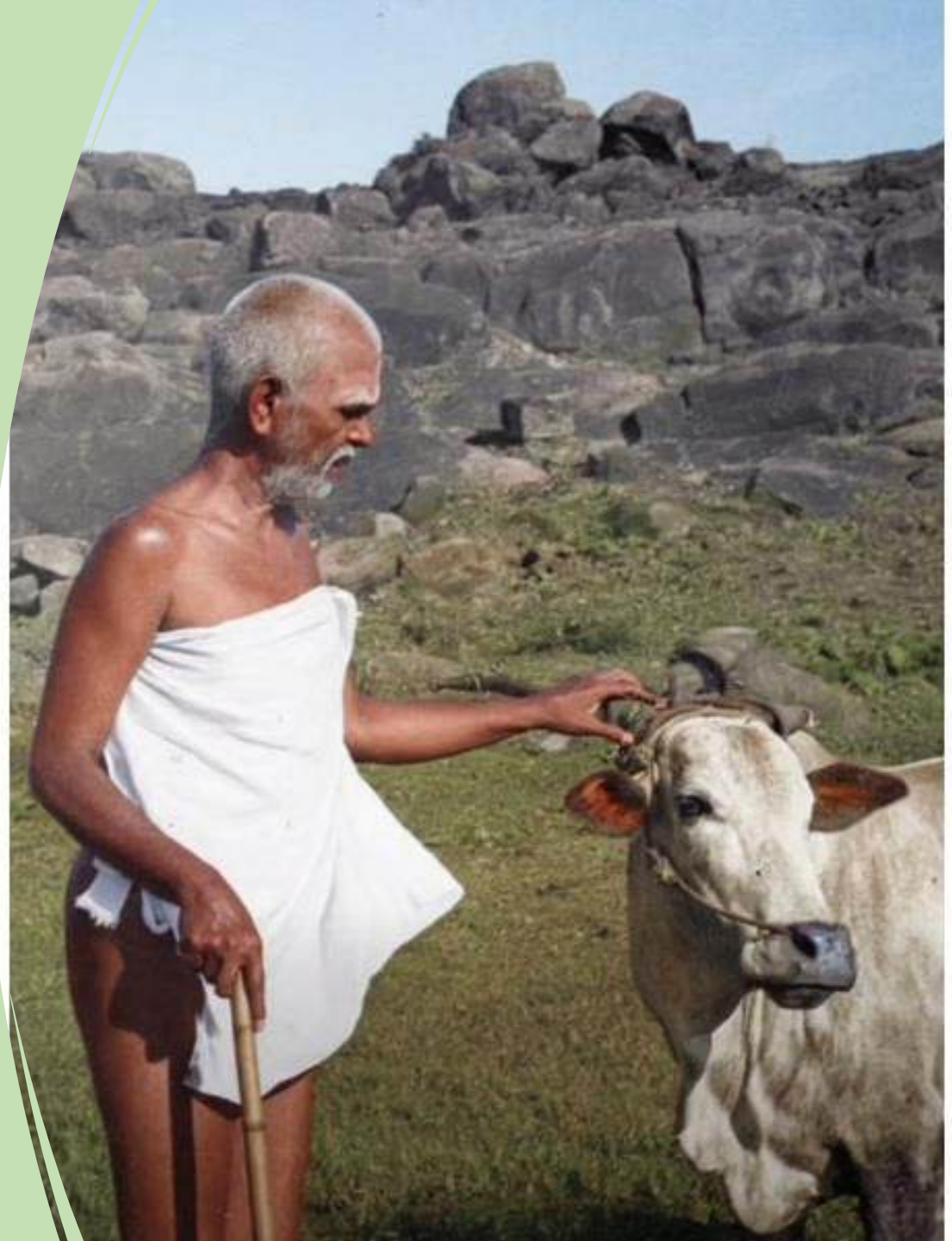

NEWSLETTER

Ramana Maharshi
Foundation U.K.
Spring-Summer 2026





Newsletter Spring-Summer 2026

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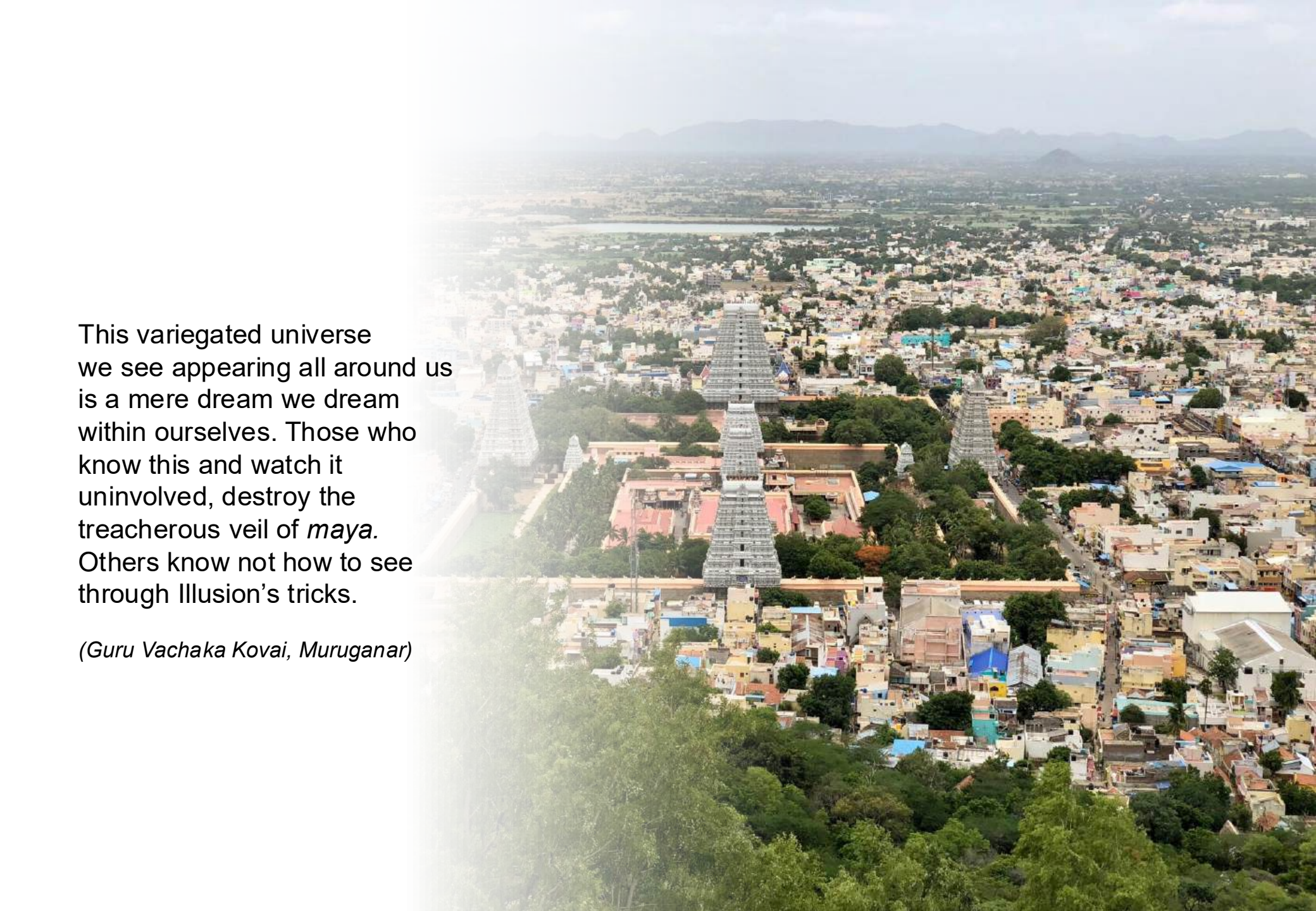
Pages 5-7: Arunachala Aksharamanamalai verses 29, 30, 31

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An aerial photograph of a city, likely in South India, featuring a prominent temple complex with several tall, tiered gopurams (temples) in the center. The city is densely packed with colorful buildings, and a large body of water is visible in the distance. The foreground is dominated by lush green trees.

This variegated universe
we see appearing all around us
is a mere dream we dream
within ourselves. Those who
know this and watch it
uninvolved, destroy the
treacherous veil of *maya*.
Others know not how to see
through Illusion's tricks.

(Guru Vachaka Kovai, Muruganar)



Welcome to this Spring-Summer 2026 edition of the RMF UK Newsletter

In verses 29,30 and 31 of Aksharamanamalai Bhagavan is imploring Arunachala to get rid of the ignorance that prevails and to make him realise the one true reality that resides in the heart.

The article by Christopher Quilkey highlights how Bhagavan accepted all who came to him with sincerity; irrespective not only of their sex but also of their backgrounds and how Bhagavan led by example the idea of *Samatvam* i.e. treating all equally. So, everyone received his love, and his grace, and his teachings according to their needs.

The extract from Krishna Bhikshu's article about Mrs Syed is a wonderful example of Bhagavan's compassion towards a woman of a completely different faith. The article about Sampurnamma includes many instances of Bhagavan teaching through his interactions with the widows who worked in the kitchen. Truly Bhagavan's grace has no bounds.

