

I always wanted to be... (not a fireman... nor a policeman...)...

but ...

I always wanted to be...

a ... Garden Sprinkler

by... NirmalaAnanda (a western Sahaja Yogi) - a son, one of many, of our own very dear and much beloved and revered

Mother, Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi

Intro (preamble)

As a small boy, as far back as I can remember... I always had the dream, if that is the right word for it... this feeling of a sort of a destiny calling me onwards... to an ultimate oneness or identity with... to a feeling that I was this wonderful thing... a simple water sprinkler... somehow sitting on a great expanse of lawn... with the water of life flowing from above along the garden hose that was the vessel feeding the sprinkler mechanism, itself driven by the same nourishing Divine water of life, and being gently spread around to nurture all within the compass of the gently falling drops of clear glistening waters, as they fell to earth to quench the thirst of those around in need of those life sustaining qualities, so important to all living things. To see the blossoming green foliage all around was it's own reward. This dream was with me constantly as I grew through my formative years, which were to say the least not happy years.

As I grew into manhood, this same dream stayed with me - not for me was the hum-drum of the usual round of daily life, earning the ritual living, the so-called '9 to 5' existence that dictates our daily lives all round the world today. Now, as I reach the latter part of my life, with all the very great blessings that have been showered upon me and mine, I realize

that now is the time to recount for posterity, for all those who like me are vaguely dissatisfied with their daily humdrum lives of boring routine existence, the miraculous events that have reshaped this otherwise very ordinary life, and turned it into something that to me at least seems something rather special and so full of the Blessings of She who made us all, and who continues to guide and protect us and to see to it that we are not forgotten nor forsaken. This is my story that sees the coming to fruition of that dream of my childhood... with the blossoming of a true 'new Age' phenomenon, that has reshaped the lives of so so many around the world today. This short account will show how, in this every day world in which we all live today, there is something afoot in every country the world over which is transforming the lives of all who would return to the very basic fundamentals of a healthy dharmic lifestyle, in an otherwise topsy-turvy, misguided world where everything seems to be standing on it's head, where old values are abandoned in favour of no scruples at all. This is a return to the old values of happiness, of joy, of contentment, of giving and sharing... to that feeling of well-being and satisfaction... leading to the bliss of oneness with one's higher self. It is not a pipe dream... it is actual fact... I have experienced it... and so can you... just read on. At the end of this story... you will be the judge as to whether this dream has really come true... and you will be able to test for yourself all that is written here... to see it happen in your life too... with all the marvel and wonder along the way that I myself experienced.

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Also, Nick so very often is being misjudged quite a lot, especially over issues with working on ladies - all misjudging going on. All very silly joking about gay & other asahaj behaviour, deliberately misleading & confusing people by those who should know a good deal better. Either that or perhaps it is outright lies, or again if not that perhaps he is telling the truth after all, and there is some truth in the stories of a gay relationship at the root of this current scandal. Either way, it does not reflect well upon those involved.

Maybe it is time to hit back!

The very simplest of answers for those who are sensitive to Vibrations, is to just "Ask the Question" [**Is Mother pleased with everything that Nick is currently doing in Sahaja Yoga?**] and if that is not enough, the 2nd question would be [**Is Shri Mataji displeased with anything that Nick is doing currently in Sahaja Yoga?**] There is no need for all this gossip and self righteous behaviour, especially from those who have some rather doubtful qualities themselves.

Nick being badly misjudged so very often. Answer seems to be to write an explanatory autobiography on his web site.

Also see note re [Howlers esp Vikrut and Gossip.](#)

Of course we all know how to ask such questions of the Divine. First get into meditation, and then without any thinking at all, we then look directly, but gently at the Photograph and then we ask the question and see what response we get,,, cool for a positive YES response, and not cool for a negative NO response. But we need to be careful how we word the question, so that there is no confusion introduced to muddy the waters. We do not listen to those who feel nothing, i..e. who do not feel any cool, but we do take notice of any clear cool response to any particular question.

Ch 1: Getting my Realisation

One day, in the summer of 1980 I found myself sitting in a small room along with a few others, most of whom seemed not to know each other... I certainly knew nobody there.

It was a public hall somewhere in the centre of the city of Birmingham in the heart of England. There was a lady speaking... of eastern or oriental appearance... perhaps middle aged, and very warm and friendly. I would guess she was of Indian origin. She was talking of some of the problems that we in the West face... and about something else apparently of a deep spiritual significance that people were discovering for themselves, which would miraculously solve automatically most of the common ills of the world today. She talked of a

mysterious energy that we would soon start feeling in the palms of the hands, as a subtle coolness... and how this would lead us on to even greater realms. She had finished her talk, and now was walking among those gathered seated there, and had reached the spot where I was sitting. A voice behind me asked if I felt this cool energy flowing at all... I replied 'yes... in my hands'... he said to close my eyes. Moments later I was transported to realms undreamed of, and thus far totally beyond my powers of imagination. A powerful energy had suddenly started moving... like 2 raging rivers... pouring like raging torrents from my hands up and along both arms as far as the elbows. There the flow seemed to disappear for a moment or two... only to reappear inside my body... pouring upwards from somewhere down below, in the region of my spine and from somewhere in the region of my stomach... shooting upwards as a great column... up to and through the chest area, through the neck, and up and out at the top of my head and carrying my consciousness, my awareness upwards to a point well above the top of my head... into new realms so peaceful, so still and quiet... and so without thought... that was beyond anything I had ever experienced before.

