

PRABHU MAHARAJ
IN MY
MEMORIES

NAMITA BASU



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please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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Preface

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This book was originally written in Bengali entitled 'Prabhu Maharaj Amar Smritite' by our grandmother late Smt. Namita Basu. Two editions of this book have been exhausted within a short period of time.

Now we have decided to translate the book in English and in this endeavor we got tremendous support and help from Sri Sanjib Biswas who is associated with Dainik Sambad, a popular newspaper in Agartala, Tripura. Our sisters and brother — Dr. Sharanya Bose, Anushka Bose and Arka Bose — helped me in different ways.

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# Publisher's Note

## (from first Bengali Edition)

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We have been following it from our very childhood that our mother Smt. Namita Basu is an ardent follower of Sri Ramakrishna. She often used to visit Belur Math. We are very much habituated to see that there are four photographs on the holy throne for worship of our mother--- these are Sri Ramakrishna, Maa Sarada, Swami Vivekananda and Prabhu Maharaj.

Once we took the initiative to arrange a visit to Chicago for my mother. There is no Ramakrishna Math or Mission in Chicago, but the Vivekananda Vedanta Society is situated there. The visit brought my mother immense joy. It is just a 'Tirtha Darshan' (pilgrimage) in a foreign country for my mother. We were equally happy, as we had been able to take our mother on a pilgrimage.

Whenever any problem arose at home, our father would become anxious. Our mother, however, remained calm and would simply begin chanting "Thakur, Thakur" (O God, O God). Our grandfather late Chinta Haran Basu was a highly religious man. He

loved my mother from the core of his heart and had a special kind of fondness for our mother.

Our mother was a school teacher who retired from service many years ago. She often spoke to us about the life and contributions of Swami Vireshwarananda Maharaj. We requested her to document her memories and experiences, assuring her that we would take care of all arrangements for publication.

This small book—“*Prabhu Maharaj Amar Smritite*” (*Prabhu Maharaj in My Memory*)—is the result of that effort. We received immense support in bringing this book to print from our father, Dr. Asit Basu, and Sri Debasish Chandra, for which we remain deeply grateful.

**Tridib Bose**

**Jayati Bose**

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## Prabhu Maharaj in my memories

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As this reminiscence is deeply personal, it naturally draws upon incidents from one's own life. Therefore, the mention of certain personal experiences in this memoir is inevitable. Any attempt on my part to write about Swami Vireshwarananda Maharaj (Prabhu Maharaj) would be of a similar nature. I thus seek the reader's kind pardon at the very outset.

Having been blessed with the sacred association of Swami Vireshwarananda Maharaj, I am sharing through this write-up those holy and joyous memories. While it may not always be possible to spend our time in japa (silent chanting) and dhyana (meditation), we can still keep our minds pure and sincere by recalling the lives and memories of great souls. Such remembrance gently guides our thoughts along the path towards God.

My acquaintance with Maharaj began at a very early age, shaped by unique circumstances and a turbulent time in history. The nation had just been partitioned, and our family home was in Habiganj, in the Sylhet district of erstwhile East Pakistan (now Bangladesh).

In 1952, I stood first in the district merit scholarship examination from Habiganj Government M.E. School, having secured full marks—100 out of 100—in three subjects. Yet, those were unsettled times. As Hindu families began migrating to India in large numbers, particularly young girls, my mother, father, and grandmother grew increasingly anxious. Fearing for my safety amid the uncertainty, they were reluctant to allow me to continue attending school there.

There was a Ramakrishna Mission temple in Habiganj, which my grandmother visited almost regularly. During his student days, my father, along with my uncles, often contributed mushti bhiksha—offering a handful of rice—for the poor resident students of the Mission's boarding.

On one such visit, my grandmother learned that Swami Vireshwarananda Maharaj—then the Assistant Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission, Belur Math, and a disciple of Sri Sri Maa—was taking special initiatives for the education of girls.

Moved by this, she wrote to Maharaj, explaining my situation and asking whether there was any possibility of support for my education.

