

MEDITATION AT THE UNITED NATIONS



OUR HOPE FOR MANKIND

MONTHLY BULLETIN OF THE
UNITED NATIONS MEDITATION GROUP

VOL. II, NO. 4

April 27, 1974

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UNITED NATIONS MEDITATION GROUP

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Meditation at the United Nations is a monthly bulletin of the United Nations Meditation Group, compiled basically of transcriptions of the Group's regular meetings which are conducted by Sri Chinmoy.

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UNITED NATIONS MEDITATION GROUP



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.

Sri Chinmoy

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The United Nations Meditation Group was inaugurated on April 14, 1970, when Sri Chinmoy, the eminent Hindu spiritual teacher and philosopher, was invited to conduct its weekly meetings. The Group began its meditations in the Peace Room of the Church Center for the United Nations, but this small room was soon outgrown. Drawn by the immense spiritual wealth of the Master, many new seekers joined the Meditation Group. Coming from every department of the Secretariat as well as from associated organizations and various missions to the United Nations, they were deeply moved by the sublime peace and profound wisdom of Sri Chinmoy.

With its increased numbers and greater activities, the United Nations Meditation Group now meets on Tuesdays at 12 noon in the Chapel of the Church Center for the United Nations and on Fridays at 1:00 p.m. in one of the Secretariat Conference Rooms.

Membership is open to staff members of the Secretariat, delegates and representatives from Missions, Specialized Agencies and accredited NGOs to the United Nations.

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We warmly invite everyone at the United Nations and those officially associated with it to join us in our regular weekly meetings and other activities.

SCHEDULE FOR MAY 1974

Regular Weekly Schedule

Tuesdays, 12-1 p.m.

May 7, 14, 21, 28

Every Tuesday at noon, Sri Chinmoy conducts an hour of silent meditation in the Chapel of the Church Center for the United Nations, corner 44th Street and 1st Avenue (side entrance).

Fridays, 1-2 p.m.

May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31*

Every Friday during the lunch hour, in a Conference Room of the Secretariat, Sri Chinmoy holds a brief meditation and then invites questions on the spiritual life from the seekers.

*On May 31 Sri Chinmoy will give the first of a

series of Friday lectures. The title will be: "What Really Is the United Nations Doing for Humanity?"

Other Activities

Vegetarian Luncheon Monday, May 6

Our vegetarian luncheon this month will be on Monday, May 6, in the Boss Room of the Church Center for the United Nations. In order to accommodate everyone we will have two sittings: the first at 12 noon and the second at 1 p.m. \$2.00 per person.

Dag Hammarskjöld Monthly Lecture Thursday, May 9

This month Sri Chinmoy will speak on: "The United Nations as an Instrument of Human Unification" on Thursday, May 9, 1-2 p.m. in the Dag Hammarskjöld Auditorium.

Mahavishnu Choir Thursday, May 23

On Thursday, May 23, from 1-2 p.m. in the

Chapel of the Church Center for the United Nations there will be a performance of spiritual songs sung in four-part harmony by the Mahavishnu Choir, a fifty-voice group of young men and women disciples of Sri Chinmoy. Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, the well-known guitarist, has written the music for these songs. The lyrics are from poetry by Sri Chinmoy, as well as some by Mahavishnu and his wife, Mahalakshmi. The programme will commence with a short poetry reading of selected aphorisms by Sri Chinmoy read by members of the U.N. Meditation Group. Refreshments will be served. (Please see poster reproduced.)

COME and HEAR



THE MAHAVISHNU **CHOIR**



A fifty-voice choir performing
the beautiful and inspiring music
of world-renowned Mahavishnu John McLaughlin



Thursday 23 May, 1974

Chapel of the Church Center for the U.N.

1-2 p.m.

Admission free



Refreshments

Sponsored by the U.N. Meditation Group

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TELEVISION

MAY SCHEDULE OF MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS BY SRI CHINMOY ON CHANNEL 5 (WNEW-TV)

May 3	Friday	6:20 a.m.
May 4	Saturday	2-4 a.m.*
May 10	Friday	6:20 a.m.
May 11	Saturday	2-4 a.m.*
May 14	Tuesday	6:20 a.m.
May 15	Wednesday	2-4 a.m.*
May 17	Friday	6:20 a.m.
May 18	Saturday	2-4 a.m.*
May 27	Monday	6:20 a.m.
May 28	Tuesday	2-4 a.m.*
May 30	Thursday	6:20 a.m.
May 31	Friday	2-4 a.m.*

* After the last movie, which ends sometime between 2 and 4 a.m.