I don't know how long I was like that, but when I at last opened my eyes, I found myself gazing straight into the eyes of this wonderful and mysterious lady. She was looking deep into me, unwaveringly and with such compassion. She spoke to me... and my reply strangely enough was... and it seemed quite normal to do this... was by thought power... I was speaking to her directly without using my vocal chords. Later I was to discover that she somehow knew everything about me... and what's more she seemed to know me better than I did myself. How could that possible be? I had moved to Birmingham in England just a short few weeks earlier... to a city that I had

never visited, and where I knew no one. It was evident that here was a lady at least a little out of the ordinary... and that she had unusual powers... and that I felt good. Later when I was home... home being for me then, the YMCA... and I was reading the literature that had been given to me, I felt the same powerful wind blowing from all the papers that I looked at. This 'wind' or 'cool breeze' as it became known to me later was evident as a clear strong sensation in both of my hands... covering the entire surface of the hands. When I looked at the photo of this lady, I saw not just a picture... but something much more... like she was somehow actually there, in the picture... I mean actually there... inside the picture, as a living presence. The expression seemed to change. How was this possible... was I imagining all this? I determined then and there, that I was going to search out this lady again if I had half the chance. That chance was to come sooner than I expected. But how did this journey start, and what is the link to the dream of the garden sprinkler... that I had had since being a small boy?

Ch 2: Early boyhood

I was always a shy boy... with a strong inward spiritual life... though I did not think this in any way unusual or out of the ordinary. I did not like the aggressive rough and tumble of ordinary life... and always felt somehow that we should try to help others instead of criticizing them and finding out how to hurt them. I grew up in an unhappy family setting, the eldest son in a family of 4 children, the eldest being my sister, one year older than me. The other 2 were a year apart, 6 years younger than I. My mother was a business lady running a hairdressing business that eventually saw our home expand to some 4 branches in the county of Devon where we lived. My father was a laid back and rather quiet man - my mother and

father did not get along at all. I grew up in this atmosphere of hatred and despair... not knowing any different... thinking all families must be like that. My mother used to roar at me... and make fun of me... I thought this quite normal... I knew no different. I will skip rapidly over this rather unhappy period of my life... until we find this young man at University studying for an Agricultural degree, which he obtained at the age of 22 years of age. At that point he felt that the academic side of his life had already been dominant for far too long... and now was the time to leave the life of endless studying... and start to discover what real life was all about. After a couple of short jobs in England, he found himself embarking on a life in Africa, as an expatriate employed by the overseas developing country, as a livestock officer in the Ministry of Agriculture.

Ch 3: Africa & Borneo

He spent some 9 or 10 years in total in a number of overseas territories, mostly in Africa, but also in Borneo.

Whilst in Africa, he was stationed for part of the time in the Eastern Province of Zambia which was separated from the rest of the country by what we called the Escarpment, a stretch of road that wound its way from the low lying land to the west to the much higher lying land to the east, bordering on Malawi. The roads were dirt roads, with no tarmac at all mostly, but just maintained by large machines that simply maintained a gradient by scraping the earth from the sides to the domed centre. As a result it was necessary to drive at high speed on the crown of this domed surface to be able to get anywhere. Also the surface of the roads was corrugated from repeated passing of vehicles, and therefore had to be

maintained at fairly regular intervals. The result was that in order to really get anywhere, you had to drive quite fast to skim along on the crest of these corrugations, and on the crown of the domed surface, hoping that you did not meet any other vehicles coming the other way.

It was on one such trip that Nick had a very narrow escape from almost certain death. He was as usual travelling at the normal high speed through this escarpment, when the unthinkable happened.. Suddenly as he was rounding a bend in the road, he saw a vehicle coming round the next bend in the road, coming the other way straight for him. He remembers registering seeing this oncoming vehicle, then his memory stops and there is a blank... til apparently moments later, his memory again returns, as he is aware of coasting, driving, still at high speed, away from this otherwise unavoidable and fatal collision... with not a scratch or anything to show for his narrow escape.. He thought little about this til later, when looking back and with the benefit of hindsight, he realised he had been saved for what was no doubt later to follow.

Then the somewhat later trip to Borneo a few tours later was a little trying for him, as he was working in the tropics, on the equator, in the swamps and jungles... whilst being unwisely accommodated at night in a heavily air-conditioned hotel room - with no chance what so ever to acclimatize... moving daily from refrigerator to Sauna, and then back again to refrigerator, so his health began to suffer somewhat, and he therefore decided to cut short his tour and return somewhat earlier than originally planned to the U.K.

At this stage, coming home to England, he was not exactly welcomed at home, so went to stay with his separated father, in a place called Dawlish. There he licked his wounds... and took to meditating on his plight... and it was then some interesting things really started to happen.



Ch 4: **Dawlish**

I had always had a meaningful and a strong inner life... perhaps to make up for... to compensate for that which was lacking in my everyday relationships. Perhaps I had learned to rely maybe just a little bit overly much on this... at the expense of the more commonly held values of every day life. I remember once my sister wanted for some reason best known to herself to send a card to an ex boyfriend... a card with something unkind written on it... I could not understand her motives... and said so. She ultimately did not send it. But I digress.

