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Swami Paramananda in Banagram, India, 1990. Photo: BP.

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

MY EXPERIENCES WITH
SWAMI PARAMANANDA

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI IN THE WEST

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and

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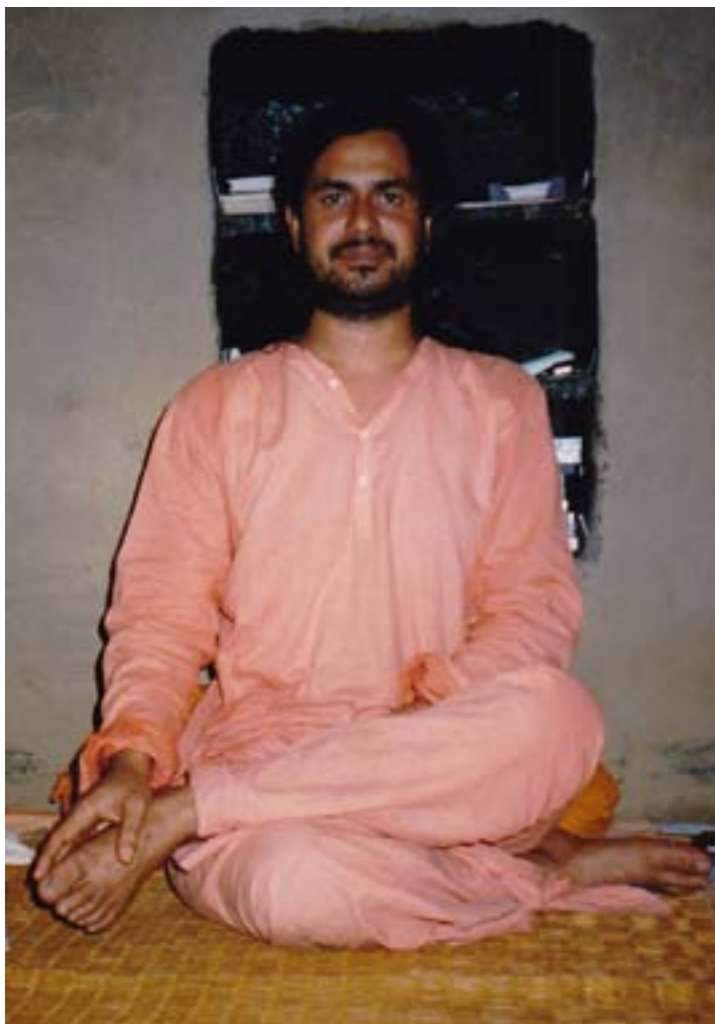
Epilogue

THE UNIVERSITY OF PEACE AT MT. TRON

Pilgrimage to Banagram

Trishan was already waiting for us when we arrived at Calcutta airport, even though he hadn't received any message about it beforehand – he just had a hunch, he said, that we would be coming that day. So with that my job as the manager of Paramananda, taking care of all his appointments and arranging his various programmes, came to an end. Trishan naturally took over that job in India.

From day one people poured into Banagram in ever increasing numbers over the next several weeks to meet their beloved “Guruji”, Paramananda, after such a long absence, like a river flowing in continuously, reaching a peak at *Guru Purnima*, the full moon in July when all Hindus ritually worship and celebrate their guru, and which this year fell on July 7th, exactly one month after our arrival in India.



