everything and wrote many beautiful poems and impressions through his love for nature in general. One only has to read some of his poems to see that he saw God in all nature. One can read in his Autobiography how he took every opportunity to travel when he was a boy, his love for travel remained with him throughout his life. He was ever ready and eager to travel. I don't believe there were many places in America and India and Europe he did not see. The wandering sanyasin of yore was still predominant in this life, though in the modern means of travel. He loved to see new places and different scenery. Master used to say a person who gives so much of himself for all has to get away from the general routine of events to recharge oneself. Master bought his first housecar in 1930. It was an old one, not the trailer-type they have these days, but the kind where the body is located with the chassis and the motor and all in one piece. Master used the housecar a great deal to get away from telephone calls, Interviews, and to write, travel, and have picnics. We could not always afford hotels, cabins, or restaurants. Wherever we went, we had our cooking equipment handy. We would stop at a nice place or under a tree, pull out all the cooking utensils and foods and cook on an old gasoline stove, which we had to pump every few minutes in order to get any cooking done at all; and the thing smoked, so it took us ages to get the black off the bottom of the pans. Master thoroughly enjoyed those outings and so did we. Master slept in the housecar, which made into a bed. Carson, or the other drivers, slept outside beside the car, and the rest at a good distance away.

We always drove until late at night. When Master wanted to stop, we did so, anywhere. Sometimes it was so dark we could not see where we had parked and the next morning we would find we were almost in someone's backyard.

Master loved to go to the beach. One time we went to Dana Point, California, and parked on the cliff overlooking the sea. We remained there for several days. One afternoon the four of us – that is Master, Karla Schramm, Carson, and myself – were standing in a row looking out at the sea. While we were gazing out to sea, several rays of light slanting towards the ocean appeared in the sky. It was like sunrays piercing through the clouds. One of us mentioned it to Master. He rejoicingly said, "I am glad you are all seeing this miracle from God." It was this occasion that inspired Master to write and compose the chant, "Come Listen to My Soul Song."

Another time in the Palm Springs Canyon, Master washed his hair in the brook and sat on a large rock to meditate, while the warm sun dried his hair. He went into a very deep ecstasy. This occasion also inspired Master to write and compose another one of his chants, "Come Out of the Silent Sky."

Early in 1931, Master left Los Angeles for his campaign in Denver. He took the train and instructed Karla, my brother, and myself to drive the housecar and join him in Denver. After the classes, we drove to Colorado Springs for a vacation. Master had rented a house, which was a minister's residence, who had gone on a month's leave. It was a neat, comfortable house. When we left, Master left his Science of Religion book with his inscription and a thank-you note for the minister and his

wife. Master heard from the minister later, thanking him for the book and saying how pleased they were to find the house in better order than they had left it. During this time, some of the members helped Master buy a convertible, four-seater Ford. How Master thrilled and enjoyed sitting on the very top, using the back seat as a foot stool, taking the full benefit of Colorado's beautiful view. Several members wanted to come back to Los Angeles with Master. He was in his glory to have a caravan follow him, enjoying the sights of Bryce, Zion, and other sights on the way. Late in 1930, Master took a large group on an outing in the housecar. At the end of an enjoyable picnic, before leaving, it was Master's habit to meditate with all. The upholstered seats, when the back was laid down, made into a bed for Master to occupy at night. This was done on this occasion to make more seating capacity. Master was seated in the center with his back against the wall. Several of us were sitting on the edge of the bed on each side of him. Master went into a very deep ecstasy. During the meditation he was warm, took off his coat, and laid it next to him. Much later, Ettie Bletch, who had just arrived at Mt. Washington, and was seated next to me, not knowing that one does not at any time use a guru's clothing on oneself or on other persons, saw that I was cold, took Master's coat, and threw it over my shoulders. The minute it hit my body, I felt like an electric wave penetrated my whole being. When I saw whose coat she had used, I unhesitatingly started to take it off. Master stopped me saying, "Don't take it off." What countless blessings I and the others have received in the presence of this living Christ-like soul, and this incident shows us that vibrations do remain impregnated in the clothing and the surroundings of one who is emerged in God.

This housecar was later given to the Nerodes as a means of transportation and home for their campaign work back East and the Midwest, they later sold it.

In 1934, after Master gave his housecar to the Nerodes, Karla helped him buy a second housecar. This too was the same type as the first, but, in addition, it had a shower, stove, toilet, etc. It was well built, but the chassis and motor were not too good. In March 1935, Master bought a new Dodge chassis. He was contemplating how the body could be transferred onto the new chassis. He looked at me and said, "You do it." To my consternation, I answered, "But Sir, I don't know the first thing about such things." He answered, "You'll know how, I will work with you. Castillo will work with you." I asked Castillo to find a garage that would have a crane to lift the body off the old chassis and place it on the new. He found a garage on Avenue 60 in Highland Park that was equipped for our purpose, I worked day in and day out, side-by-side with Castillo, in grease, oil, and dirt from head to foot. When we started to take the body off the chassis, we found to our astonishment that the body was only held by two bolts. My heart gave a leap, thinking back on how often this housecar had gone up and down Avenue 43, our steep hill, loaded with people and Master. What if these bolts had given way on the hill. I had visions of the body slipping off the chassis and down the hill, while the motor was going upward, but all remained safe in the fortress of God's protection. And now we were removing this hazard by securing it with plenty of bolts. We then found that the body was too long for the chassis. Fortunately, there was an old-fashioned blacksmith next door. I consulted him, he made strong extensions and soldered them to the chassis.