Maharaj responded with great compassion. In his reply, he asked my grandmother to come to Kolkata at the earliest, bringing me along. He also informed her that he had already made arrangements for my admission to Nivedita School, Bagbazar.

I came to Kolkata and was admitted to Class Six. Thereafter, I stayed in the girls' hostel and continued my studies at the same school up to Class Ten. At that time, the Headmistress of the school was Ashadi (Pravrajika Mukti-prana), and the Hostel Superintendent was Basanadi (Pravrajika Veda-prana).

As my mother and father continued to live in Sylhet, I stayed back in the hostel even during the summer and Puja vacations. During those years, I would often visit Belur Math along with our Didis, where I had the opportunity to meet Maharaj. Merely seeing him filled my heart with happiness.

After offering my pranama and taking leave, Maharaj would gently remind me to visit him whenever I came to Belur. His words and presence left a lasting impression on my young mind.

I still vividly remember that while I was studying in Class Eight, the Sarada Math was established at Dakshineswar. This took place in 1954, on the occasion of the birth centenary of Sri Sri Maa. Sarada Math became the first independent religious institution for women saints, marking a historic milestone. With its establishment, Swami Vivekananda's prophecy was fulfilled with remarkable success. Among the revered saints who worked tirelessly to turn Swamiji's vision into reality, the contribution of Prabhu Maharaj holds a place of special significance.

On the day Sarada Math was inaugurated, many students from Nivedita School were present as volunteers. I consider myself fortunate to have been among them and to have had the privilege of distributing prasadam to the senior women monks of Belur Math.

On another occasion, during a Puja vacation, with the kind permission of revered Basanadi, my local guardian, Sri Sushil Bhattacharjee, took me to his home in Baharampur, where Durga Puja was celebrated each year. It was there that I met my uncle, Swami Sutrananda (Shailesh Maharaj), for the very first time. At that time, he was residing at the Bankura Mission. Though I had heard many stories about him since childhood, this was my first personal meeting, and it filled me with great joy. Later, when I mentioned this incident to

Prabhu Maharaj, he gently asked why I had not spoken about it earlier. In truth, as I had no prior correspondence with my uncle, I had not thought to mention it to Maharaj.

My School Final (Class X) Examination concluded in 1957. Around that time, our Headmistress, Lazmidi (Pravrajika Shraddhaprana), took me to Belur Math in the school car. Introducing me to Maharaj, she said with quiet satisfaction, *“Please take your daughter now. The responsibility you entrusted to me has been fulfilled.”* Maharaj then turned to me and asked gently, *“What do you wish to do now?”* I replied without hesitation, *“I want to continue my studies.”* Hearing this, Maharaj smiled and laughed softly, saying, *“Very well—let me think about it.”*

After completing my studies at **Nivedita School**, I came to stay at the hostel run by Sarada Sangha at Golpark. Although the hostel building was under government ownership, it was managed by Sarada Sangha. Primarily known as an “Unmarried Working Girls’ Hostel,” it also provided accommodation for a small number of girl students.

I lived there until my marriage, which took place in July 1970.

During those years, whenever I faced any difficulty, my instinct was to turn to Maharaj

without delay. Yet, I often felt hesitant to speak openly about my personal troubles. I was deeply conscious of the fact that he was a saint, and I wondered whether it was appropriate to burden him with my worldly concerns.

Maharaj, however, seemed to understand everything without being told. He knew that in Kolkata, there was no one else to whom I could turn for sincere guidance. His simplicity and honesty always filled me with wonder. He gently reassured me, asking that I should come to him without hesitation, and told me that if I ever found myself in difficulty, I must not hesitate to call him.

He clearly sensed the depth of my faith in him and my quiet dependence on his guidance.

Whenever Guru Maharaj wished to give me some money, I would feel hesitant to accept it. Yet, he would often insist on giving me money specifically for purchasing books. After buying them, I would give him the receipts.

