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Master's News

[from the November *Echoes of India*]

Since the North American Seminar in August, Master has had a full schedule in which he has participated with great interest and care. In September he performed the inauguration of the Minsk Ashram in Belarus by video connection; was able, using a walker, to venture outside his cottage to sit; met daily with the History Team to answer questions about the history of the Mission for an hour at a time; participated in a seminar for the Chinese and helped plan one for Europe in November.

On Sundays, after satsangh conducted by brother Kamlesh, Master has been inviting abhyasis to join him in the cottage courtyard where brother Sanskrit Kannan has been reading and commenting on the Gita. All in attendance, especially Master, have been listening with great interest. At the end of September, Master announced that it was time to absorb and digest the material that had been presented, so for the two following Sundays there would be question and answer sessions.

In between activities at the Ashram, Master was also at Gayathri, to celebrate his granddaughter, Madhuri's, birthday, to be with family and to attend to the purchase of a parcel of land in Tiruvallur, just west of Chennai, for the Mission. The sales agreement entailed about 300 signatures over two days – a lot of work for Master, who did it all with a big smile. He is helped in getting about by a new wheelchair from the US, and a special van that accommodates his travel needs. Later in September Master visited the land at Tiruvallur and thought aloud about the uses for the land: a health center, a meditation hall, agriculture, dairy farming. The first priority would be meditation.





Ashram News

Fremont

**First Anniversary Celebration
Growing Together***Subbarao Yallapragada, San Diego, CA*

With a theme of “Growing Together”, the Fremont ashram celebrated its first anniversary the weekend of October 4–6, during a regional gathering to mark this occasion. Two hundred ninety abhyasis, from various quarters of the West Coast and Cleveland, OH, assembled for the event. Within a festive atmosphere, a sense of excitement pervaded throughout the entire event.

After the first satsangh, a sister abhyasi sang devotional songs. Then morning was filled with presentations of select audio and video segments relevant to the theme, followed by a satsangh at noon.

The afternoon program was organized around a Jeopardy style quiz with questions aimed at testing the participants, primarily on their knowledge of Mission literature. A large number of abhyasis participated in the quiz, making it a delightful experience for all. The day pleasantly came to a close with evening satsangh and dinner.

Sunday's satsangh was followed by an insightful talk from brother Brian Jones, who shared his thoughts on fundamental aspects of growing together. Brian further shared excerpts from a book he is writing, and indicated that each abhyasi, with the divine light awakened, is carrying a full potential to uplift suffering human beings and attract more to the path of the divine.

Later in the morning, there were other talks from abhyasis focused on the theme “Growing Together as One Large Family”. Celebrations came to a close with children singing devotional songs.

Sunderland

Living the Ten Maxims*Colleen Sackheim, Sunderland, MA*

Abhyasis in the Sunderland Center have been participating in an on-going practical exercise of deepening our understanding and experience of the *Ten Maxims*. We come together once a month to focus on and read one maxim, the commentary on that maxim and related quotations. During the next thirty days we have the opportunity to put the maxim into practice on a daily basis, meditate on its meaning, observe our evolution and document our experiences, thoughts and feelings in our diaries. The next month, we come together to share our experiences. We have found that as we deepen our understanding of the *Ten Maxims* and their importance, the ability to apply them in our daily lives has become easier and more natural.

The responses of participants are included below:

“This has been a wonderful time for inner reflection.”

“We have all benefited by sharing and listening to each other's experiences and deepening our understanding and appreciation for the *Ten Maxims*.”

“Keeps you in constant remembrance.”

“It has provided inspiration to read more of the Masters' literature.”

“Brings you deeply into yourself.
The reflection continues.”

“The sharing opens up your mind and heart to others' perspectives.”

“Provides an opportunity for people's hearts to open up and dig deeper.”

“Puts fire and passion and love in the heart.”

“By reading and focusing on one maxim individually, it has provided more clarity in understanding the maxim.”

Ashram News, *continued***Beavercreek****Regional Gathering***Julie Gallagher, Dayton, OH*

A regional gathering was held at the Beavercreek, Ohio Ashram, October 19 – 20, on the topic, *The Role of the Master in Human Evolution*. Sisters Kirstin Santos and Teresa Valentine from Atlanta presented the program. Through carefully selected excerpts from Sahaj Marg literature, they helped us explore the topic from three angles: (1) how we relate to Master at this point in our practice, (2) reflection on how we use the prayer to connect to Master, and (3) deepening our appreciation of the role of Master in both our own evolution and that of humanity.