After we drove the housecar back home, I painted the inside and outside of the body. Then Master wanted new spring cushions. I made them myself as well as upholstered them, new curtains, and it was ready for more picnics and trips. Master was made very happy with the results.

Rajasi only went on a short trip around Encinitas with Master and a few of us in the housecar. We still have this housecar body, we hope to dedicate it as a shrine. It is now located in the back of the SRF cafe at Encinitas. God willing it will be done someday.⁷

Master's Personal Part in Our Christmas Activities

Master looked forward with great anticipation towards Christmas. He did not go by an antique shop or pawn shop that he did not stop to look for bargains. He really was able to get many wonderful things

⁷ *This housecar is still located on SRF grounds in Encinitas.*

and would gleefully later tell us, "I got it for a song." He shopped and collected items the year round and stored them in his vault box in his library, and when Christmas came around, he dug into his treasure chest to give it all away. Master had a fascination for something new, and mechanical movements of the toys interested him. He could not resist buying several toys each Christmas for gifts. Master used to give things that were souvenirs instead of practical and useful gifts. He was finally convinced that useful gifts can be used, whereas souvenirs, etc. are put away or can't be used, or sometimes never looked at again. Thereafter, Master delighted in giving practical and useful gifts and would exclaim with joy when he saw his gifts being used when he came in to see Rajasi. In the early years, Master often designed his own spiritual Christmas cards to send to his friends and members.

Master would go on his last-minute Christmas shopping tour when he got home early Christmas Eve. Master and all of us went to the downstairs kitchen to start the elaborate cooking preparations for the next days Christmas dinner. It was 1 or 2 a.m. when we were able to go back upstairs, then Master would want to start wrapping gifts. He sometimes wrapped a few he did not want us to see. He wrote all his gift tags. After finishing and, perhaps, a few hours of sleep, all went downstairs again to finish the dinner for the house members and many invited guests. Master loved festivities. The more people were milling about the house, the more he enjoyed it. He was like a child during the Christmas holidays, for Christmas was always a very gay and joyous event for Master. He liked elaborate decorations and always wanted a large tree in the lobby. Sr. Sailasuta, whom Master put in charge of decorating, certainly did his trust in her ability to decorate a justice. She went all out to give him, and all, the most beautiful decorations, that left one speechless. Master was always so delighted with her superb efforts. She can better tell the processes of our delightful Christmas decorations and programs herself. Master had a small tree in his living room upstairs for himself and a few immediate disciples who daily served him. He had us come to his living room to celebrate his personal Christmas with him, at which time he gave us our gifts and we, ours to him. Master would teasingly say, "No fair peeking," or mischievously say, "Santa Claus is not bringing you anything this Christmas," then we would know that he had already bought our gift. Master liked to give his personal gifts to us last, and always kept the best for the climax.

Christmas Eve, Master, with child-like eagerness, would ten minutes before midnight look every few minutes at his watch, so he could at the stroke of midnight say, "Merry Christmas." Then he would walk up and down the halls saying, "Merry Christmas" to everyone, whether they came out of their rooms or not to respond or not, rejoicing that he was the first one to say "Merry Christmas." For the New Year, we would meditate the old year out and welcome the New Year in with meditation, then he would be the first to say, "Happy New Year."

Master was especially happy if his little boy Rajasi came for Christmas, which was not as often as Guruji wished. Master would sometimes start in July coaxing Rajasi to come for Christmas. Master wanted to feel that Rajasi preferred coming here for Christmas than staying in Kansas City. Why Rajasi could not often come for Christmas is explained in his biography. If Rajasi could not come, Master would insist that we leave the tree up until he did come. Once we kept the poor tree until it was only a skeleton. Finally, it had to be taken down. Then when Rajasi came in April, Master had a small artificial tree decorated in his Encinitas drawing room, and it was Christmas all over again for Master and Rajasi and the few of us, but it was Rajasi who got all the gifts. The house members' exchange of gifts were delivered to each ones door Christmas Eve. It was and still is a joyous feeling to hear the patter of feet going up and down the halls leaving brightly wrapped gifts at each door. Gifts for Master from all were placed under the lobby tree. At the Christmas dinner table, Master was always the perfect host and a good speech entertainer. The guests that flanked him on both sides, and all, glowed with happiness being in his presence. He would walk all around the tables greeting and talking to each one, no one was missed, and blessed by his thoughtful gesture. After eating, Master usually gave an inspiring talk, thanking each one by name for his or her part in making this dinner a success. He was always profuse with his praises and appreciative of the least little effort made. He then chanted; a short meditation, and then he'd put his orange shawl over his shoulders and play Santa Claus and gave his gifts to each

one and opened his own gifts from friends and members. It took hours to wade through all that. One of us would hand him one gift and tell him whom it was for and he in turn called their names. If they did not open their gifts fast enough, he would rip the ribbon and paper off to help them and was made happy when the receiver showed joy over his gift. If there were more guests than gifts, Master would whisper his instructions to get so and so, from here or there, wrap it, and bring it down for so and so. No one went empty-handed from our Christmas celebrations. During the last years of Master's life, his gifts from friends and members were too numerous to open downstairs. They were placed under his personal upstairs tree and he would open them at his leisure and enjoyed it much more, for he had time to really see and appreciate the gifts before they were put away. Master's enthusiasm and joyous spirit was contagious, his joy spread throughout the house. Christmas with Master was a memorable one. Mt. Washington had the reputation of having the happiest and the most joyous Christmas atmosphere, everyone felt the real Christ Spirit, for we also had a living Christ in our midst.

