



Court of Record

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courtofrecord.org

Captain Lorenzo Merga
Commander Swiss Guards

cc: His Holiness Pope Francis
5 cc: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

Open Letter
Amicus curiae
3 February 2015

Dear Captain Merga,

10 In the name of YHVH, Truth, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Good News for all men, women and children, greeting!

30 January 2015

Further to our recent request by fax, recorded below, we request you to assist the *Bishops of Rome* with the most ancient and orthodox procedure of the *Holy See*.

15 Captain Lorenzo Merga, Commander Swiss Guards
cc: His Holiness Pope Francis - we request hand delivery by Captain Merga.
27 January 2015
Dear Captain Merga,
Our faxes and hand delivery of 26 Jan 2015 may have given you some insight on what it takes to protect the Bishops of Rome and perhaps /why/ your predecessor was fired.
20 The first difficulty that must be addressed, is that His Holiness Pope Francis has, until now, been unable to speak frankly with you. If it is not clear yet, the enemies of both Bishops of Rome are within. Our prior letters cover the 1870 Roman Question. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roman_question. The enemy entered in 1870 - they have not left.
Our letters led to His Holiness Pope Francis' visit to Lampedusa, the open window in his little car in Brazil, and recently the storm in the Philippines.
25 You may also recall His Holiness Pope Francis' reference to the "lepers" of bureaucracy and that no identity cards are required.
We must ask you to assist His Holiness Pope Francis to remove Italian police and any other external/corporate security from within Vatican City. There are those within, who wish to use the Holy See as a corporate head quarters of some 'bank'. We believe that they must be kicked out without delay and without warning.
30 We must ask you to assist His Holiness Pope Francis to be able to meet with His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI freely and without any interference from anyone they do not wish to have witness their meetings. Their Holiness have an important announcement to make at their pleasure, perhaps on the anniversary of His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI's resignation.
We have also asked our messenger to deliver to you copies of our recent letters to His Excellency Matteo Renzi, Prime Minister of Italy. The Prime Minister must be assisted with the security of Rome and the men, women and children of 'Italy'. For you to be able to do your job, you need the context. Letters prior to this assisting His Holiness Pope Francis with the dissolution of the Federal Reserve and the United States are published at: www.courtofrecord.org or www.courtofrecord.org.uk
40 We suggest that our messenger can assist you to assist His Holiness Pope Francis. We suggest to His

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Holiness that he be given a room with electric power and an internet connection to facilitate communication. We request a meeting to be arranged between Their Holiness and our messenger. We send our love to our Immaculate Virgin Mary with Her Child Jesus for thee and all in the 'Swiss Guard'.

Yours faithfully,

Joseph Ray Sundarsson
Special Master

50 The homily of His Holiness Pope Francis this morning at Santa Martha, is included here in full, with emphasis added:

55 (Vatican Radio¹) Pope Francis warned that lukewarm Christians who've lost the memory and enthusiasm of their first encounter with Christ are in grave danger of letting the devil into their homes.

Christians, he explained, must always retain that memory of their first meeting with Christ and their hope in Him to help them go forward with the courage of their faith. The Pope's words came at his

morning Mass on Friday (January 30th) celebrated at the Santa Marta residence.

60 Taking the inspiration for his reflections from the Letter to the Hebrews, Pope Francis said somebody who no longer remembers his or her first meeting with Jesus is an empty and spiritually inert person, as only lukewarm people can be. The day of that first encounter with Christ, he stressed, must never be forgotten.

Lukewarm Christians in grave danger

65 "Our memory is so important for recalling the grace received because if we chase away that enthusiasm which comes from the memory of that first love, this enthusiasm coming from that first love, then a huge danger arrives for Christians: a lukewarm (faith). Lukewarm Christians. They're there, immobile and yes, they're Christians, but they've lost the memory of that first love. And they've also lost their enthusiasm. In addition, they've lost their patience, to tolerate life's problems with the spirit of Jesus' love, to tolerate, and to bear on their shoulders the difficulties.... Lukewarm Christians, poor things, they're in grave danger."

70 Pope Francis said when he thinks about lukewarm Christians *he is struck by two distasteful images, the one described by Peter who talks of the dog that returns to its own vomit and the other described by Jesus of people who chase away the devil and decide to follow the gospel but when the devil later returns with reinforcements they open their doors of their house to him.* The Pope said this is like **returning to the vomit of that evil that was earlier rejected** and vice-versa.

75 "A Christian has these two parameters, memory and hope. We must evoke our memory so as not to lose the beautiful experience of that first love which feeds our hope. Many times that hope is in darkness but (a Christian) still goes ahead. He or she believes and goes forward because they know that hope never disappoints us, in finding Jesus. These two parameters are the very frames within which we can safeguard the salvation of the good people which comes from the Lord."

Memory and hope equal faith

80 The Pope said this salvation must be protected in order that the tiny mustard seed will grow and bear fruit.

85 "It's painful and heart-breaking to see so many Christians - so many Christians! – half-way along the road, so many **Christians who've failed along this road towards a meeting with Jesus, going away from this encounter with Jesus.** This road where they've lost the memory of that first love and no longer have any hope."

We can see that His Holiness Pope Francis finds himself alone, surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves in red bonnets who are ready to "eat their own vomit".

1 http://en.radiovaticana.va/news/2015/01/30/pope_francis_christians_two_parameters_memory_and_hope/1120720

The ancient and very orthodox procedure of the Holy See, we have already outlined to His Holiness Pope Francis during the recent Synod on 15 October 2014 thus:

- 90 **"The Synod can be helped by applying the ancient, very orthodox procedure of the Holy See, of asking all participants, "Do you deny that our LORD 'Jesus Christ' is "Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name" come in the flesh?"**
- 95 **"If they answer 'yes', then they accept His law, they can close their 'Vatican Bank' account and return home with up to the maximum legal amount in 'cash'.**
- "If they answer 'no', then they deny His divinity, they can close their 'Vatican Bank' account and return home with up to the maximum legal amount in 'cash'.**

His Holiness Pope Francis can directly express to you the theological difficulties that were solved by this and other letter of 10 October 2014.

100 By now you must be familiar with our investigation into the crash of Malaysia Airlines MH17² in Ukraine and our investigation of ritual child sacrifice and black magic at the Vatican.

We must ask you to assist His Holiness Pope Francis with investigating and sealing off any and all ritual sacrificial chambers or basement crypts in Vatican City and Rome. We are investigating allegations, for example, of sacrifice rituals at the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

105 We have written to you, "We must ask you to assist His Holiness Pope Francis to remove Italian police and any other external/corporate security from within Vatican City. There are those within, who wish to use the Holy See as a corporate head quarters of some 'bank'. We believe that they must be kicked out without delay and without warning".

