SERVE AS HANUMAN SERVED
This summer I was able to return to the U.S.A. to join in the celebration of the reunion of so many devotees who spent time with Maharaj-ji in India between 1963—1973; and also the celebration of the 40th anniversary of the publication of the great book *Be Here Now* by Ram Dass. I write this here in Maui (in the last part of my journey); it’s here in this island surrounded by ocean that I can report the continuation of “A dip in the ocean of love.” (Part 1 was in the Fall 2004 newsletter.)

I had a wonderful time here in America, traveling and staying and being with my dear gurubhais, guru sisters, and my dear American sisters, brothers, and friends—sharing Maharaj-ji’s love and grace, His stories, singing, and enjoying the affectionate family-hospitality.

I’m deeply impressed to see the high degree of love and devotion in the satsangs—singing Hanuman Chaleesa, kirtan, and sharing the stories of Maharaj-ji. More than that, it was such a joy to see the young ones participating in all that with much enthusiasm and zeal, although they had not met Maharaj-ji in His physical body. I could attend some of the satsangs and could feel that His spiritual

(continued on page 7)
Excerpt one from “Be Love Now”

**HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS**

When I met Maharaj-ji I focused on two aspects of his being, that he knew everything and that he loved me unconditionally. It took me a long time to put the two together in myself, to understand the depth of a being that could do that. Within his love I felt so completely safe I was able for a moment to let go of my fears and unworthiness and enter into my soul, my jivātman.

When I was with Maharaj-ji I felt very loving toward the world. I realized that was created by his presence. He was a doorway to God. His consciousness was so playful with mine, it pulled me in, like the gravity of a larger body pulling in a smaller one. Ramana Maharshi said God, Guru and Self are one and the same. Maharaj-ji is my inner Self.

Since Mahaharaj-ji instructed me to love everybody it has reverberated in me for years. Gradually, I’ve begun to be aware that I do love everything and everybody, not necessarily their personalities but their essential being, because that is my essential being, too. When love comes together with awareness you open the door to the heart-mind and to your soul. He brought that together for me. The heart-mind, the spiritual heart, is awareness and love.

My path is to continue to deepen that love for everyone and everything. That’s how I can serve Maharaj-ji and help others attune to their souls. If someone calls and you open a door and go out into the sun, you feel its warmth, too. It’s not a concept. You can’t know it. You can only be it.

Love is actually a state of being, and the Divine state at that, the state to which we all yearn to return. We can try to possess the key to our hearts, to our Beloved, but sooner or later we find

*(continued on page 5)*
Excerpt two from “Be Love Now”

K.K. first saw me as an uptight Western stranger and didn’t know what to make of me. Yet he had received an order from his guru and, out of deference reaching back to his childhood, he obeyed without question. Without hesitation he and his sister and brother absorbed me into the loving world of their family. They treated each other playfully as spiritual beings, not just as siblings, and they treated me as a family member. Four decades later we’re still in that relationship.

Overnight I was introduced to a world where miraculous beings, saints and gurus, are part of the warp and weft of everyday life. It was nothing overt or messianic. These people were just living their lives. What to them was their ordinary routine allowed me to assimilate a sea change in my outlook for which I had no previous reference points. K.K. and his family had grown up with Maharaj-ji. In India traditional families carry on bhakti practices that suffuse every part of life. Love is the unspoken language. With multiple generations living in joint homes, that living transmission provides a bridge for pure love from infancy into childhood and over the hormonal roller coaster of adolescence into adulthood. A family guru or a spiritual elder gives younger generations glimpses of unbounded love.

K.K. is about my age, a few years younger. His connection to holy beings reaches back generations. Maharaj-ji first came to visit his home when he was a child. K.K.’s father, Bhawani Das Sah, was a Circle Inspector of Police for the Kumaon hill district of the British Raj. Part of his

...In 1969 I wrote to KK, asking if I could send some money to Maharajji. The answer from Maharajji, delivered to me in a letter from KK, read:”We do not require any money. India is a bird of gold. We have learned ‘giving’ not ‘taking.’ We cannot attain God as long as we have got attachments for these two: (1) gold(wealth) in Hindi, (‘Kachan’), and (2) women (in hindi, ‘Kamini’). No two swords can be put into one sheath; the more we sacrifice (tyaga), the more we gain...”

Ram Dass from Miracle of Love...1979

(continued from page 4)

that is impossible. To possess the key is to lose it. Paradoxically, we have to let go of emotional love to find the soul love that illuminates us from within.