THE GOAL IS WON

In the November 1973 and January 1974 issues of *Meditation at the United Nations* we observed respectively Sri Chinmoy's "Poetry Milestone" and "Poetry Milestone Surpassed." In this issue, we are honouring Sri Chinmoy's latest achievement: *The Goal Is Won*—a book of 360 poems written within a single 24-hour period.

The following two articles have been written by disciples of Sri Chinmoy to document this historic event:

GOAL-TRANSCENDENCE

by

Kusumita (Priscilla Pedersen)*

On March 23, 1973, Sri Chinmoy wrote the first poems of *The Dance of Life*, the beginnings of an entirely new poetic venture, both in the style of the individual poems and in its total concept. On May 16, for the first time he composed fifty poems in a single day (making up Part VIII of the thousand-poem series). This accomplishment he dupli-

cated on May 18 (when he wrote Part IX), May 25 (Part XI), May 26 (Part XII), June 17 (Part XVIII), and June 18 (Part XIX). On June 8 forty-three of the fifty poems in Part XVII were written in the plane en route from New York to London. Parts X and XX were each written in two days (May 21-22 and June 19-20, respectively). Sri Chinmoy's original aim had been to write one thousand poems in three months, and this was done with time to spare. *The Dance of Life* in its entirety was completed in thirteen weeks.

While composing the second thousand-poem series, *The Wings of Light*, Sri Chinmoy far surpassed his previous feats of rapid composition. On October 31, 1973, he wrote one hundred and five poems in a twenty-four-hour period, and on November 16 astonished everyone by bringing the number up to one hundred and fifty.

On January 29, 1974, Sri Chinmoy again wrote fifty poems in a day. Now a new dimension was added to the achievement. The poems were typed, edited, and printed with illustrations as Part I of *The Golden Boat*, the first volume of the third thousand-poem series. The disciples now joined Sri Chinmoy and kept pace with him in their work to bring his literary creation into solid manifested form.

Sri Chinmoy broke all his previous records on

February 2 by writing two hundred poems in the twenty-two-hour period between one minute after midnight and one minute after ten the following night. Eight more poems were added to the total in the next two hours, before twenty-four hours had elapsed. The two hundred poems became Parts II, III, IV and V of *The Golden Boat*. Teams of disciples worked around the clock to produce the four books in one day.

On that occasion Sri Chinmoy told the disciples that two hundred poems would be his maximum. We might have known that for him there would be no such thing as a maximum. On April 28, 1974, Sri Chinmoy composed no fewer than three hundred and sixty poems at a stretch, beginning at midnight and ending the following midnight.

Once again the chain of typists, proofreaders, artists, pasters, printers, collators and binders was formed, beginning in Sri Chinmoy's own house and ending in the presses in Queens, to complete a single book containing all the poems.

A disciple walked past Sri Chinmoy's house that Sunday morning and saw him seated in a lounge chair on the front lawn, writing. "He was in the poetry realm—totally," this disciple said later. "His eyes were on fire with concentration. I've never seen anything like it." In spite of his absorption Sri Chinmoy noticed her and asked her

why she was there. "Do you think you'll be meeting the children from the neighbourhood this afternoon?" she asked. "Are you crazy?" Sri Chinmoy said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "This is the most important day of my life!"

It is an important day for all of us. Sri Chinmoy tells us that our goal is always transcending itself. But this does not mean simply that as we progress at a slow and steady pace, we will always find a new goal beyond the goal we have reached. In order to transcend our goal, we need not wait until we have reached our goal at some future time. Our achievement is indeed in our destination, but our aspiration of today, our standard of performance, our progress are also our achievement. In this sense we are already in our goal. Our achievement is in the here and now, and in order to transcend our achievement we have only to will to raise our standard, to intensify our aspiration now, at this very moment.