When I came back from Borneo, I was a little unsettled, and had gastritis plus a few minor ailments, the result no doubt of the stress of not being allowed to acclimatize properly. So as I moved in with my father, I started to first of all clean up and organize his house a little... and of course mainly to go 'inside' to find that peace and stillness that comes with meditation. I used to sit for long periods on a simple dining room style chair in my room on the first floor, near to the window. I would close my eyes, and just 'go inside'. I started by contemplating the story from the Bible of the Prodigal Son, who being repentant of his erring ways, decides on a return to his family, and to his Father, where he is welcome with open arms... as the long lost son, who at last returns to his father who has always loved him for what he truly always was. I of course saw a parallel with my own perhaps wayward course in life, and contrasted that with the true genuine inner feelings that I had always had since early childhood. As I meditated on this theme, it came to me that there had to be a way... to translate this yearning for 'my

return' to our benevolent 'Maker'... for make no mistake, I was seriously contemplating my own journey back to our 'Maker'... if that is not seeming too far fetched, or too wild a dream. It seemed clear to me, that in this great and wonderful Universe, with all it's complexities, with all it's randomness and tremendous variety, yet with also alongside this and with no sense of contradiction... with such order and organization, with such intricate detail of structure, all properly maintained... with all this and much more... how could all this have just happened as a mere fluke of chance... and on top of that... if all this suggests an order, and intelligence... then it is but the tiniest of leaps from there to the conclusion that He who had made all this possible... would he stop at this point? Wouldn't He, being the supreme intelligence have considered this final step also? Would He then abandon His creation at the final hurdle, to a state of oblivion? Would it not rather be a little more likely... that the archetypal organizer and planner, the ultimate overall Creator... would He not have provided the ultimate avenue for achieving the final destination for this His ultimate creation... we... the human species.

So it was an unavoidable conclusion... there had to be a way... to find our way back to... yes... I will say it... to find our way back to God. All my intelligence, all my reasoning power, all my common sense... told me this one thing above all else... and I was going to find it come what may. I was in the UK and had a British bank account with the equivalent of about \$1500 in it, and I was free, with no job or any other hindrances to hold me back... so it was easy to break away and follow my dream.

As I was meditating along this theme, which I did repeatedly over several days, and for quite some time, there were other things going on more or less simultaneously. Some of these things were more coincidental, than a serious guiding

influence, but they may be mentioned in passing as curious additional factors. Some of these will be alluded to as and when they seem to be relevant to the story.

One of the additional factors that seemed to be quite relevant to later events was the inner meditation that I was experiencing, and which is directly related to my new task of finding this 'short cut' that I had now decided upon finding for myself. As I was in the depth of my meditations, I felt a little like I was rising within myself just a little, in the sense that my attention was being drawn to the top of my head... and I became aware of a 'lightness' both above my head and also in front of me. It might have been at this stage merely my imagination at play... but it felt distinctly like I was almost seeing, though it felt more like feeling the light above my head. Also it was as if I was seeing a 'lightness' in front of me... like a vast open space... like the open sky... into which I should fly... but I could not. There was a barrier... an invisible barrier to any forward progress. I could not move forward at all into this inviting vastness in front of me. Somehow I knew that I could not move forward until I had achieved a higher state of awareness... a higher state of consciousness. Again I was getting this type of meditation often and regularly.

I had studied over many years all types of books and related materials all about the metaphysical and quasi-spiritual phenomena. This included the areas of Spiritualism, Healing, Psychic phenomena, and all related manifestations of this unhelpful field of activities. I later discovered how they can have an unfortunate influence on our subtle body structure which can adversely affect our chances of Self Realisation. My interest in such things started very early in my life... and thank the Lord that I did not get inextricably embroiled into any one of them... though they did give me one or two anxious moments later in life. During one session with some

'clairvoyant' who was appearing/performing at the local venue for such things, she came to me and volunteered some unusual information. She asked me out of the blue... if I was a man of God. Well I certainly was not dressed for the role or in any way suggestive of that type of a path in my future life. She also said something about the fact that my future life would involve something special... and that I would discover 'who I was' and 'what I was'. Later in another similar set of circumstances, though this time it was at a completely different venue hundreds of miles away, unrelated to the first in any way, I was told a couple of things which now seem relevant to later events as they were to occur in my life.

It was suggested to me that should I want to select and pick the best rose, where else would I find it but at the top... the most inaccessible part of the tree. Then I was also told about the 'halfway house'. I was told that in my journeying I would come across this 'halfway house' where there would be many people. They would all be quite contented and happy... and that if I decided to stay there, no-one would complain or criticize me for that... but somehow I felt that that was not for me... the top of the mountain was where I was going... nothing less would really satisfy me. And so my spiritual aspirations have if you like always seemed to have a certain level of constancy... of consistency. Perhaps now is the time to see if it is to be translated into actuality.