110 The procedure that naturally suggests itself is an interview of each member of the Roman Curia in Vatican City or Rome, where they are asked, "**Do you deny that our LORD 'Jesus Christ' is "Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name" come in the flesh?"**

115 Those who have no faith can leave, leaving their robes, cap, passport and bank cards behind, never to set foot in Vatican City again or to conduct any private or public religious service. We suggest that they be treated kindly and escorted out. The Holy See is not short of Catholic faithful, even as His Holiness Pope Francis has witnessed recently in the Philippines.

We recall that His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI joked when asked how many work at the Vatican, "at least half of them". Perhaps the fraction is less.

The duty enjoined by karma

His Holiness Pope Francis has prayed, "We must ask God for the desire to do His will"³.

120 Our LORD, Jesus Christ spoke tersely thus:

Matthew 7:21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

22 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

125 *23 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.*

The Gospel according to St. Matthew, Chapter 7 21:23.

Often, these lines are used to justify the *magisterium* of Church authority, to wit, "do what I say, or else!". Whenever we encounter this word *magisterium* in today's purported theological writings, they are implicitly talking about the power of Caesar, supposedly the legal power of the *Bishops of Rome*. The

2 www.courtofrecord.org.uk/Holland

3 www.news.va/en/news/pope-francis-we-must-ask-god-for-the-desire-to-do

130 import of this saying of our LORD Jesus Christ is more subtle and requires not *faith* as is understood by lay men and women, ridiculed by atheists as all faith is blind faith. “Hearing” with devotion what Christ, *One* that I-AM is “saying”, requires contemplation of *Brahman*, YHVH, our LORD Jesus Christ, *One*.

In this context, let us examine the following dialogue:

True Devotion

135 Another evening, the conversation which was quite general at first, gradually turned on to the subject of *bhajana* [liturgy, musical meditation], singing of devotional songs to the accompaniment of music. A *bhakta* [devotee] who belonged to the party in attendance mentioned that such devotional exercises had an exhilarating and soothing effect on our wayward minds and that it was pleasing to find that *bhajana* parties were being formed in increasing numbers in every town and village.

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His Holiness: I am glad to hear this. But I have heard that at the same time the observance of our religious rites is steadily going down. Why is it so?

Devotee: It is mainly because the ordinary people lack faith in the efficacy of religious rites that they resort to *bhajana* for pleasing God.

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HH: I suppose that many of the persons engaged in *bhajana* may not care for or may even neglect their ordinary religious duties like the *sandhya* [sun] worship⁴.

D: Yes. They say that while engaged in *bhajana* they can give up the *sandhya* worship, because *bhajana* being a higher kind of worship makes *sandhya* unnecessary and redundant.

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HH: As a general proposition it is quite true that the greater includes the less. But how do we know that *bhajana* is of greater efficacy than *karma* in the matter of pleasing God?

D: *bhajana* is a direct appeal to God while *karma* is but an indirect appeal through the observance of rituals.

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HH: I suppose you concede that we have never met God personally.

D: Certainly, I do.

HH: You must also concede that we can never of our own accord find out what will please God and what will not, for we cannot ask Him directly nor can He tell us in person.

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D: It maybe so, but we can easily ascertain it from the *Sruti*, which embodies His teachings.

HH: You may also add the *Smritis*, especially the *Bhagavad Gita*, which record in no unmistakable⁵ terms His mind as divulged to those who have had the rare fortune to hold direct communion with Him, both in the spirit and in the flesh.

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D: Certainly.

HH: And what do they teach us?

⁴ The same defect can be shown for the Christian, who does not say and contemplate the Lord’s Prayer.

⁵ The LORD has with His Last Supper, Crucifixion and Resurrection, conveyed this same unmistakeable message.

D: They certainly do no discount bhakti.

HH: Certainly not. But the question is, what is bhakti? Is it your *bhajana* or is it *karma*?

D: How can *karma* be *bhakti*?

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HH: In fact, you will find that *karma* alone can be *bhakti* and certainly not the *bhajana*, if it is inconsistent with or is divorced from *karma*.

D: How can that be?

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HH: The Lord tells us quite unambiguously '**Man attains perfection by worshipping God by performing the karma enjoined on him.**' He clearly enunciates here the proposition that the way to worship Him is to perform one's assigned *karma*.

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D: But such a performance of *karma* is not the only way in which devotion can be shown to the Lord.

HH: It is the only way for those on whom karma is enjoined.

D: Surely a person who spends his time in prayer and contemplation of the Lord is as much a *bhakta* as, if not more, the one who busies himself with outward rituals.

HH: Leave again comparing. He will not be a *bhakta* at all if he chooses to neglect the *karma* enjoined on him in favour of mental prayers and contemplation.

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D: Why so?

HH: Take the ordinary case of a master and his servants. Suppose one of his servants is always standing before him and singing his praises. The master may sometimes ask him to fetch something from another room. Suppose the servant replies, 'O, Master, I cannot bear the thought of parting from you even for a moment. I cannot forego even for a moment the pleasure and the privilege of looking at your handsome face. I like to be ever with you and to praise you by recounting your inestimable qualities. Don't ask me to leave your presence.' Suppose again there is another servant who is always away from the presence of the master, but is carrying out with scrupulous care all the commands of the master, communicated to him either by the master personally or through his deputies. Wherever the master turns, he finds that he has been most loyally obeyed by this servant who nowhere seems to intrude on him. Which do you think is the more devoted of these two servants and with whom in your opinion, will the master be pleased more?

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D: Certainly the latter.

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HH: Is a father happy with the child who always prefers to sit on his lap and declines to do anything or with the one who is going out on errands?

D: With the latter, I should think.

HH: Further, can you grant that the servant, or the boy, who refuses to leave the presence of his master or father and does not carry out his orders, is really devoted at all?

D: Surely disobedience cannot go hand in hand with devotion.

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HH: Quite so. The primary test of devotion in any sphere of life is obedience, unquestioning and loving obedience, not inquisitive or grumbling obedience.

D: Certainly.

HH: 'The *Sruti* and the *Smriti* are the commands of Myself,' says the Lord. Can you conceive of a devotion to the Lord side by side with a disobedience of His commands?

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D: I now see that *bhajana* [liturgy] can never be a substitute for *karma*.

HH: It can never be.

D: What then is the function of *bhajana*? It cannot certainly be all waste.

HH: A servant, when he finds leisure after discharging all his duties, may certainly stand in the presence of the master, but not when he has got duties to perform.

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Similarly a person, who after performing all the *karma* enjoined on him still finds leisure, can spend it in prayer or in singing the praises of the Lord and thus utilise the leisure to the best advantage. *Bhajana* is thus intended only for the occasions of leisure in the midst of karmic duties.

