

# Sparkles from Glimpses of a Great Yogi

By  
Sadhu Prof. V. Rangarajan

An abridged version of

**Glimpses of a Great Yogi**  
Bhagavan Yogi Ramsuratkumar  
Centenary Commemoration Volume



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# **Sparkles from GLIMPSES OF A GREAT YOGI**

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## **BENEDICTION**

***For “Glimpses of a Great Yogi” First Edition***



My loving good wishes and felicitations to revered Yogi Ramsuratkumar Maharaj upon his auspicious Birthday anniversary being celebrated by all his devotees. Prof. Rangarajan's present book giving glimpses of this Yogi and mystic of Sri Arunachala Hill is to be warmly welcomed as it will serve to make many sincere seekers aware of this hidden spiritual luminary who shuns the limelight and hides away from the general public. Many will be inspired from Prof. Rangarajan's frank and sensitive narration of his encounter and personal experiences with this exceptional enlightened soul. May it have wide circulation.

I join devotees in greeting Yogi Ramsuratkumarji.

**HARI OM!**

Rishikesh  
23-11-1987

**Swami Chidananda**

## ***FOREWORD - "Glimpses of a Great Yogi"***

This Centenary Edition of **Glimpses of a Great Yogi** is a chronicle—spanning more than 30 years—of Sadhu Professor V. Rangarajan’s soulful interactions with Yogi Ramsuratkumar. It is encyclopedic, both in size and in historical detail.

Yogi Ramsuratkumar blessed and guided aspiring souls to his Father, and even now, long after his mahasamadhi, he continues to do so. But the Beggar Saint often boldly asserted that his real goal was in transforming individuals into perfect instruments of his Father’s Work. We see that process of transformation play out in the pages of this extraordinary story.

As a lifelong scholar of Hindu scriptural lore, the author is eminently qualified to do this work. He is clearly one of those rare individuals deeply versed in ancient Sanskrit and Tamil source writings who can bring those teachings to life for the modern reader. It is easy to understand why Yogi Ramsuratkumar chose him for this task.

When I first met Yogi Ramsuratkumar in the late spring of 1970, he was still living on the streets of Tiruvannamalai as a so-called ‘hidden saint,’ living in plain view, but unrecognized and easily mistaken for a mad beggar.

India’s political tensions were reaching a boiling point. Ideological polarization between North India’s Hindi-speaking and South India’s Tamil-speaking factions was fomenting demonstrations in the streets. It had become dangerous for a northern India-born, Hindi-speaking ‘outsider’ like Yogi Ramsuratkumar to maintain his blessed anonymity.

With harassment and threats mounting, the Beggar Saint asked me to write a small biography of him in 1971. Because so little was known about his life then, writing a short biography was challenging. But, in time, the little book served its purpose. Bringing the yogi’s little-known existence to light quickly rallied the faithful to ensure his support and safety. Harassment and threats ceased and, in the process, the yogi’s relationship with the local community transitioned onto a more public stage.

Although Professor V. Rangarajan and I had previously corresponded, it was not until late in 1993 that Yogi Ramsuratkumar introduced us in person sitting in the verandah of his Sannidhi Street abode. More than twenty years had passed since I had authored the *Godchild*. Now big changes were underway. The Yogi Ramsuratkumar Ashram was in a very active planning stage and was soon to break ground. The ecstatic saint's externalization onto the public stage was gaining momentum. It didn't dawn on me that day that the person to whom I was being introduced would soon be spearheading many of Yogi Ramsuratkumar's most ambitious projects.

During the last two decades of the Master's life he graciously assumed the mantle of guru and guide to countless individuals. And no doubt, from all appearances, it might have seemed that the teaching and transformation of devoted aspirants was his only focus, but this book proves otherwise.

Yogi Ramsuratkumar often spoke of other important facets of his mission. Foremost among these were the unveiling of India's greatness in the community of nations, securing the scriptural preeminence of the Vedas, promoting the study of Sanskrit, enabling the Hindu education of children, and encouraging the continuous remembrance of the Names of God.

Behind the scenes, Yogi Ramsuratkumar was enlisting a retinue of close disciples as lieutenants under his command to labor toward the fulfillment of his lofty goals. Sadhu Professor Rangarajan was among these select few. This chronicle of events shows that for decades to come, he remained steadfast at the right hand of the Master.