Having Christmas at our headquarters was a tradition. Master did not, nor would not, have Christmas anywhere else. The same applied to the Christmas all-day meditation. He started it on December 24, 1932. It was such a beautiful, spiritual event, that Master made it a tradition. In later years, someone suggested that it would make it easier to decorate, finish wrapping, and prepare dinner, etc., if the meditation was on the 23rd. After much persuasion, he condescended to have it on the 23rd once. That day, Jesus appeared to Master much more often than at any other previous times and the experience was so great that Master definitely felt that the 23rd was more pleasing to Jesus than the 24th. Therefore, the 23rd was definitely established. Master set the pattern that is now followed.

When Master deeply prayed, the magnetism of his words penetrated our minds, and when he played on the harmonium and chanted, he pulled our hearts and minds along with him to deeper depths. I played the big drum and Daya the cymbals. He would signal when he wanted us to play and when to play louder or faster. This became a tradition, as well as my singing Master's song, "Divine Love Sorrows."

Those meditation days with Master were not only deeply imprinted in our conscious minds, but also in the archives of the subconscious, and went still deeper into the superconscious mind to eradicate numerous past, present, and, I hope, future psychological knots. We had to be very unwell not to go to the meditation. When Master would mention that he saw Jesus, the vibrations were tremendous. I quote an excerpt of a letter Master wrote to Rajasi on December 17, 1943, "I thought I would never come out of ecstasy. It was eight hours long. Jesus came three times as a child in the crib of light, and as a young man, and twice as he looked before the crucifixion. In His eyes trembled the command of the universe, it was a wonderful meditation and I felt your Spirit with me."

Since the departure of our beloved Master from this earthly abode, he makes himself felt throughout the holidays and is very definitely present amongst us. I know, without the shadow of a doubt, that he comes to the pure in heart and mind and fills the soul with His Omnipresent love.

Babaji's Message

Soon after Brahmachari Premeswar's arrival from India at Encinitas, Master called us to his room. He was sitting on the edge of his bed holding one hand over the other. We sat on the floor before him. He related this story to us. Just before Premeswar (later called Swami Beyonanda) embarked for America, a disciple of Sri Yukteswarji came to Premeswar and gave him this message to bring to our Master in America, "As a group of us was standing in a field, we suddenly felt a gust of wind. It swept the other men away except me. As I stood alone in amazement, Babaji appeared before me. I heard Babaji's melodious voice say, 'Tell Premeswar to take this seed to Yogananda in America. Yogananda will understand its significance.' With this Babaji disappeared." Upon his arrival in Encinitas, Premeswar told Master the circumstances and message and delivered the seed. After telling us this, Master opened his hands. Lying in the palm of his sacred hands was a seed the size of a thumbnail, shaped into the head of a hooded cobra. Master placed the sacred seed to each of our spiritual eyes. As it touched me, I

felt a tremendous spiritual force entered my head and with it, a subtle spiritual burning sensation lasted for a long time afterwards. It is still in Encinitas where Master placed it.

Touched Master's Feet

It was only when Premeswar came to Encinitas that we noticed that he touched Master's feet and then touched his own forehead, as a mark of respect to one's Guru. This was the first time we had seen this gesture. Therefore, each one followed suit, our mornings' greeting and goodnight to Guruji was to take the dust of his feet. Master was so humble, he never told us this Indian custom of taking the dust of the Guru's feet, nor did he ever refer to himself as our Guru, but as a friend. He never corrected us when we did not know the proper actions regarding a Guru. I remember when I first sat next to Master, I said, "Why is it that every time I come in your presence, I want to kneel before you?" He did not say a word, but only pointed to the spiritual eye. We were so blessedly Ignorant on how to treat a great Guru, only by observing a few things, like Premeswar touching Master's feet, did we begin to learn at least a few respectful actions towards one's Guru.

Master's Birthdays Celebrations

I am often appalled at our American ignorance towards spiritual personages. The same with his birthdays. He would not tell, after finding ones Guru, that one is supposed to forsake all other relationships and worship only his sacred birthdays. Do you think he would tell us that? Only once he mentioned it to me, saying, "In India only the Guru's birthdays are celebrated." Nor would he tell us how to celebrate it. In India, they pour everything at the Guru's feet. Premeswar told Sr. Sailasuta how to do it, but she found while she was in India that Premeswar did not tell her the half of it, not as much as they do in India. So again, we went our ignorant ways. He said, "Since you celebrate my birthday, you must celebrate each other's," but again, it was his great humbleness that made him say that.

Prejudice

Master, being a man of God, regarded all as God's children. He was able to mentally push aside many people's prejudices, instances where someone expressed prejudice, because he was from India. Master often told this story, that once he had to share a train seat with a man. As he sat down, he came face-to-face with Warner Oland, the actor, who did not try to conceal his displeasure of sharing his seat and facing a Hindu. Master finally spoke to him, but there was no response. Master said, "Can't you look more pleasant?" The actor said, "It's none of your business." Master replied, "It is too my business, for I have to sit facing you and look at that sour face of yours." The actor burst out in laughter. This gave Master the chance he was looking for to help him. He said, "Isn't it true that everyone has some craziness, those who are of the same craziness, they are at one with each other, but if different crazy people get together, they find out their craziness. I know your craziness, which is that of acting, but you don't know my craziness, which is to be crazy about God. Let us make a wager. If you can prove that your craziness is better than my craziness, I will become an actor, but if I can prove to you that my craziness is better, then you will have to follow me." Master ended by saying that he was "spared from becoming a movie actor." Mr. Oland followed this path and even predicted his own death.

