

[Note: the following was transcribed from a handwritten letter. Original punctuation, spelling and syntax was retained. The name of the person who received the letter was replaced by _____. Some personal references were omitted - this is noted within the text.]

Saturday, Dec. 6 [1995?]

Dear _____,

When I first opened your letter and I saw your name I felt a dual response in me. I felt happy it was from you and at the same time a slight feeling of fear that you were here in town and I would not and could not handle the drama, situation, circumstances surrounding you in your life.

I have had brain surgery and I am recovering. I can not handle much stress - when I see it coming, I back off. It is most challenging, it is a daily process, and I am learning so very much about myself in this process.

First of all, dear _____, I too have such sweet feelings for you. [several personal messages omitted here] I receive many, many reports, requests, etc. from people. I would go crazy trying to fix, advise or become involved and part of the myriad of changing situations in their lives. The couple of times that you have written to me, I did not respond in a written letter - but I sent you my best thoughts, my best wishes, hoping everything would go well for you, [omit personal message].

May I please express to you an apology for the "rude" response you received when you called last December. I have no idea who answered the telephone. But I must tell you that no one absolutely no one was put through to me via the telephone or any other way. Not my parents - (mom, dad) - my sister - my brothers, any of my relations or my friends. In December, I was still in a crisis stage of my recovery. Here it is December again and I am not out of the woods. I am still in recovery and my neuro surgeon reminds me to be patient as it will probably take three full years or longer.

I had a ruptured aneurysm, (in my brain), three times I was at death's door. It changed my life. I may not understand why it happened but I do know how precious my breath is to me! I know I don't have time to waste, and spend frivoulessly [sic] on what is worthless to me in this life. Yes, problems, troubles, still come my way, but I try like hell to circumvent them. Sometimes I see that they are like big clouds or thunderstorms and I am a little pilot in a little airplane and I cannot afford to enter - or even (at this point in my life) get near them.

_____, when you talked (wrote) about being vulnerable - _____, I must tell you after this incredible drama of nearly bleeding to death inside my brain, and the torturous drama of brain surgery, the impact it had on me and my sweet family, it left me more vulnerable than I can tell you. There were more complications with the surgery and my nervous system was shot. For months I felt I lived on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I feel the weakest of the weak. And yet the miracle the majesty of my breath still resides in me. I am humbled and sincerely grateful. I find myself crying every day - my heart astounded I am still here.

What I'm writing to you, _____, is personal - it is for you only. I hope you understand.

After I read your letter, I felt so sad. I've always been hoping that everything was going good for you. I don't know about "we create our own problems" Certainly for many people, most of us, we do have a lot to do with the problems that surround us. But sometimes it seems like they just get dumped in our lap. I have never felt so helpless, powerless and sensitive and vulnerable at the same time. And for some reason it seems like more "problems" and "troubles" came my way during the most critical time of my life. I see that "yes, I am attached." And I feel the feelings that go with my attachment even if it is just a thought, a concept, a desire, or my imagination at work.

When I was in the hospital for a month after the emergency surgery I did not feel much attachment. I felt free of so many of the things I normally feel attached to. Before the operation I understand that my moment here is breath by breath and I was only a breath away from death. And if I was to go - if it was my time to go, it's ok. It was just fine. So free. Trusting and feeling taken care of beyond this physical world and all the detail, the ever changing details of my daily life. Everything became very simple.

And now - I must remember the simplicity. There is an ocean of trouble - problems. I don't want to swim in it. My living Master showed me and reminds me thru His Perfect Knowledge how to go inside - how to turn my attention inside. It is my Safe Harbor. It is Real - as everything around me changes (good/bad) Whatever! What he gave me - the way to go inside and the experience it brings me, is Constant - it does not change. My breath - my best friend - still fills me with Life and delight.

You know when you got on the subject of premies, etc. Remember this - a premie is a lover - a lover of love - a lover of Knowledge - a lover of the living Master. Just because a person has received the techniques of Knowledge doesn't mean that they are manifesting as a true lover/premie. This thing called Mind is outrageous. The Heart cries for attention, the mind will abandon. Maharaji spends his life/time reminding those who truly want to hear about the heart. "Premies" (i.e. those who have received the techniques) are often the cruelest offenders - abandoning - rejecting the Heart's cry (desire) - and that is not a PREMIE - a LOVER. And yet the Master does not shut the door on anyone.

_____, I don't know if M set Dr. Horton up in the office with Dr. Ed. Most likely he wanted a good facility for those he cares about. And Dr. Horton put himself in place. However, _____, this is confidential again, M is very displeased with John for reasons that I know, and also, for reasons that I don't know. I am also very mad (upset) with John for an incident that I cant go into detail right now. So when you expressed your feelings of hurt and frustration I could read you loud and clear. But I also know that these feelings that come to me are not my Reality. I know what is Real. I love what is Real. To me John is in the sea of problems and I don't want to engage myself there.