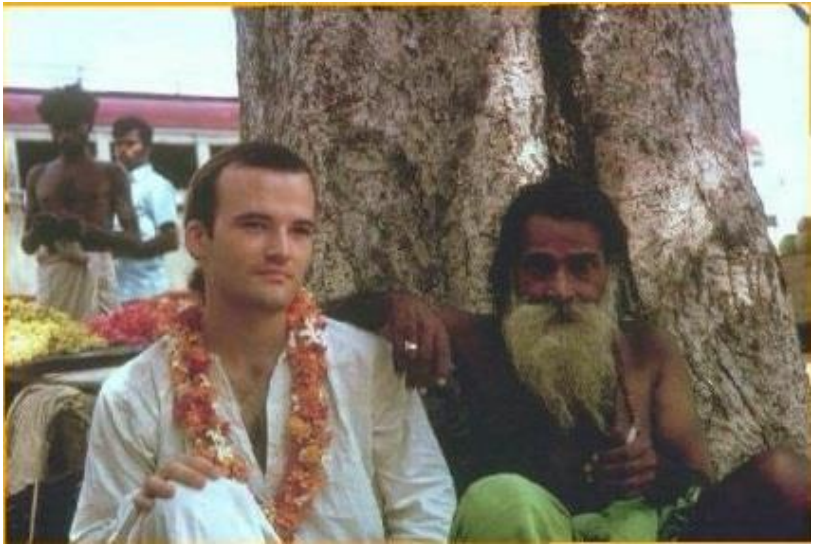
This vast tome is laid out in three parts: Part I is an extensive biography of the Master. Although that history has been thoroughly articulated in other books, this rendering is especially lyrical and inspiring. Part II recounts Professor Rangarajan's

extremely rare initiation at Arunachala's historic Ramdas Cave. This section also details decades of devoted service to his Master. And, finally, Part III reveals the further reaches of Sadhu Rangarajan's ongoing march to advance Yogi Ramsuratkumar's noble mission.

**Glimpses of a Great Yogi**, in this, its Centenary Celebration Edition, affords us a rare first-hand view of Sadhu Rangarajan's unwavering discipleship to his exalted Guru, Bhagavan Yogi Ramsuratkumar, and also of a rich legacy of accomplishments that is breathtaking in its scope.

Denver, Colorado, USA  
25-2-2018

**Truman Caylor Wadlington**



**Truman Caylor Wadlington and Yogi Ramsuratkumar**  
sitting below the Ashwatha tree  
at Tiruvannamalai bus-stand in 1971

## ***PUBLISHERS' NOTE***

Bharatamata Gurukula Ashram & Yogi Ramsuratkumar Indological Research Centre, wings of Sister Nivedita Academy, proudly present before the spiritual world, the unique and most inspiring life of Bhagavan Yogi Ramsuratkumar Maharaj of Tiruvannamalai, the *deeksha guru* of Sadhu Prof. V. Rangarajan. The original work, **GLIMPSES OF A GREAT YOGI** has been released in a comprehensive commemoration volume on the occasion of the birth centenary of the great saint. The first edition of that book, with a benedictory foreword by H.H. Swami Chidananda, President of Divine Life Society, Rishikesh, was released by Bhagavan Yogi Ramsuratkumar Himself in 1987, and the second edition, which included the narration of the initiation of the Sadhu by Bhagavan on the occasion of Papa Ramdas Jayanti Celebrations in Tiruvannamalai on April 26, 1988, was also released by Bhagavan on Gurupoornima, 1988. On the instructions of Bhagavan, the third edition was also brought out on the occasion of Deepavali in 1990, and it was also released by Bhagavan Himself. The fourth edition, Yogi Ramsuratkumar Centenary Year Commemoration Volume of **GLIMPSES OF A GREAT YOGI**, spanning across a thousand pages serves not only as a source of biographical information, but also as the Gospel of Bhagavan Yogi Ramsuratkumar for generations of devotees of Bhagavan. For the benefit of the devotees, this abridged version covering the interactions with Bhagavan is brought out as **SPARKLES from GLIMPSES OF A GREAT YOGI**.

Bangalore

1-12-2018

-- SISTER NIVEDITA ACADEMY

## ***PREFACE – GLIMPSES FIRST EDITION***

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of September, 1984, I was in Tiruvannamalai. Sitting in the small shop of one of my friends, I enquired him about Yogi Ramsuratkumar. “Oh! You mean that ‘*Visiri Swami*’ (Swami with a country hand-fan)?”, he asked. “Yes, I want to see him”, I replied.

My friend, though a close neighbour to the Swamiji, had little personal acquaintance with him, yet he took me to the Swamiji’s ashram very close to the Arunachaleswara Temple and introduced himself and me to the Yogi. To his utter surprise, the Yogi replied to him: “Yes, I have to talk many things to the Professor. You may leave him here and go.” My friend was amazed. Before he could understand what was happening, the Yogi led me into his abode and closed the door from within, leaving my perplexed friend outside.