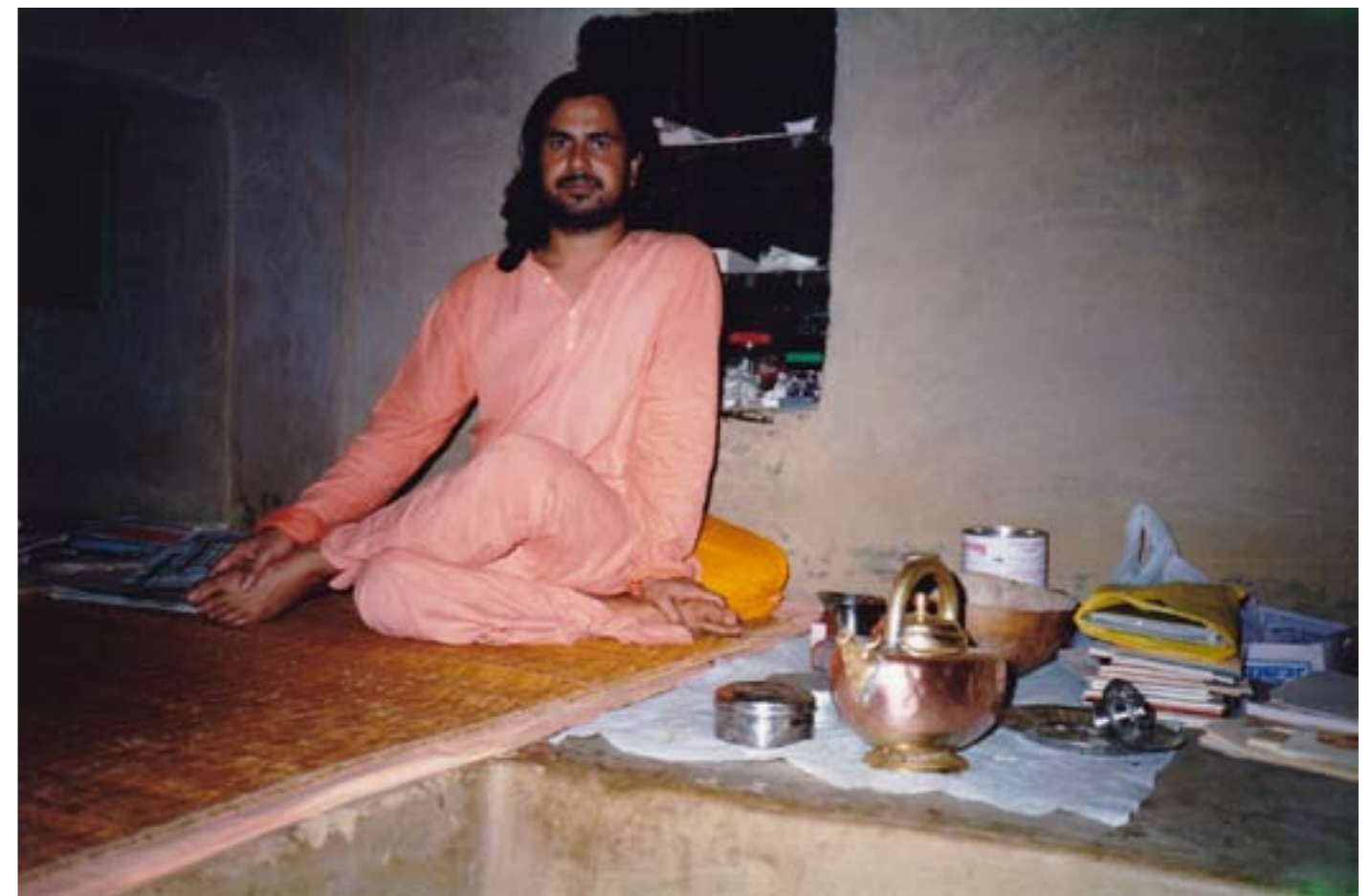
Paramananda in his clay hut in Banagram ashram in Bengal, India, July 1990. Photo: BP.

I was greatly astonished that he knew *that* many people! Not only had he met all these people before, but really *knew* them in the sense that he could call each one of them by name and talk intimately with them as close friends. He would enquire in detail about their health and other personal things that the person had shared with him earlier. If anyone came alone without their family, or one family member had not accompanied the others, he would immediately enquire about them, mentioning each one by name. How was it possible that he should remember everyone so well? And we are not talking about some tens or hundreds of people – we are talking about tens of thousands or perhaps even hundreds of thousands of people! I was mightily impressed.