Swami Vireshwaranandaji Maharaj became the Assistant Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission in February 1951. He later served as the Secretary of the Mission from 1961 to 1966, and in 1966, on the auspicious occasion of the Tithi Puja of Sri Sri



Thakur, he was anointed President of the Ramakrishna Mission.

A few days after this, Maharaj telephoned me at the Sarada Sangha Hostel in Golpark and asked me to meet him the following Sunday morning. I could not understand the reason for the call, but as the message had come directly from Maharaj, I went without question.

With a divine smile, Maharaj asked gently,  
*“Will you receive Diksha?”*  
(Diksha—spiritual initiation into the holy name of God.)

I was taken completely by surprise. Overwhelmed by the magnitude of the proposal, I replied instinctively,  
*“No, no, Maharaj—this is not possible.”*

Maharaj asked calmly, *“Why not?”*

I explained, *“I do not have a job, nor a home of my own. My parents are still in Pakistan. I have five younger brothers, some of whom are studying in Ramakrishna Mission institutions at Ramharipur, Bankura, Bishnupur, and Katibar. If, in such circumstances, I begin chanting a mantra and performing puja as a routine, people may consider me a pretender.”*

Thus, on that day, I could not accept Diksha. Yet, my heart remained restless and uneasy.

Before I left for the hostel, Maharaj asked me to take prasadam at noon. As I hesitated, he requested Ramgopal Maharaj to guide me to the prasadam area and asked me to meet him again before returning. When I finally took leave, Maharaj handed me a bottle filled with delicious sandesh, a gesture of affection I remember with deep gratitude.

I returned to the hostel with a deep sense of guilt weighing on my heart. My mind remained restless. All around me, people were travelling to Belur Math to receive Diksha from Maharaj. In those days, receiving Diksha was not easy. Aspirants were required to study the lives and teachings of Sri Sri Thakur, Swamiji, and Sri Sri Maa, and every seeker had to undergo an interview before initiation. Many, despite sincere efforts, were not granted Diksha.

And yet, Maharaj had lovingly called me himself to offer this sacred initiation—and I had declined, almost carelessly. The thought troubled me deeply. For several days, I lived in a state of inner unease, my mind returning again and again to that moment.

Unable to bear it any longer, I telephoned Maharaj and went to meet him the very next Sunday. This time, I received Diksha at his holy feet. It felt as though I had been reborn. From that moment onward, my heart felt light and free—there was nothing left to worry about. Maharaj had taken over all my responsibilities.

Only later did I learn that it was customary to offer Guru Dakshina as a token of reverence after Diksha. I had not carried even a single farthing with me that day and could offer nothing materially to my Guru. Yet, I knew with certainty that my mind and heart were completely surrendered at the holy feet of Maharaj.

*“Tomarei koriachi jībaner dhruvotārā,  
Ei samudre ār kabhu hobo nāko pather bārā...”  
(I have accepted you as the Pole Star of my life;  
In this boundless ocean, I shall never lose my way.)*

After receiving Diksha, I said to Maharaj,  
*“Maharaj, from now on I shall enthrone you upon the  
seat of Thakur.”*

He replied gently, *“You need do nothing.”*  
Thereafter, he blessed me with the sacred grace of Sri Sri Maa and gave me a photograph of his own. To this day, both remain enshrined on my most personal and eternal altar of worship.

Soon after appearing for my B.A. examination, I began teaching in a school. That period of my life was filled with constant inner questioning—whether I should seek admission to an M.A. programme, whether it should be at Jadavpur University or the University of Calcutta, whether it would be wise to give up the job I already had, and how I should shoulder responsibilities toward my parents and the education of my younger brothers. My mind was restless, and I found no one to guide me except Maharaj himself.

Whenever any problem arose, I would go to him without hesitation. There was never any barrier to meeting him. As soon as he noticed me, Ramgopal Maharaj, the devoted sevak of Maharaj Vireshwaranandaji, would welcome me with a warm smile and allow me to enter. When I placed my concerns before Maharaj, he would calm my troubled mind with thoughtful guidance and reassurance.