The Yogi took me to a hall inside the house. It looked more like a dumping ground where all the garbage of the town was accumulated. I found old books, newspapers, letters, cigarette butts, burnt matchsticks, empty matchboxes and cigarette packets littered everywhere. The floor had perhaps not seen the touch of a broomstick for months together. There were bundles wrapped in rags by the sides of the walls, some old aluminium vessels, a number of pictures of the Yogi hanging on the walls and a number of withered garlands. To my utter surprise, I could find even currency notes of higher denominations and coins littered around the torn mat, which the Yogi used to sit. He made me sit on another torn, old mat opposite to him. For some time he was gazing at me without asking anything. On my part, I was too dazed to be in the presence of such a strange person whom I could not judge at once whether he was a mad old beggar or great saint or god man. I was silently sitting in front of him looking at his strange form, which was apparently nauseating, but drawing out my heart from within by the force of inexplicable attraction. “This beggar has the bad habit of smoking, please bear with me” – so saying the Yogi started his conversation. He took a cigarette, placed it between his lips and lighted it. The he looked again at me and asked: “What made you come to this beggar, Professor?” The way in which he looked at me when he put this



question made me feel that he knew me very closely for a long time past, though I was in his presence only for the first time.

“I am a devotee of Mother Mayee,” I replied and paused, too disturbed in my mind to talk any further. The Yogi put down the cigarette in his hand and took up his fan. Holding it by the side of his right ear, he peered into my eyes. I felt as though an electric current was passing through the nerves in my body; I was being transported from my physical body to another realm. Perhaps the Yogi noticed that I was chanting within myself the Gayatri mantra, unable to bear the penetrating vision that beamed forth from his glowing eyes. With a gentle smile he put down his fan and told me: “You need not take medicine, but you can take honey; honey is not medicine!” I was baffled! How did he know that I was, under the grace of Mother Mayi of Kanyakumari, being cured of a lung disease without the aid of medicines and by the mere performance of *agnihotra*? I at once fell prostrate at his feet. Seated again before him, I was looking at him with wonder and awe. He asked me to remove my spectacle. Taking it into his hand, he examined it and asked me, “Is it not time to change the spectacle?” It was not an ordinary question. I could at once grasp the deep import behind it. I admitted, “Yes, it is time, Maharaj.” Then I narrated to him the long path that I had already trodden, impelled by the intense spiritual urge within. I presented to him the first three issues of TATTVA DARSANA, a quarterly started by the Sister Nivedita Academy in February 1984 and dedicated to Mother Mayi. The Master patiently and keenly glanced through the pages of the issues. Holding out a particular page in the inaugural issue, he asked me to read it. I took the issue from his hand and started reading out: “First Supramental Manifestation, February 29, 1956, Wednesday, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondy....” He made me read the same page thrice. Then he asked: “Did the first Supramental Manifestation occur only in 1956?” I was startled! The Yogi burst into a hilarious laughter.

Hours passed when we were engaged in discussions on spiritual topics. I realized that I was sitting in front of the Himalayas of spiritual wisdom and experience. My head bowed to him in all

humility and I prayed to him, “Maharaj, I want to write a small biographical sketch about you.”

“Why should you write about this beggar? What is there to write?”

“Maharaj, I know you don’t require a biographer or a biography. But, for the sake of posterity....” Before I could complete, the Yogi started laughing loudly. The roaring laughter continued for a long time. Then, all of a sudden, he became silent.

He took the fan again into his hand and holding it by the side of his ear, started staring into my eyes. After sometime, he rose up and from out of the heaps of books strewn around him, brought a few and gave them to me. All those books were about him – a biography titled ‘**Yogi Ramsuratkumar – The God Child, Tiruvannamalai**’ by Truman Caylor Wadlington, a few booklets, one of the special souvenir publications brought out on the occasions of his Jayantis and two books comprising poems on him by the renowned Tamil writer, Ki. Va. Jagannathan. He autographed all the books, some with his name and some with my name remarking, “There is nothing in the name. Both are the same!” He also presented to me a beautiful colour portrait of his own self.

I tried to prevent tears trickling down my eyes. With an emotional upheaval surging up in my heart, I prayed to him: “Maharaj, I want to get initiation.”

“Why, you have already got it from a great man. Continue your practices. My Father blesses you!”

He rose from his seat and walked towards the door. I also followed him. Coming out of the house, on reaching the road, I prostrated again to take leave of him. Unexpectedly he caught hold of my hands and sat on the footsteps of the house by the roadside. I was thrilled. Time rolled on when the Yogi was immersed in samadhi holding fast my hands. I too felt the inexplicable experience of being dragged

into a realm of bliss. With that superb climax, my first visit to the Yogi ended.