Arunachala Aksharamanamai

Verse 29

*cittaṅ kulirakkati rattamvait tamutavā
yaittira varuṇmati yaruṇācalā*

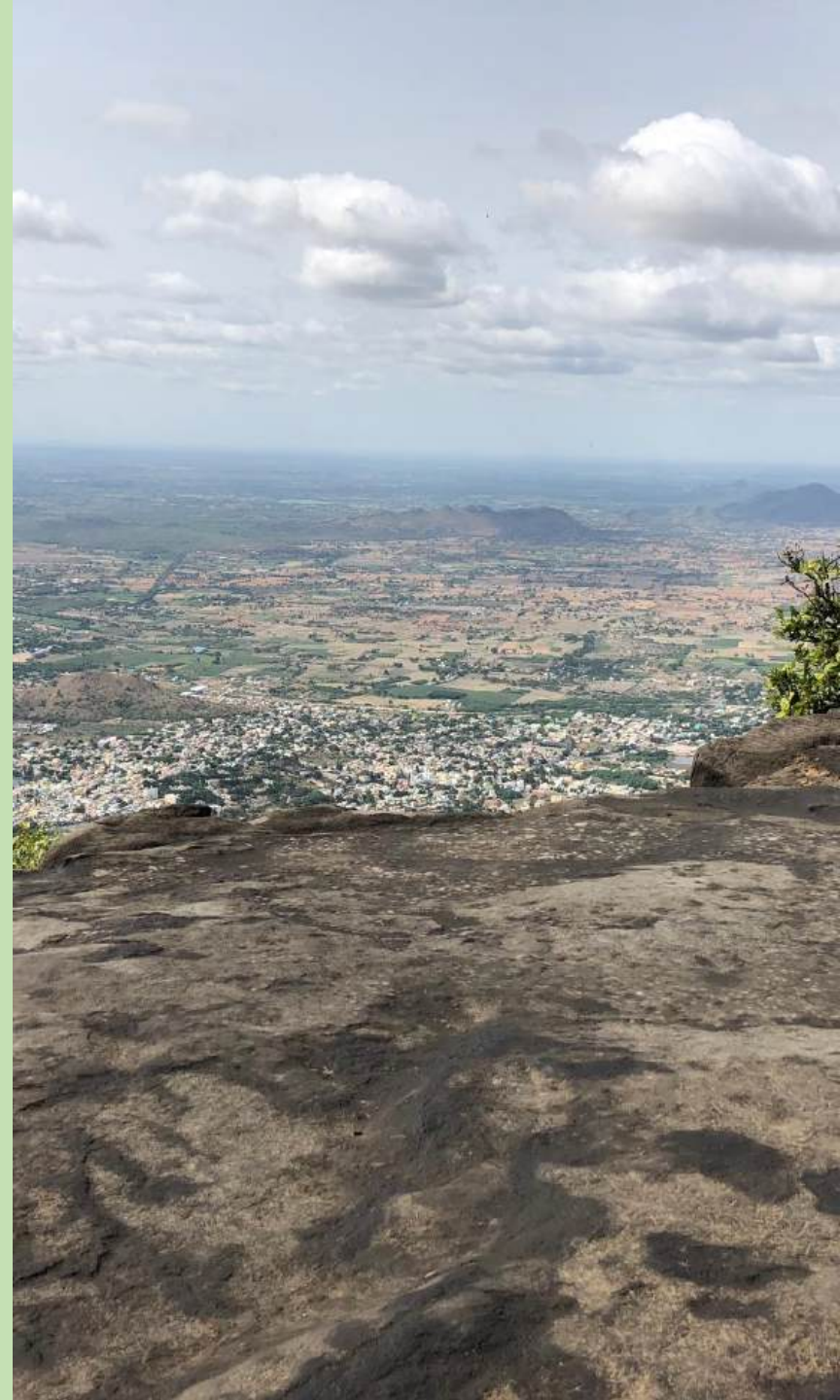
Paraphrase:

Arunachala! Moon of Grace! My mind is afflicted by the burning heat of threefold suffering, inwardly filled with nectar but outwardly tightly closed like the bud of a water lily. In order that that heat may be assuaged and cooled, may you bestow your grace and cause its mouth to open up with the ambrosial rays of your hands. *(Note by Muruganar: Between the two nipples, at the base of the chest and above the stomach, there are six organs of various colours. Of these, one looking like a lily bud, is the Heart. It is within the chest, two fingers width to the right of the centre).*

Commentary:

He calls Arunachala *the moon of grace with ambrosial rays* because, being ambrosia's very form, He alone is qualified to open the ambrosia-filled vessel, which was tightly closed as if with lac sealing-wax, and reveal the ambrosia within.

(published in Arunachala Aksharamanamai commentary M.K.Muruganar, translated by Robert Butler)





Arunachala Aksharamanamai

Verse 30

*sukhakkadal poṅgac colluṅar vaḍaṅgac
cummā porundiḍaṅ gāruṅācalā*

Paraphrase:

[Arunachala!] May you bestow your grace by simply remaining enthroned in peaceful repose within my heart, so that it sweetly surges, becoming an ocean of bliss, and in consequence both word and thought subside within.

