



I have met Her Holiness
SHRI MATAJI NIRMALA DEVI

Her nature is kind and gentle.
She is a mother.
She is above us, yet always with us.

**She often gives advice and counselling, but at other times just listens.
She knows a person's problem even before they speak.
She always understands a man or woman's dilemma better than they do.**

Her way is gentle, for She can as easily show us the answer by means of a story or an action or a smile, as another person can through words of harshness.
When She speaks, people listen. They do not interrupt or argue.
They do not second guess Her motives or interpret Her words for their own ends.
The wise know that Her words are better than their own.
They call Her "Shri Mataji" or "Mother."
They listen with all their being.
They try to bring each of Her qualities one at a time into their own lives.

Shri Mataji says She knows nothing about money or banks,
but when She shops She always gets the best price.
When She saves, the money is always there when needed.
She rarely buys things for Herself.
To Her, the spending of money is like the sowing of seeds.
With time and love, they sprout into things greater than coins and bills.
It is like magic.

She says She knows nothing of cars. She cannot drive.
She says that signal lights and traffic control are the jobs of men.
But She is the greatest of travellers. None can keep up with Her.
It is as if She sits and everything else moves around Her.
She moves in this way throughout the world
and for those whose eyes fall upon Her, a blessing unfolds in their hearts.

Shri Mataji can judge men and women finely.



She knows them each because they are all Her children
and a mother knows her children because they are born from her being.
She can see into them. She can still their minds. Her hand rests upon their souls.
She hears the whispering of their thoughts.

Shri Mataji never gossips or speaks ill of others.

She sees the best in us all, so that we each can see the best in ourselves.
She remembers our talents, our children, our tastes.
She calls upon us, when we need direction.
Her direction is the greatest of blessings.

Few are the rules that She gives.

She trusts us each to guide ourself.
She wants us to grow and love each other.
We try each day to be our best for Her.

Shri Mataji knows literature.

She told us about William Shakespeare and Somerset Maugham.
She introduced us to Tagore and Kabir.
She understands the subtleties of the Russian spirit in the words of Leo Tolstoy.
She reads books, but best of all She read our hearts.

Shri Mataji says She is only a mother.

She says She is only a grandmother and a wife.
Yet She knows about architecture and music and fine art and politics and biology and astronomy.
She knows about engineering and history and economics and all the natural and man-made sciences.
She has knowledge about realms for which the men and women of this world
have not yet even defined names to describe.
She knows these arts like no other.
And of each discipline, She speaks freely, without a hint of bragging or showing off Her knowledge.
She speaks as a teacher or a sage whose knowledge flows like water to merely quench a thirst
and not to drown.

Shri Mataji is compassion.

She is love and honour. She is dignity and bravery.
She is knowledge and dharma and confidence and strength.
We do not need dictionaries for these words.
We can look to Her and can see.

We see Her sit for hours greeting a queue of people,
strangers and seekers of truth, each troubled in small ways.
She lifts the weight from their shoulders.
We see Her sit through the night, listening to the music of amateurs.
She praises talent. She helps us to appreciate each other.

She takes time where everyone else is too busy.

When She takes rest, She continues to work.
When She takes food, She feeds Her children.

We saw Her in all the great cities of the world.

We saw Her at the United Nations, at the Royal Albert Hall.
She took us to the Taj Mahal. She sent us to the pyramids.
In the smallest village without even a roadway,
She travelled on a cart pulled by an oxen.
On a jumbo jet or an underground commuter train, She journeyed with us.
We greeted Her at airports.
She came to our homes.

She asks nothing of us that we are not able to give.

She never gives up on us, despite our mistakes.

Shri Mataji speaks well and at length.

Her lectures and talks cover all range of topics.

She tells us about our spirit, our ascent and our duty,

but She also tells us about our marriages and our children, our hygiene and health.

She guides us with the steady motion of a shepherd and the gentle hand of a mother.

She makes us laugh when we forget the joy.

Her words flow.

They are studied and remembered and imbibed by each of us to the best of our ability.

We try to understand the knowledge that is before us.

Many things we forget,

but still we are drawn closer to Her.

For some, there is no understanding in Shri Mataji's words.

The language She speaks is not their own.

But nonetheless, they know what She is saying.

They do not know the words, but they know the meaning.

Her voice comes from their own heart.

For others, the words that are songs of praise are unknown to them. They are hard to follow.

The quickness of the music leaps ahead and the words remain unlearned and foreign.

But somehow, the music rises from a distant time and is as familiar as this morning's sunrise.

When they sing of Shri Mataji, the beat is their breath and lyrics their blood.

And for others still,

Shri Mataji has never been within sight of their eyes.

They have never seen Her, but yet they can recognize.

They can remember.

Without meeting, they know Her – as She knows them.

From Benin and Belarus, from Aruba and Alberta and Reunion,
there is an understanding.

On the shores of Ganapatipule and in the hills of Cabella,
there is recognition beyond nations and races and people.

Our body is one in that knowledge.

And now, for each of us, in our hearts,

we hold special a memory of our time with Her.

One recalls how his Mother greeted him at an airport, remembering his name.

Another retains the comforting guidance She gave in a troubled time.

Another still, reflects on the way She held a tea cup

or smiled with widened eyes at the faces of our children.

We remember each of the flowers we gave to Her.

Our deepest desire was to give all of our selves.

We wanted to surrender, but held out only a flower.



Accidents and mischief and calamities never happen to Shri Mataji.

Around Her there often appears to be chaos and confusion.

But with Her, there is a calmness, a stillness that comes from knowing.

Her mere breath gives order.

Her name is Placidity.

Trouble is barred from Her presence.

And then, at other times, we have another glimpse of Shri Mataji.

In Her photographs we occasionally see beyond.

A dancing vibration, a haloed glow, a bouquet of streaming lights speak to us of something more.

At first we turn away in disbelief, unable to understand, skeptical.

Then these images, windows created by our own cameras, open wide for us, displaying the universe.

With recognition, our hearts are filled.

She is the composer and the choreographer,

the lyricist and the conductor.

She fashions the instruments and the music.

She creates the musicians.

Each of us await the cue of Her baton.

Her music is beauty and we know

– not always, but when we reflect upon it, we know –

that the music is not ours.

As much as we practise, we know it is Her breath in our flutes,

Her hand guiding ours upon the bow.

The strings, the bridge, the fingerboard are all illusion.

She is the only reality.

Sometimes we forget,

but when we remember, we try again to be only with Her – in tune.

Shri Mataji's way is noble.

She is a mother.

She is very much above us.

She is always and forever with us.