Master took some of us to Catalina Island. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis were with us. We stepped into a restaurant to eat. The place was empty, the hostess quickly came over to say that there were no tables available. I never was so hurt in my life. To think that a Christ had stepped into this place and was refused a table. Master, without a word, turned and went out. I went to the lady and gave her a piece of my mind and told her that I suppose if Jesus Christ entered here, he too would be refused a table. I also told her that Master was one of India's greatest men and turned away. Our blessed Master, whenever he found that someone was prejudiced, he would return to that person again and again, until he had won them over, and then he wouldn't go again. He could not see souls make tools of themselves because of different countries, religion, etc., for he had often said that those who hate any

nation, will be born in that country until they learn to love it; and, since all were God's children, hatred should have no room in anyone's heart or mind.

Emotions

Master's heart was so tender, if someone died, he cried deeply, and would say, "Why did the Lord take him or her away," he was so human. Woody's father suddenly passed away, while Master was talking to his wife on the phone. When he put the phone down he profusely cried. Woody said, "I can't cry," then I knew Master had taken her sorrow and did the crying for her.

In 1946, when Rajasi's life was in danger, Master sat in his room most of the time, praying night and day. After months of anxiety, Rajasi came to the hermitage. Master gave a welcome home dinner. We were all seated at the table. Master started to say how happy he was that Rajasi had come. He could not finish his sentence for his voice choked with emotion, and blessed little Master tried to hide his eyes behind his one hand. When we saw those dear tears fall down his cheeks, we could not help but emotionally join him, including Rajasi. He soon controlled his emotions and began to eat. Soon thereafter, he was his usual conversationalist. I have often seen that blessed soul give way to tears, though they were not excessive, but genuinely tender. He was human enough to be able to express other emotions, such as anxiety, worry over others, and the organizations trials and tribulations. It was such a divine thing to me to see that such a great Christ-like soul as our Master has human actions and reactions. It made him all the dearer to my eyes. He was never overwhelmed by them, but had them in perfect control and only gave vent to just a little and could control them at a minute's notice.

Om Sound from His Feet

When Master was away, even if I was asleep, I could always tell he would soon arrive, for I could hear the Om sound. At first, I did not connect the Om sound with Master's arrival, but I soon learned that after I heard the Om, Master would soon appear either at Mt. Washington or Encinitas hermitage. The same thing happened if I sat quietly on the floor at his feet. I could hear the Om coming from his feet. One day, after we had meditated with Master, he asked each one of us to put our ear to his head. Just as plain as if I heard it in my own head was the sound of the bumblebee astral sound of the coccygeal center, Master said, "This is very unusual, for one can hear ones own bumblebee sound, but never anyone else's, all of us heard the same sound."

Trees

Master dearly loved trees and would not allow any of them to be cut down. It was hard even to let trimming be done, he loved them so well.

Loyalty

Master was the most loyal person I have ever, and have yet to meet. His first loyalty was to God, next to His Masters, their work, then to those who loyally served him and the work, directly or indirectly, and to those whom he called his friends. He was loyal to the bone to his native India, his adopted country, America, and to places and things that served God's purpose. Master often used to tell us, "If all the gods are pleased, but the Guru is displeased, his displeasure counts, and if all the gods are displeased, but the Guru is pleased, his pleasure shall be your raft to His Infinite shores." This too means unconditional loyalty. Master was the very personification of loyalty.

Healing

Master believed that doctors do wonderful work and would send those who needed medical attention to doctors, or those he felt had more faith in doctors than in divine healing. He gives his thought in regard to healing in his lessons. Once he told us the story of a man who came to him for healing. After meditation on the mans troubles, Master told the man that he had better get all his teeth pulled, that his

whole mouth and body were infected from his infected teeth. The man said angrily, "I came here for a healing and you tell me to have all my teeth taken out. I will go where I can be healed without such a drastic measure." The man went to another healer and very shortly thereafter, Master heard that this man had died of poisoning from his infected teeth. This is only one example of Master's practical and divine ways.

In everything he understood, in any line. He said yogis are more susceptible to colds because their concentration is more in the head than elsewhere and Satan attacks the yogi in that way to stop the yogi from meditating. Master was always on the lookout for a remedy to cure the common cold. He would first try the remedy on himself. He could vividly analyze its reactions on his own body first. We at Mt. Washington had to wear a mask when we had colds, not to spread it to others in the house. When Master had a cold, those of us who served him all had to wear a mask. He was subjected to many people with colds through his Interviews. Sometimes he would take it over and then his cold would be severe, but it never stopped him from working, for he always looked upon his body as apart from himself. He strictly adhered to the medical laws and never advised others what medicine to take or not take.