Commentary:

Arunachala's mere silent presence in his heart is that which confers upon him blessings beyond measure. Therefore he says, 'so that the ocean of bliss surges and thought and mind subside.' It is natural for word and thought to subside in the enjoyment of bliss. The meaning here is that in the heart in which the Lord dwells the bliss of peace will grow ever greater and the troublesome activity of speech and thought will thereby be attenuated.

*(published in Arunachala Aksharamanamai commentary
M.K.Muruganar, translated by Robert Butler)*

Arunachala Aksharamanamalai

Verse 31

kōpamil guṇattōy kuṛiyā yeṇaikkoḷak
kuraiyeṇ seyde ṇaruṇācalā

Paraphrase:

[Arunachala], you whose peaceful nature is free of anger! What penance have I performed in previous births that you should take this devotee (specially among the many devotees) as the target of your grace!

Commentary:

This verse is praising [Arunachala] on the pretext of censuring [Him]. What fault have I committed, that you, (in my case only) should get angry with me and make me your target?

(published in Arunachala Aksharamanamalai commentary by M.K. Muruganar)



Bhagavan and his Relationship with Women

(Chris Quilkey)

In the time when Bhagavan was alive in his physical body, women in general were not regarded as equal to men. This is a somewhat sweeping statement as it often depended on the individual, their strength of character and their social rank in the complex multilayered Hindu religion, society and culture. More often than not, women were a force in the home whose opinions mattered, though to the external world it was the husband who 'appeared' to be in charge and made public pronouncements.

It is not by accident that Sri Ramanasramam has as one of its principal structures, a temple devoted to his mother who according to Bhagavan was a liberated soul. This proclamation and the consequent constructed temple were highly contentious issues during Bhagavan's lifetime as there was an element in the rigid orthodox community which severely disagreed with the construction and maintenance of the shrine because his mother was a Brahmin widow and who, in their eyes, could not possibly have attained liberation. Many would not enter the ashram for this reason. The Shankaracharya of Kanchipuram was obliged, as the leader of religious canon and consequent upholder of dharma, whether or not he agreed personally with the arguments, not to enter the ashram when he came occasionally to Tiruvannamalai and performed *giripradakashina* of Arunachala along the route that ran right past the ashram gate. And this happened even though over the years he made statements extolling the spiritual eminence of Bhagavan.

A salient feature of Bhagavan's active life was his interest in preparing food. In fact, it was only in 1940 he gave up work in the ashram kitchen. When Bhagavan was a young boy, it is reported that he would often assist his mother in the kitchen. The first major teaching on *prarabdha karma*, destiny, Bhagavan gave which is now a canonical statement in Bhagavan's collected writings, is his *upadesa* to his mother when she came to Tiruvannamalai in 1898, hoping that he would return with her to Madurai. Later when she came to stay with him at Virupaksha Cave in 1917 there was strong opposition from the sadhus who gathered around him, to such a degree that Bhagavan took his mother's hand and declared that they would leave. The sadhus relented and she became a permanent feature of life at Virupaksha Cave and Skanda Ashram where she attained *mukti*. Her body was brought down to the present site of the ashram and it was with this event that a new and significant phase of Bhagavan's life began whereby he became readily accessible to people.

Gradually over the years both men and women, particularly Brahmin widows congregated around him. Specifically, the widows would assist in the all-important cooking of the kitchen. Brahmin widows were forced to discard their wedding *mangalyam*, ornaments, and normal attire and wear long single sheets of white cloth that quickly became a grimy dun colour through use, as quite often the poor widows in those austere days had no more than two cloths at best. They were regarded as inauspicious and relegated to a position of inferiority.

To give an idea of their status in that social and religious climate, the Sankaracharya of Kanchi would be obliged due to the strict rules under which he served as head of the Kanchi Mutt, to take a bath if he saw a Brahmin widow in his presence. This resulted in him banning widows from his presence not from a lack of compassion but because otherwise he would be taking an inordinate number of baths each day.

And yet with Bhagavan who was not under any such obligation as a sadhu, these women were an integral part of ashram life.

In those days the preparation of food was paramount in Hinduism with all its preconditions and restrictions, not just in a family environment but also especially in ashrams for the spiritual well-being of individuals. The adage 'What we eat is what we become' was pervasive and central to daily life.

The kitchen was the heart of any family and ashram. The fact that Bhagavan encouraged the widows to participate in the cooking was ground-breaking. Though he was criticised by so-called forward-thinking Indians for allowing the continued practise of separating the Brahmins and non-Brahmins during meals, this was but an inconsequential sideshow to his incorporation of widows into a central position in the life of the ashram. He respected tradition but he also had a powerful sense of justice and would not tolerate cruel discrimination.