At that time, I believed that even if I left my current job, it would not be difficult for me to find another—especially since Sanskrit was a compulsory subject in schools in those days, and opportunities were available. Through all this uncertainty, Maharaj remained my sole anchor, quietly steadying my course.

Soon after completing my M.A. examination, I received an appointment at Loreto House, Kolkata. Along with the joy, however, came a sense of uncertainty. Having been educated in a Bengali-medium school, I wondered how I would adapt to that environment. Troubled by these thoughts, I once again went to Maharaj for guidance.

He reassured me with his calm words and, with thoughtful care, sent me to a South Indian lady who helped me with practical tips and a brief period of training. I then worked at Loreto House, Middleton Road, and Loreto Day School, Sealdah, for one year each—both appointments being in leave vacancies.

Subsequently, an opportunity came my way at Chittaranjan Girls' School, Kasba. Around the same time, a permanent post was created at Loreto House, and I was called to join. Yet by then, my heart had found its place in the atmosphere of Chittaranjan School, and I chose not to return to Loreto House.

Even today, I often recall Maharaj's words and guidance. From that point onward, I never had to wait anxiously for employment, nor did I ever run after a job. Rather, it felt as though work found its way to me.

When I joined the school, it was the winter season. I noticed that many of my colleagues were knitting sweaters. A gentle thought arose in my mind—I wished to knit a pullover for Maharaj. On my way back from school, I bought a bundle of wool and began knitting. With the help of a friend, I completed it within ten days.

Before showing it to him, I humbly asked Maharaj whether he would wear a sweater if I knitted one for him. He replied simply, “*Of course.*” I then showed it to him, and he was visibly pleased.

Two or three weeks later, one morning, I went to meet him and found Maharaj sitting there, wearing the very sweater, reading a newspaper. As soon as he noticed me, he smiled and asked, “*Can you recognize this winter garment?*” My heart overflowed with joy. I was deeply moved, amazed, and happy beyond words, for in that moment I felt the depth of Maharaj’s affection for me.

As I have mentioned earlier, I had been a boarder at the Golpark Sarada Sangha Hostel during my student years and for some time thereafter. During that period, a distance developed between the boarders and the hostel management committee. As I had taken a stand against the hostel authority, a complaint was lodged against me to Maharaj.

I later learned that upon hearing this, Maharaj calmly told them,  
*“Let Namita decide for herself. She is now mature. It is not possible for me to say anything on her behalf.”*

Those words reflected his deep trust in me and his quiet respect for my independence—something I remember with lasting gratitude.

After my marriage, although my visits were no longer regular, I would still often go to Belur Math to meet Maharaj. One day, during a discourse, Maharaj asked me casually whether I knew how to cook fish. Feeling a little shy, I replied that I was not very skilled, but could manage a little.

On a particular day thereafter, I cooked a fish dish for him and sent it to his residence. My husband reached Belur somewhat later. As soon as he arrived, Sevak Maharaj asked him with a smile,  
*“Have you come from Namita Basu’s house? Maharaj is waiting for you.”*

That simple moment remains etched in my heart, a quiet reminder of Maharaj’s constant affection and watchful care.

Here, I would like to recall another incident that occurred only a few days later. One of our neighbours, Smt. Dasgupta—the mother of Ashishda, lovingly known to all of us as Masima—

expressed her wish to receive Diksha at Belur Math. She went to meet Maharaj carrying a letter from me, and her prayer, too, was graciously fulfilled.

As Masima stepped out of Maharaj's room, she suddenly heard Sevak Maharaj call out, "*Who has come from Namita Basu's house?*"

On hearing this, Masima went forward. It was then revealed that Maharaj had sent a bottle filled with sandesh, lovingly packed for me. In that simple yet deeply touching gesture, Maharaj poured out his affection, love, and blessings upon me once again—quietly, cordially, and without words.