The only example of something similar I could think of from history was that Napoleon was famous for knowing every one of his soldiers by name and could make small talk with them about personal affairs. Still, this was even more impressive than Napoleon, not least because Paramananda showed such joy to each and every one at seeing them again in a way that only he could. All felt loved by Paramananda, and he always supported them and accepted them as they were. This was one of the most unique things about Paramananda: All had a completely personal relationship with him, and he identified with each and every single one of them. Perhaps that he really identified himself with all of them was exactly why he could remember every single one of them. And that is possible only for a man like him! Once he exclaimed:

All may leave me, but I cannot leave any one!

Another big surprise just after the arrival in Banagram was that they did not use chili in the food any more. At my very first meal there it was impossible not to notice this, and when I asked the head of the kitchen why there was no chili in the food, he looked quite bewildered and asked: “Don't you know that Guruji has forbidden the use of chili in our food?” “No”, I answered just as bewildered, before he continued: “Yes, Guruji wrote from Norway to all of his ashrams here in India that from now on there shall be no more use of chili in the food.” Good God! I felt relieved and happy and a bit sad at the same time. I felt guilty and sad on behalf of all his disciples in India who could hardly eat anything without chili – if it was not already included during cooking they would eat it raw alongside the cooked food! All were so fond of chili and addicted to it, so that it was almost a part of their identity. But why did I feel guilty? The history was this:



Same place and time as the previous photo. Most people remember him in his hut like this rather than after it was rebuilt and greatly enlarged in 1998 while Paramananda was in Norway and the West. Photo: BP.

One day at Shantibu the year before, as we were alone, Paramananda and I happened to have an intense discussion about the use of chili in cooking in India in general. As I could not bear at all to eat chili or food in which this powerful spice was mixed – not because of any prejudice or aversion on my side, but pure physiology – I very strongly denounced it. I argued that nature meant chili to be medicine, not food, and that it was entirely unnatural for humans to eat “fire” like the Indians were doing. A very, very, small amount would perhaps be all right, I said, but they always exaggerated terribly, and moreover, the very taste itself was completely horrible. Also, it is a fact that lots of chili upsets the stomach and makes the mind very restless.

Paramananda always enjoyed an animated discussion with me even if it did not happen very often, and he would always take the part of the weak – in this case the chili! So he just repeated the common, very boring, arguments that chili was very rich in vitamin C and had bactericidal qualities, etc. I argued further that the chili was not an original Indian plant but had been introduced by the Portuguese in relatively modern times, which was proved by the lack of reference to chili anywhere in the Vedas and that it therefore had never been used by priests in any Vedic rituals. “The Portuguese left two blessings and two curses before they departed India,” I pointed out, and continued: “The two blessings are papaya and guava, and the two curses are chili and syphilis!” Paramananda

was not impressed, and continued, tirelessly and most strongly and persistently to defend the use of chili. So intense was his defence of chili and so meaningless his argument, it seemed to me, that in the end I was nearly crying, resigned to not being able to reach in to him and touch his common sense. Because I didn't really want to argue, but only to express my thorough, earnest feelings when I tasted chili, which, as a matter of fact, tasted absolutely horrible to me. So with tears in my eyes, as if I had just eaten chili, and with a cracking voice, finally I made a strong accusation, exclaiming: “**The Indians have destroyed the food!**” And that marked the end of the discussion. Paramananda immediately stopped and we never talked about chili ever again.

Indeed he did not say anything to me about the letters he wrote to his many ashrams in India immediately after our discussion, in which he ordered them to stop at once the use of chili in cooking. Not even in the last days at Shantibu before our departure for India, when I bought Tabasco from the food store and gradually mixed one more drop in my food every day, “to adapt to India,” as I told him. He only looked at me without comment, without batting an eyelid, and acted as if nothing had happened! It also deserves to be mentioned here that at that time there was no chili to be found in the local groceries in Alvdal or elsewhere in the region, so there was no chili added to the food that Paramananda ate through-

out his stay in Norway (Tabasco was available, but as it is fermented Paramananda did not like to eat it), so that perhaps for the very first time in his life his taste buds got a long rest from chili and were able to regenerate completely. And therefore he could really appreciate the actual taste of a variety of food – the food’s very own taste – while he was at Shantibu and in Norway, without the excessive, paralyzing and polluting influence of chili. As a result I could enjoy good Indian food without chili for many years to come in all of his ashrams!