There was story about a Brahmin widow who disappeared from the kitchen and was temporarily living in the bare large *mantapam* opposite the ashram. Bhagavan asked where she was knowing full well the situation, to which the reply came that it was the time of her monthly period which made her impure. He demanded that she be brought to him. Reluctantly she came back to the ashram knowing she was infringing custom. After answering Bhagavan's questions as to why she was at the mandapam, he told her to resume work in the ashram. She was shocked but in her devotion to Bhagavan had no choice but to obey Bhagavan's order. Bhagavan did not see impurity but a human being deserving consideration.

This gives us an idea of how keenly Bhagavan felt about women's role and their dignity as an individual irrespective of long held beliefs and behaviour.

Why I am writing about this subject is that we should remember that Bhagavan was for equality and due deference where appropriate that does not harm the individual but rather enhances their self-respect. Bhagavan saw no difference between men and women as souls in search of liberation. He treated all according to their sincerity and not to their sex. In those distant days such an attitude was radical in Hindu spiritual practice while today it is seen as a common place truism, not just in social and cultural life — though there are some who would consider this as an affront to male chauvinism — but also in the tightly regulated spiritual hierarchy based on scripture. Bhagavan bypassed this and accepted all as equals, regardless of sex, religion, status, colour, age or profession.

This perhaps is a major reason why Bhagavan and the teaching he enunciated is so widely admired and accepted. And for us who stand before him in the Samadhi Hall or sit quietly in the Old Hall there is an openness devoid of restrictions. The Mother's temple is there for solace and the atmosphere of the ashram is convivial to contemplation even in the midst of the present surge in crowds. All who have experienced this special subtle Grace never forget it's intoxicating perfume however many layers of distracting thought press on our attention.

(Article contributed by Christopher Quilkey editor of the Mountain Path for 21 years from 2003 to 2023)

Face to Face with Sri Ramana Maharshi

Narrated by Krishna Bhikshu

Dr. Syed and his wife were great devotees of Bhagavan. They used to stay in a rented house outside the ashram and cook their own food. One day Mrs Syed felt a strong desire to invite Bhagavan to their house for food. She nagged her husband, but he did not have the courage to do something so unusual. That Bhagavan should agree to meet his wife outside the hall was unusual enough. He had asked twice for this to happen, and twice Bhagavan had consented. However, it was unthinkable that Bhagavan would come to their house and eat since he had never before accepted an invitation to eat in a devotee's house. But the intrepid lady went on pressing her husband until he got more afraid of her than of the enormity of her request. When Dr Syed finally told Bhagavan about his wife's desire, Bhagavan merely smiled and kept quiet.

Dr Syed's wife would not give up. She was certain that Bhagavan would grant her wish if the matter were put before him in the proper spirit and form. At last, while Bhagavan was going up the hill, Dr Syed and his wife stood before him and told him her desire. Bhagavan just laughed and went up the hill.

When they returned home in the evening, there was quite a row in their house. Dr Syed's wife blamed him because she thought that he had not asked Bhagavan in the proper way. At last he had enough of the quarrel and told her, 'How am I responsible? The truth of the matter is, your devotion is deficient. That is the reason why Bhagavan refused.'

These words of his must have touched her deeply for she sat in meditation throughout the night. She wanted by sheer intensity of prayer to bring Bhagavan to dinner! During the early hours of the morning she must have dozed, for Bhagavan appeared to her in a dream or vision and told her, 'Why are you so obstinate? How can I leave the ashram and come to your house for food? I must dine along with the people there, otherwise they won't eat. Besides, as you know, people are coming from distant places, facing a lot of trouble to see me and to have food with me. How can I leave all these guests and come to your place? Feed three devotees of mine and it will be the same as feeding me. I shall be fully satisfied.'

In her vision she saw the three devotees whom she had to invite. One was Dr Melkote, the second Swami Prabuddhananda and the third was myself, Voruganti Krishnaya (also known as Krishna Bhikshu). She gave full details of her vision to Dr Syed, who promptly invited all the three for food in his house, telling us that we could not possibly refuse. We were all brahmins and, although we were delighted to represent Bhagavan at the feast, we were afraid of what the ashram brahmins would say. For a brahmin to eat in a Muslim house is a serious breach of convention.

Dr Melkote was in the guestroom near the flower garden. I went to him and asked him, 'What are you thinking about?'

'I am thinking of the dinner at Syed's place.'

'Are you going?'

'I am still thinking about it. They are Muslims.'

'If we go, we are bound to get into a lot of trouble.'

'Yes, they may turn us out of the ashram.'

'Then are you going?'

'I am going,' said Dr Melkote. 'I am taking it as Bhagavan's direct order. Otherwise how could Mrs Syed pick us? How could she know our names and faces well enough to show us to her husband?'

'Prabuddhananda can go, for he is a sannyasi and can eat anywhere. Besides, he is not afraid of the ashram authorities, for he cooks his own food. But we are taking serious risks,' I said.