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D: I fear if a *Brahmana* [**knower**⁶ of YHVH, *Ground of Being*, our LORD Jesus Christ] should be asked to perform properly all the duties enjoined on him by the *Vedas* and the *Smritis* he cannot have *bhajana* at all.

HH: It is not quite so. It is only the lazy people that are ever short of time. The busy ones are always able to find leisure.

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D: It seems to me that if *bhajana* is to be done only at the times not occupied by religious duties, the castes other than the *Brahmanas* will have more leisure for it, as they have to perform only very few religious observances. It seems that the non-*Brahmanas* are more competent to take up *bhajana*.

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HH: Quite so. It is intended more for them than for the *Brahmanas*.

D: Is it not an anomaly that the *Brahmanas* should be denied equal privilege in this matter?

HH: No. They are not denied this 'privilege' as you call it, for they can enjoy it in their leisure moments. Further, you forget that carrying out the commands of the Lord is a greater act of devotion than singing His praises. Now you may look at the matter from another point of view also.

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D: What is that?

HH: A servant who loves to look at the face of his master and avoids performance of his duties does so because he derives pleasure from being with the master and fears a cessation of that pleasure if he has to perform his duties.

D: It may seem to be so.

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HH: The only consideration therefore which weighs with him in determining his conduct is his own pleasure and not the pleasure of his master.

6 Merely meeting someone like Christ does not make one know Him. See Matthew 7:23 above.

D: Strictly analysed, it is so.

HH: Can you call such a servant devoted in any sense when he places his own selfish pleasure above his master's pleasure?

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D: Certainly not.

HH: Similarly, if a so-called *bhakta* prefers to sing to the accompaniment of enchanting music the praises of the Lord at the same time ignoring, neglecting and disregarding His divine commands, can you call him a 'devotee' at all?

D: I fear, not.

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HH: Again please consider for a moment that, that so-called *bhakta*, has a conception of the Lord only as a very attractive object intended for his enjoyment. **What can be more absurd than dragging down the All-conscious, Omnipotent Lord to the level of a toy intended for one's amusements? To conceive of the Lord as an object of pleasure is sheer profanation, which should never pass off under the name of devotion. Real devotion lies in carrying out His dictates implicitly. To disobey Him in action and to profess allegiance in words is blasphemy. It is not *bhakti* [faith demonstrated by works]. By *bhakti* is meant single-pointed devotion uniformly expressed in mind, speech and body.**

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Dialogues with The Guru -- Sri Chandrashekara Bharati Swamigal

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The west finds that it has a lot of rapacious 'men' but has no Christian men. The answer is *in* our LORD Jesus Christ. In the symbolic language of the last supper, His death and resurrection, He has shown us that all this world-appearance is His blood, His *being*, **His substance**. He has shown us that to attain to communion with Him, we must die to our egoistic self and discover our Self, *One*, Christ.

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No surprise

The LORD Himself has taken away from the west, **His substance**. Without *faith* in the LORD, the west will perish – like “sand castles”, to quote His Holiness Pope Francis.

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Fr Richard McBrien, a retired professor of theology at the University of Notre Dame and who was chair of the university's theology department for 11 years, died on Sunday at the age of 78 in Connecticut, in the US. ...

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During a 1992 talk in Indianapolis that drew seven times its expected turnout, he criticised “current discipline on obligatory celibacy and the ordination of women,” and challenged Catholics to take far more seriously the teachings of the Church on social justice, service, evangelisation and other aspects of Christian life. “I know I will disappoint those looking for heresy,” Fr McBrien said. “I shall try not to disappoint those looking for **substance** and for **hope**.”

At a 1991 conference in Washington in the wake of political machinations in the former Soviet Union, he said there had been a **coup of sorts in the Catholic Church**. It was “too

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close to be denied, and too important to be ignored," he said.

"We Catholics have been living these past 13 years through a prolonged, slow-motion coup of our own against the reforms of Pope John XXIII and the Second Vatican Council," he added.

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"Although no phone lines have been cut and no one placed under house arrest, it is a coup nonetheless, fuelled by the ideology of the defeated minority at Vatican II and their heirs."

www.catholicherald.co.uk/news/2015/01/27/notre-dame-theologian-fr-richard-mcbrien-dies/

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It is thus that His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI preached "Render unto Caesar what belongs to Caesar and to God what belongs to God", in His Holiness' Christmas message of 2012, thus setting the scene unfolding before you.

The demonstrable evidence before us is that the *Bishops of Rome* are hostage in their own castle – our messenger is unable to meet with anyone – even yourself.

No authority for war

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Ignoring the wishes of this *Court of Record* and the Bishops of Rome, there are some who wish to start war, with the belief that once a big enough war is started, it will go in their favour. The recent report about the crash of a "Greek F16" in Spain is revealing:

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Ten people were killed and 13 others injured after a **Greek** F16 fighter jet crashed at Albacete airbase in central Spain, the Defense Ministry reported. Along with the **Greek pilots, eight French nationals** were reportedly among the dead.

The plane exploded in the parking zone of Los Llanos airbase in Albacete. The accident happened at about 3:20 PM local time.

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"The plane, part of the Tactical Leadership Programme of NATO was carrying out a (training) exercise when during take-off the plane lost power, crashing into the parking area for planes, crashing into various planes that were parked there," the defence ministry said in a statement.

"It appears that there were **two Greek nationals and eight French** among the dead," Spanish Prime Minister Mariano Rajoy said in an interview with Spanish television channel Telecino, according to France24.

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At least two dozen people have been wounded, including **10 French and 11 Italian** nationals. The victims were underneath parked planes when they were injured. ...

According to abc.es, **two French planes** overhead during the incident **had to** land at San Javier base in Murcia, 140 kilometers away. ...

<http://rt.com/news/226383-spain-jet-crash-albacete/>

315 **No Busy-ness of the devil**

The devil of Roman bureaucracy, we have read⁷, wishes to keep His Holiness Pope Francis rather busy. We pray that the grace of the LORD intervene to disrupt the devil's plans.

31 January 2015

320 The devil silently inserts his agenda and language, symbolic and literal into diplomatic pronouncements. Concrete, a sea of slurry that sets is not quite the rock of Jesus Christ, YHVH, *Ground of Being*.

325 The “war on Poverty” declared by the 1908 ‘People’s Budget’ marked Parliament in London out as legal idiots. The legal consequence can be seen in that the House of Commons was incorporated in 1908. Did it not soon then go on to spend itself into the joke that passes-of for a Parliament? They were busy emulating the American Congress. The devil’s magisterium wants to enshrine the ‘certitude’⁸ of tribal ‘canon law’ and inter-tribal bloodshed and ‘sacrifice’ when the statutes of the LORD revealed in the Decalogue is unambiguous about the validity of such stupidity⁹.