On June 21st Rhina from the neighbouring village of Samanthi came with her little son Avishek who was now nearly one year old. He was born shortly after Paramananda had arrived in Norway and Rhina had written to him asking for a name for her firstborn child. Before her marriage Rhina used to come every morning to Banagram ashram and do *seva* the whole day, before returning to her own village in the evening, walking across the fields. She had asked Paramananda to let her become a full-time member of the ashram community, but he told her that it was in her destiny to marry and have a family. Every evening at sunset, before walking across the fields to Samanthi, she used to come to Asgeir and me when we were there together in 1987, and take a respectful leave of us, i.e. doing *pranam* by bowing down and touching our feet in the traditional Indian manner. Asgeir was deeply touched by this and felt a closeness to her.

Now Rhina had come to show her baby to Paramananda. At first I heard a sudden and loud child’s screaming from

the sitting of Paramananda outside his hut, and a few minutes later I saw Rhina coming towards where I was sitting on the veranda of the office building, with her son in her arms. As soon as Avishek eyed me he again started screaming loudly, and Rhina had to make a lot of effort to try to calm him down. When he thus felt more safe and at ease with the situation, Rhina told me that Paramananda had just let her know that her son had been Asgeir in his previous life. He cried because consciously or subconsciously he recognized us, and this was the very first time he had seen us both since he was born. The last time he had seen our faces it had been connected with his great pain and agony. Later Paramananda told me that just after Asgeir’s death in December 1987, his spirit had come to him and asked him to help with his rebirth so that he could be born somewhere close to Paramananda. Actually, he had tried on his own first with Sobbo and Ranu, but Sobbo had been horrified at the mere sight of Asgeir’s ghost.

The next time I met Avishek, five years later, as soon as he saw me from a distance, he came running towards me with his arms stretched high and shouted in Bengali: “*Amar bandhu, amar bandhu!*” (“my friend, my friend”). And then he would only be together with me all the time. His mother also told me then that Avishek used to suffer a lot from heat and always required a fan. He also wanted to eat his food using cutlery (not with his hands), and needed to use toilet paper when he went to the toilet – both of them something that Indian children never do, at least not in the remote countryside where he lived.

The Caves at Udayagiri

Summer in Bengal is a real oven, even if the monsoon gives a little relief for a couple of these months. The air temperature is one thing and perhaps in itself not too high, relatively speaking, but the humidity is extreme, and if there is no movement in the air it quickly feels sweltering and almost unbearable. It feels like being in a sauna all the time and the skin is constantly wet throughout day and night. I almost started thinking that fungus would grow on me and that after a while I might turn green. The nights were the worst because one would only finally fall asleep (or faint!) from sheer exhaustion in a pool of sweat. In addition to the high temperature and humidity was the fact that I had always been very sensitive to heat and quickly got overheated. In Banagram, therefore, I spent my days in the shadow at the corner of the veranda of the office building, where there was a slight possibility of a small draught now and then. I had a hand fan made of palm leaves which I could use by carefully turning my wrist only – if I used my whole arm my body would quickly overheat. When the heat became intolerable, I fled to Sobbo and other friends who had electric fans in their homes, so that I could cool my body a little. But all in all it is almost unbelievable how well one can adapt and adjust to most foreign and unfamiliar conditions.

