



# GKS MAGAZINE

March  
2026

**Sai Ram, dear friends,**

As I write this, a biting February wind circles the house, yet the first hints of spring are already making themselves known — new life in many forms.

This magazine came together at full speed. Sometimes it happens that way: ideas arise, pieces fall into place, and before you know it a complete edition is ready.

With our journey to India approaching, we are releasing this issue a little earlier. While travelling, we aim to keep our schedule as open as possible — leaving room for spontaneous encounters, temple visits, and whatever else unfolds along the way.

But truth be told: we wouldn't object to a day of paddling in the sea in Goa either 😊

Meanwhile, the temple remains open and the Monday evening rituals continue as usual.

Enjoy the reading,

~ Love, Kannaiah & Carla ❤️



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## Calendar Maart

# MARCH

🕉️ **Mon, 2 March** – Rudrābhiśekam, 7:30 PM

🕉️ **Mon, 9 March** – Rudrābhiśekam, 7:30 PM

🍌 **Fri, 13 March** – Day of the Good Samaritan

🌟 **Sun, 15 March** – 🎵 **Bhajans & Lunch** 10:30 AM  
🥗 Lunch (bring something to share)

🕉️ **Mon, 16 March** – Rudrābhiśekam, 7:30 PM

🌸 **Sat, 20 March** – Start of Spring 🌻

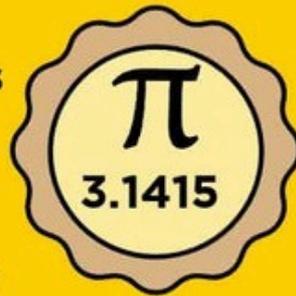
🌿 **Sun, 21 March** – International Day Against Racism  
and Discrimination

🕉️ **Mon, 23 March** – Rudrābhiśekam, 7:30 PM

🕉️ **Mon, 30 March** – Rudrābhiśekam, 7:30 PM

**31**  
DAYS IN THE  
MONTH

Dr. Seuss'  
Bday &  
Read Across  
America



Pi Day



Daffodil



Womens  
History  
Month

# MARCH



National  
Crayon  
Day

# FUN FACTS

National  
Craft  
Month



Goodbye  
Winter



Hello  
Spring



The Eiffel  
Tower was  
complete in  
March



Aquamarine  
Birthstone

Astrology Signs



Pisces



Aries

St. Patrick's  
Day  
Mar 17th



3rd Month  
of The  
Year



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## The True Mission of Shri Sai Bhagawan

What would you answer if someone asked you:

**“What does Swami actually do?”**

In the early years of the Brindavan Campus in Bangalore, a first-year Intermediate student went home during the holidays. When the vacation ended, he boarded a train to return to the hostel.

As the train rattled along, a fellow passenger noticed the book the boy was holding. It was about Swami. Curious, the man leaned forward and casually asked, “What does Sathya Sai Baba actually do?”

Without hesitation, the boy replied:

“He materialises vibhuti.

He materialises rings.

He materialises chains.

He materialises watches.

And He heals the sick.”

That was the end of the conversation. The train reached its destination. The boy got down, returned to the hostel, and thought nothing more of it.

The next morning, he went for Darshan.

Swami walked straight towards him.

“When did you arrive?” Swami asked gently.

“Yesterday evening, Swami,” the boy replied.

“And how did you come?”

“By train, Swami.”



Swami paused. Then, quietly but firmly, He asked,  
“When the traveller sitting next to you asked about Me, what did you tell him?”

The boy froze. His heart began to pound. Slowly and truthfully, he repeated everything he had said:

“Swami materialises vibhuti.  
Swami materialises rings.  
Swami materialises watches.  
Swami materialises chains.  
And Swami also heals the sick.”  
Swami’s expression changed. His face grew serious.

“Is this what you have understood about Me?” He asked.  
“I have not come for all this,” Swami said.  
“I do these things only to attract you.”

The boy listened, holding his breath.

“And once I attract you,” Swami continued,  
“I sow the seed of transformation in your heart.”

Swami’s voice softened.

“When you come to Me,  
when you do My work,  
when you think of Me,  
when you hear about Me...”



He paused.

“Miracles happen.”

Then Swami revealed the deeper truth behind them.

“Whenever you think of Me,” He said,  
“the seed of transformation is sown in your heart.  
It will blossom at the appropriate time.”

“The transformation is very slow,” Swami explained.  
“Most of the time, you will not even be aware of it.”

“But even though it is slow,” He added firmly,  
“it is steady.  
It is permanent.  
It is irreversible.”

Swami looked at him deeply.





“When Ramakrishna Paramahansa transformed Vivekananda with a single touch,” Swami said,

“that transformation was not permanent. But at that time, such a temporary transmission of spiritual energy was needed for divine work, and therefore Ramakrishna Paramahansa blessed Vivekananda in that way.”



“But My way is different,” Swami declared.

“My transformation is slow, consistent, and permanent.”

