

Mother Bharat Bhumi

Mother India's Soil

Diary written by Svami Sadananda Dasa in India in 1945

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In the dark hours, when it appears to me that the pangs of separation from those who love Krishna – for whose service I came to India – are unbearable, I have repeated visions of living in overcrowded quarters amidst the scorching blazing heat of a fire consuming the small buildings around me. My tongue is parched and I feel suffocated. So far I've had the strength to overcome the depressions, vanishing like thin transparent evening clouds before the waxing moon of my hopes.

Now I visualize the hopeless nights with heavy layers of clouds, overcasting the sky without even the chance to catch one ray of the waning moon. I visualize the day when I will be asked as one in a flock of cattle to leave the country in which I was living in the loving service of my beloved Gurudev earlier in my life. Because others, not myself, identify my real person with the perishable covering of flesh and bones, called a German individual.

Perhaps it was not practical, considered from the point of view of sound common sense, to agree to the play of identifying myself sometimes with something I was not. Yet, this was the only chance to try to carry to others, occasionally at least, the outside cover of the exoteric mysteries of the art of love for Krishna.

I apprehend the day when I will know for certain not to be fortunate to bow down to the samadhi of my beloved Master or to touch the feet lotus of the few great souls left on this earth from all entourage.

I feel, if I would concede to relax for a little moment, my energy and will power utilized to the last to keep this physical and mental organism running, it would vanish as water from the open hand. Should it be really worthwhile the effort to try to make this body proceed to a country where I have to miss the

invigorating rays emanating from the spiritual soil of India, cut off completely from the chance to support myself by the verbal vibrations of real bhaktas, to live after years of internment again alone with no one to talk to or exchange thoughts and experiences, without the many forms and things in this country which awaken associations with Krishna and His descents?

Oscillating between the two alternatives of proceeding to a desert or leaving this body to the care of Mother Bharat Bhumi, I cannot make up my mind, and trust Prabhupad [Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati] and Krishna will decide and make me realize the decision soon and unexpectedly.