At the end of October a six day tour to Puri in the state of Orissa was arranged. Two buses would start from Banagram. Many devotees wished to travel with Paramananda to the famous Puri, which is one of the main places of pilgrimage for Hindus. As it is situated on the coast of the Bay of Bengal with long, sandy beaches, for many Indians it also presents the first meeting with the sea and bath in salt water. But the main attraction is still the ancient temple of Jagannath, a form of Vishnu, where they maintain ultra conservative traditions and where non-Hindus are not allowed to enter. But before reaching there we halted by the caves of Udayagiri and at Khandagiri, which had been the refuge of Jain ascetics from about the 2nd Century B.C. A beautiful and peaceful place with beautifully decorated caves chiselled out of the rock. ¹⁾ After looking around for a while I went up on a little mound of rock to have an overview of the place. As soon as I sat down there I felt an unspeakable quiet which I had not noticed while walking, and I allowed the wonderful peace to sink in. While sitting like that I suddenly noticed Paramananda approaching me with a big smile on his face, and he asked me:

“Bjørn, how do you feel here?” “Oh, very wonderful,” I replied. “Yes, you see, in your previous life you spent four months here in these caves meditating,” he ended, before going down the rock mound and joining the others again.



Avishek (whose name was Asgeir in his previous life) as he appeared in the winter of 1994-5, aged five, when I met him for the second time in Banagram. Here, together with his mother, Rhina, and Paramananda, in Paramananda’s hut. All photos: BP.



Paramananda at Rajgir near Udaygiri, where Emperor Ashoka regretted his wars and converted to Buddhism. Photo: BP, 1990.



Above: The little mound of rock where Paramananda came to me. Below: Parts of the cave complex. Both photos: BP.

Yet another sudden and unexpected utterance from Paramananda who put my life in perspective. Not an enormously wide perspective this time, however, but what he said was unknown to me – I could not remember coming across the name of Udayagiri anywhere in the writings or notes of Anandacharya, but from his travelogue from other places nearby I knew that he had been in the area.

While all the others visited the Jagannatha temple, as non-Hindus, Kari Ada and I, and also Shanti and her friend Anna, who had come together to Banagram from Germany, had to wait outside the temple precincts. Afterwards we all went to the beach where we rented some rooms arranged in a square around an open yard. Here all were accommodated and we could arrange for our own cooking and food. The evenings and nights were spent in the *satsanga* of Paramananda, and during day-time we spent hours bathing in the sea. Paramananda was very fond of water and clearly showed that he was in his true element. To those who had never bathed in the sea before he taught swimming and floating. He taught me to handle the huge waves which continually boomed in to the shore, and luckily the undercurrents and off-shore pull was not bigger here than could be managed. At one point Ranu, Sobbo's wife, was very close to drowning, but Paramananda managed to pull her up from the water at the very last moment.

One evening, as Kari Ada, Paramananda and I walked along the beach, we found a dead sea snake which had been washed up on the shore by the waves. I wanted to pick it up to study it closely, but Paramananda stopped me as that species of snake is very poisonous. Shortly after that Kari Ada started to weep and cry heavily. Later on Paramananda told me that Kari Ada, while strolling quietly there on the beach, suddenly had a powerful vision in which she had seen herself in a past life together with Paramananda, in one of his past incarnations, at exactly the same spot. In that life she was a poor fisherman's daughter.

After a couple of days we left the beaches of Puri and travelled farther north along the coast to the ruins of the fantastic sun temple at Konarak. This is a World Heritage site and one of the most spectacular ancient cultural treasures that India can offer. And that says a lot because India is simply full of these kind of wonderful treasures from ancient times. Unique architecture, enormous dimensions, wonderful sculptures, amazing precision and overwhelming symbolism are catchwords here. There will hardly be a square inch of sandstone anywhere which has not been carved and carefully prepared by human hands. The ornamentation and the unusually beautiful sculptures, often with exorbitant, splendid erotic motifs, are crafted with a goldsmith's precision, and the overall architecture is amazingly brilliant and enormously impressive – as is also the symbolism.²⁾



Paramananda at the sun temple, Konarak, 1990. Photo: BP.

One of the legends about this temple says that inside the major part of it, which is now no more, was a huge, polished iron ball which was held up by enormous magnets (which are still to be found at the site) in all directions around the ball, so that it hovered in the air. So, when the sun rose above the ocean in the East the opening to the temple was placed in such a way that the very first sun-

rays hit the iron ball and made it shine like a small sun. The temple was built in the 11th Century by one of the local kings with the help of thousands of workers. It was very famous in its age, but then gradually it was buried by shifting sands and nearly forgotten, until one Englishman found it and dug it out.