Also around that same time in Dawlish, whilst I was meditating on my future course through life, something else happened, which was to lead directly to my finding that elusive 'shortcut'. As I awoke from sleep one day... whilst still in that in-between state called I believe as the hypnogogic state, where one is neither asleep nor awake, but somewhere in-between... as I was drifting in this condition, I suddenly heard

quite loudly a voice which said clearly a single word, which got me thinking and pondering for the next week or so. The voice I heard was that type of voice which could be said to be either male or female... a low pitched voice... but quite plain and clear, and very commanding. It said just the one word... 'GO'. Well this brought me out of my slumber... that's for sure. I had never heard any 'voices' before... nor since, apart from once more a little later which I will shortly recount and which is part of this same story. You can imagine the thoughts that started to go through my head... what... what was that... where... who... all the questions came... and of course with no answers... for the next week or two. Then about two weeks later the same thing happened... but this time as I was emerging from the land of slumber, again in that in-between area, neither sleeping nor waking... I again heard this very same voice... but this time it said 3 words... 'GO TO BIRMINGHAM'.

Well, I had already done all the thinking... I had already asked all the questions... with no answers of course... so this time I was ready. So I simply opened a small case, threw in a selection of clothing and a few toiletries, went downstairs in search of my father and told him... quite out of the blue... that I was leaving and going to Birmingham. I could not explain... anything that would make any sense to him... why I was going... with no prior warnings... who I would meet (I knew nobody there... and had in fact no previous knowledge of the place, having never even contemplated going there before)... and I had no idea where I would end up or where I would stay... or for how long. It was a complete leap of faith, into the unknown. My father was not interested in the same things as myself... so what was the point of trying to explain something that even I myself failed to fully comprehend... other than I was on a mission... to find that elusive and mysterious

'shortcut'... if ever it really existed. And so I found myself after buying a single ticket at the local railway station in Dawlish, to this foreign land called Birmingham... at the exit to this new rail terminus, turning right and wandering down the road until I found the first bed and breakfast sign that I came across.

And so started my new adventure into my new life of Sahaj growth... transformation and enlightenment... and what thrills and excitement along the way. I now have a lovely wife... and a talented young son who attends a high achievers school in America, with very special musical talents. But all in due time... there is still much to relate between then and now... so a little patience is the order of the day. All things in their allotted place.

Ch 5 Birmingham



Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi

For those who would like to try, if you wish you can easily see if you too can feel this 'cool breeze'. Just hold your two hands, palm upwards towards this lady, with respect, and without thinking, or any analysing going on inside your head, & with no questions, in a very relaxed & gentle way.

Do you feel anything? It will be very subtle probably at first, but with practice, will quickly grow stronger and also clearer as you progress.

Do not try anything... make no effort... just witness, & let go.

Now do you feel anything? Remember, it's very subtle & you may think you are imagining it all. Do not worry if you are unsure – you will be able to find a local meeting & try again there.

So at last I find myself in the YMCA in Birmingham in a small room there with just the basics required for a very humble existence. I suppose I had been there for a few weeks, passing the time as best I could, when I saw in the local evening newspaper an advertisement suggesting that the very thing I was seeking would be the subject of a meeting in a hall in Bull Street in Birmingham. So with little or no thought, I decided to go along.

In my earlier years I had as I already mentioned studied fairly extensively on various occult and esoteric subjects and had come across the term 'Self Realisation' and thought I had understood its meaning. Yet I was unprepared for what actually transpired that evening back in August 1980.

It was the 9th August on a Saturday evening and I am

sitting towards the back of the hall two seats from the aisle on the right side as you face the front. There were perhaps 25 to 30 people there, in a hall that would hold twice that number. I had come in response to an advert I'd seen in the local newspaper, which said that this lady would appear and speak... and that she would 'Grant something called Self Realisation to anybody who was a sincere seeker.' Well... I was seeking... of that there could be no doubt... and... I felt that I was sincere... so I went. It was as simple as that.

I had never been drawn to any of the so-called Gurus... as I could see nothing in any of them for me at all. I don't as a rule go off looking for such lectures or experiences, though I did once go to a place in Scotland which advertised as a New Age community giving all sorts of experiences. There they dealt with all the recognized so-called Gurus, as well as belief in fairies and gnomes and elves etc. etc. There I had definitely experienced some strange things, but not that of freedom in one's own integrity. I had had experiences of unlimited energy whilst there... but nothing lasting or truly beneficial in the real sense. So here I was waiting to see what would transpire.

A young man was speaking, preparing for the main guest speaker, this rather special Indian Lady. As he finished his short talk and yielded the floor to the next speaker, so she rose to address those anxiously waiting there. The hall was quiet and expectant. I remember she gave an entertaining talk that everyone seemed to be enjoying very much... and the main subject that remains in my memory even until today, was her discussing the practical joking that was so prevalent at that time and no doubt remains so... that was going on at Universities and Colleges. She was telling the story that seemed to me so hilarious of the students who wishing to play a trick on someone, chose to remove her car from the place

where it was parked and to replace it with another car identical in make, colour etc. and see what happened. Of course I thought this was hysterical... but I don't think this was the intended meaning or reason for telling this particular story. More likely was the sense of bewilderment that would no doubt have been generated in the unfortunate young lady whose car it was. At the end of her talk she took questions from all quarters, and it is a lasting impression that no question was not dealt with adequately, or not answered with some sort of very pertinent and distinctly relevant comments.

