

From the Egocentric to the Theocentric Point of View

Letter from Sadananda to Mrs. W.
and friends in Sweden, 21 July 1953

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Dear Mrs. W,

I suppose You must think that this person, who dwells in India, must be a very impolite and ungrateful creature, who in spite of all the generous goodness you have shown to him, remains dumb and silent.

Walther Eidlitz, Bergslund, has often written to me, saying, “Don’t you want to do something also for the many noble persons in this good country?” Oh, believe me, if I only were strong enough, physically, I would have been in your wondrous country years ago, with – as it appears to me – all the treasures of spiritual power and wisdom I have acquired – not without hardships – in this strange India.

Now, nothing more remains for me than to use every pulse beat and every painless minute to extort the strength from my languishing body to write down some of what deeply moves me since many years, with ever increasing dynamics, and to some extent help Walther Eidlitz in his wonderful work.

I am writing a trilogy, based on Shrimad Bhagavatam with its profound and unknown content, in a language even Westerners without knowledge of Sanskrit can understand. Thanks to Your kind-hearted contribution, I have been able to do this. It gave me the opportunity to get proper medical treatment, which has subdued the terrible waves of physical pain to the utmost.

Even in this country – the land of spirituality, as one often erroneously calls India in the West – I am fairly alone. Gold lies scattered on the ground here, but it is the cheap glittering trinkets of the europeanized “isms”: materialism, communism, socialism – furthermore completely misunderstood and strangely

mixed with superstition (remnants of past high religiosity) – that completely capture and lead astray this country that I have chosen as my homeland.

In the West, on the other hand – provided that God is still being searched after as a reality – man is the unrivalled centre of attraction, with all his needs and obsessions; and God the authority who is supposed to relieve our worries.

Endless, cosmic worlds, and the infinite greatness within Godhead. Still, all the worlds together do not even compare to the remote hem of His garment. This is the one side of Him, the one countenance of Him – evoking reverent love in us; God in relation to the worlds.

But then: the secret of infinite beauty, everlasting tenderness; melody, spiritual power – yet seemingly childlike, this is the other face, enchanting us completely, almost making the worlds disappear, evoking most intimate love and dedication. Here, God is and reveals more than the first mentioned countenance, God as He is in relation to Himself and in Himself, untouched by man’s selfish thinking, which always, more than readily, wants to see God in relation to himself. Here is the secret of infinite beauty, everlasting gentleness; completely melody, complete spiritual power – and yet “childishly” charming, captivating. This is the other countenance, which enthuses us fully, almost makes the worlds disappear, and which awakens most intimate, confident love and dedication. It is a turn from the egocentric to the theocentric point of view, which leads to a more fundamental and radical revolution than the turn from the geocentric to the heliocentric [cosmic paradigm]. This unprecedented, blessed turn and the remarkable new life after this turn is what I want to tell the people of your country about; and not as *I* imagine it to be, but what they who breathe and live in Krishna’s innermost mystery have experienced and described in works that an ungrateful world has almost forgotten.

Within me the dry philosopher and Sanskritist is fighting a hopeful (?) battle against the ecstasies of the deepest joy, which are the primal origin and goal for the unprecedented Sanskrit works that the West has never been in contact with.

The great and yet so terrible world tree disappears, and like spring breezes carry a blue lotus petal, the powerful thoughts of the love of God carry a supreme Being to your country, a supreme Figure of eternal youth and beauty, pure melody, with an effulgence resembling the deep, dark blue, autumnal rain clouds.

All of You over there, and Your esteemed husband, and most of all You Yourself, be assured of my gratitude in the form of my work and all my loving thoughts.

Always Your
Swami Sadananda