330 Whenever a diplomat promises to ‘fight’ something, be it ‘terror’ or ‘cancer’, know that the devil is at work. You cannot alleviate poverty or terror or disease by war or fighting, which are the causes of such. Long range planning effort, we believe, went into teaching the people of the Philippines their hand symbol of ‘love’, to have His Holiness Pope Francis imitate it when he arrived.

There shall not be any ‘100 year’ contracts. The Torah forbids it. They are void *ab initio*. He who ‘lends’ to a legal sponge can bear the consequences thereof.

The LORD awaits the return of His prodigal children

335 “Where are you?”, the question asked of Adam by God, a question to all souls, is a question which contemplated in depth leads to the timeless, naked, bare, awareness of YHVH, *Ground of Being*, Brahman, Nārāyaṇa, I am THAT I-AM, “Our father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name”.

1 February 2015

340 John 8:57 Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? 8:58 Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am.

The Gospel According to Saint John 8:58

When Paul Brunton went to India to search for a “spiritual superman”, one who could transmit the hoary wisdom of the ancients, he naturally decided to do a scientific survey – travel the length and breath of India to seek out a true master, if such could be found. How to choose? The tale is instructive.

345 I WANDER about Western India for the second time in a leisurely and indeterminate manner. Tired of travelling in dusty railway trains and seatless bullock-carts, I take to an old, but sturdy touring car with a Hindu who plays the threefold part of companion, chauffeur and servant.

350 We move on through several changes of scenery, while the miles speed away under our tyres. In the forest areas the chauffeur stops at nightfall, if unable to reach a village in time, and halts till dawn breaks. Throughout the night he keeps a large fire burning, feeding it with twigs and bushes. He

7 <http://vaticaninsider.lastampa.it/en/the-vatican/detail/articolo/francesco-francis-francisco-38802/>

8 http://en.radiovaticana.va/news/2015/01/31/vatican_tribunal.opens_new_judicial_year/1120958

9 www.courtofrecord.org/stupidity

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assures me that the flames will keep wild beasts from approaching us. Leopards and panthers haunt the forests, but such is the fear which a simple fire seems to inspire in them that they keep at a respectful distance. Not so the jackals. Among the hills we hear their lugubrious barking quite close to us at times. And during the daytime we meet on occasions with vultures soaring out of their eyries into the brassy sky.

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Late one afternoon, while we are motoring along a road which is thickly covered with dust, we overtake a queer couple sitting by the wayside. One is a middle-aged holy man,

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crouching on his hams and apparently contemplating his navel under the thin shade of some scanty-leaved bushes; the other is his youthful attendant, probably a disciple. The older man's hands are joined, his eyes are half-shut in meditation, and he sits perfectly unmoved as we pass. We do not succeed in

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winning so much as a glance from him, although his youthful devotee stares in a dull way at our car. Something in the man's face attracts me and decides me to stop a little way off. My Hindu companion goes back to question them and I watch him nervously approach the couple. At length he gets into a

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lengthy conversation with the young man.

When he returns he informs me, amongst a multitude of trivial details, that the couple are indeed master and disciple,

that the older man's name is Chandi Das, and that according to the youngster's tribute, he is a Yogi gifted with exceptional faculties. They are wandering from village to village and have already covered a great distance, partly on foot and partly by train, since they left their native Bengal nearly two years ago.

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I offer them a lift which they immediately accept, the older man with benign grace and the younger one with impulsive gratitude. And so, half an hour later, the car deposits a strangely mixed crew in the next village, where we resolve to spend the night.

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No other soul has been in sight on the route except, when nearing the village, a boy tending a small herd of scraggy cows.

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The afternoon is drawing to its end as we stand beside the village well and drink some refreshing though dubiously coloured liquid. The forty or fifty huts and cottages which make up the village's single straggling street, with their unevenly thatched grass roofs, low irregular mud walls and rough bamboo uprights, depress me a little with their squalid appearance. A few inhabitants squat in the shade before their

unattractive dwellings. A grey, sad woman with half-hidden shrivelled breasts approaches the well, stares at us, fills her brass pitcher with water, and sets out for home again.

400 My Hindu companion collects the things for making tea and goes off in search of the village headman's house. The Yogi and his faithful attendant-disciple squat in the dust and rest. The former knows no English, and I have already discovered in the car that the latter possesses a smattering of the language, though hardly adequate enough to carry on a proper conversation. After a few attempts I found it more profitable to wait until we could all settle down in the evening for the interview I am determined to secure, when I can call on the services of my Hindu interpreter.

410 Meanwhile a little group of men, women and children has collected around us. These inhabitants of the interior seldom come into contact with Europeans. I have often found it an interesting experience to talk to some of them, if only for the unsophisticated and innocent view-point of life which such talks disclose. The children are shy at first, but I win them by distributing a few annas. They regard my alarm watch with incredulous wonder and naive delight, as I set the dial and let the little peals ring forth for their benefit.

420 A woman approaches the Yogi, prostrates herself before him in the open street, touches his feet and then puts her fingers to her own forehead.

425 My Hindu servant returns with the headman and with the announcement that tea is ready. He is a college graduate, but is quite content to act as bearer, chauffeur and interpreter, for he is seeking to fathom my Western experience and lives in the constant hope that one day I will take him to Europe. I treat him as a companion and with that friendliness which I feel his good intelligence and character deserve.

430 Meanwhile someone has captured the Yogi and his disciple and taken them off to a hut for hospitality. Certainly these village folk are kindlier than their brethren of the towns. As we walk down to the headman's house, I watch the west reddening behind the distant hills as an orange sun flickers out its life. We halt at a superior-looking cottage, and inside I take the opportunity of thanking the headman.

435 "The honour of your visit overwhelms me," he replies simply.

We rest awhile after the tea. The shadows of a brief twilight

now lie across the fields and I can hear the cattle being driven
440 into the village for the night. Later my servant goes out to visit the Yogi and succeeds in preparing the way for me. He leads me to the door of one of the humbler huts.

I enter the square, low-roofed room and my feet tread an earthen floor. Hardly any furniture is to be seen, though a few clay pots lie around the rude hearth. A bamboo pole stuck into the wall acts as a kind of wardrobe, for clothes and rags hang upon it. One corner is graced with a brass water-jug. I think how bare the place looks in the pale light of the primitive lamp. Such are the cheerless comforts of a poorer peasant's home.

450 The Yogi's disciple greets me with his broken English, but his master is not visible. The latter has been called to the side of an ailing mother for his blessing. I wait for his return.