Then she proceeded to speak from the stage to individuals... including especially yours truly. This I found again very strange... that why from all those present she should address just me... did I feel it... the cool breeze that is, which she had been talking about. I was having some difficulty with this feeling that I was increasingly getting, that she somehow knew me from old. As far as I was concerned, we had never before met... at least not to my certain knowledge. Then she descended to the floor of the hall, and proceeded to walk amongst those waiting there. She paused briefly in front of a couple near the front, who had been to some false guru. They apparently had some relationship going between them, and this was commented upon... as not at all helpful for their ascent and growth... which I took to mean spiritual growth. Very shortly she arrived at the row where I was sitting, next to a man that I had never met... another new person also seeking like myself. She spoke to him, telling him to ask of her the question... 'Are you the Holy Ghost?' and to ask from the heart 3 times... with sincerity. She then did something with her hands at the top of his head... at which point I heard this voice behind me asking if I had felt anything... to which I replied... 'yes... that I had felt the cool breeze in the palms of my hands'. He then told me to close my eyes... whereupon I started to feel this powerful flow

of energy like a river in spate as I have already described... flowing up both my arms to the elbows... and then inside, rising up from the stomach area, up through to, and through my head... in a powerful upsurge of energy gushing upwards and blowing away the superstructure... as a 'gusher' does when striking oil for the first time in the desert... and the superstructure of the drilling rig is blasted away.

It was all very peaceful and without stress or discomfort of any kind. It was all very natural... with no reaction at all... no shock... no trauma... just peace and joy... and a stillness and a quietness... and calmness. It was very beautiful and warm and relaxing. When I opened my eyes, there was no thought... and as I gently returned the gaze into my own eyes, she said to me something like... 'you cannot confuse sex with your spiritual seeking can you'... or 'you cannot mix sex with your seeking for God can you'.

This seemed to be a reference to what she had been saying to the couple at the front, who had got this relationship going. So at this I replied... in thought mode only... 'please do not ask me to condemn another... for I am no better than they are'. When this was all over, I still had no idea that I had received the very thing that I had been seeking for so long. I did not recognise it for what it was. It did not conform to my pre-determined view of what it should be like... so I did not recognise it. There was one saving grace as far as I was concerned... and that was that I had somehow been prepared... through my history of seeking I guess... and through my sincerity of purpose... I had been prepared to 'give up even the most cherished of my beliefs, whatever they might be... if it could be demonstrated that I had somehow been in error, and that something else was right', that something else was true. Well this was to be put to the test well and truly in the next few days and years... as I discovered the truth about Reality...

and how we in all innocence have gone far astray in our seeking as a human species.

The evening was over... I had returned to my accommodation... and my new life had begun. What surprises were awaiting me as I started my new journey of discovery? What new people... what new opportunities... what new countries I would visit... what miracles I would be graced with... and what new blessings... of joy and contentment. What opportunities for growth and change... for transformation... what chances to freely give to others that which I had so recently freely received... in love... and in compassion... from She who cares so much for this frail Human Species, so much in need of guidance and comfort.

Ω

Ch 6 - London

As I pondered my situation in my digs in Birmingham, having had this new and strange experience... (for make no mistake, it was unusual... I had no previous experience of this sort to compare it with... so it was totally unique for me)... as I mused over these new happenings, I became aware of certain conclusions, which I was obliged to face. Firstly I was now sensitive in a new way... sensitive to things I had never experienced before... to this 'cool breeze' idea which was now part of my life... like it or not. But on the whole it was good... it was nice... and could indeed be very useful too. It made you aware of a whole new area of right and wrong... in a real way... in the real world. You could use this new sensitivity as a super-detecting device... to help steer one's way through the minefield of indecision, and dilemma. Simply by following that

which was cool and avoiding that which was hot it was possible to navigate one's way through the maze, avoiding many of the pitfalls... and going often straight to the honey pot, to reap the reward.

But also I was sensitive to what was happening within me too... not just to outside influences. I could detect the state of my inner subtle body mechanism... and see where existing or indeed future problems might turn up... and take remedial measures to avoid the often undesirable consequences of some particular course of action.

So with this new awareness of what was going on around me, I ventured forth... to see what life would bring. I started by finding out where I could find out more about this strange and wonderful thing that was happening to me... and was led to attending what was called 'follow up' meetings in a similar but smaller version of the hall where I had first had my awakening experience. There were present about half a dozen people normally on the weekly gatherings, and it was always a pleasant evening, characterized by a peaceful and indeed often a tangibly enjoyable feeling that seemed to pervade everywhere. There was usually some relaxing background music playing and a pleasant aroma in the air. As we progressed from week to week, we learned by experiencing, what it was like to meditate. Someone would come round and briefly stand behind you and somehow as a result one's meditation would deepen... one's attention would rise more strongly... and often this was accompanied by a feeling of joy. We also discovered that this joy was communicable from one to another, as a result of our common connection through the centres at the tops of our heads to that same universal 'ocean of pure love and compassion' to which we are connected when in meditation. As we each were connected to this 'ocean of

forgiveness' by virtue of our own individual Kundalini awakening... as the energy that had risen within me was called... so we were in that same sense connected therefore to each other... and so we arrive at the conception of collective consciousness... or collective awareness... where we are able to feel the same things in common... or to feel what another is experiencing. It also allows us to detect what is going on in another, and to take some sort of remedial action to assist the situation, and thereby ameliorate whatever problem there might be.

