



8 May 2000

UNITED NATIONS:



the Heart-Home
of the World-Body

We believe and we hold that each man has the potentiality of reaching the Ultimate Truth. We also believe that man cannot and will not remain imperfect forever. Each man is an instrument of God. When the hour strikes, each individual soul listens to the inner dictates of God. When man listens to God, his imperfections are turned into perfections, his ignorance into knowledge, his searching mind into revealing light and his uncertain reality into all-fulfilling Divinity.

My dear and highly esteemed Brother-Friend
Humayun Rasheed Choudhury,
Pride of Bangladesh-Heart,



No words can adequately express my life's gratitude to you for the soul-stirring experience with which you blessed our gathering at the United Nations today. All the extremely kind and generous utterances that you directed toward me, my revered Brother, are far more appropriately applied to you, and in infinite measure.

Our Peace Meditation Group has been privileged to host many extremely significant and moving occasions in the Dag Hammarskjold Auditorium, but today's event shall remain forever unparalleled in the history of our devoted service to the United Nations.

Dear Brother, you are the pinnacle-height of erudition. Remarkably, you are also the very embodiment of soul-stirring inner depth. Your unique voice perfectly expresses the supreme glory of the fully blossomed heart. Today, the whole audience

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H.E. Mr. Humayun Rasheed Choudhury
Honourable Speaker
Bangladesh Parliament



- 2 -

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was swimming in the sea of rapturous tears while listening to your exquisitely haunting voice. Mellowness and depth, softness and tenderness, delicacy and subtlety: with all these sublime qualities, and many more, you flooded the hall and every breathless heart therein.

Dear Brother of my loving and admiring Bengali heart, the physical frame can indeed embody the universal spirit, and you are the radiant example. Today's unforgettable experience recalls these immortal words: of Tagore:

সীমার সীমা, অসীম, তুমি
বাতাসে আমন সুব,
আমার মতি তোমার সুরে
আমি মন মরিব।

In and through your golden voice and your chosen life, dear Brother, the Infinite sang for us today, rendering us speechless with delight.

I am extremely grateful, my revered Friend, that you have visited my beloved Chittagong so many times, and that you so kindly and compassionately thought of me each time, with your heart's magnanimity. The enormous progress that my Chittagong has made is due to your loving and self-giving efforts, I know.

Last year, dear Brother, was Kaji Najrul's birth centenary, as you know. To commemorate this historic occasion, I

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- 3 -

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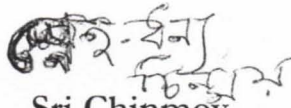
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composed a song in Bengali that was broadcast on a few radio stations in Bangladesh and on television here in New York. I had planned to play this song for you today, but when I heard your matchless voice, I did not dare to subject the audience to my insignificant and ridiculous effort. As I said, the difference between my singing capacity and yours, dear Brother, is the difference between a molehill and Mt. Everest! To your Everest-height I lovingly, devotedly and gratefully bow.

Once more, dear Brother-Friend, dear Champion-Soul of Bangladesh, I offer you my infinite gratitude for your immortal contribution to our Peace Meditation at the United Nations, and to my peace-dreaming, peace-loving and peace-serving life.

Yours in the Supreme,


Sri Chinmoy