At length there is a sound outside in the street and then a tall figure appears on the threshold. He enters the room gravely. Seeing me, he makes a gesture of acknowledgement and murmurs some words. My bearer whispers the translation:

"Greetings, sahib. May the gods protect you ! "

He refuses my offer of a cotton blanket to squat on and drops to the floor, where he crosses his legs. We confront each other, and I take the opportunity to study him more closely. The man before me is probably fifty years of age, though the short rugged beard on his chin gives him an older appearance. His hair hangs down in tangled strands to his neck; his mouth is serious and always unsmiling. But what struck me most when we first met strikes me anew at this moment - the strange glitter of his coal-black eyes, their lustrous brilliance. I know that such unearthly eyes will continue to haunt me for days.

"You have travelled far? " he asks quietly.

I nod assent.

470 "What do you think of the Master Mahasaya? " he demands suddenly.

I am startled. How has he come to know that I have been to his native Bengal and visited Mahasaya in Calcutta? I gaze at him for a while in bewilderment and then recall myself to his question.

475 "He is a man who has won my heart," I reply. "But why do you ask ? "

He ignores my counter-question. There is an embarrassing silence. I try to keep up the conversation by saying:

480 "I am looking forward to seeing him again when I revisit

Calcutta. Does he know you? Shall I carry your greetings? "
The Yogi shakes his head firmly.

"You will never see Mahasaya again. Even now Yama, the
god of death, is calling to his spirit."

485

Another pause. And then I tell him:

"I am interested in the lives and thoughts of Yogis. Will
you not tell me how you came to be one and what wisdom you
have gained?"

Chandi Das does not encourage my attempt to interview him.

490

"The past is but a heap of ashes," he answers. "Do not
ask me to poke my finger in the ashes and pick out dead
experiences. I live neither in the past nor the future. In the
depths of the human spirit, these things are no more real than
shadows. That also is the wisdom I have learnt."

495

This is disconcerting. His stiff hieratic attitude upsets my
composure.

"But we who live in the world of time must take account of
them," I object.

"Time? " he queries. "Are you sure there is such a thing? "

500

I fear that our talk is becoming fantastic. Does this man
really possess the wonderful gifts which his disciple claims on
his behalf? Aloud I say:

"If time did not exist, then the past and the future would
both be here now. But experience tells us to the contrary."

505

**"So ? What you mean is that your experience, the world's
experience, tells you that ! "**

"Surely, you do not suggest that you have a different
experience of the matter? "

"There is truth in your talk," comes the strange answer.

510

"Am I to understand that the future shows itself to
you?"

"I live in the eternal," replies Chandi Das. "I never seek
to discover the events that coming years will pass over my
head."

515

"But you can for others ? "

"If I wish - yes! "

I am determined to get the thing clear in my mind.

"Then you can give them an understanding of events which
are yet to happen?"

520

"Only in part. The lives of men do not move so smoothly
that every detail is ordained for them."

"Then will you reveal that part of my future which you can

discover?"
"Wherefore do you seek to know these things ?"
I hesitate.
"God has not dropped a veil over what is to come without fit cause," continues the other man almost sternly.
What can I say? And then an inspiration comes.
"Grave problems vex my mind. In the hope of finding
some light upon them I have come to your land. Perhaps in
what you can tell me there may be guidance for my feet, or
perhaps I shall know whether I have come on a fruitless
errand."
The Yogi turns his shining black eyes upon me. In the
silence which ensues I am impressed once more by the grave
dignity of this man. He seems so profound, so pontifically
wise as he sits there with folded legs and interlocked feet, as to
transcend his mean surroundings in this poor hut of a remote
jungle village.
I notice, for the first time, a lizard watching us from the upper
part of a wall. Its bead-like eyes never leave us, and its
grotesquely wide mouth is so fantastic that I almost believe it is
grinning wickedly at me.
At last Chandi Das finds his voice.
"I am not adorned with the polished jewels of learning, but if you will listen to what I have to say, then your journey will not be fruitless. Go back to the same place where you started
your Indian journey and, before a new moon will have risen,
you shall have your desire satisfied."
"Do you mean that I should return to Bombay?"
"You speak rightly."
I am puzzled. What can that hybrid half-Western city hold
for me?
"But I have never found anything there to help me on my
quest," I protest.
Chandi Das looks at me coolly.
"There is your path. Follow it as quickly as your heels can
carry you. **Lose no time,** but hasten back to Bombay
to-morrow."
"Is that all you can tell me?"
"There is more, but I have not troubled to perceive it."
He reverts to silence. His eyes become as expressionless as
still water. A while later he speaks:
"You will leave India and return to the Western lands before

565

the next equinox. A grievous illness will fall upon your body almost as soon as you leave our soil. The spirit will struggle in the wracked body, but not yet is its hour of escape. And then the hidden work of destiny will come to light, for it will send you back to Aryavarta (India) so that in all you visit us thrice.

570

A sage awaits you even now and for his sake, since you are tied to him by ancient threads, you will come back to dwell among us."

His voice stops and a faint tremor passes across his eyelids. When, later, he looks directly at me, he adds:

575

"You have heard. There is nothing more to say."

The rest of our talk is desultory and unimportant. Chandi Das refuses to enter into further discussion about himself, so that I am left wondering how to receive his strange words, although I feel that there is more behind them.

580

There is an amusing moment when, in the course of a brief conversation with his youthful disciple, the latter asks me earnestly:

"Do you not see such things among the Yogis of England? "

I try to restrain a smile.

585

"There are no Yogis in that country," I answer.

Everyone else has sat still and silent throughout the evening, but when the Yogi signifies that the interview is over, the owner of the hut, a peasant probably, approaches us and asks if we will share his humble meal with him. I tell him that we have

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brought some food in the car and that we will go over to the headman's house to cook it, since the headman had promised to accommodate us in a room of his house for the night. But the peasant replies that he will not have it said that he has forgotten how to be hospitable. I tell him that I have eaten well to-day and beg him not to trouble. However, he is firm and insistent, so, rather than disappoint him, I accept.

595

"It ill becomes me to receive a guest and give him no food,"

he remarks, when he offers a dish of fried grain.

I look through the barred hole which serves as a window.

600

The opal crescent of the moon thrusts a pale light through the hole as I reflect upon the superior character and kindness which one finds so often in these simple, illiterate peasants. No college education, no business acumen can compensate for the degeneration of character which so often marks the folk of the towns.

605

And when I have taken farewell of Chandi Das and his

disciple, the peasant lifts the cheap lantern which hangs from a narrow beam in the roof and accompanies us to the street. I reassure him, so he touches his forehead, smiles, and stands in the open doorway. I follow in the wake of my servant, each of us flashing a torch, towards our place of rest for the night.

610 Sleep eludes me ; for, mingling with my thoughts of the mysterious Yogi from Bengal are the eerie cries of jackals and the peculiar long howl of a pariah dog.

615 If I do not follow the counsel of Chandi Das to the strict letter, at least I turn the car's radiator towards Bombay and make a gradual return to that city. When I succeed in arriving there and installing myself in a hotel, I succeed also in falling ill.