Sri Chinmoy's accomplishment cannot help bringing before our inner eye an image dear and significant to every one of his disciples. It is that of the young athlete positioned at the starting line with one-pointed intensity of readiness, the runner flying down the track—the embodiment of interfused poise and speed, and the winner of the race who breasts the tape and with his heart of oneness

simultaneously offers his victory to all who ran and all who watched.

In the ordinary life our tendency is to attain a certain level of achievement and, if we maintain it more or less consistently, to be complacent, to feel that we did what was expected. Sri Chinmoy teaches us by his example that we must never rest on our laurels. We know that in the realm of spiritual realisation Sri Chinmoy has transcended and even now continues to transcend his already unparalleled attainment. But to us these heights may seem all but inconceivable. This cannot be said of the writing of these poems, which in every way we perceive and appreciate, and also – and this is perhaps most important – which we participate in ourselves.

There have been great Yogis who have remained in *samadhi* in the caves of India. There have been great poets (perhaps more than we know) who kept their lifework concealed in a bureau drawer, to be seen by the world only after many years, if at all. But our path is the path of revelation and manifestation, and the achievement we are celebrating, though unprecedented in the world of literature, is equally important as a living example of the application of spiritual principle and the realisation of an ideal which is ever dynamic.

Sri Chinmoy does not only offer his achievements to the disciples, but compels them to make his achievements their very own. They must run abreast with him, step for step, for his love to be fulfilled. Their identification with him in his outer achievement will one day become their identification with all that he is in the inner world: "The concentration and capacity you have used to do this outer work," Sri Chinmoy said in February, "I will one day make you use to meditate." But in a profound way identification has already dawned as the all-pervading light of our life with our Guru. "If you go deep within," he has said, "you will feel that you have written these poems yourself." And again, "When you are one with me in your meditation, at that time I cannot call you unrealised. You are not an inch below me."

* Kusumita, who has been a disciple of Sri Chinmoy for three years, is a Columbia graduate student, at present teaching and preparing her Ph.D. thesis in the history of religion.

*GURU'S POETIC TRIUMPH:
SOME IMPRESSIONS*

by
Chidananda (David Burke)*

Creation is the bridge linking the world of realisation with the world of manifestation . . . the process by which God's Vision is transformed into earth's revelation.

Tonight** we are celebrating Guru's poetic creation. At midnight when Saturday turned into the Sunday of April 28, 1974, Guru began writing. Twenty-four hours later, at midnight the same Sunday, he had completed 360 poems. A group of seven disciples remained with him throughout this period, typing his handwritten manuscripts and preparing them for final printing. Others worked as messengers, carrying the poems to workers in the various stages of typing, proofreading, printing, collating and binding. The end result is the book we have before us, *THE GOAL IS WON*.

The whole event began with a short midnight meditation in Guru's house with some of the disciples who would later assist him in typing and proofreading. Then Guru went upstairs to work,

and the disciples prepared themselves for the first flow of manuscripts. Every half-hour or so, Guru rang a little bell, and a different disciple went upstairs to receive from him the newest batch of poems, which then started its rounds to the different production stages.

In his room, Guru was working in bed, propped up against some pillows. Through the half-open door, he seemed to have a big smile on his face, almost like a chuckle, as though the human in him were enjoying the challenge he had set up for himself. But this immediately turned into a spiritual smile, and there was only a sense of sweetness and joy. When Guru reached out his hand to offer the manuscript, it was like an extension of his smile, a kind of blessing, and the sense of intimacy and closeness with him at that moment is almost impossible to describe.

Later on, when the midnight deadline was nearing, there wasn't time for this kind of relaxed sweetness. Then the atmosphere was charged with a kind of almost forbidding intensity, of concentrated Will and spiritual Power. At this point, Guru was fighting not only time but also the protests of his body and physical mind. His wrist was paining him, his fingers were cramped from gripping a pen for so many hours, and his physical mind was worn to exhaustion. Anyone seeing him during those last

few hours, or immediately afterwards, could see on his face the toll exacted on his physical by his soul's unrelenting will.