The gathering was held in a tent next to the ashram. About 150 abhyasis attended, despite pouring rain and temperatures in the 40's. Preliminary designs for the new meditation hall were revealed, and everyone appreciated what a difference it will make when we can gather in a weatherproof building with heat and air conditioning!

By the end of the gathering, the sun was shining and everyone was uplifted by the bliss of so many of us coming together under Master's grace.

**Sisters Making Wreaths
Fundraising for Dayton***Ernestine Ester, Cleveland, OH*

When I arrived at the Cleveland Center on Saturday afternoon, the first thing I noticed was the number of cars in the parking lot. I thought this should be fun to spend a couple of hours making a centerpiece and enjoying a relaxed atmosphere with old friends.

Well, when I walked in the door, there was so much excitement in the air it seemed as if the room was vibrating. The sanctuary resembled the inside of a beehive with the dining room holding the overflow.

Tables were placed strategically around the room and people were busy creating masterpieces, at least to my eyes they were. There was also a fabulous array of materials: flowers, containers, ribbons and leaves. Everything one needed to create a work of art was available. Everyone was encouraging each other. There was a feeling of sisterhood and inclusion. There was sharing and guidance if you were not aware of what end of the glue to put where, or how to get the glue to go where you wanted. There was someone to help. Did I mention there was food: soups, pizza, snacks and sparkling water?

This wonderful afternoon was conceived to raise funds to expand the Beavercreek Ashram, which was represented by a delegation from that area. The glue that held all of this together was Jean Appleby. Her name was whispered here, there and everywhere, and she responded with the patience of Job. When you called for help, you were told in what order she would come to you, and she did. In the interim, your table-mates and anyone else nearby encouraged you and made helpful suggestions.

**Beavercreek: Sisters Making Wreaths, *continued***

When everyone had completed her project, it was time to clean up. Not surprisingly, there was not a mass exit to leave; most stayed and helped to load Jean's car, after which there was barely enough room for her to sit.

We ran out of steam in getting the sanctuary back in order, and had to call on the brothers to help us, which they did. I didn't think to invite my family or friends, but that didn't matter. I made new friends and met other's families. It was truly a beautiful way to spend an afternoon.

**Molena****Preparing Molena for Sale**

Marsha Thompson, Noank, CT

As we know, change is sweeping North America. New ashrams are coming up, older ones are expanding and our oldest is being prepared for sale. We understand there has been a steady stream of abhyasis visiting to help with the process and to process their feelings about this change. Please read the heartfelt reflections of brother Jonathan Aird at the end of this *Echoes* for a perspective that may also touch your heart.



*Beavercreek
Ashram*





Heartspeak

Presenter's Gathering, Monroe Ashram December 13-15, 2013

At the North American Seminar this past summer, Master's parting instruction was unambiguous, "Full speed ahead." This seems to apply to every aspect of the work within and before us. An element of this work includes more readily speaking out about our experience with Sahaj Marg, which Master has encouraged us to do. Yet *some* abhyasis report *a lack of ease in doing so*. In his welcome address to the CREST participants at Bangalore, December 17, 2006, Master shared, "So until you ladies and gentlemen speak about Sahaj Marg with conviction borne out of your *own* feelings, experiences in Sahaj Marg, Sahaj Marg will not work."

It is in this spirit that we are holding the first of several gatherings specifically for abhyasis who wish to

- Consider, appreciate and better articulate the profound impact that Sahaj Marg has had in their lives
- Speak in a more natural, heart-centered and relevant way with others in our communities about spirituality, meditation and Sahaj Marg
- Make outreach a priority

We hope that each presenter will leave the weekend feeling more confident in his/her ability to speak about Sahaj Marg from the heart in a natural way. Our goal is to relax, appreciate our experience with Sahaj Marg, enjoy one another and leave the results to him. Maximum attendance for this gathering has been reached; however, we look forward to making this program broadly available, should abhyasis find this gathering beneficial. Please contact your regional coordinator for more information.

Workplace Event

Ravi Venkatesan, Atlanta, GA

I want to share an update about an outreach activity at my company, Cbeyond. We spend one week each year, this year called Tech Week, doing special team building, and learning and development activities. As part of this week's Tech Week, we added a session called Meditation for Wellness. Sister Jennifer and brother Sanjay came to share ideas on moving from being self-centered to centering the self.