One thing was sure to result each and every time we had such a meeting... and that was that no matter what our condition when we arrived at the hall, whether tired or perhaps depressed, or just the feeling that we had had enough for that day, or even perhaps feeling a little nervous and jumpy... whatever the feeling at the start of the meeting we could be sure that we would feel a whole lot better by the end, just an hour or so later. This was a general experience felt by everyone who ever came along.

Something I learned quite quickly, but for me not quickly enough was... that the initial experience that I had had was not something that would be repeated every time I sat down for meditation. When I attended the weekly follow up programs, I fully expected exactly the same tremendous experience that I'd had the first time... with all the sensations of that rushing torrent flooding up my arms... and later through my body to my head... but it was not so... and I became somewhat frustrated in my constant efforts to re-attain it. It was some weeks in fact before the penny dropped... and I realised a couple of important things that I had not at that stage understood. Firstly the very effort involved was in a way counter productive... in that the whole process was in essence one of surrendering to the Kundalini's own power to rise quite

naturally and in a sense effortlessly with just the minimum of assistance from us. The effort of will was in this regard actually tending to block the path of ascent at the centre in the forehead, called the Agnya chakra. The second thing that I came to understand was that by it's very nature, the very first occasion of the Kundalini awakening is very special and unique... and is often not repeatable. Subsequent risings are more gentle and relaxed, and usually without the accompanying overwhelming rush to achieve union or yoga at the top of the head at the center called as Sahastrara. What happened for me, and for many others no doubt was that when I came to get my Self Realisation or we can say the experience of the awakening of the Kundalini which brought the union of my own individual attention with that of the universal unconscious... I was actively seeking that source of all truth... or if you like I was seeking that shortcut to the Divine that I have previously referred to. In addition, I had what we call a blockage on one of my chakras, at the center at the base of my neck, called as Vishuddhi. This combination produced the classic case of the irresistible force meeting the immovable object... like the cork stuck fast in the neck of the bottle. The upward pressure of the rising Kundalini was met by the blocked Vishuddhi Chakra at the neck, and it was only by the additional energy applied to the Vishuddhi to relax it, that the relaxation was sufficiently achieved to allow the Kundalini to surge forwards to the Sahastrara at the apex of my head, carrying my attention along with it. In subsequent meditations, the Vishuddhi was already at least partly opened, and so the Kundalini was able to rise more normally thereafter. It took a while for this understanding to sink in... and once it did, my meditations improved substantially... and I was able to be more relaxed about the whole thing.

I also learned the importance of shielding myself from those influences all around us that seemed to want to affect us on occasions, and which are not helpful in our ascent. Everything has an aura, or what I soon learned to refer to as Vibrations... which is characteristic of that thing, and which we can detect on our fingers as little sensations like pins and needles, or prickling, or indeed as a warmth or heaviness, relative to the normal sensations we feel. These are the feelings that we feel if the thing is shall we say not so good... but if the thing is good, or true, then we may feel coolness on our hands or fingers. This differentiation in the sensations we feel gives us a sense of being able to discriminate between that which is desirable and that which is not. Now to prevent these things from affecting us too much, we put ourselves into a protection called as the Bandhan, which is like covering ourselves with a cloak or a suit of armour. It consists of a shield constructed of these Vibrations, around our complete aura, and serves to exclude anything harmful that may happen along. We do this by making use of the discovery that these vibrations actually flow through us. We may think of it this was... that our two hands function a little differently to one another... the left hand connected to the left side receives or sucks in, is the minus hand... whilst the right hand is giving out or emitting, is the plus hand. So we receive this flow of cool vibrations, which is emitting from any Divine source into the left hand, and give it out with the right hand. This can be used in several ways... and in the case here being considered, we can described an arc all round our aura, or around our being, with the right hand starting at the left hip rising upwards over the top of the head and down to the right hip... and then in returning, over the head again and back to the left hip. This leaves a trail of vibrations in the shape of a horseshoe or arc, within which we are safe from anything undesirable in the

immediate surroundings, which may have bad vibrations... and might otherwise affect us. This shield is applied 7 times to give it maximum strength... and is named a Bandhan. So this we apply regularly before venturing anywhere... and at the start and end of our meditations.

It should be here noted that all these techniques that are described here and elsewhere in this small book are of no practical use to anyone unless and until he or she has had their Kundalini already awakened. For that to occur, one needs to visit one of the public meetings already mentioned or meet with and seek the guidance of someone already practised in this art.

It is not difficult to locate a suitable individual or group as they are now existing in most countries the world over. Also if preferred, one can turn to the special sections in this web site which will describe how to get this Kundalini awakening for yourself and how to contact your local group who will be able to assist you in regard to any of your queries. Once you have the initial awakening experience... which incidentally costs nothing... then you start to learn and establish... as much by experience as by anything else. For this is also another unique thing about all this new knowledge that was freely coming to me... that I was never asked to pay for it or to contribute for any of what I was learning about it. It was all freely given in all love and compassion, and with such generosity of heart... and a concern for my well-being too. It takes a little getting used to at first, but soon becomes the norm.

