

MAMA

24 Jun

Role Model



Mateshwari Saraswati was the first administrative head of the Brahma Kumaris. She came to the institution during the initial period of its inception and stood out from others by virtue of her sharp intellect and ability to digest spiritual knowledge and revise it thoroughly. Her given name was Radhe, but she came to be known as Mama.

From the moment she first heard spiritual knowledge, she was overwhelmed. She resolved to devote herself to spiritual service, and her total dedication to spiritual teachings soon brought about a transformation in her consciousness as well as bearing. She became a mother figure in the institution, earning the title Mateshwari Saraswati (meaning mother Saraswati, the Hindu goddess of knowledge).

Mama had a powerful personality. She was impressive in her demeanour yet gentle and discreet at the same time. Her memory was legendary. Once she met anyone, she could recognize that person even in a crowd after several years. She had a soft and sweet voice and was a good singer. Divinity seemed to flow in her voice and her songs were a balm to the listeners' hearts.



She applied the principles of economy and simplicity in managing the affairs of the institution. Her exemplary powers of judgment and discrimination coupled with her innate benevolence inspired enthusiasm and devotion in others. She was loved by one and all. She was a constant source of inspiration and guidance who set standards with her life.

Mama's most notable quality was introspection. She deeply reflected on spiritual teachings and then disseminated their finer points to others. She inspired everyone to replace their weaknesses with virtues and would tell them not to compare themselves with others. She encouraged new aspirants, offered them personal guidance and found spiritual solutions to their problems.

Mama passed away on June 24, 1965, but her life continues to inspire members of the institution.

Poem



Golden Age

*Golden bells, golden bells
Ringing all the day
Oh what joy
We will have
In the golden age...hey*

*Walking down the streets
Paved with golden bricks
Singing with the birds
And playing with the deer....*

*Krishna is my friend
Hand in hand we walk
As he plays his golden flute
the cows come dancing by... hey*

*Deities we are there
Full of joy and peace
Everyone is merry and light
In the glorious golden age*

BK Geetha

