

Ganga
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Sri HWL Pongaji, Maharshi
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INDIA

AIR
MAIL

October 28, 1990
Big Sur, California

Dearest Aware of all,

I stumble and you pick me up - mind ripples and you continue your depth charge deeper into this sea that has no end of depth, no end of dimensionality, no end of texture and tone and form. you end what has no beginning -

The mind cries out to know, and yet this holy infection of your perfect and relentless love shatters mercilessly any hope or pretense of knowing. Even not knowing is impossible.

EACH FORM - HOWEVER SUBTLE - DISINTEGRATES
IN SURRENDER TO THIS UNSPEAKABLE
REALITY

NO CONNECTION

NO SEPARATION

NO EMPTY

NO FULL

NO YES

NO NO

FOREVER

BEYOND ANY IDEAS OF TIME
OR TIMELESSNESS

SIMPLY, ALL WAYS

UNMENTIONABLE!

Jayon and I climbed up and ran
down the California hills today. We
laughed and laughed and sang songs
of praise and deepest gratitude to YOU
OUR FATHER, THE ONE SELF, INDIVISIBLE.

As I looked into a beautiful
old tree and began hearing a poem
to you, a wonderful honey bee came
out of the blue and stung me on the leg.

YOUR STINGER HAS TURNED THIS
BLOOD TO NECTAR ! ALL ARE WELCOME TO
FEED CONTINUOUSLY ON THIS
MANIFESTATION OF YOUR LOVE !

All love from your devoted
servant,

Janga

Love to Christine, Charlotte, Patrick,
Aopal, Swamiji, Surrender, Usra and
family !