620 Cooped up between four walls, tired in mind and sick in body, I begin to develop, for the first time, a pessimistic outlook. I begin to feel that I have had enough of India. I have covered many thousands of miles of travel in this country, and occasionally under dismal conditions. The India I have been

625 seeking is not to be found in the European quarters, where wining, dining, dancing, bridge and whisky-and-sodas make up the pattern of an attractive picture. Sojourn in the Indian quarters of towns, whenever decently possible, has helped me in my quest, but has not improved my health, while sojourn in up-country districts and jungle villages, with unsuitable food and bad water, unsettled life and tropical sleeplessness, has proved itself dangerous. My body is now a weary burden flung on a bed of pain.

630 I wonder how much longer I can stave off a breakdown. I have grown heavy-eyed with lack of sleep. For months I have been unable to exorcise this wraith of insomnia which has relentlessly pursued me throughout this land. And the need to walk warily between the strange types of men with whom I have come into contact has played sad havoc with my nerves. The necessity of keeping a careful inner balance, of being critical

640 and yet receptive at the same time, while penetrating the unfamiliar circles of India's secret hinterland, has imposed a prolonged strain upon me. I have had to learn how to pick my way between genuine sages and fools who mistake their egotistic fancies for divine knowledge, between true religious mystics and mere mystery-mongers, between pseudo holy men working black magic and true followers of the way of Yoga. And I have had to cram and concentrate my investigations into minimum

time, for I cannot afford to spend years out of a life upon a single quest.

650

If my physical and mental condition is bad, my spiritual state is little better. I am disheartened by a sense of failure. True, I have met some men of remarkable attainments and fine character, as well as others who can do amazing things, but I have not settled down to any positive inward recognition that here is the spiritual superman of my quest, the master who appeals to my rationalistic make-up and to whom I can gladly attach myself. Enthusiastic disciples have vainly endeavoured to draw me into their own teachers' folds, but I can see that, just as youth takes its first adolescent adventure as the last measure of love, so these good folk have been so thrilled by their early experiences that they have not thought to seek any farther. Besides, I have no desire to become the depository of another man's doctrines; it is a living, first-hand, personal experience which I seek, a spiritual illumination entirely my own and not someone else's.

655

660

But, after all, I am only a humble and irresponsible scribe wandering in the East after abandoning his ambitions. Who am I to expect to be favoured with such a meeting? And so depression throws its heavy mantle around my heart.

670

When I am well enough to drag my body around, I sit at the hotel table with an Army captain as my neighbour. He unfolds a long story of a sick wife, a slow recovery, cancelled leave arrangements, and so on. He makes my own morbidity worse. When we have finished and are out on the veranda, he sticks a long cigar in his mouth and mutters:

675

"Some game - life, eh? "

"Yes - some! " I agree laconically.

680

Half an hour later I am in a taxi speeding along Hornby Road. We stop outside the tall, piazza-like facade of a shipping company's offices. I pay for my ticket with the consciousness that I have done the only possible thing in taking this sudden exit from India.

685

Despising the grimy hovels, dusty shops, ornate palaces and efficient-looking office blocks which are Bombay, I return to my hotel room in order to continue my unhappy ruminations.

Evening comes. The waiter sets a delicious curry on the table, but the dinner repels me. I take a couple of iced drinks and then taxi across the city. I get out and saunter slowly

690

along a street until I find myself standing in front of one of the West's gifts to urban India - a great, gaudy-faced cinema theatre. I pause awhile before its brightly lit entrance and study its flaringly coloured posters.

695

Always fond of movies, they seem to offer to-night a welcome drink of the cup of Lethe. I do not imagine that I shall ever be completely forlorn while I can buy, for a rupee or its equivalent, a padded and plush-covered seat at a cinema in any city throughout the world.

700

Inside I settle down to watch the inevitable fragments of American life turned into tabloids and flung in shadows upon a white screen. Once again there reappears a foolish wife and faithless husband, both moving on a background of palatial apartments. I try hard to fix my attention on them, but somehow find myself becoming increasingly bored. *To my surprise I*

705

discover that the old zest for cinema pictures has suddenly deserted me. The tales of human passion, tragedy and comedy have strangely lost their power to sadden my heart or move me to laughter.

710

Half-way through the show the screen figures flicker away into sheer unreality. My attention becomes quite abstracted and my thoughts fasten themselves once again upon my strange quest. I realize unexpectedly that I have become a pilgrim without a God, a wanderer from city to city and from village to village seeking a place where the mind may rest, but finding none. How I have gazed into the faces of many men, hoping to find the exotic lineaments of a spiritual superman who has cast the plumb-line of thought deeper than the men of my own land and time; how I have looked into the dark flashing eyes of other peoples, hoping to find a pair that will echo back the mysterious answer which will satisfy me !

715

And then a peculiar tenseness arises in my brain and the atmosphere around me seems to be charged with potent electrical vibrations. I am aware that some profoundly dynamic psychic change is occurring within me. Suddenly a

720

mental voice thrusts itself into the field of attention and forces me to listen, amazed, as it scornfully says to me :

730

"Life itself is nothing more than a cinema play unrolling its episodes from the cradle to the grave. Where now are the past scenes - can you hold them? Where are those yet to come - can you grasp them? **Instead of trying to find the Real, the Enduring, the Eternal, you come here and waste time on what**

is even more deceptive than ordinary existence - a wholly imaginary story, an illusion within the great illusion."

735

Thereupon I lose the last shred of interest in the spinning film of human love and tragedy. To retain my seat any longer will be a farce. I rise and walk out of the theatre.

740

I wander slowly and aimlessly through the street under the brilliant moon which, in the East, seems so close to man's life. At a corner a beggar approaches me, and I gaze into his face as he utters his first unrecognisable sound. I recoil in horror, for he is disfigured by a terrible disease, which has left the skin of his face clinging in patches to the bone. But a profound pity for this fellow-victim of life replaces my first disgust and I thrust all my loose change into his outstretched hand.

745

I make my way to the seashore, to a lonelier part where one can remain untroubled by the motley crowds of varied races which throng the Back Bay promenade each night. Gazing at the stars, which form a beautiful canopy to this city, I realize that I have reached an unexpected crisis.

750

§
Within a few days my ship will head its way to Europe and slide through the greenish-blue waters of the Arabian Sea. Once on board I shall bid farewell to philosophy and toss my Oriental quest into the waters of oblivion. No longer shall I give all that I have to offer - time, thought, energy, money - upon the altar of a search for supposititious masters.

755

But the inescapable mental voice persists in troubling me again.