Guru allowed himself almost no respite from the grueling pace of about one poem every four minutes. Once, around six in the morning when the first hundred poems were written, he came downstairs for a few minutes of relaxation, doing a head stand and exercising his arms and legs. And later in the afternoon, he worked for a while in his front yard and porch and briefly posed for a group picture with disciples assisting in the book's production. But these interludes cost him dearly, and he had to concentrate even more powerfully near the end to compensate for lost time.

Around two o'clock the following morning, when the poems had been finished and most of the typing and preparation for final printing was over, about thirty disciples came over to Guru's house for a small celebration. Someone bought a cake which had written on it: *In Gratitude for 360 Poems*. The cake had 360 candles, but an effort to light them was quickly aborted when a great whoosh of flames started spreading among the closely packed candles. One of the disciples had made a boat out of half a watermelon, and a cardboard sail attached to a small stick contained the words: *The Goal Is Won*.

Amid the subdued laughter and joy in Guru's achievement, there was once again a feeling of sweetness—but this time it was more communal, as though a flow of love were passing between all of us in the room. And also there was a feeling of timelessness, and the thought came that perhaps this is what eternity is like. Sitting together in Guru's brightly lit house, surrounded by the darkened neighbourhood, we were indeed in a Golden Boat—a boat filled with Light—and we could only dimly sense the crashing waves outside.

But there was a real poignancy here too. That small cake with the three pink flowers, the watermelon boat, Guru dressed in red Bermuda shorts and a pink shirt reclining on his green chair—it all seemed so fragile, so precious, that one felt almost like weeping. For it became suddenly apparent how fleeting, how ephemeral this moment was . . . just like Guru's presence with us on earth.

Someone had a Polaroid camera, and a few photographs were taken and then tossed off to a corner. Yet hundreds of years from now, long after Guru has left the earth and this house in Jamaica has become a historic shrine, people will look at these snapshots . . . at the smiling, barely discernible faces in the group photo, and try to grasp what it must have been like to actually

participate in this moment of history . . . and what this event—what Guru's whole existence, in fact—really signified.

Shortly before the evening ended, just before we started eating, Guru concentrated and blessed the cake. During those five or ten seconds, it seemed that all the cosmic gods and goddesses in all the heavens had also paused for a moment . . . paused to glance down at this informal gathering, at this small group of persons inside a yellow and blue house on 149th Street. And through the haze of physical exhaustion, once again there came a glimpse of what it all really meant. It is these memories and these moments—these, as much as the poems themselves—that shall ever remain with us.

* Chidananda, a press reporter, has been a disciple of Sri Chinmoy for three years. One of his articles on the Master was reproduced in series in previous issues of this bulletin.

** On Monday, April 29, at a special function at the Sri Chinmoy Centre in Norwalk, Connecticut, Sri Chinmoy was honoured by his disciples for his remarkable achievement.

U.N. MEDITATION GROUP HONOURS
SRI CHINMOY'S POETIC ACHIEVEMENT

At the Friday meeting (May 3, 1974) following Sri Chinmoy's remarkable poetic achievement the members of the United Nations Meditation Group garlanded the Master and presented him with a bound copy of "The Goal Is Won."

In his response, Sri Chinmoy replied:

I actually do not know who is to offer gratitude to whom. I wrote 360 poems, but I wish to say I could not have written these poems without the loving dedication and inner inspiration from the seekers who are in our boat. At the United Nations today, you have offered me a divine gift and garlanded me. In silence I am placing this garland at the feet of the Supreme Pilot who is guiding the destiny of the United Nations. In silence I am offering my gratitude-flower to the soul of the United Nations, for it is the soul of the United Nations that has granted me the opportunity to be of service to the United Nations.

So, if the seeker in me has achieved anything, with utmost sincerity I wish to say that this achievement of mine is the achievement of those who love me and claim me as their very own.

Again, this is not my achievement or their achievement; this is the evolving progress of the seeker in us, the eternal seeker in us, the Supreme, who is at once of us and for us. So to each seeker present I wish to offer what I have, love and concern for you; and what I am, gratitude to the inner Pilot in you. I offer to you my grateful existence on earth and my grateful life-service here at the United Nations.

Ordinary people see the United Nations as a building like other buildings. But as sincere seekers, devoted seekers of the highest truth, we do not see the United Nations as a building; we see it as a lighthouse. We see it as God's transcendental Promise to mankind. We see it as God's Dream-boat that is carrying all of humanity to the Reality-shore.