The session was a general introduction to meditation, presenting the Natural Path meditation as one of the options to practice. The audience, mostly technology professionals across IT and Engineering, were very engaged and most of them expressed interest in trying out the practice.

Based on past experience, I believe we'll see about six or seven people start. In the last two to three months six new people from Cbeyond have been introduced to Sahaj Marg. I feel very optimistic that there is a core group that is emerging and this group will help with more referrals as well.

Valdosta: A New and Emerging Center

Tiffany Rouillier, Gainesville, FL

Nestled along the southern border of Georgia, Valdosta is the home of several abhyasis, new and old. The center is approximately three hours from the Molena Ashram and about one and a half hours from both the Jacksonville and Gainesville, Florida centers. Brothers and sisters from Florida and Georgia recently gathered there, on October 5, to support each other in the practice. We had two satsanghs and listened to stories and pearls of wisdom from the recent North American Seminar in Chennai. There was no theme or formal program, as the main goal was simply to be together and to support the Valdosta group in their efforts. A

**Heartspeak: Valdosta, *continued***

spirit of joy pervaded the atmosphere and the faces and hearts of those who attended reflected this special inner feeling.

**New Prefects**

Gabriella Mozee
Orinda, CA
gcmozee@gmail.com

Kalia Turdueva
Toronto, ON
kaliya77@yahoo.com

**UN Observances****International Day of Peace, Mystic, CT**

Marsha Thompson, Noank, CT

Mystic Grove, now the Peace Sanctuary, was once a gathering place for a worldwide peace organization, the Universal Peace Union. Each August from 1868–1909 all roads led to Mystic, as up to 10,000 people assembled for a four-day annual meeting and celebration of peace. One of the greatest pacifist gatherings in the world, attendees and speakers came by wagon, boat and train from Boston, Philadelphia, New York and even European countries. The Sanctuary is now maintained by the Denison Pequotsepos Nature Center.

This year over 50 people from the local community assembled to hike the trails of the Sanctuary while becoming familiar with the history of this unique place through the narrative of the Nature Center's director, Maggie Jones. A group of students from a local high school had created the invitation/flyer for the day; several of them attended the program, joining others from young to old.

The group then gathered at the site of the former peace temple where Marsha Thompson introduced them to the need for meditation with the following concepts.

Meditation for Human Integration

Consider the effect of the undisciplined mind on the environment. Each thought creates an impulse, or wave, that goes out from the mind into the environment. Waves of judgment, violence, prejudice, going out from one mind meet waves of whatever another mind is producing, and at the meeting point of those waves are the rip currents, producing what it is that we see in the world around us. If thought is the prelude to action, what would be the effect of waves of love? We create the world in which we live. The condition of the environment depends on us. The inner voice can speak to the quiet mind, prompting us to



UN Observances

International Day of Peace, Mystic, *continued*

become the change that can change our world.

Participants were then invited to join in the Universal Prayer, presented as the Peace Prayer Meditation. As the minutes of prayer passed, a profound inner quiet spread throughout the group and persisted long after the meditation ended and into picnic time that followed.

UN Peace Day Commemoration

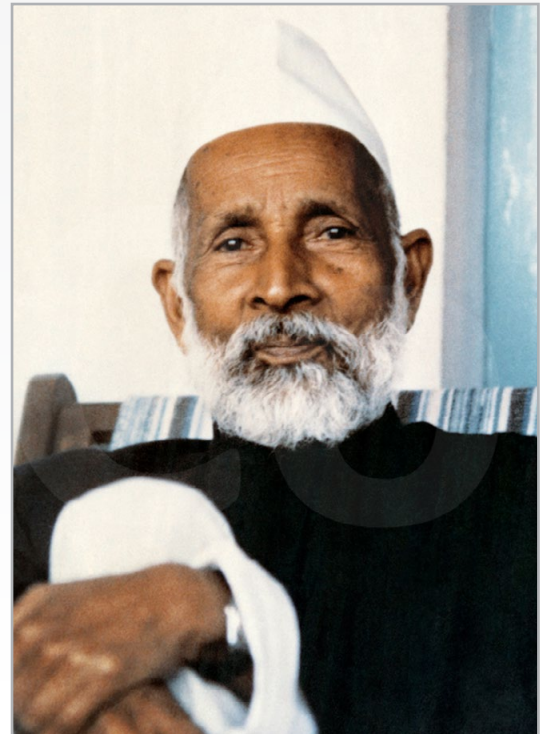
Dr. Parikshit Deshmukh, Orlando, FL

On International Peace Day, September 21, the Orlando Center conducted a program on world peace. We distributed flyers in advance, and spread the message by word of mouth. On the actual day, we all gathered at the venue for a potluck lunch followed by satsangh. Books and flyers were displayed on the table. We used a large TV to display the PowerPoint presentation we had prepared, so that the slides were clearly visible to all eyes. The satsangh before the presentation brought in waves of calmness and joy.