760

"Fool!" it flings scornfully at me. "So this is to be the empty result of years of investigation and aspiration! You are to tread the same road as other men, to forget all you have learnt, to drown your better feelings in hard egotism and sensuality? But take care! Your apprenticeship to life has been served with terrible masters; unending thought has stripped the veneer off existence, ceaseless activity has lashed you with its whip, and spiritual loneliness¹⁰ has segregated your soul. Think you that you can escape the results of such an indenture? Not so, for it has put invisible chains on your

765

10 Does Benedict sometimes speak about his retirement? Is he relieved? "He is at peace with himself and convinced that the decision was right and necessary. It was a decision of conscience that was well prayed and suffered over, and in that **man stands alone before God**".

5 <https://incaelo.wordpress.com/2015/01/22/from-the-front-row-new-interview-with-archbishop-ganswein/>

feet!"

770

I see-saw from one mood to another, the while I stare at
the thick star-clusters which overpower the Oriental sky. I
seek to defend myself against the merciless psychic voice,
pleading my helplessness in the face of failure.

The voice answers:

775

"Are you *sure* none of the men you met here in India can
be the Master you seek? "

A long gallery of faces passes before my mind's eye. Quick-
tempered Northern faces, placid Southern ones, nervous
emotional Eastern faces and strong silent Mahratti faces from
the West: friendly faces, foolish faces, wise faces, dangerous
faces, evil faces and inscrutable ones.

780

A single face disentangles itself out of the procession and
persistently hovers before me, its eyes quietly gazing into mine.
It is the calm, Sphinx-like countenance of the Maharishee, the
sage who has spent his life on the Hill of the Holy Beacon in
the South. I have never forgotten him; indeed, a tender
thought of the Maharishee has arisen for a brief life again and
again, but the abrupt character of my experiences, the whirling
panorama of faces and events and the sudden changes which
came during my quest have deeply overlaid the impressions of
my short period with him.

790

Yet I realize now that he has passed through my life like a
star, which moves across the dark void with its lonely light and
then is gone. And I have to admit, in answer to my inner
questioner, that he is the one man who has impressed me more
than any other person I have ever met, whether in the East or
West. But he had seemed so aloof, so remote from a European
mentality, and so indifferent whether I became his pupil or not.
The silent voice now grips me with its intensity.

795

800 "How can you be sure that he was indifferent? You did not
stay long, but hurried away."

"Yes," I confess, feebly. "I had to carry out my self-
imposed programme. What else could I do? "

"There is one thing you can do now. Go back to him."

805

"How can I force myself upon him? "

**"Your personal feelings are of less importance than success
in this search. Go back to the Maharishee."**

"He is at the other end of India and I am too ill to start my
wanderings again."

"What does that matter? If you want a Master you must pay the price."

815

"I doubt whether I want one now, for I feel too tired to want anything. Anyway, I have booked a steamer berth and must sail in three days; it is too late to alter things."

The voice almost sneers at me.

820

"Too late, eh? What has happened to your sense of values? You admit that the Maharishee is the most wonderful man you ever met, but you are quite willing to run away from him before you have hardly tried to know him. Return to him."

I remain sullen and obstinate. The brain answers "Yes," but the blood says "No!"

825

Once more the voice urges me :

"Change your plans again. You *must* go back to the Maharishee."

830

Thereupon something surges up from the inner depths of my being and demands immediate assent to the command of that inexplicable voice. It overwhelms me and so forcibly does it master my reason-born objections and the protests of my enfeebled body that I become as a babe in its hands. Through all this sudden overpowering urgency which asks my instant return to the Maharishee, I see his summoning irresistible eyes in a most vivid manner.

835

I cease all further argument with the inner voice, because I know that I am now helpless in its hands. I shall travel at once to the Maharishee and, if he accepts me, entrust myself to his tutelage. I shall hitch my wagon to his shining star. The die is cast. Something has conquered me, though I do not understand what it is.

840

I return to the hotel, mop my brow and sip a cup of lukewarm tea. As I drink it I realize that I am a changed man. I am conscious that my dark burden of wretchedness and doubt is falling from my shoulders.

845

Next morning I come down to breakfast aware that I am smiling for the first time since I came back to Bombay. The tall bearded Sikh servant, resplendent in white jacket, golden cummerbund and white trousers, smiles back in response as he stands with folded arms behind my chair. Then he says: "A letter for you, sir."

850

I look at the cover. It has been twice readdressed and has followed me from place to place. As I take my seat I slit it open.

To my delight and surprise I discover that it has been
written in the hermitage at the foot of the Hill of the Holy
855 Beacon. Its writer, once a prominent public man and Member
of the Madras Legislative Council, has withdrawn from
worldly affairs following a tragic domestic bereavement and
become a disciple of the Maharishee, whom he visits on
occasions. I had met him and we were engaged in a desultory
860 correspondence.

The letter is full of encouraging thoughts and suggests
that I shall be welcome if I care to revisit the hermitage.
When I finish reading it one sentence flames out in memory
so as to obliterate the others.

865 "You have had the good fortune to meet a real Master," it
runs.

I treat the letter as an omen favourable to my new-born
decision to return to the Maharishee. A ride down to the
shipping offices follows breakfast, and I leave the intimation
870 that I am not sailing.

It is not long before I bid adieu to Bombay and carry out my
new plan. I cross hundreds of miles of flat colourless Deccan
tableland, with long stretches where solitary bamboo trees
alone rear their leafy heads to vary the scene. The train cannot
575 roll through the scanty grass and occasional trees of this Indian
prairie fast enough for me. As it flies jokingly along the rails,
I feel that I am speeding towards a great occasion - spiritual
enlightenment and the most mysterious personality I have
ever encountered. For as I look out of the screened compart-
880 ment window, my slumbering hopes of discovering a Rishee,
a spiritual superman, awaken once more.

When, on the second day, we have covered over a thousand
miles and have begun to enter the placid Southern landscape,
broken by a few red hills, I feel strangely happy. And when we
leave the torrid plains behind, I find the dank, steamy heat of
885 Madras City positively welcome, for it means that I have
broken the back of my journey.

After leaving the South Mahratta Company's terminus, I
have to cross the scattered town in order to change on to the
South Indian Railway. Finding that I have a few hours to
spare before the train starts, I use the time to make some
necessary purchases and to have a hurried chat with the
Indian author who introduced me to His Holiness Shri
890 Shankara, the spiritual head of South India.

895

He greets me warmly, and when I inform him that I am on the way to the Maharishee, the writer exclaims:
"I am not surprised! That is what I expected."

I am taken aback, but ask him:

" Why do you say that ? "

900

He smiles.

"My friend, do you not remember how we parted from His Holiness in the town of Chingleput? Did you not notice that he whispered something to me in the ante-room just before we left ? "

905

"Yes, now that you remind me, I certainly do remember it."

The author's thin, refined face still keeps its smile.

910

"This is what His Holiness told me. 'Your friend will travel all round India. He will visit many Yogis and listen to many teachers. But, in the end, he will have to return to the Maharishee. For him, the Maharishee alone is the right Master.'"