We are twenty-five seekers praying and meditating for Peace, Light and Bliss. But if we go deep within, we see that we belong to a large family that embraces the entire world. This large family is within us, and each member of the family is fed when we pray and meditate here. In the outer world we are twenty-five human beings, but in the inner world we have the capacity of twenty-five million soldiers who are serving the needs of aspiring humanity. Here we are praying and meditating not for our personal liberation, illumination

and revelation; rather, we are praying and meditating because inside us we feel the living presence of God's entire creation, and because we feel that the United Nations is the right place to offer our most dedicated service to mankind. Perhaps we don't appreciate the significance of our prayer and meditation here; but the Divine in us, the Supreme in us, every day appreciates it. I am so grateful to each of you present here for giving me the golden opportunity to serve the body and the soul of the United Nations. And this service, this dedicated service of ours, will one day be proven to be the supreme, dedicated service to aspiring mankind.

SELECTIONS FROM
"THE GOAL IS WON"

LORD, I AM TIRED

Lord, I am tired.
"Since you are tired, My son,
 Even before
Your journey's start,
I shall run for you."

Lord, I am tired.
"Since you are tired, My son,
 Even before
Your journey's start,
I shall sail your dream-boat
 And reach for you
Your golden Reality-shore."

ENDLESS LESSONS

My earth-life has taught me
 Endless imitation.

My Heaven-life has taught me
 Endless perfection.

My thought-life has taught me
Endless frustration.

My will-life has taught me
Endless emancipation.

My body-life has taught me
Endless limitation.

My soul-life has taught me
Endless progression.

IS GOD PARTIAL?

Is God partial?

Yes, He is.

He is partial to weak

Human beings.

Why?

Because this is the only way

He can elevate and illumine them.

Is God impartial?
Yes, He is.
He is impartial to strong
Cosmic gods.
Why?
Because this is the only way
He can train and utilise them.

MEDITATION, WHAT IS IT?

Meditation, what is it?
Yesterday's birthless recollection.

Meditation, what is it?
Today's endless assimilation.

Meditation, what is it?
Tomorrow's deathless Perfection.

DON'T MIX

Don't mix with a doubting man.
He will deceive you
Before God comes to your rescue.

Don't mix with a barking man.
He will bite you
Before God comes to your rescue.

Don't mix with a thinking man.
He will sink you
Before God comes to your rescue.

LET US SEE WHO WINS

Let us see
Who wins:
 Your vital life
 Or
 Your Master's forgiveness-height.

Let us see
Who wins:
 Your mental doubts
 Or
 Your Master's tolerance-light.

Let us see
Who wins:
 Your body's ignorance-sleep
 Or
 Your Master's compassion-depth.

LORD, TAKE ME

Lord, take my heart
To be Your Pleasure.

Lord, take my love
To be Your Treasure.

Lord, let my life
Be claimed entirely by You,
Only by You.

UNITED NATIONS MEDITATION GROUP
FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

April 14, 1970—1974

The United Nations Meditation Group, which was inaugurated on April 14, 1970, celebrated its fourth anniversary at a special meeting in the Chapel of the Church Center for the United Nations. This anniversary of the U.N. Meditation Group coincides each year with the April 13 celebrations of the Sri Chinmoy Centres. (April 13, the day on which Sri Chinmoy arrived in the West in 1964, is celebrated by the Sri Chinmoy Centres worldwide as a day of joy and gratitude.)

Sri Chinmoy: We are observing the fourth anniversary of the United Nations Meditation Group. In silence I offer my heart's soulful gratitude to our Inner Pilot, the Absolute Supreme. In silence I offer my sincere gratitude to the soul of the United Nations. In silence I offer my loving gratitude to the seekers at the United Nations. In silence I offer my oneness-gratitude to the members of the United Nations Meditation Group.

Sri Chinmoy blessed the members of the Meditation Group individually and gave prasad to all

present. Anselmo Evans offered Sri Chinmoy a presentation from the Group and the following tributes were made on behalf of the Group:

Uddipana: Beloved Sri Chinmoy, today those of us gathered here in this beautiful Chapel of the Church Center for the U.N. consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate to be privileged to participate in the commemoration of two distinctly significant events in the annals of humanity's spiritual and sociological evolution.