'Well,' said Dr Melkote, 'we are going, and Bhagavan will attend to the risks.'

In spite of these brave words Dr Melkote was perplexed. We were to dine in a Muslim house. Even if the food was vegetarian, what about the kitchen and vessels? What do Muslims know about the brahmin rules and habits concerning cleanliness? How would we explain our going to a Muslim house for food? Why should we trust the vision of some Muslim lady? Could we really say that we were merely obeying Bhagavan's orders? Who would believe us? Surely not the ashram brahmins! And what an assortment we three made! One was a Kanarese householder, the second an Andhra bachelor, the third a Bengali sannyasi!

The next day, when the bell for dinner was rung, we three went before Bhagavan and bowed. Bhagavan did not ask us the reason. He merely looked at us. Instead of going to the dining hall with the others, we marched out of the ashram, passing before Chinna Swami who, wonder of wonders, did not ask us why we were going out of the ashram without eating food there. Mrs Syed had got up early that morning, swept the kitchen and washed the vessels carefully herself. She would not allow her servant girl to enter the kitchen. Mrs Syed had been scolded repeatedly by her relatives and the Muslim moulvis [teachers and scholars] for her devotion to a Hindu saint.

She told them, 'When I used to say my prayers, I would see the Prophet standing by my side. Since I met Bhagavan, the Prophet has disappeared, and now Bhagavan comes to watch me pray.' So great was her devotion!

After getting everything thoroughly clean, she lovingly prepared dish after dish. When we arrived, we found the food excellent. At the conclusion of the meal she offered us betel leaves with her own hands.

As we were walking back to the ashram, Dr Melkote had tears in his eyes. 'I come from Hyderabad,' he said, 'and I know well the Muslim ways and customs. A Muslim lady will give betel leaves with her own hands to nobody except her husband or a fakir. In her eyes we were fakirs, the forms Bhagavan took to go to her place.'

When we returned to the ashram, we were astonished that nobody had enquired why we had not been present in the dining hall, or where we had gone or what we did in a Muslim house. How wonderfully does Bhagavan protect those who obey him!

(Face to Face with Sri Ramana Maharshi, Krishna Bhikshu Pgs 181-182)



Sampurnamma

(David Godman)

"Bhagavan would call me as 'Sampurnam'. He would say that the word meant 'whole' that without any deficiency."

Bhagavan was born in the village next to ours, so my people knew him from his earliest childhood. When he became a great saint with an ashram at Tiruvannamalai, my relatives used to go there often, for they were quite devoted to him. For a long time, though, I was busy with my household affairs and was not interested in going with them to Tiruvannamalai. When my husband died, I fell into a state of deep despair in which I thought that life was no longer worth living. To get me out of this state my relatives urged me to go to Ramanasramam to get some spiritual guidance from Bhagavan, but at the time I was not in the mood to go anywhere.

In 1928 my sister and her husband, Narayanan, were going to see Bhagavan. I agreed to go with them. We found Bhagavan in a palm-leaf hut that had been built over his mother's samadhi. Some devotees and visitors who were with him were all having their morning coffee. Dandapani Swami introduced me to Bhagavan, saying, "This is Dr Narayanan's wife's sister.'

I was able to sit for long hours in Bhagavan's presence. During these times my mind would just stop thinking and I would not notice the passage of time. I was not taught to meditate, nor did I know how, by my own efforts, to stop the mind from thinking. But in Bhagavan's presence it would happen by itself, by his grace alone. I would sit and sit, immersed in a strange state in which the mind would not have a single thought. It would not be a dull blank, for in this state there would be a vivid awareness of mental clarity. Those were days of deep and calm happiness in which my devotion to Bhagavan took firm roots. It has never left me.

On this first visit I stayed for twenty days. As I was leaving, Bhagavan took out a copy of Who am I? and gave it to me with his own hands.

Back in my village I was restless, so when my uncle left to visit Arunachala I eagerly accepted his offer to take me with him. On my arrival I was asked to help in the kitchen because the lady in charge of cooking had had to leave temporarily for her home. I gladly agreed, for it gave me a chance to stay at the ashram and to be near Bhagavan.

In the beginning I was not good at cooking, for the cooking methods at the ashram were different from mine, but Bhagavan was always by my side, helping me with detailed instructions. His firm principle was that health depended on food that could be digested easily. So, we used to spend hours on grinding and stewing.

Since he would taste all the food before it was served to others, our food became consecrated, for all food offered to God becomes holy.

Bhagavan paid very close attention to proper cooking. To be sure that the seasoning was just right, I would give him food to taste while it was still cooking. He was always willing to leave the hall to give advice in the kitchen. Amidst pots and pans he was relaxed and free. He would teach us countless ways of cooking grains, pulses and vegetables, the staples of our South Indian diet. While we were cooking he would tell us stories from his childhood, or about his mother, her ways and how she cooked *sampurnam* (sweet filling).