Well, _____, I hope you can make sense of what I am trying to say. (My penmanship leaves a lot to be desired.) I had a mini stroke in the hospital so my right side of my body was affected - but I am soo lucky, so fortunate, so very blessed. At first it was a little hard for me to talk straight. Maharaji, my dearest husband and love was very protective of? (for?) me. So please don't feel singled out because you didn't get thru when you called My sister had a hard time with that one, too (but I was so grateful because I really couldn't handle or cope with even simple social interactions.)

I am much better, but I know I still have a ways to go. I take it one day at a time. And it helps me - really it makes the difference - when I begin (start) my day remembering my Priority. Otherwise in this most fragile state - I feel like the external "world" can gobble me up and spit me out. (May I mention - I ask if you ever want to write to me please feel free to do so - but I beg you to be gentle. I feel like a newborn baby. Your letter has affected me deeply and I feel upset but I can only pray to once again [illegible word] enjoy the Joy within.) I know I don't want that in my life. Maharaji has shown me that my Heart has a sweet song that it wants to sing. And I need to let that happen. I need to allow my heart to fulfill itself. The ocean of troubles, problems, issues, distraction is there; it's always there, that is it's nature. But for me, practicing Knowledge, listening to my living Master, serving my Master lifts me from the illusion and I can see that although it appears real - it is not real. What is Within is Real - and means everything to me. My attention to what is TRUE really does bring me bliss. It is this I trust. People who practice and are having a beautiful of experience OF KNOWLEDGE AND MASTER AND HEART (real premies) are inspiring to me and fun to be with. I enjoy the gift of their love, their love for live, for my Beloved Maharaji. [Illegible] means so much to me. I get distracted easily - and when I see devotion, when I see knowledge at work in others I feel inspired, and grateful. And when I see people with knowledge spacing out it is VERY botherson - most of the time it drives me crazy SAD - I don't know what to do. Talk to them? - have someone talk to them? - ignore it? - hoping they will wake up. But then -I know I have such little time here. As generous as my Creator is, I don't have long enough on this earth to let my Heart sing the glory and praises it longs to Sing. I have today - Now is my time. I pray that I will spend my time, spend my life (most valuable commodity) where it counts. Pay attention to what is worthwhile to me in this short and generous lifetime that I have been given.

So, _____, when I told you in the car ride [personal detail omitted] that I would help you if I could, I really don't know what I can do. But I will always wish you well - always hope you enjoy the most precious gift of life. Hard blows come and go - I try to stay clear. I try to avoid anything - person, place or thing that may (potentially) grab me and suck me into a space that I do not want to be. My clarity, my focus, my attention, my consciousness, needs to be, must be directed inside. My attachment must be on my Master, His Knowledge, my Heart. _____, it is not Maharaji's world of (nasty power) "premies". M's world is within. If people who have knowledge are unconscious, how do you think it makes Him feel. I have seen it on His face. It breaks His Heart - He trusted - He trusts us implicitly. If we choose to be unconscious - we abandon Him - we abandon Knowledge - we abandon our own Heart. The power or "politics" that people chose over Knowledge is sad - unbelievable!

But my beloved Maharaji does not give up - He does not abandon. He has not abandoned me! Sometimes, I feel anger and frustration and start to point the finger at someone, and blame them for my stress - but then I ask myself - is this where I want to be? Is this what I want to feel? No! No. Maybe I can't change what happened, or change that person's attitude, or be [illegible] but my Maharaji has shown me what means EVERYTHING to me, in spite of or despite of everything else in this world.

_____, I appreciate that you felt you could express your feelings to me. I don't know what I can do. All I can say is Hang on. You have what it takes. I wish there was more I could do. I send you my love and very best wishes.

JAI! SAT CHIT ANAND
MLR

P.S. I didn't intend to go on for so long and I'm sorry about my handwriting and spelling. But, _____, I care for you. You are so beautiful - never lose sight of that. And dearest, remember the Grace you have, the Gift of all Gifts. Please do not lose sight of your True Blessings, your real Blessing.

May I please request that what I have shared is with you is for you alone? Thank you.

*One last thing before I end this. I have learned that I cannot judge Maharaji by the people who have received Knowledge and do not practice. Knowledge works! If we don't practice, in my view, we are the biggest fools, the biggest idiots on earth. I want to get graphic and say the biggest assholes alive! I'm sure that you know this. This time has been most trying for me. I find it hard to concentrate. The medication (anti seizure) I take is hard on me. And yet I never ask why did this happen? - By His Grace I am able to listen to videos of the Events and His travels all over the world to reach the thirsty. _____, I need to hear what my heart wants - yearns to hear. I need the direction. The little effort that I make pays off big time. Sometimes I feel dashed on the rocks and then I have nothing but trust; and most mercifully - most compassionately I am embraced Within. When I see Knowledge blossoming, blooming in the hearts of His Premies - I rejoice with tears in my eyes and a heart of gratitude and I witness His Magic in my life. _____, do whatever you need to experience that Magic.