Just one decade ago, on April 13, 1964, though the world at large was generally unaware of the event, the foundations of a great bridge were laid—a bridge which, in time, would close the fathomless ideological expanse existing between the ageless spirituality of the East and the powerful, as yet unguided, dynamism of the West. This bridge, of course, is not composed of the usual earthly materials, nor is its architect an ordinary man. This bridge has been constructed with the subtle dreams and aspirations of evolving, dedicated, searching humanity; and its architect, a twentieth-century version of the all-loving, knowing, selfless Vedic seer of yore.

Naturally, it was merely a matter of time until this celestial bridge and its inspired architect reached the hallowed soil of the United Nations—

and, on April 14, 1970, the United Nations Meditation Group was formed. Your arrival at the United Nations was most timely and necessary, for we are already seeing that the decisions of its delegates are increasingly influencing the destiny of our planet and the goals and aspirations of its inhabitants.

Thus, those of us who are deeply committed to the ideals of the United Nations believe that there can be no greater blessing for this great organization than to have its staff and delegates receive your enlightened guidance. As members of the United Nations Meditation Group, on this occasion, we want not only to offer you our sincere gratitude for your service to us—and through us to the United Nations itself, but we also pledge to you that we shall try to embody in our lives and work the ideals you have taught us—and thus spread your light and wisdom throughout the United Nations and, ultimately, throughout the world.

Pramoda read the following poem she had written for the occasion:

April Thirteenth
Landmark
1974

Sailing
On the wake
Of God's
Fulfilled Vision,
Let us all sing
This April Day
Glory be to God,
Glory be to Chinmoy,
This Prince of Love,
Ray of Light Divine,
Father and Son
Both,
Of Mother Earth's
New Dawn.

*Sri Chinmoy again meditated with the group
and closed the meeting with the following words:*

Again in silence I am offering my deepest
gratitude to each of you, to each seeker, to each
representative and manifestation of the Lord Su-
preme.

TUESDAY MEDITATIONS
The Chapel
Church Center for the
United Nations

(At each Tuesday meeting, Sri Chinmoy conducted an hour of silent meditation. Following are the "Meditations for the day" by Sri Chinmoy for the respective Tuesdays in April.)

April 2

Aspiration is the child of will and it can easily destroy the blows of fate.

April 9

Our life is not our thoughts. Our life is not our needs. Our life is surrender to the Supreme.

April 16

I use my reason to guide me and I stumble and stumble.

I use my faith to guide me and I march and march.

I use my silence to guide me and I run and run.

I use my surrender to guide me and I see my Goal where I eternally am.

April 23

We measure our success openly.

God measures our progress secretly.

April 30

Do you need happiness? Then do just three things: meditate regularly; smile soulfully; love untiringly.

PRAYERS FOR U THANT

At the Friday meeting on March 8, Sri Chinmoy invited the seekers present to pray for the recovery of U Thant, who was at the time in hospital.

Sri Chinmoy: Let us most fervently pray for the recovery of our most revered brother, U Thant, who is now in the hospital. As long as he is in the hospital, it is my fervent wish that every day we shall pray to the Supreme for his quick recovery. I have sent flowers to the hospital on behalf of our Meditation Group here.

Not because U Thant was once the Secretary-General, but because he is a great seeker of Truth and a true lover of mankind, I wish all of us to pray to the Supreme for his quick recovery. He is our real spiritual brother, and it is our bounden duty to pray for him. Even though he is not in the political arena any longer, still his presence on earth is a great blessing for humanity.

While he was in the field of politics there were many things which he could not say or do. Owing to pressures from the world at large, he was unable to enter into the real divine life. Now, since he has freed himself from the United Nations, his inner life has come to the fore and he has become a real

divine hero.

When his memoirs are published, we will see the real seeker and the real God-lover in him. May God's transcendental Blessing and God's highest Pride rain on his illumining head and consecrated heart.

Now, for a few minutes, let us most fervently pray for his recovery.