On the last day of every month, it was a custom in our hostel to hold a small feast. That day, the meal would include a variety of dishes, along with some special sweets. As we sat down to eat, my thoughts would often turn lovingly toward Guruji. Moved by that feeling, and without much deliberation, I would carefully set aside some sweets for him.

The next morning, with quiet joy in my heart, I would go to Maharaj and say, "*Maharaj, see what a lovely sweet I have brought for you.*" He would ask gently, "*Have you tasted it?*" When I replied, "*Yes,*" he would begin to eat.



In those moments, a deep sense of peace and fulfillment would wash over me. Nothing more was needed; my heart felt completely content.

Once, after a long interval, I went to visit Maharaj. On seeing me, he exclaimed with a gentle smile, *“So, you remember me after so many days! Now the question is—will Muhammad go to the mountain, or will the mountain come to Muhammad?”*

Indeed, I had not visited him for quite some time. Immersed in family responsibilities, I had failed to find the time to be with him, though he never left my inner thoughts. I was never accustomed to writing letters or making phone calls; I often felt that if I spoke to him over the phone, it would lessen the need to go and see him in person.

Yet, I know that Maharaj always overlooked my shortcomings and lapses with boundless kindness. With his compassionate heart, he forgave my imperfections silently, understanding far more than I could ever express.

My marriage was finalized with a professor, and at the appropriate time, I informed Maharaj. Hearing the news, he expressed his happiness with a gentle smile and said that he wished to speak with the groom. I introduced him to Maharaj, who listened attentively and then nodded his assent, silently approving the union.

My faith and trust in Maharaj were boundless. Once he had given his blessing, there was no room left in my mind for doubt or second thoughts—even for a moment.

My father-in-law's home was a joint family, and life there came with its own share of challenges. At times, the weight of those difficulties left me deeply perplexed. Whenever that happened, my refuge was always Maharaj.

Once, in such a troubled state, I hurried to him. Before I could even speak, tears began to flow—quite unconsciously. Maharaj looked at me with gentle surprise and asked softly, “*Are you weeping?*” He had never seen me like that before. I was usually cheerful and light-hearted, and for that reason, he often affectionately called me “Anandamoyee”—the embodiment of joy.

With folded hands and deep respect, I replied, “*You are a saint, Maharaj, but I am a householder, bound by worldly responsibilities. Problems will inevitably arise in my life. Please give me the strength to face and resolve my difficulties on my own, and bless me.*”

In that moment, I sought not an escape from life's trials, but the courage to meet them—under the quiet shelter of his grace.

As space in our home was becoming increasingly inadequate for our family, one day, during a quiet conversation, I asked Maharaj whether we would ever have a house of our own. His face lit up with a cheerful smile as he replied with firm assurance, *“It will happen—most certainly it will.”*

Both my husband and I were teachers by profession, and it seemed impossible for us to build a house by first purchasing a plot of land. Yet, in a manner that felt nothing short of miraculous, his words came true. Maharaj blessed us with the grace of Sri Sri Maa and advised me to place it reverently deep within the soil at the time the foundation of the house was laid.

That moment remains etched in my heart—as a reminder of how faith, when blessed, quietly turns the improbable into reality.

Even today, when I look back upon those moments, I am filled with wonder. He was truly an ocean of kindness and grace. Often, the doors of his compassion opened for me even before I could place a prayer before him.

Through his spiritual life and his deeply motherly affection, he earned the reverence of all. His wisdom was keen, his heart expansive, and his mind enriched with a gentle sense of humor. To his countless followers and devotees, the revered

Maharaj became everything at once—a mother, a father, a Guru, a guide, a protector, and a savior, and yet so much more.

Through his long and luminous life of ninety-three years, he left behind an incomparable legacy—an enduring ideology that continues to guide and inspire generations, both past and yet to come.

Usually, as soon as I got down from the bus at Belur, I would rush straight to Maharaj and sit quietly near his feet. Almost immediately, he would ask with gentle concern whether I had first offered my pranama to Sri Sri Maa and Sri Sri Thakur.

