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

SWAMI HARSHANANDA

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 worshiping 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!

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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 Siddhavak, 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
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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.