AUM

EASTER TIDE
(Dedicated to Sri Chinmoy)

by
Pramoda
(March 17, 1974)

Am I that fair child
Eagerly crawling
Towards a fragile flower?
Am I he,
Hopping with the birds,
Dreaming of swift flights
To an island of Paradise?
Oh! My world of yesterday . . .

Seemingly sea-drifting,
But inwardly knowing,
I marvel today,
With starry eyes,
At my home sailing
At last,
Along a glowing wake
Of shimmering waves
Amidst the vast Ocean
Of Motherly Love!

Oh! Father-Mother God

And Son Eternal,
On this Easter Tide,
I feel,
From deep within,
Mounting tears
Of Gratitude
Bursting like Spring,
As I know
I am yours
And You are mine.

PEACE

[This lecture was delivered by Sri Chinmoy in the Ingman Room of the New Student Union at the University of Toledo, Toledo, Ohio, on February 12, 1974.]

Dear sisters and brothers, dear seekers of the ultimate Truth, I wish to give a talk on peace.

Peace is a most familiar word. Each seeker knows what peace is according to his receptivity's capacity. I am a seeker. I wish to share with you the peace that I have experienced. By offering my experience, I wish to become totally one, inseparably one, with your life of aspiration and dedication.

What is peace? Peace is our liberation from bondage. What is liberation? Liberation is our universal oneness with God the Unity and God the Multiplicity. What is bondage? Bondage is the dance of our unlit ego. What is ego? Ego is the unreal in us. And what is the real in us? The real in us is Truth; the real in us is God. God and Truth are inseparable, the obverse and reverse of the same coin.

What is peace? Peace is our satisfaction. What is satisfaction? Satisfaction is our conscious and constant oneness with the Will of the Supreme Pilot.

Where does this satisfaction lie? It lies in our self-giving and in our God-becoming.

Peace, the world needs. We all need peace. But when we think of peace we try to discover it in our mind. We use the term 'peace of mind.' We feel that peace can be found only in the mind, and if once we can discover peace in the mind, then our problems will be solved for good. But at this point I wish to say that the mind we are referring to is the physical mind. This mind is the doubting mind, and in the doubting mind we can never feel the presence of peace. We can feel the presence of peace only in the loving heart. The doubting mind leads us to total frustration. The loving heart leads us to complete satisfaction. We doubt, and then we feel a barren desert within us. We love, and then we feel a sea of Reality and Divinity within us.

Peace is not to be found in external knowledge. Most of our external knowledge is founded on information, and information cannot give us any abiding satisfaction. Peace is not to be found in outer efficiency. Peace is found in self-mastery.

If we want to achieve peace in our inner and outer life, then we must know the necessity of reciprocal inclusiveness and not mutual exclusiveness. Earth and Heaven must be united. Heaven has the silence of the soul. Earth has the sound of life. The silence of the soul leads us to our Source, the highest Reality; and the sound of life allows us to

manifest what is within that highest Reality. In the inclusiveness of earth and Heaven we can achieve peace.

Peace is the only authority in our life of ascent and descent. When we ascend, we learn the song of unity in multiplicity. When we descend, we learn the song of multiplicity in unity.

All of us here are seekers. We are all children of God. We are progressing according to our inner intensity and our soul's necessity. Each individual member of the world family has a special way of achieving peace. A child feels that he can achieve peace only by making noise. Inside noise, what looms large for him is peace. An adolescent finds peace only in constant activity. A youth finds peace only by creating a new world or by destroying the old world. An old man finds peace in unlearning most of the things he has learned from the ignorant world. When he unlearns, he feels considerable peace. He also achieves peace by placing himself at the Feet of the Supreme Pilot.

Peace is our inner wealth. This inner wealth we can bring to the fore only when we expect nothing from the outer world and everything from the Supreme Pilot within us, at God's Choice Hour. Often, when we work for the world and serve the world we feel that it is the world's bounden duty to offer us gratitude or to acknowledge our service. When we expect something from the world, we are bound to

meet with frustration. But when we expect from the Inner Pilot, He fulfils us beyond the flight of our imagination. But one thing we must know, and that is that God has an Hour of His own.