He was very strict with us in the kitchen. We soon learned that his orders were to be obeyed down to the last detail. No choice was left to us to guess or try on our own. We had to do blindly as he taught us and, by doing so, be convinced that he was always right and that he would never fail us if we put our trust in him. When I think of it now, I can see clearly that he used the work in the kitchen as a background for spiritual training. He taught us to listen to every word of his and to carry it out faithfully. He taught us that work is love for others. He imbued us with the spirit that we never can work for ourselves. By his very presence he taught us that we are always in the presence of God, and that all work is his. He used cooking to teach us religion and philosophy.

In the kitchen he was the master cook, aiming at perfection in taste and appearance. One would think from the care he took that he liked good food and enjoyed a hearty meal. Not at all. When meals were served, he would mix up the little food he would allow to be put on his leaf - the sweet, the sour and the savoury, everything together and gulp it down carelessly as if he had no taste in his mouth.

When we would tell him that it was not right to mix such nicely prepared dishes, he would say, 'Enough of multiplicity. Let us have some unity.'

It was obvious that all the extraordinary care he gave to cooking was not for our sake. He wanted us to keep good health, of course, but more than that he wanted an opportunity to teach us how to live. For those who worked in the kitchen, cooking became a deep spiritual experience.

You must cover your vegetables when you cook them, he used to say. 'Only then will they keep their flavour and be fit to eat. It is the same with the mind. You must put a lid over it and let it simmer quietly. Then only does a man become food fit for God to eat.'

One day he gave me a copy of Ribhu Gita and asked me to study it. I was not at all anxious to pour over such a difficult text, good only for learned pandits, and asked to be excused, saying that I did not understand a single word of it.

'It does not matter that you do not understand,' he said. "It will still be of great benefit to you.'

He would allow nothing to go to waste. Even a grain of rice or a mustard seed lying on the ground would be picked up, dusted carefully, taken to the kitchen and put in its proper tin. I asked him why he gave himself so much trouble for a grain of rice. He replied, 'Yes, this is my way. Everything is in my care and I let nothing go to waste. In these matters I am quite strict. If I was married, no woman could get on with me. She would run away.'

On another occasion he told me, 'This is the property of my father Arunachala. I have to preserve it and pass it on to his children.'

His economical habits would sometimes lead him to use for food things we would not even dream were edible: wild plants, bitter roots and pungent leaves were turned under his guidance into delicious dishes.

Once a feast was being prepared for his birthday. Devotees sent food in large quantities. Some sent rice, some sugar, some fruits. One devotee sent a huge load of aubergines that we had to eat day after day. When they had all been eaten, Bhagavan asked us to cook the stalks, which were lying in a big heap in a corner, and make them into a curry! I was stunned, for even cattle would refuse to eat such useless, spiky fodder. Bhagavan insisted that the stalks were edible, so we put them in a pot to boil along with some dry peas. After six hours of boiling they were as hard as ever. We were at a loss what to do, yet we did not dare to disturb Bhagavan. We need not have worried because he always knew when he was needed in the kitchen. He would often leave the hall, even in the middle of a discussion, if we needed his advice. A casual visitor would think that his mind was always on cooking. In reality his grace was on the cooks. As usual, he did not fail us in this occasion. He appeared at an opportune moment in the kitchen and asked, 'How is the curry getting on?' 'Is it a curry we are cooking? We are boiling steel nails!' I exclaimed, laughing.

He stirred the stalks with the ladle for a few seconds and then went away without saying anything. Soon afterwards we found them quite tender. The dish was simply delicious and when it was served everybody asked for a second helping. Bhagavan challenged the diners to guess what vegetable they were eating, but, of course, no one got it right. Everybody praised the curry and the cook, except Bhagavan, who was the principal architect of the meal. He swallowed the little he was served in one mouthful like a dose of medicine and refused a second helping. I was very disappointed that after taking so much trouble to cook these stalks, he would not even taste them properly.

Next day I overheard him telling someone, 'Sampurnamma was distressed that I did not eat her wonderful curry. Can she not see that everyone who eats is myself? What does it matter who eats the food? It is the cooking that matters, not the cook or the eater. A thing done well, with love and devotion, is its own reward. What happens to it later matters little, for it is out of our hands.'

It was clear that Bhagavan did not want me to treat him differently from others. He corrected my faults by refusing to touch the very thing I was so proud of and eager to serve.

In the evening, before I left the ashram to go to town to sleep, he would ask me what food was available for cooking the next day. When I arrived at daybreak the following morning, I would find everything ready: vegetables peeled and cut, lentils soaked, spices ground, and coconuts scraped. As soon as he saw me in the kitchen, he would give detailed instructions about what should be cooked and how. He would then sit in the hall awhile before returning to the kitchen to see how things were moving. He would taste whatever we had cooked, go back to the hall, and then return again an hour or two later for a further progress report. It was so strange to see him so eager to cook and so unwilling to eat.