With a shy smile, I would reply, *“No, Maharaj. I came only to meet you. Before seeing you, there is no space left in my mind to think of anything else.”*

Hearing this, Maharaj would smile warmly, his eyes sparkling with a touch of humor.

One day, I went to the Math, only to find that the gate had already been closed. I felt that since I had come all the way, I must meet Maharaj, and so I did not return home. After waiting and wandering for some time, I took shelter in a corner of the veranda of a one-storied house, with the kind permission of its owner.

When the gate finally opened at four in the afternoon, I went to Maharaj and narrated the entire incident. On learning that I had been waiting all that while without having taken any food, Maharaj was deeply moved. With concern in his voice, he said that had I sent him a message, he would have called me inside.

I replied with folded hands, *"I never wish to break established norms for my personal convenience or gain."*

That moment reflected not only my reverence for discipline, but also Maharaj's boundless care and compassion, which I continue to cherish in my heart.

I often feel that I have received far more than what I truly deserved or was capable of attaining on my own. Whatever I have achieved in life has not been the outcome of my intellectual ability or financial strength. Everything that came my way, and everything that took shape, was made possible solely through the blessings of Maharaj.

In conversations with others who also loved him deeply, I have sometimes heard them remark that his affection for me seemed, in some measure, greater than for many others. Deep within my heart, I too feel the same—an awareness that humbles me and fills me with gratitude beyond words.

Whenever, in any context, the name of Prabhu Maharaj arises in conversation, my heart fills with a deep and spontaneous joy. In 2003, we had the opportunity to travel to America, and during that journey I visited Chicago. The place that drew me most was the Vivekananda Vedanta Society—the very ground from which Swami Vivekananda once addressed the world and spread his message. Standing there, at the edge of the city, I felt an indescribable thrill run through both my body and soul, the moment my feet touched that sacred soil.

At the Vedanta Society, I interacted with a group of saints and devotees—some Bengali, others Americans and from different backgrounds. As our discussion unfolded, the conversation naturally turned to Prabhu Maharaj. They spoke with reverence about his immense contributions to the growth and development of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission.

At that moment, I shared with them that I myself was a disciple of Prabhu Maharaj. To my surprise and delight, a few among them responded that they too were his disciples. Their words filled me with joy, just as my own words brought happiness to them. In that shared recognition, across oceans and cultures, I felt once again the quiet, unifying grace of Maharaj's presence.

In 2004, I travelled to Bangladesh once again. During that visit, I went to the Ramakrishna Math in Dhaka, where Swami Jnaprakashananda Maharaj was serving as the Secretary at the time. When he learned that we had come from Kolkata, he warmly welcomed us and arranged tea and biscuits for our refreshment.

Later, when he came to know that I was a disciple of Prabhu Maharaj, he was visibly delighted and shared that he too was a disciple of Maharaj. He then requested us to wait for a while, saying that he would arrange some light refreshments. I replied that we had already eaten, but he smiled and said, *“You are my Gurubon—my sister in faith, as we share the same Guru.”*

With affectionate insistence, he arranged luchi and tarkari, a simple yet heartfelt Bengali meal. After we had eaten, and while we were on our way back to the hotel, he invited us to return the next day at noon to partake of prasadam. Though we hesitated at first, we eventually went back the following day.

On our return journey, we visited the library of the Math, where I noticed three books authored by Secretary Maharaj himself:

- *Bangladeshe Sri Ramakrishna O Tar  
Parsbadbrinda*

*(Sri Ramakrishna in Bangladesh and His Companions)*

- *Bangladeshe Sri Maa Saradadebir Shishyabrinda O Tader Smritimala (Disciples of Sri Maa Sarada Devi in Bangladesh and Their Reminiscences)*
- *Bangladeshe Swami Vivekananda O Tar Shishya O Samakalin Anuragibrinda (Swami Vivekananda in Bangladesh, His Disciples, and Contemporary Devotees)*

That visit left me with a deep sense of connection—across borders and years—bound together by the shared grace of our Guru.