On 12<sup>th</sup> of January, 1985, when all over the world, the Jayanthi of Swami Vivekananda was being celebrated, I presented myself again in the presence of Yogi Ramsuratkumar. This time a devout couple from South Africa, Smt. & Sri T. M. Moodley, had accompanied me to Tiruvannamalai on a pilgrimage. In view of the International Year of Youth, the Government of India had declared that day as the National Youth Day. And we found Yogi Ramsuratkumar Kumar in an ecstatic state. Jubilantly he was muttering all the time: “Oh! What a great thing the Government has done! They have declared Swami Vivekananda’s birthday as the National Youth Day! My Father blesses the Rajiv Government! What a great thing it is! Oh! Swami Vivekananda! My Swami Vivekananda!” Like a little child revelling on receiving some birthday gift, the Yogi was revelling on the great news of the day. We could clearly see the patriot-monk in him. He had nothing else to talk on that day except about Swami Vivekananda. However, to please the visitors who had come from a distant land, he enquired about the political situation in South Africa and the welfare of the Indians there. Yet he concluded the conversation by appealing to them to carry the message of Swami Vivekananda to their brethren in the distant continent. At that time, I did not even dream that by his grace and the grace of the Divine Mother Mayi, I myself would visit South Africa, carrying the message on Swami Vivekananda as desired by him.

On my return from a successful visit to South Africa, Mauritius and Reunion, there was a reception in Madras on May 8, 1986, and on the very next day I seized an opportunity to rush to Tiruvannamalai to call on Yogi Ramsuratkumar. I was accompanied by two devotees and my children. The master was immensely pleased to receive us. He asked one of the devotees what her name was. She replied, “Sudha”. “What is meant by ‘Sudha’?” He asked again. The devotee felt a little shy, but gaining courage, she answered: “It means nectar.” With his characteristic humour, the Yogi told her: “Well, I don’t have nectar here. But I have some buttermilk.” He pointed out

to her a vessel in a corner of his room and asked her to take it and distribute the buttermilk in it to all. It was really ‘nectar’ to all of us. In the course of our conversation, he made me read out some passages from the writings of J. Krishnamurti who had passed away a few months ago. At the end of the conversation he remarked: **“People forget great men soon after they depart.”**

On returning home, I was recollecting all about my visit and the conversation I had with him. I heard somewhere in the corner of my heart a whispering voice, “People fail to recognize great men even when they are alive.” All of a sudden I remembered my longing, which I had expressed to Yogi Ramsuratkumar on the occasion of our first meeting, to write a biographical account about him. A feeling of guilt that I have been sleeping all these days started pricking my conscience. But I found that the task was stupendous. The Yogi was not prepared to reveal much about his own past. Even the fact that he was married in the *purvaashram* and he had a daughter was known to some of his devotees only after the mother and the daughter made a visit to Tiruvannamalai and then to Anandashram, Kanhangad. Even they were not allowed to stay with him. There was no other source of information about his *purvaashram* life. The available writings on him contained not much of biographical information. Even those who have come into close contact with him have very little information about his *purvaashram* life. All these problems weighed against my will to write a biographical account about him and gave an impetus to my hesitation. However, the birth of this book was probably destined by Him and the time to write this came when my fellow devotee, Sri Pon. Kamaraj, came forward with a request to me to write a book in English on Yogi Ramsuratkumar for being released on the occasion of Yogiji’s Jayanti Celebrations in Nagercoil.

This small book is just a very humble tribute to one of the holiest men that Mother Bharat has given birth to in the modern period. I am deeply indebted to my fellow devotees who have moved very

closely with the Yogi and recorded the events of his life, his conversations and their own experiences. What little I have done is a humble attempt to present a few glimpses of the great Yogi, placing his luminous life on the vast canopy of the glorious spiritual history of our Motherland, so that ordinary men and women, especially the youth, will be drawn to this invaluable treasure which still remains hidden. If this book is capable of inspiring young aspirants to seek the grace of such a dynamo of spiritual power living in our midst today, it will be the blessings of Yogi Ramsuratkumar and the Divine Father whose benign benediction the Yogi often invokes on all his children.

I deem it as the Divine Grace that this humble work carries a benign BENEDICTION from H.H. Swami Chidanandaji Maharaj, President of the Divine Life Society, Rishikesh, and I offer my grateful prostrations at his feet.