Maharaj-ji showed me the possibility of transforming personal to impersonal love. I experienced the extraordinary magnitude of his love but I saw he didn’t need anyone to love him back. At first I brought along all my old habits of emotional love. He became the object of my affections, I fell in love with him. From the first I could feel he loved me more than any other person who had ever loved me. His presence was something I could only recognize from inside my soul. The deeper I went in my own being the more fully I could feel his love, the more the spigot opened and the more the love flowed. No matter how deep I went there was more love.

The more I give up my desire for personal love, the less distance there is between his being and mine. Now I feel much closer to him. Since he left his body my love for him is not limited to his form. We are sharing the same love. We can just be, in love.

Maharaj-ji’s teaching is just love. He’s not critical. The more open I am the more I can receive the love. It’s the whole trip, the beginning, the middle and the end.
Be There Then
By Parvati Markus

It’s that time again: once more we are embarking on story gathering. The Love Serve Remember Foundation is archiving as much Maharajji material as possible, starting with the stories, journals, old photos and other memorabilia from the ingezies—the Westerners who made it to India and had Maharajji’s darshan in the late Sixties to early Seventies. This will be followed by the stories of those who became devotees after he left his body (not to state the obvious, but the ones who were with Maharajji aren’t getting any younger and quite a few are no longer with us).

The process has begun. In my role as Maharajji’s “private secretary,” I have already typed up a number of the yellowing journals that various devotees kept during those years, and will be traveling to some of the clusters of devotees—western Mass, the Bay area, Taos—during the coming year so no one will have to worry about sending their precious memories through the mail (and since we all seem to need hands-on attention and some persistent prodding to actually get to the task).

If you would like to contribute your stories of Baba please get in touch with me at parvatim@mac.com so we can visit and I can help you gather your memories.

We’ve tried before, but this time we really plan to accomplish the mission. The following is taken from a letter (gently edited) that Krishna Das wrote in 1986 about gathering Maharajji stories:

...we will try to piece together a semi-chronological version of the miracle; the unbelievable grace of Maharajji coming into our lives, continuing the thread from the day that Richard Alpert got out of a Land Rover and followed Bhagavan Das up a winding path in the Kumaon hills of India to the invasion of Kainchi, Brindavan, and the Indian devotees’ houses by waves of rabid Westerners; to the leaving of his blanket at Kainchi; to his grace-full presence in our lives today.

Maharajji’s time with the Westerners was unique. The Indian devotees were amazed at the way he played with us. The word guru can’t describe him. It doesn’t cover him. His blanket is infinitely more radiant and colorful than that. All his life, at least the little we know about it, he was always moving, wandering here and there, never staying in one place for more than a few days, almost never staying in one devotee’s house for more than a few hours, and even then moving from room to room and escaping out the back door to give darshan and take food at another devotee’s house down the road, also filled to the brim with waiting devotees.

So how come when the Westerners arrived did he seem to slow down, to even stay, as he did at Kainchi, Brindavan, and Dada’s house in Allahabad, for long periods of time, surrounded on all sides by a posse of pale-faced, wide-eyed, unmoving virgin pilgrims who had never been farther away from their birthplace, but had never felt closer to home?

As he said to Dada one morning as our daily invasion started, “Dada, I get them dumped here in the morning and dragged away at night.” Such is love. It seemed that we had been dragged around the world just to be planted in the cement around his tucket. Every moth feels that its path to the flame is unique, but its path is also the same as all the others. So too, our paths to him feel so unique—and yet are so much the same. Whether you met him in his physical body, or after he disappeared, the way he manifests in your life is precious. We want to gather up all these threads and weave a blanket for him. Maybe he will put it on and bring shape to his formless body so we can see him a little more clearly through the mist.

We wonder not at the things he did, but at what he didn’t do. He left no formal body of teachings to be misunderstood and misinterpreted, only his presence in our hearts to depend on. A presence so alive, it still spreads from heart to heart today through no effort of our own.

What awes us the most, perhaps, was how such a huge boat could float through our little world and so few people notice. And even among those few,
family is growing and expanding rapidly with the feelings of Love, Serve, and Remember. As it is in India, His spiritual tradition of love is passed from one generation to another in the family (we watch our parents since our childhood and follow their lead)—and so it’s happening here now. What good sanskaras they have! All His Grace! It is just like sowing the seeds of sanskaras (karmas) in the young devotees by their elders. It is an inspiring thing and it will prove to be a “torch-light” on the path of Love and Devotion for the next generations to come.