I purchased all three books. After returning to Kolkata, I read them carefully and found myself deeply absorbed in their pages. Time and again, I felt a sense of wonder at the immense patience and tireless dedication with which Maharaj had written these research-based works—each one a testament to his painstaking effort and quiet scholarship.

In this context, I feel compelled to share a few more words. During one of our trips to the Andaman Islands (in Dec'2003), we stayed at the Ramakrishna Mission guest house. One evening, during Sandhya Arati, we met Sri Shankar Ghosh, who at that time was serving as Chief Engineer



with the Shipping Corporation of India and was posted in Andaman.

As our conversation unfolded, we discovered that he was my Gurubhai—a brother in faith, as we were disciples of the same revered Guru. He then took us to meet the Secretary of the Mission, and we were blessed with the opportunity to partake of prasadam there the following day as well.

I have recounted my experiences in Chicago, Dhaka, and Andaman not merely as travel memories, but as living threads of connection—each one a gentle reminder of the far-reaching grace and enduring presence of Prabhu Maharaj in my life.

What I have received from Prabhu Maharaj is not easy to explain. Perhaps it can only be felt—much like the first moment of seeing him—deeply experienced, yet difficult to put into words. Maharaj seemed to have inherited, as a sacred legacy, the boundless love and affection of Sri Sri Maa. To all who came into his presence, he offered a taste of that divine amrita—the nectar of love.

Whenever I begin to recall his memories, there is no end to them. Countless strands of remembrance gather within my heart, rising one after another, filling my inner being. His presence

continues to live on within me, not as a memory alone, but as a quiet, eternal grace.

With the gracious blessings of my Sri Sri Guru, my most revered Master, I have founded an organization named the Technology for Health Care and Education Foundation, with its head office in Delhi. I continue to serve this foundation to the best of my ability, offering whatever strength and effort I possess.

Today, Maharaj abides in Ramakrishnalok—the divine realm of Sri Sri Ramakrishna. From there, I feel he watches over my work with loving eyes, pleased and content. This faith lives constantly within me, guiding my actions and filling my heart with quiet reassurance.

Whenever I bowed at his feet to offer my pranama, he would place his right palm gently upon my head, showering me with his blessings. Even today, I continue to live in the warmth of their grace and feel their beneficent results unfolding in my life.

I was blessed to receive Maharaj as the visionary guide and pathfinder of my journey—perhaps as the fruit of some unknown good deeds from a previous life. It feels like a sacred destiny that I was granted his close companionship and

affection, an invaluable treasure that nothing in this world can equal.

To have lived in the shelter of his holy presence is a blessing beyond measure. I do not know which virtue or merit made me worthy of receiving such boundless blessings, love, and affection from him. What I received from Maharaj cannot be weighed or measured by any scale on this earth—it remains infinite, eternal, and deeply engraved in my soul.

In this world, relationships are often shaped by an unspoken law of give and take—such is the fabric of worldly life. In that context, I feel profoundly blessed, for I received Maharaj as a giver who was completely free from desire, expectation, or self-interest.

True greatness reveals itself when an individual rises above the ordinary course of life. A truly great soul cannot remain detached; such a person naturally becomes a silent stakeholder in the lives of many. Prabhu Maharaj was one such rare presence among great men—one whose life flowed selflessly into the lives of all who came within his grace.

As I look back upon the memories of those distant days, a renewed joy rises within me, filling both body and soul with a gentle enchantment. My life feels deeply fulfilled through the blessings bestowed upon me by Maharaj. Recalling these

personal memories makes my heart grow heavy—not with sorrow, but with gratitude and emotion.

Time and again, I feel that Maharaj has showered me with immeasurable grace, far beyond anything I could ever deserve or return. I have nothing to offer him in exchange—only a heart filled with reverence and thankfulness, and a life forever illuminated by his blessings.

## Reference:

Swami Vireshwarananda Ek Dibyajiban, Swami  
Bireshwar Smriti Committee, Mumbai 400 053