I am deeply indebted to Sri Pon. Kamaraj for inspiring me to write this humble work. I am thankful to my fellow *sadhaks*, Sri V. Renganathan and Sri B. Rajagopal for typing out the manuscript, to my daughter, R. Nivedita, for typesetting the text matter, and to Sri A.R. Rao of Manorama Press, Madras, whose generous help and cooperation has enabled us to print and bring out this book in time. I am also thankful to Sri R.K. Alwar for supplying us the colour photograph of the Yogi and to Sri T. Baskardoss of DEKO for the beautiful cover-page design.

May the Grace of the Divine Mother Mayi and Yogi Ramsuratkumar be showered upon all those who have contributed to this *jnaana saadhana*!

*Vande Mataram!*

Madras,  
23-11-1987

**Prof. V. Rangarajan**

## *PREFACE to SPARKLES*

This sadhu was given initiation by H.H. Yogi Ramsuratkumar, at the Papa Ramdas Cave, popularly known as Banyan Tree Cave, on the auspicious Jayanti of Papa Ramdas on Tuesday, April 26, 1988,

Though he had converted this proud professor into a humble Sadhu, he insisted that nothing should be given up even from the name and therefore called the disciple as 'Sadhu Prof. V. Rangarajan', the name that has stuck forever. He emphasized, **“Renunciation is not giving up anything, nor is it taking up anything. Till yesterday, you were doing things as you wished, but from now onwards, this Beggar is going to do my Father's work through you.”**

GLIMPSES OF A GREAT YOGI, Part III, covers the most important events in the life of Bhagavan Yogi Ramsuratkumar in the last decade of His life. Bhagavan's dialogues and conversations with the sadhu covering vast areas of knowledge including religion, philosophy, culture, national and international matters during the periods of stay of the sadhu with the Master and during his frequent visits to Master's abode, His discussions with trustees of the Ashram, His messages and commands through devotees to His disciple in the discharge of the work to fulfill the mission entrusted by the Master, His summons to the sadhu to come to Tiruvannamalai for consultations and His directions with regard to important matters concerning Him and the Ashram and authorizing Sadhu to reply on His behalf to criticism of Ashram in the press, His incessant guidance and directions to the sadhu with regard to various activities of the sadhu inside the country and abroad, and the regular epistles of the sadhu reporting to Bhagavan about each and every activity undertaken by him, till the Mahasamadhi of Bhagavan are narrated in detail. The visits of Sadhu on behalf of the Master to distant countries in spreading the Master's mission, the visit devotees from abroad to Bhagavan's abode, the setting up of Bharatamata Gurukula Ashram & Yogi Ramsuratkumar Indological Centre in Bangalore with the blessings of Bhagavan, the

consecration of Sri Bharatamata Mandir and the Mahakumbhaabhisheka are described in this part. The incessant flow of epistles from the disciple to Bhagavan reporting about each and every activity and seeking His permission and directions with the date of the epistles of Sadhu, the conversations of the sadhu with Bhagavan in detail with date and time and the names of devotees of Bhagavan present on the occasions of his visit are all given in detail.

The whole narration in all the three parts, is, indeed, not the intellectual work of this sadhu, but the spiritual outpouring of the inspiration that his Master produces from the disciple's bosom. Come, let us swim in the Ganga of the spiritual experiences of this humble Sadhu with the Great Master, Yogi Ramsuratkumar. The release of this condensed version of Yogi Ramsuratkumar Centenary Commemoration Volume called '**Sparkles from Glimpses of a Great Yogi**' will prove itself to be a grand and comprehensive compendium on the life and mission of one of the greatest Avatars of the Divine in the recent period in the history of Bharatavarsha—BHAGAVAN YOGI RAMSURATKUMAR MAHARAJ. May the grace and blessings of the great Master enable spiritual seekers, especially the devotees of Bhagavan to have a grand vision of the Divinity in human form who lived and moved in our midst in our life time. We are extremely grateful to Sri Truman Caylor Wadlington for his inspiring Foreword. We thank Sri Krishna Carcelle of Yogi Ramsuratkumar Bhavan, Mauritius, for translating the whole of GLIMPSES into French. We are also indebted to the devotees of Yogi Ramsuratkumar who have shared the wonderful pictures of Bhagavan.

*Vande Mataram! Aum Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram!  
Aum Namō Bhagavate Yogi Ramsuratkumara!*

Bangalore  
1-12-2018

--Sadhu. Prof. V. Rangarajan

Yogi Ramsuratkumar Centenary



**Yogi Ramsuratkumar**  
**Godchild, Tiruvannamalai**  
**1<sup>st</sup> Dec 1918 – 20<sup>th</sup> Feb 2001**



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**Yogi Ramsuratkumar Jaya Guru Raya !**