So with all this new awareness, I started noticing a few things. At first it was all the literature that I was given... all of it was blowing a gale of cool at me. Then it was a book about the whole subject, "The Advent" by Gregoire de Kalbermatten, which when I laid it in front of me and held my two hand

either side of it as I read, also blew this wind into my hands. This it did for the major part of the book... but strangely it stopped abruptly when I reached the final part, which was a kind of addendum at the end, and was an intellectual section by the author to show the historical and intellectual considerations surrounding the subject. This in itself was very enlightening... as it demonstrated very clearly to me the nature of this new art form if I may be permitted to put it that way.

Very clearly this new sensitivity to these cool vibrations was somehow connected to the heart rather than the brain. It seemed that if one's attitude was more at the level of a heart felt understanding... one's sensitivity was enhanced... but that if one used one's brain and intellectual powers too much, then one's sensitivity was less. So not to think about it or use one's powers of analysis overly much, but to just accept these new powers and sensitivities for what they were... which was for sure one thing in particular... and that is they were new and unique and could not be compared to anything that I knew before. So the lesson for me was to just accept what was after all a new set of experiences for me.

The next thing I learned was the unexpected nature of some of the things that I had accepted previously as normal. An example was the violent nature of some aggressively uttered words... as the case where some individual swore suddenly... and as he did, it was just like a sudden violent punch to the stomach area. Also some TV programs or books would feel bad or make me feel uncomfortable, so that I had to avoid them. The reverse held true also... that a beautiful picture or book would hold me spell bound in it's appreciation... or some heavenly music. And so with the slowly emerging new style of life gradually revealing itself to me I pondered my impending move from Birmingham to the great capital of London. I had conveyed my eagerness to find and follow this

amazing lady to he who was looking after the centre in Birmingham and after assessing the depth of my sincerity and dedication, he finally agreed to make the necessary arrangements for my travel down south... and thus started my life in Sahaja Yoga. This all happened back in 1980, and very soon, and in fact for the next 32 years I was to live in London, attending all the meetings I could... and following this remarkable lady wherever it was possible... learning from her, and receiving some of the most incredible Blessings that it was not even possible to imagine. I was to experience as common place, events quite miraculous in nature... some of which I will recount in the following pages. So do not go away just yet... come with me on a journey quite remarkable... and one which you too can have if you so desire it. This journey is open to all.



ok- ok

There is one rather special thing that I became aware of and that was something that would transform my very life. Indeed I was for the very first time in my life feeling like I at last was sort of 'in my element', so to speak, absolutely for the very first time ever. Previously I had always been very unsure of myself, in whatever I was doing, job wise. I had an agricultural degree, yet I never felt myself an expert in any way. I did not feel at all sure of myself, in any walk of life... until that is, until I met Shri Mataji and I got my Realisation. Then it was different, I at last felt like I had arrived, I knew what I was doing. I knew what it was all about. I knew where I was, and felt for the very first time a real self confidence.

I studied in some detail whatever Shri Mataji had to tell us, what She had come all this way from Her Heavenly abode to bring this Knowledge to this Human species, to

enlighten us and to save us from ourselves. All this was gathered together and published at first in a book rather like a cross between a simple dictionary and an encyclopaedia, and was handed to Shri Mataji at Heathrow Airport, then later it was adapted and converted into this current Web Site, which itself has undergone several overhauls and rebuilds.

All this new knowledge, I put into practice at all the public meetings that I ever went to, in a very real sense. I learnt about the qualities of Sankoch and what it meant, and that it was the quality found on the right Heart chakra, the quality of Shri Rama, and not the commonly believed or accepted quality of Responsibility that everyone believes is there (Responsibility is actually the Main quality found on the Vishuddhi chakra). With this quite significant and fairly big error it took several years to convince the main collective, who eventually came round to accepting this new understanding.

This quality of Sankoch is the quality of the left heart chakra put into action, into activity on the right side of the Heart chakra, as we should be doing here in England. It is the quality of knowing just how far to go in any relationship without upsetting or hurting anyone. Without this quality we tend to suffer from rudeness, we tend to be quite rude to one another. It is putting that quality of Nirvaj (or Pure Love) into everything that we do, especially at Public Meetings, where the new people so much are in need of this in their lives, & which when otherwise sensible Sahaja Yogis themselves so desperately fail to understand this quality themselves, then this leads to really bad consequences for all concerned. This is the real explanation of what is happening at the Kingston Meeting.

Another quality in very short supply is that of Humility. Without this, we have small chance of ever learning all those

very much needed other qualities. Sincerity and Intensity are just two more much needed qualities, plus of course that very special quality of a 'caring attitude' overall.

