

श्रीसारदास्तुतिसप्तकम्
SRI SARADA STUTISAPTAKAM
(Seven Stanzas in praise of Sri Sarada Devi)

SWAMI HARSHANANDA

या माता दुहिता महाजलनिधेरलक्ष्मीति सङ्गीयते
या माता दुहिता महाहिमगिरेर्गौरीति चारुयायते ।
या माता च पितामहस्य दुहिता वाणीति राराजते
सा मां रक्षतु सारदा सुमतिदा श्रीरामचन्द्रात्मजा ॥१॥

या लीलासहचारिणी सुरगुरोः श्रीरामकृष्णस्य या
विश्वेषाञ्च दिवौकसां प्रणुवतामिष्टार्थसिद्धिप्रदा ।
यामाराध्य हि सर्वयोगिमुनयः प्राप्ता विमुक्तिं स्थिरां
तामम्ब्रां न उपासहे त्रिजगतामेकाश्रयां सारदाम् ॥२॥

भवाम्नौ सन्दर्घैर्दुरितनिहतैर्दुःखभरितैः
हरेर्हृत्पद्मं यद्वचहह मुकुलीभूतसुदलम् ।
ध्रुवं तत्पीडायास्त्रिदिवमधुगङ्गेव गलिता
दया या माताऽभूदवतु दयया मां जयतु सा ॥३॥

शाखापल्लवपत्रपुष्पभरितः कश्चिन्महाविद्रुमः
छायां यच्छति शीतलामतिहितां पौष्पञ्च वर्षं सुखम् ।
आत्मानं ननु वृश्चतेऽपि स यथा माता तथा पीडनं
बन्धूनां सततं कुशिष्यचरितं सोऽद्वावरान्यच्छति ॥४॥

सर्ववेदशास्त्रशिल्पसारबोधदायिनीं
सर्वधातृविष्णुरूपसर्वदेवविग्रहाम् ।
सर्वलोकसर्वजीवसर्वभूतधारिणीं
सर्वरोगहारिणीं सदा नमामि सारदाम् ॥५॥

‘ परदोषान् अन्वेष्टुं यच्छीलं तव सूनो
तद्विवा परमेशो भक्तिं वै कुरु सततम् । ’
इत्युक्त्वा मृतिकाले परमेशं प्राप्ता या
साऽपायात् पायान्मां मृतिभीतं सुखदासम् ॥ ६॥

माता मे परमा शक्तिः सारदेति प्रथां गता ।
एवं स्थिते जन्ममृत्योः सङ्कष्टान्मे भयं कुतः ॥७॥

THAT Mother Who is sung about as Lakshmi, the daughter of the great ocean, that Mother Who is spoken of as Gauri, the daughter of the great mountain of ice, that Mother Who shines as Vani (Saraswati) (the daughter of the Grandsire Brahma), may that Mother Sarada, the daughter of Sri Ramachandra and the giver of good sense, protect me !

We meditate upon that Mother Who is the partner of Sri Ramakrishna, the teacher of gods, in His play (in this world), Who (i.e., the Mother) gives the desired objects to all the gods that are bowing to Her, and worshipping Whom, all the yogis and sages attained eternal liberation !

Ah ! The heart-lotus of (Lord) Hari closed its petals (since it was affected) by (the cries of) those who are baked in the fire of *samsara*, who are struck by sin, and who are full of sorrow ! Verily, because of this pressure (of the closing petals, the honey of) mercy oozed out, just like the sweet Ganga falling from heaven and that became the Mother ! May the Mother protect me out of mercy ! Glory unto Her !

A big tree, full of branches, tender shoots, leaves and flowers, provides nice cool shade, and rains a pleasing shower of flowers even upon him who cuts it ! Similarly the Mother put up with the troubles given by Her relatives and with the eccentricities of her immature disciples and always gave away boons !

(Continued on Page 341)

filled heart-touch of his, all of us felt re-charged in life. In this manner all his devotees in the organization and outside it, in India and in far-off foreign lands who were privileged to receive his epistles got supreme and serene satisfaction, for the epistles which carried his love and blessings went straight to the heart. Often would just one sentence in a letter from him provide a lasting solution to a life-problem of the receiver of the letter. It is indeed a matter for deep surprise that while in respect of the extraordinary superman the deed invariably follows the word, in the lives of ordinary folk the opposite is the case, and the word follows the deed. Many and many a time have I observed in Sri Mahapurusha Maharaj the exalted state of the Siddhava, i.e., one whose utterance invariably finds fruition and fulfilment. In some way or other, what he spoke out would, in course of time, surely come to pass.

Our memories and reminiscences of Sri Mahapurushaji are now our great treasure and supreme possession. As I go on writing, many things come to my mind, but most of

them are naturally of an intensely personal nature. It is not fair to make all those things public.

All that is the *lila*, the sport and play of Mahasakti, the Great Goddess of power. When I think of the venerable Sri Mahapurusha Maharaj, the undermentioned verse of the Chandi comes to my mind.

That Goddess who in all beings
Is established as Compassion,
Her we salute and salute and salute,
Unto Her our obeisance, unto Her our
obeisance !

Swami Vivekananda used to say : ' Whose heart understands, he verily understands.' These words of Swamiji are remembered by me again and again as I pen these my memories or keep meditating on my recollections. Remembering these words and begging at the feet of Sri Mahapurushaji to be pardoned for my faults and failings, I bring my account to a finish here.

Om Peace, Peace, Peace.

SRI SARADA STUTI SAPTAKAM

(Continued from Page 327)

Ever do I bow down to that Sarada who gives the knowledge which is the essence of all the Vedas, arts and sciences, Who is the embodiment of all the gods like Maheshwara, Brahma and Vishnu, Who is the supporter of all the worlds, of all living beings, of all the elements, and who destroys all sorts of diseases !

May that (Mother) Who at the time of leaving Her earthly body, taught : ' O son !

Give up that habit of finding fault with others, and always cultivate devotion to the Supreme Lord !' and Who merged Herself in the Supreme Lord, protect me who am afraid of death, and am addicted to temporal pleasures, from the danger (of samsara) !

My Mother is that Supreme power well-known (in this world) as Sarada ! This being the case, how can there be, to me, any dread of the sufferings of birth and death ?

A prayer in its simplest definition is merely a wish turned God-ward.

Our prayers should be for blessings in general, for God knows best what is good for us.