About fifteen people attended the presentation. We urged the audience to ponder questions such as: What is world peace? What is inner peace? and Do we really care about these? This activity enabled us to connect with our hearts, when we sincerely thought about them. Brother Parikshit, shared his experience with peace, and on the role of spirituality in bringing a balance to our lives. The audience became engaged during a period of sharing, as views were exchanged among open hearts. Master's very profound and revolutionary thoughts on peace touched the hearts of the audience. The program ended with sharing the experiences that the presenters had with their meditation practice; thus, the idea of Sahaj Marg was subtly introduced. Audience feedback was touching and encouraging for future efforts.



It was clear that Master's grace was flowing, so that although the presentation lasted just for an hour and half, the presence of peace in our hearts persisted for a long time.





Center Activities

**Metro Atlanta Gathering
September 14, 2013***Ravi Venkatesan, Atlanta, GA*

A one-day gathering for the Atlanta Center was hosted at our home. The gathering included 92 adults and 30 children, about half of the abhyasis that take regular sittings from prefects in the metro Atlanta area. Many of the abhyasis were newer ones, who had started the practice in the last few months. This was the first gathering for them with a larger group.

The whole experience was wonderful and many remarked that it felt like we were bringing back the experience of the North American Seminar and sharing it with the brothers and sisters that were unable to attend. Those who did attend felt like they relived and continued the experience. In the joy that pervaded, our brothers and sisters made new connections and renewed old ones.

We all felt renewed enthusiasm and gratitude towards Master for bringing us together as a center and look forward to more such events.

**Open House in Gujarati***Dinesh Patel and A.C Patel, Orlando, FL*

While carpooling to Molena with a group of abhyasis, the topic of outreach activities came up. The discussion centered on language as a way to the heart, and we had the idea to present an open house in Gujarati, a language spoken in Gujarat, India.

We knew that many large gatherings happen for the Gujarati community in Orlando, during the festival season, so we decided to be present for a couple of weekend events, and organized an open house at the public library. It was a great learning experience for us, and it was clear that a presentation of Sahaj Marg in Gujarati garnered additional interest and touched hearts.



*Center Activities, continued***Prefect Meeting***Anish Mehra, Jacksonville, FL*

Prefects from Florida enjoyed sharing a day of camaraderie on November 2, in Orlando, at brother Tushar's home. The day started with an exchange of sittings in the morning, followed by reading and an in-depth discussion of Maxim 1. The afternoon session included sharing notes and experiences from the prefect training program held in India preceding the North American Seminar, and concluded with a satsangh in the evening.

Gathering in Toronto, Ontario**October 19 & 20, 2013***Callayna Pasternak, Toronto, Ontario*

Local brothers and sisters joined others from the province of Quebec and the USA for an intimate gathering organized around a visit with brother John Barlow from Boston and sister Veronica Carter from Cleveland.

Because we were fifty, and seated scattered around the space of a 386 stadium-seating council chamber, John requested we move together in the front rows for a visit. We each introduced ourselves to John and the group, which carried forth a feeling of welcome.

In his gentle voice, John came with a message of unity and peace. He spoke about the challenges of working together on an ashram project, and the importance of character formation and tolerance of others. When we are in conflict or in judgment of another, it works to pause and to connect with our own feelings. From a foundation of inner connectivity, we can see the situation from a different perspective and in turn achieve different results.

One brother expressed his heartfelt gratitude to our brothers and sisters in the USA for their support of the Canadian ashram project, and we all shared his sentiment.



Sunday, after satsangh, we again moved up together to the front of the room for a short discussion on what makes the Sahaj Marg practice unique. The answer? The cleaning and our living Master!

John also shared with us some very funny moments from his early life in Sahaj Marg, including his start and introduction to Babuji Maharaj, who was visiting the USA, and some of the unlikely ways he prepared to take an individual sitting from a prefect.

The atmosphere during these two days together was joyful and very charged, thanks to our Divine Master for his grace and love manifesting in us all.





Volunteer Experience

Volunteer Translator for Scholar Program

Gabriela Mozee, Orinda, CA

“Gaby, how would you like to go to India as a Spanish translator for five weeks?”