Bathing at Puri beach, October-November 1990. The author overtowers in the middle with Paramananda on his left. Photo: Unknown (Internet).



Paramananda and Kari Ada at the sun temple, Konarak. Photo: BP.



Paramananda and Bjørn outside the sun temple, Konarak. Photo: Kari Ada Dille Giæver.



We took a break from driving on the road several times, both on the way to and returning from Puri, as soon as we found a river where we could bath, wash clothes, prepare food and eat. The author crossed this river after Paramananda had taught him to swim with the help of the current and not against it.

Above: Paramananda on his way back to the bus after having a refreshing bath in the river.

Below, left: Shanti (left) and her friend Anna (right) from Germany after bathing.

Below, right: Sobbo (left) and Biplob (right) during another stop.

All photos: BP.



We spent a couple of hours there, while Paramananda showed me around and explained much of the symbolism, before we again entered the buses to head back to Bengal. After two days on the road we were again back in Banagram.

Otherwise, there were many minor trips within West Bengal at that time. Already by the end of June I had been to the ashram in Raina – Tapaban – to visit my good friend Purnananda. Raina in Burdwan District was, as mentioned earlier, the place where Paramananda had been camping while working for the electricity company, before coming to Banagram. At night he used to meditate at a *sashan* – a cremation ground – nearby. At that time he was only known as Robin and he made many friends there, amongst them Mihir, who was then very young. Tapaban was the first of his many ashrams established after Banagram. Here Purnananda took care of several ashram members and a number of orphan boys who went to upper secondary school there after Banagram.

One night in Tapaban I had a particularly vivid and nice dream which was more like a vision. I saw that an unusually good friend of mine, who had always been my friend since time immemorial, now had been born again. It was wonderful news and I awoke to a bright atmosphere of joy and contentment. The next day I was back in Banagram, and when I told Paramananda about my dream his face lit up and he nodded his head approvingly, but without comment. Then a few days later the news arrived from Norway that Anne Siri, who had been pregnant in late autumn the year before and who was due to give birth soon at the time of our tour to North Norway with Paramananda in May, had just given birth to a baby girl on June 28th. When Paramananda heard that it was a girl, a little surprised, he said:

Oh, is it a girl?! She used to be a man in her previous lives.

Later he said that she was a mahatma ('great soul') and that he had helped her to be born into that family. The girl was their first child and was named Sandra.

There were also trips to Paramananda's ashrams in Azimganj and in Malda, in the Murshidabad and Malda Districts respectively. At the Malda Ashram Swami Bhagavatananda, or simply 'Baul Baba', as he was commonly called, was in charge. When I visited the beautifully situated ashram in October, only *bramacharini* Sita was there together with Bhagavatananda, who Paramananda made a sannyasini a few years later, with the name Brahmajyoti Prana. Bhagavatananda was a kindhearted and smiling, but spirited, sannyasin with great practical skills. He had built all the buildings of the ashram alone with his own two hands. Otherwise, he was a few years older than me, and he could understand only a very few words of English, so communication was limited. He

had grown up in a typical *Baul* community, which can be found in some places in Bengal, where all are singers and musicians, and are living a very free life without a lot of the conventions prevalent in the society at large. They are the performers of the famous *Baul* tradition in India which is unique to Bengal, including parts of Bangladesh, which was earlier East Bengal.

The ashram had a huge mango grove and green plants of various kinds in which there was a huge variety of poisonous snakes, including cobra and coral snake. However, the species I encountered more frequently was one which in Bengal is called 'Chandra Bora', i.e. Russell's Viper, which is the kind of snake that kills the most people worldwide. It was very exciting to see so many dangerous and deadly snakes, and automatically I became more aware of where I put my feet at any time.

One incident during this time, in Banagram, happened at dusk after sunset, outdoors in the open ground when I nearly sat down on a huge *Chandra Bora*. Some of my brothers and sisters had gathered there, sitting on the grass and talking quietly together. I came to join them in the near dark, without my torchlight, so I was not aware, but at the very last moment Tapi Ma noticed the big, fat, curled up snake and warned me. It was a really close shave!