Taking Suffering on Himself

From the year that Master landed in America as a religious delegate in Boston in 1920, he continuously went on one lecture tour after another, night after night, day after day, constantly on the go from one city to another, giving lectures and classes and Interviews. He worked himself mercilessly and without respite. All through these years from 1920 to 1934, when he stopped campaigning, he told us that Divine Mother had told him that she would keep his body well and strong and would not allow him to take the diseases and suffering of others on his own body. But when he stopped his lectures and classes to remain at the headquarters, she permitted him to take the karma of others on his body. At first the suffering was spasmodic, but as he continued to heal and took more and more throughout the years, his body suffered sometimes more intensely than other times; but nevertheless, the suffering increased and took its price on that sacred body, which was offered on the altar of God as a sacrificial lamb. He would not of himself take any medicines or rub salves or eat certain healthful food, unless someone suggested it for him, or if God told him directly, or indirectly through others. In fact, he was merciless with his body, never looking for its comforts. If someone suggested something as a remedy, he would say, "If you think so, go ahead and do it." He never allowed us to complain about our bodies either, or even say we were tired. When I asked him what to say when we were tired, he explained, "When you admit you have something, it becomes so, and weakens your will; therefore, it slows the flow of energy into the body and consciousness, to say you are in need of rest is best for it means that is only temporary and a little rest will help, while the other saying your tired is final." I remember when he bought the wishing well, he went with our men to pick it up. They had to carry it to the curb to put it in the truck. It started to fall, Master held it up, but as he did so, he stepped off the curb and severely sprained his ankle. It swelled immediately. He had a class that night and for the next several days. That night he did not have to take off his shoe, and gave his class, but the next night when he came to put his shoe on again, there was no room in the shoe for his swollen foot. One of us suggested that he not give his class. He was unhappy that we would even suggest such a thing. I saw him force that swollen foot in that shoe. He could not even lace it. While someone was helping him to the back hallway to the door of the classroom, he was thinking, "How am I going to walk in there without limping in front of all those people?" He said he made a supreme effort and opened the door. As he stepped into the doorway, he suddenly felt his foot become normal and went into his shoe with a thud and he walked into the classroom without a sign of a sprained foot. That, he said, was a direct healing from Divine Mother. He said it was Divine Mother's test to see if he would go on teaching in spite of the sore foot and placed complete trust in Her and when she saw that he completely trusted Her, she completely healed his foot and nobody knew that he had anything wrong with his ankle.

Master, being a man of God, had tremendous healing powers. I know from my and numerous

others, which was very evident by the suffering he himself endured on his own body for our sake. He did not only heal the body of disease, but also the mind of its psychological knots and ignorance from our souls, accumulated from our past and present lives.

Demands for prayers from Master were many-sided. For instance, once a woman asked him saying, "Swami, please pray that the stock goes down." Master answered, "What about all those people who are praying for the stocks to go up, this is not a legitimate prayer. I cannot pray for you." Then the woman said, "Then pray that I get out of it somehow." "That," Master said, "is a legitimate prayer." Through his prayers, she did get out of it without throwing the rest of the stock market and the world upside-down with her own demands. Master kept Sr. Gyanamata alive for twenty or more years by his Will. Once she fell and broke her finger. Master wanted her to go to a doctor for an x-ray, but she answered, "You are my only doctor." The next morning, she told us how during the night, she actually felt the finger being pulled and set in place. Master insisted that she have a x-ray taken for her family's benefit, so they would not have any Comeback. There was no sign of a break. It had been a complete and instantaneous healing. Master was always cautious in that respect, because the medical profession would like nothing better than to get something on a spiritual healer. The thousand and one results of Master's healing powers are far too numerous to put down on paper or even remember. It is at a time like this that I wish I had kept a record of the wonderful healings Master performed through Gods all-encompassing power.

Regarding Master's Love

God was Master's first, second, and last love and his only child was the cause of SRF. And for the past, present, and future disciples, his first thought was to take the disciples as far as they wanted to go and some further in spite of themselves. Master's kindness and ever-ready vigilance was always on the alert to correct and bring us back to our one-pointedness towards God. The only time he showed displeasure was when we acted other than the ideal he placed before his inner sight for us. Once when I had done something that displeased him, I said, "Sir, you must hate me for this." He answered, "I don't hate you, I hate your actions." He separated the action from the soul, for he used to tell us that our bad habits are only grafts, that we grafted on our perfect bearing tree, and if we repeat the action the graft takes hold and bears fruit, but if we don't let the graft take root, the branch dries up and eventually falls. He did not want us to repeat our mistakes. That is why he was so strict with us. We who had given him the privilege to do so. With those whom he thought could not take it, he did not correct in the same way.

Regarding Helping Others

He used to say to all in the house, "When you are all asleep, I mentally go through each ones room and see how you are subconsciously fairing and help you in that way. I know each one's mind. I feel each ones thoughts and reactions. I know your moods and the reason for your moods. Some I can correct, but there are others who won't let me. Those that are willing, receive it. Those that don't, shut me out. That is why I can take you only as far as you want to go. The willingness of the soul is what makes the difference. You may think you are willing, but let a little opposition occur and the willingness flies out of the minds window." Master hated moods above all other bad habits. He used to say, "When I see you are making an effort to change and are remorseful of your wrong actions and really feel it in your hearts, then I am rewarded." Even when we said we were sorry, he usually could tell if it came from the heart or just from the lips. If the latter, he used to say, "So you think because you say, I am sorry, that is enough for my forgiveness. Not so! The remorse must come from the heart and acted upon, so I can see you mean it and not just from empty words. Then I will forgive you, not until then." But our little Master forgave even if we did not deserve it, for he was like a living Mother. When he was stern and reasoned, he was like a father. He was always the truest of friends and the Guru when deep spiritual correcting and discipline were in order. The psychological slaps he gave us were our greatest blessings. He was more like a mother, ever tender, and rewarded us with a kind word or praise, still the spiritual

and psychological slaps were our greatest blessings, for they awoke in us the willingness and the determination to mend our ways, that we may reach our natural inheritance, God. Master loved all Gods children equally. Though the expression of that love was expressed differently, because, as he often said, "Each one of you are like the fingers of my hand. Each finger has its particular strength to perform its individual duties, but each finger is equally valuable to make the hand whole." We were like his children, and like a father or mother, the disciplinarian was constantly vigilant in his guidance, guarding our behavior and teaching us Intuition. Sometimes he would ask us for a certain article and call it by a different name, which had no bearing to the article, just to see if we would intuitively receive his thought. This way he developed our Intuition. When we did not concentrate on what we were doing, he would say, "If you put all your mind on what you are doing, it will soon be done and it will take less time." Or, if we said, "I don't know how to do this, Sir," he would answer, "Start and I will work through your body and mind." Master did not take 'no' for an answer if he felt that we should make stronger effort.