“Yes!”

This is how my adventure began when I gladly accepted the opportunity to accompany five Spanish-speaking participants from Venezuela, Chile, Honduras and Cuba on a five-week trip to India in January and February, 2012 for the 11th Annual International Scholars’ Award Workshop (ISAW) sponsored by the Sahaj Marg Spirituality Foundation. All in all, we were thirty-six participants from nineteen countries, and fifteen translators and coordinators. Below are some of the things that our Master said to the scholars, which I translated for them.

My Master used to say that the human will can be as strong as the divine will. We don’t use it. We use it on useless things in the world, you know/ to fight, to hate... So we must develop our will and with the heart, the two things are weapons that will ensure peace, stability, harmony and love.

As long as humanity continues to be divided, there will be problems. We can see a peaceful world only when all are united and there’s no more mistrust, no hatred, no jealousies, no scrambling for power. It’s up to us. We must have faith in what we pray for.

Faith and fear don’t go together! They can never coexist. We can judge the development of an abhyasi by how much fear he had when he came, and how he’s becoming progressively fearless. This fearlessness is not the normal human fearlessness. I know all of you can climb mountains; you can swim in rivers, go into forests and sleep in sleeping bags. But yet, if the person is spiritual, he’s fearless in the sense that he’s prepared for anything, you see. Nothing surprises, nothing frightens [him] because in the Reality that we grow into, little by little, that Reality is all. In the human

reality, there is good and bad, there are bears and tigers to be frightened of. But in that Reality, everything is in harmony. So because we grow spiritually, we grow fearless an advanced spiritual person can only say, “What is there to be afraid of?”

This was my fifth trip to India in as many years, but the first time I’ve stayed more than two weeks and ventured beyond the Mission’s facilities. This time I flew to Delhi to meet up with translators and coordinators from five continents and to prepare ourselves for meeting the scholars, who were there for the opportunity to review, practice and deepen the four elements of our daily practice: meditation, cleaning, prayer and constant remembrance. From Delhi, all fifty-one of us – participants, translators and coordinators – went to Satkhola for a week, then enroute to Chennai passed back through Delhi for a few days





Reflections on Molena Ashram

Home

Jonathan Aird, Molena, GA

It didn't take long to figure out why they call it Buzzard Mountain. Stretched wingspans glide the thermals that rise off the southern slope, slowly circling. To call it a mountain felt like a stretch of the word, but it certainly was more than a hill. In any case, it held the reason we had moved to Molena, Georgia – a town of 475 people – with no jobs, and whose only real attraction was a chlorine-free public pool with pizza and a mini-golf course. I had just finished the second grade, and my emotions on the matter ranged from very excited about getting to sit in the window seat on the plane to cheerfully indifferent. We bought a badly designed and cheaply built house with a price tag as inflated as you'd expect in 21st century housing boom America. But it was only two miles from Buzzard Mountain.

Buzzard Mountain is about an hour south of Atlanta. Take I-75 South for 11 miles; turn right onto highway 19; pass through the quaint town of Zebulon, but stick to the speed limit because there are ticket-hungry police everywhere; then another right onto a wide paved driveway that would surely be dangerous were it any steeper. Five hundred feet later you're on top of Buzzard Mountain, facing northwest. The ridge of the mountain starts to the southwest and continues to the northeast. To your right, there's a small simple white building, and to the west there's a much larger building in the same style. Wide wooden steps lead up to a large unadorned dining hall with plenty of windows, blue flooring, and a large commercial kitchen in the adjoining room. Pass through the kitchen and out through a door on the northwest side of the building and you'll find yourself on a large wooden deck, with a view that stretches to the horizon, and stairs going up to the top floor and down to the basement. Next to the kitchen is a carpeted, air-conditioned room with a pile of blankets and cushions. A road, partially gravel

but mostly paved, makes a figure eight along the ridge of the mountain, circling the larger building with its north-eastern loop. Following the loop: a tool shed, a playground, a bell tower, a limp vegetable garden, parking spaces, and a water tank. The rest of the mountain is carpeted in forest.