Another evening, when I was alone with Paramananda in his hut, he again suddenly and without warning started to criticize me. He reeled off a long list of wrongs and shortcomings which this time were quite familiar to me. All of them were well observed with striking characteristics, and nothing was left out. This time he conveyed them very calmly and considerately, without the least hint of accusation or provocation, and I received them as a useful reminder and information for improvement. When the long list was about to finish, he ended with an optimistic voice, thus:

But one thing, Bjørn, you have very nice eyes!

It was rather funny, really, but Paramananda was always extremely aware and sincere about not inducing any ego in us. While in Norway he had told me many things about my person and nature which were fantastic, new and overwhelming to me, and by which I could easily have got some wrong ideas. And if he sensed that any one of us started to feel and behave a bit "big" or "great" on account of these or other things, he would immediately arrest us one way or another, whatever would be fitting to the person and the situation. The ego is a most subtle, sensitive and complicated thing, and is only permanently curbed in *nirvikalpa samadhi*. As long as we have life and physical body, ego is there – the one cannot be without the other. The only question is whether it is active or not, and if it is active (which it surely will be in almost every case!) – how active? In this case I believe

Paramananda wanted to kind of balance me about this, plus that he wanted to see if I reacted in any way – either with inferiority complex or with superiority complex (either way in which case there would be too much active ego). At other times, if he saw that I was lacking in self confidence, he would encourage me by saying many great things about me. Only the fully Self-Realized guru can detect your ego and point it out to you. *Jay Guru!*

Other incidents from this time, I heard from others, include that on several occasions Paramananda told the audience in open sittings that I had been Anandacharya in my previous life, and he also said that I was a rishi. To me it was evident that he wanted to change the inherent misunderstanding among most people that foreigners cannot be highly spiritual or have the same perceptions and experiences as the Indians themselves. There are many long lived myths in India that originate from the time when non-Hindus were considered uncultivated barbarians and were called *mlechcha*. On two different occasions during my many years in India, while travelling to unknown places, I had had that word thrown at me with hatred.

One day when I passed Paramananda's hut and he was sitting outdoors in *satsanga* with many listeners, suddenly I heard him saying loud and clear in Norwegian: "Prompe, fjerte, fise." And then I understood that he gave a long and serious lecture on how accurately the Norwegian language reproduced these natural body sounds of farting in pure words! Once, at Shantibu, I had taught him the Norwegian words for the different natures and magnitudes of expulsion of gas from the human body, and he was very impressed by how well and accurately our language represented these sounds. The usual Bengali 'pad' is not very impressive in this connection.

Another day as I passed by his *satsanga* I heard that he talked about a man that he had met in Norway by the name of "Polestar". I was surprised to hear this because I didn't know anybody with such a name and how was it possible that he should have met anyone there without me knowing about it? But after thinking about it I found that it must have been "Pollestad" that he meant to say. 'Pollestad' with a silent 'd' could, perhaps, for him sound like 'polestar'. In any case it was the very well known Catholic father, Pater Pollestad, whom Paramananda had met in Shantibu on September 15th the year before, who came with a little group. Among them was the lawyer Martin Beer, who was a distant relative of Einar Beer (and previously married to Cabinet Minister Anna Louise Beer) and who I already knew. They had all come to hear from me about Anandacharya, but they soon ended up listening to Paramananda for a couple of hours. As I became occupied with other work I don't know what they talked about and after their conversation Pater Pollestad and his little group left.

Otherwise, as regards Paramananda's *satsangas* in Bengali in Banagram, I noticed that gradually I could understand more and more, and eventually I understood one hundred percent when I concentrated one hundred percent. But only when Paramananda talked – not so with other Bengalis.

FOOTNOTES

1) Here, photographs from Udayagiri at a later visit, in 2008, taken with a digital camera. All photos: BP.



2) Here, photographs from the sun temple at Konarak at a later visit, in 2008, taken with a digital camera. All photos: BP.





