

Anonymous, initiated by another swami in the Ramakrishna Order, resides in California.

Written submission.

[Daughter of Mother]

Both times I saw Swami Ashesananda he was visiting the Hollywood Vedanta Society. Do I remember his lectures? No. I will share what I will *always* remember. It was after the first lecture that I attended. I was in line with Bramacharini Gopa and my mother, waiting to greet the swami. One by one I heard him bless the devotees who approached. Always the same; always, “May Sri Ramakrishna bless you,” or something close to this. You see, I only remember the “Sri Ramakrishna” part of the blessing. Why? Because when it came my turn, it was not “Sri Ramakrishna!” To me he said, while putting his hand on my head, “May Mother bless you.”

And I broke down in sobs. It was as if Mother herself had come through her son. How else would he have known that I was *Mother’s* child?

Once outside, Gopa had quite a challenge in explaining to my biological mother, who was visiting me from Simi Valley, that I was crying for *joy*.

Submitted February 2008