Master used to keep us so busy all the time, no matter how many of us were around him, he managed to keep everyone busy. One day I asked, "Sir, when will we be able to stay still long enough to enjoy God?" He gave no answer. We now know that it was to create a balanced life.

Master seldom answered our inquisition about spiritual matters. They would be answered, however, when he gave his lecture, or he would answer them so we could receive them intuitively, in order to train us to receive without the spoken word, but from within. He sometimes would answer us in a dream, or he would test our inner tendencies through dreams. For instance, if he wanted to know if one had overcome anger, he would make you dream about anger, which would make your inner self respond to the dream. If you responded angrily in your dream, then you hadn't overcome, but if you did not become angry, he knew that you had overcome and anger was not present in your subconscious mind, for you would become conscious of your own reaction in the dream, so that you knew yourself if you had overcome or not.

It was and still is a good thing that Master's love is unconditional, to withstand and overlook all our shortcomings and be able to forgive and forget. He was like mother, no matter what the child did consciously or subconsciously, the mother corrects and forgives because she sees that it does not know any better and hopes that the lesson will teach it sufficiently so the child won't repeat the same mistakes. He wanted this same unconditional love from us. He wanted our love in spite of his discipline to us, whether he showed human or divine traits, mistakes or not, rich or poverty, whether he rewarded or corrected us. Not that he needed our unconditional love for his own salvation, but because he could take us further, if love prevailed. But with Rajasi, he showed only love without outward discipline. Rajasi received his discipline in other ways, for Master could and would express his love to Rajasi. Master has said that a Master usually always brings the same immediate disciples with him when he reincarnates to help the world. Once when I was telling him that I did not want to come back to this earth again, he looked down upon me saying, "You don't want to come back to help me?" What could I say but consent?

Master bore a deep love for Dhirananda, a disciple he had trained in India and brought to this country to help him with his SRF work in America. In 1925, when Master bought the headquarters, he placed Dhirananda in charge of the headquarters. In the summer of 1929, Master was deeply hurt when Dhirananda, whom he loved so dearly, turned from love and struck out independently and finally left the religious life to marry. Master went to Mexico to forget and we thought he would never come back, but the Lord mended Master's wounded heart. Then he composed the chant, "My Lord I Will Be Thine Always." He came back to take personal charge of the headquarters, and he often said that the Lord brought him back, because the Lord had a little boy hidden in Kansas City in the form of Rajasi Janakananda for him to love a million times more than he could love Dhirananda. One who never disappointed him either in action, deed, or thought, one to whom he could outwardly express his love and receive love in return. Though Master said he would never mentally forsake Dhirananda, just as Jesus had his Judas, so Master had two, one in Dhirananda and the other in Nerode, but he said his

dose disciples made up for all the Judases that the Lord would send to test him with. It was such a sweet sight to see the deep love that Master bore for Rajasi. It was the sweetest, most tender love that any mother or father could ever have for their child. Master and Rajasi embraced and greeted each other as if it was their first meeting. Master used to rub Rajasi's chest over the heart. When Rajasi would do something for the cause that pleased Master, he would rub Rajasi's chest all the faster and for long periods. With closed eyes Rajasi would melt in his Master's loving caresses. This divine friendship was in its purest form. They walked hand in hand, talking, laughing, or having spiritual discussions.

Master's sensitive and loving nature sensed long before we did if there was something physically or mentally disturbing us. I asked Master a question, "Sir, you tell us that we must help souls to find God, how does my gold leafing help others?" His answer was, "Souls will be attracted by its glowing beauty like a moth to a flame and will want to come in the church. There they will find within the walls of outward beauty, Gods reigning beauty within. Someday you will know what I mean." Since 1942, I have had countless occasions to hear members say that they were drawn by the glow and uniqueness of the church and could not help but go in, became converts, or some were healed of body, mind, and soul. It goes to prove that one does not have to preach a sermon or teach directly to help others. Each pure, unselfish act performed is known to the Guru and God and you reap accordingly. Our beloved Master's love to express beauty in all he created was only to draw souls into Gods eternal flame.

I always felt even when my body was very weary, whenever I came near Master's presence, I could feel the fatigue leave my body. He always used to say, "Those who are around me can never be sick, because my vibrations coming from God wont let them." Of course, in later years we did suffer many things, because our load caught up with us.

I would like to quote a few of Master's excerpts here that he wrote to Rajasi about himself. If you will read the rest of the excerpts in this file regarding his personal struggles for the organization as well as his own suffering, and above all his wonderful spiritual experiences, you will find the real soul behind the outward form.

MAY 13, 1937 – I prayed for the dying Sr. Radharani in India, little response I received from the Father when I prayed for her. Who knows best about the dispensation of lives. However, I am praying hard. Some exact reverberations of her troubles I got in my body whenever I prayed. However, the Divine does what is best about one and would do best for her.

Also read letter May 25 – June 15, 1937, for more of his sufferings and why.

MAY 12, 1941 – I am with you and SRF and I will give my blood for the happiness of you all.