In the holy Ramayana (Ram Charit Manasa by Saint Tulsi Dass), much has been written about this Iron Age, the Kali yuga, (see the last chapter called Uttar-kanda)—where just by singing His Name and glory one can find himself in the supreme bliss. With the satsang, when you hear the stories of Maharaj-ji, do kirtan, sing Hanuman Chaleesa, and thus share love, you can feel the same vibrations of bliss and His presence. This love is supreme, powerful, and priceless—and can be shared through love!

I am confident that such gatherings of satsang regularly at the houses of different devotees will keep all together and will bring them closer in spirit to Maharaj-ji’s love. Especially for the younger generation, it would be like a spiritual awareness to have the spirit of love, serve, and remember. So we should enjoy this dip in the ocean of love!

Thanks to all,
Ram Ram
K.K. Sah
duty was to open and close the great temple at Badrinath high in the Himalayas at the beginning and end of the summer season and to keep track of police matters throughout the sprawling district. In the early twentieth century, motor roads were almost nonexistent in the hill area, and he traveled on horseback or on foot. He was a deeply spiritual man, and on his tours of duty K.K.’s father took the opportunity to visit the remote ashrams of many saints and yogis for whom the hill area is a traditional retreat.

He became a devotee of several great saints, known and unknown, and they came to his home when they passed through the town. Neem Karoli Baba—Maharaj-ji—was one of them. K.K. remembers it as an occasion for sweets and celebration. The first time Maharaj-ji came to the house, he asked where the bed was that another great saint, Hairakhan Baba, had slept on, and he lay down on it.

K.K.’s father died when K.K. was still quite young, and Maharaj-ji as the family guru became in many respects his father figure—but an unusual one! K.K. would skip school to hang out with Maharaj-ji on his rambles in the hills. His schoolteacher, a devotee, would mark him present as long as K.K. would in turn arrange for him to see Maharaj-ji. On an infrequent occasion when K.K. was actually in class, his teacher said, “You have been absent so much, now that you are present I am going to mark you absent!”

K.K. not only translated the language for me (his English was very good, working as he did as a clerk for the Municipal Board), but conveyed through his being the love flowing between him and Maharaj-ji, and from Maharaj-ji to me. Living with K.K., eating his sister Bina’s cooking from the wood fire, watching their daily puja, or worship, at the family altar, and feeling the love and respect they had for the saints gave me a cultural context for the changes I was going through. They reinforced the heart connection that Maharaj-ji had opened like a tunnel into the profound depth of my being.
Treasurer’s Report

By Punya

Baba's generosity has made the Ashram into a lovely oasis; His love, the beauty around us, the arti and prasad, the camaraderie of satsang and kirtan offer renewal to many. Hanumanji's loving glance and his promise of succor call many every day and all receive His blessings. It is a gift and privilege to offer seva at the ashram – especially when I can see the vivid generosity of the satsang every day.

This has been an interesting year; the economic issues and natural disasters globally have been weighing on people. Locally, the difficulties with getting permission to build on the ashram grounds have been creating some work. In all this we have been blessed by the generosity of the extended satsang that has given money, energy, and donations to keep the ashram functioning. Money has been tight for ashram operations as donations have slowed some. The lawsuit took some money, but the settlement from the town has helped to clear that bill. There will be some expenses for the preparing the plans and studies for the building permission we are seeking - but most of our spending continues to be on the daily puja and prasad at the ashram.

We work hard to use Baba’s money well. Our caretakers – Karmajen, Meyraj, Nanette, Javier, and Greg - work diligently and very long hours to take care of the ashram. Many are part time, but work much longer than expected. The garden has been flourishing under Jean Jacques and Susannah's care providing vegetables, honey, preserves, and flowers for the ashram, as well as some money from sales to restaurants and the farmer's market. The kitchen – which Brian manages - has used this bounty as well as a steady stream of in-kind donations from satsang around the country to lower cash out flow even as we feed many more people every week. Tara's creative and dedicated work in refreshing the puja dukan and web-site has been generating more resources to support the ashram – your purchases help to feed people.

I want to thank Cat who has been our office manager and is now moving onto new adventures with family and friends in Texas. Nina joins us as office manager with excellent accounting and organizing skills to make sure that we are on track and meeting all our obligations.