Ch 7- Pond Street

My first introduction to London was a visit to a small place in Pond Street, in Hampstead where many people were gathered from all over the country to join in a collective recognition of she who had made this whole set of experiences possible. For in truth many people had found this same path of ascent that I had... and had come, some from distant reaches from all over the British Isles. We were there to listen to this remarkable lady, and to receive her Blessings for the journeys that lay ahead for many of us. The gathering of people was very orderly and well behaved, and seemed to be made up of just ordinary people from all walks of life... and from different ethnic groupings and religious backgrounds. There were men and women, and children... some were professional people, doctors, business people... some were working class... some were unemployed... or housewives - representatives of all walks of life were there. The lady spoke about a complete range of topics that affected each and everyone there... with much humour, and also discussed many quite serious subjects. At the end of the evening we all had the chance to meet with and speak with this lady... who as I earlier said seemed to know everyone personally. She had a way of somehow revealing the subtle inner being of a person... a side to their character that perhaps they had not even suspected existed. For me it was

the ingrained ideas that I had, though I had not the slightest suspicion as to their nature until they were revealed to me... as for example my attitude toward my established bachelor lifestyle... which it seems I was not ready to yield up. In no uncertain manner, this was revealed to me... by the vehemence of my reply when asked quite simply... 'are you married?' to which I replied rather haughtily and somewhat hastily also... no no no no no no! I had prepared some flowers well in advance and taken them with me... and was rewarded with a warm and quite beautiful smile when I offered them... 12 red and pink roses, which over the preceding several days, I had managed to reduce to just the 7 best specimens. Somehow this lady found a quite special gift which she reached behind her to get, and which she then handed to me... She was giving a gift to me! It was a beautifully decorated copper plate and a small stone crucible like vessel... (of which, at the time of writing, I still had the plate with me, but which now is in America)

Whilst there I learned that cool was indeed cool... and that to be warm was a mixed blessing to say the least. If your subtle mechanism was in good shape then it would register as cool... but if it was warm or hot, then perhaps one needed to look into one's past habits and behaviour patterns, in order to correct it. But whatever the outcome... all was not lost... because it was nearly always possible to correct and remedy the situation with some very simple and easy techniques... and they worked too... that was the surprising thing.

The people there seemed to be making use of many natural remedies, using the elements... water, earth, fire, air, and ether... as well as other naturally and easily found substances, like salt or even sugar. These latter were used among other things to help correct imbalances where a person was too much on one side or other of his being... and therefore

not in the center. The importance of being in the center I discovered was to allow the stronger and steadier rising of the Kundalini... thus permitting a more enjoyable and sustained experience of the joy and bliss of meditation... where one is in a state of quietude, peace and tranquillity... and where all one's problems seem to disappear.

From there I then graduated to a number of collective houses, where the main purpose was to learn through experiencing and living together in a climate of trust and honest virtue, the value of the various qualities found on the many different chakras that existed within us all. This period lasted quite a number of years... and we shall not recount in detail the various and varied lessons that were learned at that time. Simply we shall just leap forward to a number of quite incredible occasions when the reasoning mind is put on hold as the more subtle regions take over... as we start to experience some quite unusual and remarkable events or chains of occurrences that in total, defy the normal mundane explanations... and make way for the understanding of a more miraculous nature.



Ch 8 - Some of the many miracles

There are now so many, that in truth I have lost all count, and I have also forgotten many too, that I was too occupied with other things to record them all properly. Perhaps rather than retelling them yet once again, it might be best to just make a hyperlink connection to the story already told elsewhere, in the collection of miracles already described.

This seems to be one of Nick's main characteristics that set his Sahaja life a little bit apart from many others. To begin with he had as many problems as anyone else, but by Shri Mataji's grace, he received so much attention from our

Holy Mother that he in the end was transformed beyond all recognition and emerged at the end a completely different man. It was not always an easy process, but as long as he was aware just a little of what was going on, and as long as he cooperated and did not argue or complain, he then reaped the rewards that can only come from our Holy Mother's undivided attention and compassion. Like the miracle of the [lesson](#) of learning [Detachment](#), when driving around London with Shri Mataji in Her Mercedes.

Later, in India some time in the 1990's when visiting Shri Mataji in a place called Kalwe, he arrived at Her Residence to ask for some advice concerning something that he needed clearing up, i.e. requiring a little more explanation, for an entry in the Sahajvidya project that he was working on.

As he arrived, he was ushered inside & asked to wait just inside the main entrance. Then everyone spilled out of the room they were using into the hall, right up to where Nick stood, followed lastly by Shri Mataji Herself. Firstly She came over and greeted Nick so very warmly, then immediately said ["Tell everyone what you are doing"](#) so at this, Nick promptly said to all the leaders etc. gathered there, that he was studying all Mother's recorded tapes, on headphones, writing it all down, sorting it all out, then reassembling it all once again under different different headings, so that you could again find out in a more complete form whatever Shri Mataji had said on any particular subject all in one place, complete with references to the tape that each piece had been taken from, and that it was available online & was called as Sahajvidya.org.uk/jsmsy

There are very many other miracles, some quite amazing ones too. For you it may start as what seems like coincidences or just chance happenings, but very soon you will

come to understand the basic Divine Nature of what you will be obliged to acknowledge is a series of truly Tremendous Miraculous events, that happen the world over. Ω

Some notable Miracles amongst the many:

Engulfed in Flames

Formal offering of self to Mother

"Tell everyone what you are doing"

The BOON of Complete Detachment

Brentwood Realisation Weekend Mar 2008

Feeling Frantic or Desperate, & not knowing what to do about it

Croydon & seeing the Kundalini of Alan's Mum

Link to the section on the many Miracles experienced in Sahaja Yoga

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Where to find my local Sahaja Yoga meeting?

Firstly look on this web site:

<http://www.sahajavidya.org.uk/jsmsy>

or also you can look on any of a variety of web sites that include links to find meetings in other countries around the whole world:

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