JULY 23, 1942 – With deepest love inexpressible to you, my dearest beloved one, the most gentlemanly, the greatest loving friend on earth for whom I can endure all the crucifixions on earth such as: 1 – the death of my mother, 2 – leaving Master in India and his passing; 3 – Dhirananda's betrayal and Miami crucifixion; 4 – Nerode betrayal; 5 – First landslide and major disaster to my heart's dream, Golden Lotus temple of all religions. Imagine you were present in both of my agonies, God kept you there, as none could console me but you. My most beloved one which I have written all my endearing terms for they are futile for nothing can express what I feel, please ask me, test me if you want, there is no sacrifice I cannot undergo if it would help you, even my life is at your disposal for your salvation.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1943 – It makes me sad when I don't see you for long and foolish fears invade my heart. That is the last cord, which holds me to this earth and partly to establish His work to help others.

APRIL 22, 1944 – I don't pray for myself, for me to pray would be to doubt Divine Mother. I

only wish the preservation of the body to have the joy of meditating with you, serving SRF, and being with a few devotees.

AUGUST 22, 1945 – Even Jesus had his Judas, and my humble self had his Judases in Dhirananda and Nerode. I test each one before I give my love, even then Satan tries to squirm in and gives me trouble, I never had to test you, from the very first our souls clicked together in God.

NOVEMBER 13, 1945 – I have followed stricken souls when they go out during finality of earthly life. But your path is straight and smooth, and all your difficulties I shall try to take, for I have to bear much yet to pass the final test. I am fully prepared, life and death are dreams to me and I and the Eternal joyous Spirit are one.

MARCH 8, 1946 – I have given my body to God, if body is ill and God tells me to take physical aid I will, if not, I die in Him to live forever.

MARCH 21, 1946 – It has been a terrible test for me too, for I have always felt I would not like to live without you, I have always wanted to go before you. I have killed Yogananda long ago, I let God guide me and I can only tell when asked, if I force anything from the Divine would not work through me.

OCTOBER 16, 1946 – God has given me much responsibility about you especially in the last chapter of life.

OCTOBER 9, 1951 – I pictured myself, and God forbid yourself away from this earth, and watching what SRF Board would be doing and how it would be carrying on the work of SRF. I have pretty nearly finished my spiritual work.

NOVEMBER 8 – NOVEMBER 28, 1951 – I am trying to give part of my life to prolong yours.

Master's Suffering for Others

One day I asked Master, "Sir, I read an article about Therese Newmann wherein she took upon her own body the bad habits of priests, etc. Some days her breath and body oozed the smell of cigarette smoke or liquor, although she hadn't taken either one of these items. Could you please explain this to me." His answer was, "Those who help other souls, do not only take others physical diseases but also takes on such habits as eating, drinking, jealousies, anger, greed and all other psychological tendencies as well. They sometimes, the healer, has to act out those particular tendencies in their own bodies or actions." Master intimated that each consecutive disciple that came to him had different habits and in order to help him or her break that habit, he used himself as the shock absorber and took upon himself the consequences of the actions or diseases, etc.

Even though he scolded us and showed great anger or anxiety, if we looked straight into his eyes, we could see a little glimmer of a smile in the corner of his eyes. And, if we would look long enough and smiled even though he was scolding, we could see the corners of his mouth would go up and he couldn't help but smile, because he never had anger inside. It was just a play to be able to correct us, or to teach us a lesson. He had nothing but joy and bliss inside. He had nothing but our own interest at heart and his greatest interest was that we would find God and that we would keep on the straight and narrow path and he would always watch us so carefully, and thank God he did. What would we have done or be today if he hadn't been so patient, so tolerant, and so forgiving.

Our beloved Master was sometimes criticized for some of his actions. If only those who criticized

him knew that they might have been the very ones whose actions he had taken upon himself. Master had no personal bad habits. If he did act one out, it was one of our faults, for we had so many. Such a Christ-like Master we had, that he so loved his spiritual children that he sacrificed and crucified his body on the cross of suffering for our sake. May we ever remember and never repeat our sins for love of him who loved us so greatly, for our beloved Master suffered intensely for our sins of the past, present, and future. I will relate a few instances of those whose karma he took. In 1931, some woman made a nasty remark about the boy Master had as a driver at that time. She intimated that his dimpled face was the results of venereal disease. Master defended the boy by saying, "That is not so, tomorrow his face will be cleared." The next day, the boy's face was clear of all dimples and traces of them.

Master took it all in one spot on his ankle. He still had it in 1950, then it completely disappeared. Master told us that one of his earthly sisters was paralyzed from the waist down and would never walk again. While he was in India in 1935, the Lord told him what to do to help his sister. Master told her that if she went to a certain place and instructed her thus, "If you can, with the help of others, get on your lifeless legs and walk about a mile to this pilgrimage shrine, your legs will be healed." She with all the will she could muster, screeching with pain at each effort, finally got to the shrine and her legs were made whole; but, of course, not without a price that was paid by our beloved Master's legs. He began to suffer with them in India and to the end of his days, more intense at one time than others but nevertheless extremely painful. He never complained, though he felt the pains keenly. He jokingly called his legs old tires. We did not know whose karma he had taken, until one day I was alone with him. He was talking about his earthly sisters suffering with her legs. I exclaimed, "Now I know for whom you are suffering for with your legs. It is your sisters affliction you took." He shyly answered, "Well, it helped her." Mrs. Mildred Lewis had a very enlarged heart and for years suffered with it. I directly asked him if he had taken Mrs. Lewis' heart condition on himself, shyly bowing his head in admission.

Master would never tell whose suffering he took upon himself and only on these few occasions did he admit when questioned that it was so. And I know that each one of his disciples had a large share of bad karma, which he lifted to his own shoulders. Proof of it was when he said to us, "I am suffering that all of you may not suffer." If he had an interview in the evening or afternoon, even if he suffered all through the night and day, he would get up from his bed of thorns, dress, and have us take him to the interview room before the person came in. When the person entered, Master's face showed no sign of previous suffering and he sat for hours talking, laughing, and helping that soul. The person sitting before Master never suspected that our blessed Master had suffered all night and day, or that our Master's legs were swollen twice their size and he had forced his shoe on to interview him or her.