The simple, sturdy buildings placed on Buzzard Mountain make up the Natural Path Meditation Center, or the Molena Ashram, as it was commonly called. And at the ashram, there was to be a national gathering of abhyasis, spiritual aspirants of the Sahaj Marg system of meditation – around 1200 of them, in fact. This gathering was to be attended by the spiritual Master himself, straight from India, a fact that explained my parents' rushed and odd house purchasing decision. For the adults, this gathering meant a glimpse of grace, respite from the everyday, and a joining of like souls. For me, it meant ample space in which to ride my scooter, and other kids to play Pokémon with. Home was boring, but here there were trees to climb, lizards to catch, and scorpions to find. At school there was only one other boy to play with in my grade, but here I could have pillow fights and eat popsicles and run without shoes.

Eventually the local absence of real jobs in my father's line of work caught up with us. He had been working all over the country as a consultant, but he eventually settled into a permanent job in Chicago. A recommendation from the Master meant that we were to follow, and after only 3 years in Georgia, we packed and set out for the Windy City, though we kept the house by the ashram. I went to public, selective-enrollment middle school and high school in downtown Chicago, effectively growing up a city kid. My mother prodded me to start meditation and to come back to Georgia, but I didn't want anything to do with it. The harder she pushed, the harder I



Home, *continued*

resisted, and for 10 years I never went back. With my Chicago teachers and my Chicago friends and my Chicago clothes, it was all too easy to forget where I'd come from.

And then everything changed. My first year in college was one of acute pain and extreme isolation. I was broken down and opened up. I had no idea what was real anymore. I wrote some frantic poetry, did some frantic searching, and began meditating. Over spring break, I came back to Buzzard Mountain after a decade of absence.

I think that my first impression was that, gosh, everything is so small! I was struck by a bizarre conundrum, which was that I had been away from this place for so long – and it certainly felt like it – but at the same time it was so deeply familiar to me. It was as if the curvature of the mountain and floating vultures, and the intermittent hum of the ice machine in the dining hall, were old friends with whom I was finally reuniting. Right away, I noticed all the things that had changed. There were new couches and a new heating system in the dining hall. There was now a small flower garden along the gravel road to the bell tower and a small plum tree in the courtyard. The same thing happened when I became reacquainted with the abhyasis who drove down from Atlanta every weekend. First came the furrowed eyebrows, a glint of recognition in their eyes. Wait...Is that...? Could that be? No! All I could do was laugh and nod.

I spent most of my summer in Georgia, meditating, gardening and healing. I had endured a harsh Montreal winter, and I was ready for a bit of sun. After some weeks, I had an experience in meditation that I wasn't entirely expecting. I spontaneously began to recognize and feel the mountain. It wasn't union but rather communion. I felt the being of the mountain as a whole with all its plants and

animals and buildings and secrets, and I stood alongside it. I held my experiential understanding of Buzzard Mountain in my mind and out from my heart came what I could only call love.

Whether we are conscious of it or not, we form a relationship with the places we experience. There is a subtle give and take, a call and response that directs our behavior in a place and what we think about it. At the very core of this relationship is a set of beliefs – a story – that can dictate how healthy this relationship will be. As a white American, I often feel literally out of place. In a country where giant swaths of land are dedicated to monoculture plantations, half of the population lives in mile after mile of suburban cul-de-sac, and every town has a Walmart, a CVS and a Pizza Hut, it's so hard to really live in a place, to become a native there. As it is with a person, a space that has been contorted to fit a soulless mold is impossible to communicate with deeply. When one is finally able to become grounded somewhere, it is only a matter of time before a job, or a sick family member, or a new marriage, cause one to be uprooted once again.

Out of the blue, my mother called me with the news. The Ashram was being thoroughly cleaned to be put on the market. Wow. I wasn't sure what to say. Would we keep the house? How could they possibly find a buyer? How am I supposed to feel about this? Pretty bad, right? Slowly the news has sunk in, and I've been monitoring how I feel about the matter. I find no sadness, no anger, and no pain. Instead there's something else; a deep knowing, an elation, and ecstatic ahhhh! It took some digging to know what it meant. The truth is that no one can separate the ashram from me. The mountain and its many occupants have become a part of my very being. My love for it continues to flow, and Buzzard Mountain lives on, out of time, in perfect bliss within the deepest chambers of my heart.



Bookstore Update

With immediate effect, the Fremont Ashram Bookstore will become the National Bookstore Hub for the Mission, fulfilling all online orders from all parts of the US, as well as US abhyasis' subscriptions to *Constant Remembrance*.

For any questions regarding subscriptions for Book Corpus, Audio Visual Corpus or *Constant Remembrance*, please send an email to the SRCM Fremont Bookstore Operations email group: srcm_fremont_bookstore_ops@googlegroups.com.



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