

The Sunlit Path



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Sri Aurobindo Chair of Integral Studies

Sardar Patel University

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Editorial

My dear friends,

I am happy to bring to you the 15th February, 2016 issue of The Sunlit Path. The present issue contains the Darshan Message received from Sri Aurobindo Ashram on the occasion of 21st February, 2016. The Living Words contain a note from The Mother's diary written 102 years ago. 'Thy peace, O Lord, a boon within to keep Give me for earth and men' contains some portions taken from Sri Aurobindo's Savitri which beautifully describe the Divine's work on Earth.

I trust that you will find the contents inspirational and enlightening.

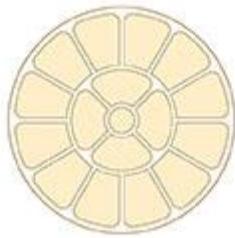
Sincerely yours,

Dr Bhalendu Vaishnav

22nd February, 2016



Darshan Message



21 February 2016

Concentrez-vous dans le cœur. Pénétrez-y aussi loin, aussi profondément que possible. Retirez vers vous les fils épars de votre conscience dispersée ; rassemblez-les et plongez dans le silence de votre être intérieur.

Une flamme brûle dans la calme profondeur de votre cœur : c'est le Divin en vous — votre être véritable. Ecoutez sa voix. Obéissez à ses inspirations.

La Mère



Concentrate in the heart. Enter into it; go within and deep and far, as far as you can. Gather all the strings of your consciousness that are spread abroad, roll them up and take a plunge and sink down.

A fire is burning there, in the deep quietude of the heart. It is the divinity in you—your true being. Hear its voice, follow its dictates.

The Mother

When I was a child....

The Mother

WHEN I was a child of about thirteen, for nearly a year every night as soon as I had gone to bed it seemed to me that I went out of my body and rose straight up above the house, then above the city, very high above. Then I used to see myself clad in a magnificent golden robe, much longer than myself; and as I rose higher, the robe would stretch, spreading out in a circle around me to form a kind of immense roof over the city. Then I would see men, women, children, old men, the sick, the unfortunate coming out from every side; they would gather under the outspread robe, begging for help, telling of their miseries, their suffering, their hardships. In reply, the robe, supple and alive, would extend towards each one of them individually, and as soon as they had touched it, they were comforted or healed, and went back into their bodies happier and stronger than they had come out of them. Nothing seemed more beautiful to me, nothing could make me happier; and all the activities of the day seemed dull and colourless and without any real life, beside this activity of the night which was the true life for me. Often while I was rising up in this way, I used to see at my left an old man, silent and still, who looked at me with kindly affection and encouraged me by his presence. This old man, dressed in a long dark purple robe, was the personification—as I came to know later—of him who is called the Man of Sorrows. (1)

22 February, 1914



Thy peace, O Lord, a boon within to keep
Give me for earth and men

Sri Aurobindo

And silently the woman's heart replied:

"Thy peace, O Lord, a boon within to keep

Amid the roar and ruin of wild Time

For the magnificent soul of man on earth.

Thy calm, O Lord, that bears thy hands of joy."

Limitless like ocean round a lonely isle

A second time the eternal cry arose:

"Wide open are the ineffable gates in front.

My spirit leans down to break the knot of earth,

Amorous of oneness without thought or sign

To cast down wall and fence, to strip heaven bare,

See with the large eye of infinity,

Unweave the stars and into silence pass."

In an immense and world-destroying pause

She heard a million creatures cry to her.

Through the tremendous stillness of her thoughts

Immeasurably the woman's nature spoke:

"Thy oneness, Lord, in many approaching hearts,

My sweet infinity of thy numberless souls."

Mightily retreating like a sea in ebb

A third time swelled the great admonishing call:

"I spread abroad the refuge of my wings.
 Out of its incommunicable deeps
 My power looks forth of mightiest splendour, stilled
 Into its majesty of sleep, withdrawn
 Above the dreadful whirlings of the world."
 A sob of things was answer to the voice,
 And passionately the woman's heart replied:
 "Thy energy, Lord, to seize on woman and man,
 To take all things and creatures in their grief
 And gather them into a mother's arms."
 Solemn and distant like a seraph's lyre
 A last great time the warning sound was heard:
 "I open the wide eye of solitude
 To uncover the voiceless rapture of my bliss,
 Where in a pure and exquisite hush it lies
 Motionless in its slumber of ecstasy,
 Resting from the sweet madness of the dance
 Out of whose beat the throb of hearts was born."
 Breaking the Silence with appeal and cry
 A hymn of adoration tireless climbed,
 A music beat of winged uniting souls,
 Then all the woman yearningly replied:
 "Thy embrace which rends the living knot of pain,
 Thy joy, O Lord, in which all creatures breathe,
 Thy magic flowing waters of deep love,

Thy sweetness give to me for earth and men.”

* * * * *

“O beautiful body of the incarnate Word,
Thy thoughts are mine, I have spoken with thy voice.

My will is thine, what thou hast chosen I choose:

All thou hast asked I give to earth and men.

All shall be written out in destiny’s book

By my trustee of thought and plan and act,

The executor of my will, eternal Time.

But since thou hast refused my maimless Calm

And turned from my termless peace in which is expunged

The visage of Space and the shape of Time is lost,

And from happy extinction of thy separate self

In my unaccompanied lone eternity,—

For not for thee the nameless worldless Nought,

Annihilation of thy living soul

And the end of thought and hope and life and love

In the blank measureless Unknowable,—

I lay my hands upon thy soul of flame,

I lay my hands upon thy heart of love,

I yoke thee to my power of work in Time.

Because thou hast obeyed my timeless will,

Because thou hast chosen to share earth’s struggle and fate

And leaned in pity over earth-bound men

And turned aside to help and yearned to save,

I bind by thy heart's passion thy heart to mine
 And lay my splendid yoke upon thy soul.
 Now will I do in thee my marvellous works.
 I will fasten thy nature with my cords of strength,
 Subdue to my delight thy spirit's limbs
 And make thee a vivid knot of all my bliss
 And build in thee my proud and crystal home.
 Thy days shall be my shafts of power and light,
 Thy nights my starry mysteries of joy
 And all my clouds lie tangled in thy hair
 And all my springtides marry in thy mouth.

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O Sun-Word, thou shalt raise the earth-soul to Light
 And bring down God into the lives of men;
 Earth shall be my work-chamber and my house,
 My garden of life to plant a seed divine.
 When all thy work in human time is done
 The mind of earth shall be a home of light,
 The life of earth a tree growing towards heaven,
 The body of earth a tabernacle of God.
 Awakened from the mortal's ignorance
 Men shall be lit with the Eternal's ray
 And the glory of my sun-lift in their thoughts
 And feel in their hearts the sweetness of my love
 And in their acts my Power's miraculous drive.

My will shall be the meaning of their days;

Living for me, by me, in me they shall live. (2)

Acknowledgements



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1. The Mother, CWM, 6, 25-27
2. Sri Aurobindo, CWSA 34,696-99

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