Sometimes when his legs pained intensely, he would have us play his Indian records. They were either in Bengali or Sanskrit. There were several that he especially liked. He would have those played over and over again, sometimes all night or late into the night. And each time he seemed to enjoy it more than the time before. At different words of the song, he would make gestures with his arms as if offering blossoms at the Lord's Feet and his face would light up and would say with joy, "Ah!" One could see the joy of the Lord's contact in his sweet loving face and eyes. The suffering would leave his face and one could not notice any signs of pain. When the load became too heavy for His sacred body, Divine Mother lifted the load and Master went to the weightless astral world.

Master's Eyes

I would like to end my writing with our beloved Guruji's eyes, for they were truly the Windows of his soul. Master's forehead was broad and well-formed with perfectly arched brows that framed a beautiful nose and two large, dark, lotus, expressive eyes that would change expression according to the different moods or roles that he played at any particular time; mischievous when playful; fire when he became the disciplinarian; reason when he took the part of a father; tenderness when that of a mother; sadness and tears when sympathetic; wisdom when he taught; distant when his mind was beyond this planet. Eyes that would magnetically heal the body of disease, the mind of psychological knots, the soul of

ignorance. Eyes that could see even what our words could not say. Eyes that went beyond the physical and penetrated through the individuals mind and soul to see what even we did not know or see for ourselves. Eyes that sparked with Will when he concentrated for SRF's progress. Eyes that saw the beauty in all nature. Eyes that were ever on the alert for souls that God wanted him to help. Eyes that were capable of seeing the darker side of our nature, but refused to look at them, to only concentrate on our good qualities. Eyes of determination that could overcome any obstacles. Eyes that sent out flames to burn out the draught of delusion and dryness of the soul. And above all, eyes that only had sight and love for his only Father, Mother, Beloved God.

End Quotation

I will quote an excerpt from Master's letter to Rajasi of their life here, as well as the great beyond together.

AUGUST 7, 1938 – Blessed Beloved Little One. Like a fire mist, we will spread through the heart of life and death, lightning and thunder, disaster, health and all dualities, our Cosmic skin will be the sky and the shining pores of the stars. We will wear the milky way as a garland and zoom through endlessness without a crash. Unafraid of drowning, disease, accident, poverty, sickness, and we will whirl the soul flame over Eternal Omnipresence ever expanding it. Then we will make the soul flame a point of light and we will pass unseen to the pores of atoms, earth, ocean, and trees all will be lights trembling before our light, all consumed in our light, sprouting in our light, dying and breathing in us, for we will be the beam of Creation coming out of the heart-booth of God showing to all, the motion picture of the Cosmos. As I write I see all this, all or little momentary dream problems are already solved. This is Maya. The sublime has to be obtained and the sublime attitude of unchanging consciousness has to be maintained and won in the whirlpool of earthly dream problems. The dream will be a dream to you by tuning in the consciousness with Him who through Gods help has realized all this as a dream. Master your will and encourage; destroy this dream by one blow of your wakefulness, and hands of God and the gurus are lifting you to the sphere of Eternally joyful sphere of dreamlessness.

– **Paramhansa Yogananda**

*I bow to our Guruji's Omnipresent Self
Sr. Ma Durga
(Sri Durga Mata)*

Sheet Music

MELT ME IN ECSTASY

Words and Music by Sri Durga Mata

Babaji, come to me! Babaji, come to me!
Melt Thou my Spine in Thee evermore.
Come to me, Babaji, come to me.
Babaji, come to me!
Babaji, oh! give me
That majic spark from Thee evermore.
Come to me, oh! give me Samadhi.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.

Lahiri Mahsayji, Lahiri Mahsayji!
Melt Thou my Heart in Thee evermore.
Lahiri Mahsayji, come to me!
Lahiri Mahsayji,
Come to me, oh! give me
That majic spark from Thee evermore.
Come to me, oh! give me Samadhi.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.

Sri Yukteswarji, Sri Yukteswarji!
Melt Thou my Mind in Thee evermore.
Come to me, Sri Yukteswarji!
Sri Yukteswarji,
Come to me, oh! give me
That majic spark from Thee evermore.
Come to me, oh! give me Samadhi.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.

Gurudev, come to me! Gurudev, come to me!
Melt Thou my All in Thee evermore.
Gurudev, Gurudev, come to me!
Gurudev, come to me!
Gurudev, oh! give me
That majic spark from Thee evermore.
Come to me, oh! give me Samadhi.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.
Oh! melt me in ecstasy.

* * *

LORD, DANCE WITH ME

Words and Music by Sri Durga Mata

My Lord, I love Thee evermore.
My Lord, come dance with me.
My Lord, dance with me throughout eternity.

* * *

MASTER, COME TO ME

Words and Music by Sri Durga Mata

Beloved Master, come unto me.
Leave not my sight for I love Thee.

* * *

CHANT TO THE MASTERS

Words and Music by Sri Durga Mata

Oh, great Babaji,
Lahiri Mahsayaji,
Master Sri Yukteswarji,
And my Guruji.

Take possession of my Body,
Take possession of my Heart,
Take possession of my Mind,
Take possession of my Soul.

Make my body Omnipresent,
Fill my heart with divine love,
Let my thoughts reflect Thy wisdom,
Let my soul shine with Thy Light.