As a cook, Bhagavan was perfect. He would never put in too much or too little salt or spices. So long as we followed his instructions, everything would go well with our cooking, but the moment we tried to act on our own we would get into trouble. Even then, if we sought his help, he would taste our brew and tell us what we had to do in order to make the food palatable. From these experiences we came to understand fully that in dealing with him our only duty was to obey. This training became a part of our lives. By daily practice we learned to have our minds always focused on Bhagavan. Whenever we were afraid, anxious or in pain, we had only to think of him to feel his helping hand.

In coming to and from the ashram I sometimes had to walk in the dark along a jungle path which skirted the hill.

When Bhagavan noticed that it made me afraid, he told me, 'Why are you afraid? Am I not with you?'

Bhagavan confirmed that he was protecting me when Chinnaswami, the manager of the ashram, once asked me, when I came at dusk, 'How could you come all alone? Were you not afraid?' Bhagavan rebuked him: 'Why are you surprised? Was she alone? Was I not with her all the time?'

Once Subbalakshmi Amma and myself decided to walk around the hill. We started very early, long before daybreak. We were very afraid of the jungle, which we knew housed snakes, panthers, and even a few evil men. After walking a little way we saw a strange, blue light in front of us. It was uncanny and we thought it was a ghost, but it led us along the path. When we realised it was guiding us, we felt safe with it. It left us at dawn.

Another time the two of us were walking around the hill early in the morning and chattering about our homes and relatives. We noticed a man following us at a distance. We got quite alarmed, and started praying aloud, 'Lord Arunachala! Only you can help us, only you can save us!' The man caught up with us and remarked, 'Yes, Arunachala is our only refuge. Keep your mind on him constantly. It is his light that fills all space. Always have him in your mind.'

We wondered who he might be. Was he sent by Bhagavan to remind us that it is not proper to talk of worldly matters when going around the hill? Or was it Arunachala himself in human disguise? We looked back. But there was nobody on the path! In so many ways Bhagavan made us feel that he was always with us, until the conviction grew and became a part of our nature.

In those days we lived on the threshold of a new world, a world of ecstasy and joy. Time just rolled on noiselessly, unfelt and unperceived. The heaviest task seemed a trifle. We knew no fatigue. At home the least bit of work seemed tiresome and made us grumble, but in the ashram we worked all day and were always ready for more.

I once suggested that we should eat our dinner in the open air, partly because the moon was bright in the sky and partly because there was quite a crowd of visitors to feed. Bhagavan agreed and we arranged for the food to be served in the courtyard by the hall. As Bhagavan sat with us there, we saw a strong and clear halo around his head. Was it the moonlight or some other cause? I cannot say, but the halo was there and many could see it. It made a deep impression on us and we talked about it for weeks.

Once I sought Bhagavan's permission to accompany some friends who were going on a pilgrimage to Benares. He made fun of me. 'What do you expect to find in Benares that you cannot find here?' he asked. 'The Lord of Benares [Siva] is here. He is himself Arunachala, Why go in search of him who is here with you?'

On another occasion he remarked, 'When I was on the hill, a crow used to keep me company. He was a *rishi* in a crow's body. He would not eat from anybody's hand but mine. He died soon after'.

The respect he showed to animals and birds was most striking. He really treated them as equals. They were served food first like some respected visitors and, if they happened to die in the ashram, they would be given a decent burial and a memorial stone. The tombs of the deer, the crow and the cow Lakshmi can still be seen in the ashram near the back gate.

Who knows in how many different forms - animal, human, and divine - visited this embodiment of the Almighty? We common and ignorant women knew only the bliss of his presence and could not tear ourselves away from the beloved of all.

(The Power of the Presence, Part 3, David Godman, Extract from the article Sampurnamma P.220-229)

EVENTS

Satsangs on Bhagavan's Compositions and Questions put by Devotees - second and last Saturday of every month with Michael James via Zoom.

Satsangs – on some Saturdays we might have a Guest Speaker. Devotees who are on our online mailing list will receive an email.

In-Person Meetings in London - usually the first Saturday of every month (check our website) at The Study Society, Colet House, London W14 9DA.

Study Group - Every Tuesday and Thursday from 7 pm to 8.30 pm via Zoom.

Meditation Group - Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7pm to 8.15pm via Zoom.

Two **Newsletters** are distributed - one in Spring-Summer and another in Autumn-Winter.

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**Instead of sporting proud and joyous in the sea of Siva-experience,
Bliss Supreme, worthless people wallow in mire of messy pleasures
in the pit of flesh.**

Muruganar (Guru Vachaka Kovai)