Our duty is to pray for peace, meditate on peace, concentrate on peace and contemplate on peace. God's duty is to inundate us with His Peace. When we know the art of surrender, the kingdom of peace within us cannot separate itself from our living reality. It is our conscious inner surrender, our unconditional surrender to the Inner Pilot that expedites our journey toward the discovery of the all-illuminating and all-fulfilling Peace.

Now we are in the state of Ohio. The state motto is most significant for all seekers: "With God, all things are possible." The moment we enter into the spiritual life, we feel there can be no better, more encouraging and more illuminating message than this. A beginner-seeker believes in it. An advanced seeker goes one step further and feels that God is the Doer, God is the Action and God is the Fruit thereof. So, our first lesson in the spiritual life is that everything is possible with God. Then later we come to feel that we do nothing, that it is God who does everything in and through us. This is the great lesson, the ultimate lesson, that we learn from our inner school.

The capital of the state of Ohio is Columbus. In the state of spirituality, there is only one capital,

and that is aspiration. On the strength of aspiration we can achieve our Goal. On the strength of aspiration we transcend constantly our earthly reality and existence. No matter in which field we apply aspiration, the mounting flame within us, we are bound to achieve success. The state of Ohio offers us a shining example. From Ohio, seven American Presidents came, and offered their loftiest height and light to the whole country. Not only in the field of politics, but in every walk of life, when we aspire, our aspiration leads us to the destined goal.

Every day the Almighty Father, the ever-Compassionate Father, gives us ample opportunity to discover something new. The thing that we are discovering is love, love divine. Love divine is at once eternally ancient and eternally new. When we discover love divine within us, we grow into the very image of God the eternal Lover and God the eternal Beloved, who ever abides within us.

THE LIFE OF SRI CHINMOY*

PART I

Chapter V (Part 1)

by
Nancy Elizabeth Sands

Chinmoy Kumar Ghose was born on August 27, 1931, in the village of Shakpura, Chittagong, in East Bengal, India. He was the youngest of seven children in the family of Shashi Kumar Ghose, who was an inspector of a railway line which ran from Chittagong to Assam. Later, Sri Chinmoy's father was to found a small bank in Chittagong called Griha Lakshmi (The House of Lakshmi).

Madal, as Sri Chinmoy was called by his family during his childhood, grew up in a most peaceful and happy family, adored by parents, sisters and brothers. He was by nature active, outgoing and rather mischievous, in contrast to the other members of the family who were quiet and contemplative by nature, deeply turned towards the spiritual life.

One incident, related to us recently by the Guru, reveals most poignantly the character and dedication of his mother. She had attended a perform-

ance given by a local dramatic company of a religious play based on the life of Sri Chaitanya, the great Bengali spiritual Master. At a point in the story where Sri Chaitanya's mother was shedding bitter tears because her son had taken a solemn vow to renounce the world and pursue the spiritual life (sannyasa), Sri Chinmoy's own mother, in the audience, became racked with sobs. Her son, Chitta, who was accompanying her, attempted to console her: "Mother, don't cry! Sri Chaitanya was disobedient to his mother but we will never be so. We will remain with you always and be your fulfilment, have no fear!" "But," his mother protested, "you don't understand why I'm crying. It is because I want *all* my children, sons and daughters alike, to follow that path. I long for each one of them to be able to realise God in this life!"

Such was the inner cry of the Guru's mother.

Although it seems quite sad to us, his disciples, that the Guru's mother, Yoga Maya, could not remain on earth to witness her youngest son's overwhelming fulfilment of her aspirations for him, he has assured us that her soul not only rejoices in this, but, in continuing maternal concern, frequently visits him, being most pleased with the development of the Centres and the progress of the Guru's mission in the West.

In the case of many of India's spiritual figures, the names by which they were known to us were not given to them until their maturity. Sri Chinmoy's family, however, with unerring vision bestowed upon their youngest member at his birth the name that has proved uniquely appropriate. Chinmoy, in Sanskrit, means, "Full of divine Consciousness." Indeed, their inspiration has been abundantly confirmed.

* Since July 1973 we have been reproducing in series, chapters from the book: *The Life of Sri Chinmoy* by Madhuri (Nancy Elizabeth Sands). Madhuri, who has been a disciple of Sri Chinmoy for seven years, started the book in 1967 and the first edition was published in 1969.

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