The sun temple at Konarak. The biggest part which contained the great sun iron-ball is completely destroyed and vanished. The present buildings have been undergoing restoration for many years. Both photos: BP, 2008.

GLOSSARY (simplified)

amar bandhu – “my friend” (Bengali).

Anandacharya – See *Swami Sri Ananda Acharya*.

baul – philosophy with man at the centre, physically, emotionally and spiritually; practitioner of the *Baul* Philosophy; wandering, mystical truth-seeker and musician/singer in Bengal.

brahmacharini – female performer of *brahmacharya*. See *brahmacharya*.

brahmacharya – apprenticeship (period of training), or the first of four stages in a Hindu’s life; self-discipline, especially in relation to sexuality. See *brahmacharini*.

Chandra bora – Bengali name for Russel’s Viper, the species of poisonous snake that kills the most people world-wide every year.

guru – ‘from darkness to light’; spiritual guide who dispels ignorance and confers wisdom.

Guruji – loving address to spiritual guide. See *guru*.

Guru Purnima – the full moon of July when the guru is especially worshipped and celebrated. See *guru*.

Jay Guru – “Victory Guru”; an expression often used by the disciples to honour or remember their guru on various occasions. See *guru*.

mahatma – ‘great soul’; honorary title of certain, special truth-seekers who stand out from the others.

Mihir – name of one of the closest male disciples to Paramananda, with the sannyasi name of **Swami Prajñananda**.

mlechcha – ‘barbarian’; vulgar term for non-Hindus among the orthodox.

nirvikalpa samadhi – that form of *samadhi* which is without any object in mind and which therefore cannot be explained, in contrast to *savikalpa* and other forms of *samadhi*; also known as “opposite *samadhi*”, completely different from all other forms of *samadhi*. After complete *nirvikalpa samadhi* there is no more cause for rebirth.

pad – Bengali word for farting.

pranam – respectful greeting, found in various forms and variations.

rishi – ‘seer’; Self-Realized sage; the highest level attained by humans through evolution, who manifests love and wisdom; (in plural) ‘the seven (original) rishis’ did not come through evolution, but by divine incarnation, and are the mind-born sons of Brahma, who were created for the protection of all living beings, including gods and men, and who are always living among the people on earth (through continuous rebirth) to fulfil this task.

sannyasa – a free and loosely organized age-old order of spiritual world teachers, who spread culture and spiritual science to all parts of the world; the last of four stages in a Hindu’s life, in which one dedicates oneself fully and completely to the search for truth; a three day ritual which frees the individual from all social bonds and duties of society to become a *sannyasin* or *sannyasini*.

sannyasini – female sannyasin. See *sannyasa*.

sashan – cremation ground (often a favourite place for meditation among truth-seekers in India).

satsanga – ‘gathering for truth’; a popular type of company with questions and answers, between guru and disciples or spiritual head and audience.

seva – selfless service.

Swami Bhagavatananda – a sannyasin of Paramananda with responsibility for his ashram at Maldah; grew up in a *baul* community in Bengal and is a good *baul* singer; also known as **Baul Baba**. See *baul*.

Swami Purnananda – one of Paramananda’s sannyasins who is the manager of the Tapoban Ashram in Raina.

Swami Sri Ananda Acharya (29.12.1881 - 8.5.1945) – born in Bengal, India, into a royal family, but became a sannyasin already in his boyhood, travelled by ship to England in 1912 after a revelation in the Himalayas, and came to Norway at the outbreak of the 1st World War in 1914, lived at Tronsvengen in Alvdal, Norway, from September 1917 until his death at the end of the 2nd World War; in this text usually referred to as **Anandacharya**, as that is the name Paramananda used for him. The only complete biography about him is that written by Bjørn Pettersen: *Swami Sri Ananda Acharya. A forgotten Son of Mother India. His own story. A biography and anthology*. Mt. Tron University of Peace 2019 (ISBN 9788269032628); and by Amazon 2020 (ISBN 9788269032635).

Continuation follows in the next number next week.