

Copy Peer's letter to us - -

??

Dearest Sunya

In this letter I must tell you that I have sailed away to a far off place, a place which cannot be described in words. To describe it is to pollute it. The steamer on which I sailed is a very powerful one but it rolls hard in the sea if the weather is stormy. The place is called by many names, but still no name can cover its Reality. Some use to call the place Nirvaha, other Satchitananda or Nirgun Brahman, some call it God or Self, other pure consciousness or the ego-less state. To describe it is to put up a big wall before it. The name of the steamer is Mind: Prana with the help of which one reaches that place, which for the jiva-ego seems so far away but really speaking, it is nearer than ones own breath. If the sea-weather is stormy the steamer will roll badly in the samudric ocean.

By now you must understand the art of my sailing and why I have been so silent. Let me tell you what happened - : The same day as I was going back to North India I visited the theosophical library at Adyar, and while walking in the garden Sri Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi appeared before me. He asked me to follow Him. I went along the sea-coast to a little place, where I sat down for contemplation. There Sri Bhagavan's voice told me that my only duty (dharma) from now onwards was the Self. Further He gave me some upadesha (guiding advice or illuminating instructions), which I followed for some days.

2 One night between 12 and 2 Kundalini
rose to Sahasrara and the jiva merged into
the Self. On account of the source I was from
the waves of the sea I was brought back to
body: consciousness, otherwise I should have
left my body - because in that state there is
no one to come back and no one to make
any effort. After having regained body awareness
I discovered that I had lost all my memory,
all events before the time of Sri Bhagavan's
appearance in the garden, had gone out of my
mind. Friends who had been very close to me
looked like strangers. People whom I thought
I had never met before came and told me
that we had met in Madras only a few days
before. Everyone and every thing looked so new
and strange and unreal. Now I am getting
back my memory, but mostly recollections connected
with spiritual experience and deep love. That
is why I am writing to you, because those
who are near my heart turn up again in this
mind, which is so very different from the previous one.

The village: people here have built a little
hut for me, but there is no post office in this little
fishing village, the name of which I do not even
know, so I cannot give you any address yet.
I don't think any post-man will take the
trouble to come down to the sandy beach,
but I shall let you know later.

With all my love.
Ramanagiri in Jinn.