We are all blessed by the generosity of the satsang - thank you for the many ways in which you help the ashram continue to share blessings with all those who come here or visit the web site. Thank you.
The nights are starting to get cooler and the imminent frosts bring more gratitude toward the growing harvest. We have been processing fruits and vegetables in anticipation for winter and plan to harvest several hundred pounds of roots and pumpkins to fill the root cellar. This season has seen a lot of growth on the farm; another third of the flower garden was planted in the compost of last year and currently boasts, huge amaranth, healthy mullein and foxglove plants as well as colorful asters and sunflowers. We have been taking much pleasure in arranging beautiful bouquets for the altars each week purely from our own gardens. The greenhouse which was put up this spring bursts with heirloom tomatoes, cucumbers, gladiolus, and basil awaits a fall crop of greens to round out the season. We look forward to the productivity of this space and hope to acquire another before too long to provide more space for winter growing and interesting flowers to adorn the temple and take to market. Almost a quarter acre of the field was reclaimed this season by sheet mulching with lots of manure, cardboard and straw. The prospects of a comprehensive medicinal herb garden provide another potential for the wealth of resources available to and for the ashram. We hope to be able to sell bulk herbs to local herbalists and create a line of medicinal products to offer at market and in our own Puja Dukan. The honey bees continue to proliferate in the 5 hives that we steward at the moment; the honey harvest was fairly substantial and gives hope for our future of producing enough to feed the temple throughout the year. All twenty of the fruit trees that were planted in the past year are thriving and have been planted along with currants and other herbs to increase their productivity and attract beneficial insects to pollinate and protect them. All in all the farm grows and adds more to the Ashrams intrigue, it is such a pleasure to watch it mature both in its physical form and in the interest of our many visitors. Along with the growth on the ground the farm requires more help each year to maintain and continue the growth. We hope to be purchasing a tractor in the next season and that our volunteer crew will grow from satsang locally and afar. Please come visit and don't hesitate to ask for a tour!

Farm wish list
1/ We are still $ 5,000 short of goal for purchase of a tractor
2/ We need more bulbs !!! Dahlias, tulips etc...
3/ Another greenhouse would be perfect !!
4/ A shade structure for nursery
5/ Seeds for cover crops.
6/ Irrigation materials.

For any help regarding this list call Susannah or Jean Jacques at the Ashram 575-751-4080

“He (Maharajji) used to say that you should serve everything, every creature. “It is all God’s creation. Serve everyone, whether he be a dacoit (thief) or anything else. If he comes to you hungry, give him food.” So often he said, ”Everyone has a right to be fed.”

Ram Dass from Miracle of Love...1979
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BE HERE NOW infused a unique mix of eastern philosophy and western psychology into our cul-
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his own journey from Harvard professor to psychedelic explorer to spiritual seeker. As a spiritual
seeker he was transformed by Neem Karoli Baba, his guru who taught him to live fully in the pre-
sent moment, to be here and now, in love.

In BE LOVE NOW Ram Dass deepens his journey of awakening and reflects on the great saints of
India as living examples of oneness and universal love.

“This book is about human beings whose vision is clear, who live fully in this moment, are mirrors
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book of forms about the formless, a form designed to liberate you from form. If you think of your-
self as someone on a path then perhaps this book will help provide some directions or some tools for
your search. As you seek the indescribable perhaps some of these descriptions will resonate for you.
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Heart as Wide as The World
By Krishna Das  $20.00
Heart as Wide as the World includes all brand new chants and is Krishna Das' first album recorded entirely in the studio in more than 10 years. A collaboration with acclaimed producer David Nichtern it also includes musician Jerry Marotta on drums & percussion and an array of unique instruments including the dotar, tablas, esraj and bansuri flute. Released in 2010.

The Sundarakanda $19.00
Transliterated and arranged into a line-by-line translation by Theresa Foxglove, dedicated to Neem Karoli Baba. Contains several photos of Maharaji. The Sundarakanda was Maharaji’s favorite part of the Ramayana, and when Maharaji would hear the Sundarakanda, tears would stream down his face.

Flow of Grace by Krishna Das  $22.00
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Shiva Ratri - Sunset to Sunrise Thursday, March 3rd 2011
Hanuman Jayanti - Saturday, April 16th 2011
Guru Purnima - Friday, July 15th 2011
Mahasamadhi Bhandara - Saturday, September 10th 2011
Navaratri - Wednesday, September 28th to Thursday, October 6th 2011