915

These words, coming as they do on the eve of my return, deeply impress me. They reveal the prophetic power of Shri Shankara more, they offer a kind of confirmation that I am taking the right course.

920

How strange are the wanderings which my stars have imposed upon me.

Paul Brunton, A Search in Secret India

925

And so is with the Children of Abraham, who are "**tied to Him by ancient threads**", *He who is ... the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Israel*". The "past is but a heap of ashes", you know it not. How many western men and women know even the history of the last decades that they have supposedly lived through? How vain are the scavengers who dig through the graves of Egypt? They go around starting agitations about caste and conversion in India, claiming to be superior, sneering about temple sculptures, scripture in parable-picture form. It can be **seen** that the LORD has 'converted' them, from kings and priests to the 'untouchable' caste, by their own actions - "vomit" is 'untouchable' is it not? Knowing their recent past, who would **want** to touch them and wash their feet except the LORD?

930

"Fool !" it flings scornfully at me. "So this is to be the empty result of years of investigation and aspiration! You are to tread the same road as other men, to forget all you have learnt, to drown your better feelings in hard egotism and sensuality? But take care! **Your apprenticeship to life has been served with terrible masters; unending thought has stripped the veneer off existence, ceaseless activity has lashed you with its whip, and spiritual loneliness has segregated your soul.** Think you that you can escape the results of such an indenture? Not so, for it has put invisible chains on your feet!"

935

Salvation is not entering another dimension, it **is**, leaving all space-time dimensions and events altogether. Being **is. Truth. One. Love.** That thou art! I-am THAT I-AM!

940 *Revelation 16:15 Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.*

Q. — This state of oneness that you speak of, is it an ideal or something actually attained?

A. — We say it is within actuality; we say we realise that state. If it were only in talk, it would be nothing. The Vedas¹¹ teach three things: this Self is first to be heard, then to be reasoned, and then to be meditated upon. When a man first hears it, he must reason on it, so that he does not believe it ignorantly, but knowingly; and after reasoning what it is, he must meditate upon it, and then realise it. And that is religion. **Belief¹² is no part of religion.** We say religion is a superconscious state.

Q. — If you ever reach that state of superconsciousness, can you ever tell about it?

A. — No; but **we know it by its fruits.** An idiot, when he goes to sleep, comes out of sleep an idiot or even worse. But another man goes into the state of meditation, and when he comes out he is a philosopher, a sage, a great man. That shows the difference between these two states.

950 Swami Vivekananda, Address at Harvard

His Holiness Pope Francis has preached¹³, “Let us bring others to Jesus, but let us also allow ourselves to be led by him. This is what we should be: guides who themselves are guided.”.

His Holiness has also announced that, “the general prayer intention of the Holy Father Pope Francis, for the month of February, is for prisoners ...”¹⁴.

Those who find themselves in prison, young and old, must reflect that the LORD has given them time to contemplate, to “be still and know” that, that which says I-AM within them, is the LORD Himself. This is the meaning of the Sabbath, a Holy Day.

960 Sri Yukteswar was reserved and matter-of-fact in demeanor. There was naught of the vague or daft visionary about him. His feet were firm on the earth, his head in the haven of heaven. Practical people aroused his admiration. “Saintliness is not dumbness! Divine perceptions are not incapacitating!” he would say. **“The active expression of virtue gives rise to the keenest intelligence.”**

Paramahansa Yogananda, Autobiography of a Yogi¹⁵

The Mafiosi must reflect, the LORD has tricked us into ignorantly thinking that by stealing, drugs, murder and extortion we can get rich, when we did not even know the meaning of the word ‘money’. We thought we are the Ace of Spades in “business”, but we find that the spade, in reality, is the spade of a scavenger, given to us by diggers of graves. It is we who must learn to trade once again.

970 Matthew 5:21 *Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: 5:22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.*

5:23 *Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; 5:24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*

11 Vedas: the Word of God. God ‘speaks’ your waking world into ‘existence’ for thee, art thou listening? The ‘Goddess portal’ some are seeking, is within thee.

12 Blind faith or “do as I say, or else!” is no part of true religion. The LORD has brought thee the fruits of thy past actions, thy lack of conscience, thy lack of conscious attention, thy ignorance, thy ignorance of the meaning of the words ‘will of God’. Ignorance is ‘sin’.

13 en.radiovaticana.va/news/2015/02/03/pope_francis_to_religious_obedience_key_to_joy,_creativity/1121253

14 en.radiovaticana.va/news/2015/01/31/popes_general_prayer_intention_for_february/1120956

15 www.crystalclarity.com/yogananda/chap12.php

975 ‘Bankers’ must reflect, the LORD has tricked us into ignorantly playing with virtual numbers. Even a roasted peanut seller, whose testimony we have heard, knows that he gives away his peanuts for nothing. Bankers must reflect, we are but slaves to a pound of flesh for which we have sold our soul.

Matthew 5:25 *Agree with thine adversary quickly*, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

980 5:26 *Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.*

Those who have used drugs or extreme sex must reflect, we sought for ecstatic escape, but we find ourselves wallowing in the mud of shame. The LORD has already thought of thee and sent Paramahansa Yogananda and *Kriya Yoga* to the west. Thou can read the testimony¹⁶ of those who have experienced the fruits of ‘super’- conscious perception.

985 5:27 *Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: 5:28 But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.*

990 It is well known that the black magicians of the **Vatican** are at war with the LORD Himself. They attack the elemental gods of air, water and earth by spreading poisons (depleted uranium munitions in Iraq, for example), by the use of vaccination to kill off any inherent abilities to contemplate: witness ADHD¹⁷. They have engineered and released race specific pathogens. They had gone to war inside nuclear reactors, witness Fukushima.

995 The black magicians are like the ignorant followers of Aleister Crowley in a ‘Goddess Club’ strip bar. You can “order” anything you like but the Goddess shall send thee a bill. She has the *Heavies of Karma* to extract payment from those who do not pay “or else!”. Even the Mafia can understand that! She is none other than our Immaculate Virgin Mary. Think you that She is not mad at thee for sacrificing Her children?

Behold, I come as a thief.

We send our love to our Immaculate Virgin Mary with Her Child Jesus for thee and all thy fellow men, women and children!

1000 1000 Song of Solomon 8:14 *Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.*

Matthew 5:3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

5:4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5:5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

5:6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

1005 5:7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

5:8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

5:9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

5:10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

1010 5:11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

5:12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Yours faithfully,

Joseph Ray Sundarsson

Joseph Ray Sundarsson



GICOR-ref: US-Capt-Merga-1-v1.0

16 Another example of collected testimony is *Kundalini, Evolution, and Enlightenment* by John White.

17 en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ADHD