Then Swami concluded with quiet certainty:

**“This is the purpose of My Avatar.”**

“In everything that I do,” Swami said,

“this is the underlying principle.

I have come for the transformation of humanity.”

“Once you are connected to Me in any manner whatsoever, the seed of transformation is sown within you.”

Swami smiled gently.

“All that you told your fellow traveller that I do,” He said,

“those are merely My visiting cards.”

— *Experiences of a Shri Sai Devotee*



## Friday 13 March – Day of the Good Samaritan

Most people know the story of the Good Samaritan from the Bible: someone who helps another in need, without obligation or ulterior motive. But when you detach the story from church, temple or doctrine, something surprisingly simple remains: humanity.

Coincidentally, this day falls on Friday the thirteenth — for some a day to be cautious, for others just... Friday. Perhaps that is precisely why it is a fitting moment to pause and reflect on what can go right.

The Good Samaritan is not a religious label, but an attitude. Someone who stops for a moment. Who looks at what another person needs. Who does not first ask: Is this my responsibility? Do I have time for this? Does it fit into my schedule?

But someone who acts. Simply because they can.

In our everyday bubbles, we are busy — with work, opinions, notifications and calendars that chase us relentlessly. We look a lot, but see little. Not out of unwillingness, but out of speed. The world constantly demands our attention, and more often than not, our own screen wins.

The modern Good Samaritan does not need to lift someone from the roadside. Sometimes listening is enough. Without immediately offering a solution. Or — a truly radical idea — slipping your phone into your pocket while someone is speaking to you.

The beauty is: you don't have to believe anything for this. No doctrine, no conviction, no moral certificate required. Just the willingness to step out of your bubble for one moment and see the human being before the label.

In 2026, it may not be about spectacle or ritual, but about small actions that make the world a little warmer.

And sometimes, that is enough to make a Friday the thirteenth count.

Not because you must.  
But because you can.





# The Ego as an Ally

A spiritual perspective on identity, expectations,  
and the power of flexibility.





## EGO

**The question is:** how can I completely dissolve my ego, and how can I live in such a way that my life truly has an impact on the world?

**The answer is:** do not dissolve your ego. It is good that it exists. The ego provides structure to your personality. You could say that the ego is the skeleton of your personality. And that is not a bad thing; it is part of creation.

Do you understand the distinction? The ego as the structure of your character is healthy and necessary. Without that structure, society cannot recognise you or connect with you. Imagine someone asking, “What is your name?” and you replying, “I don’t really have a name, I don’t know who I am.” Or being asked, “Where are you from?” and answering, “I don’t know.” In that way, it is impossible to function or communicate within society.

It is precisely this aspect of the ego—your name, your identity, your place in the world—that allows you to be part of the whole. That much ego is good. But when does ego become unhealthy?

Just like cholesterol, there is a “good” and a “bad” form. Ego becomes problematic when it turns into pride, arrogance, or inflated expectations. At that point, you begin to distance yourself from others and may even become rejected by society.



How can you recognise this? For example, when you feel that you expect too much, demand attention, or need applause in order to feel good. If you suffer when recognition is absent, it is wise to step back for a while. Withdraw a little and reflect: is this giving me pressure, or is it giving me joy?

If maintaining your position in the world creates constant tension and strain, then the ego has become swollen. But if you remain relaxed—if respect gives you pleasure, yet the absence of respect does not disturb your inner balance—then your ego is healthy.

A healthy ego is neither aggressive nor inflated. It is calmly present. And there is something else that is very important: the more flexible you become, the smaller the ego. A flexible person has very little ego—and that is a beautiful ego. Such a person still knows who they are, what their values are, and what they stand for, but they are not trapped in expectations or in a vicious cycle of wanting and needing.

Flexibility is an important measure of inner stability. Look at everyday situations. You switch on the light and expect all the lamps to come on. Suppose only half of them do. What happens then? Irritation? Disappointment?

Or can you say, “Alright, this is what is happening now—let me deal with it calmly”? The latter indicates less ego.

In this way, you can explore at many levels how deeply your ego operates. This is a valuable exercise. But do not hate your ego. It is part of creation. It has been given to you to provide form and structure to your personality. And that, in itself, is something beautiful.

Source: free translation and adaptation of Talk of Mohanji, January 2026



## From the book **Saint of Girinagar**

*Paramapoojya Paramahansa Sri Gopala Krishna Swamy*

By: Sri B.R. Ananthasayana Rao

### Episode 13: **Agonie en Extase**

An unseen “smoke” had begun to envelop the household of Sri Venkataramanaiah. Within the joint family, every member felt that Gopala Krishna was a burden—an unproductive offshoot of the family tree.

His father, who had once dreamed of his son becoming a doctor, grew harsh and embittered. Other family members added fuel to this resentment, turning it into a blazing fire that affected everyone. These circumstances had a profound impact on the young Gopala’s mind. Confused and deeply hurt, he found himself unable to decide which path to take in life.

In utter despair, he resolved to leave home and join an ashram near Devanahalli in Chikkaballapur. Before doing so, he wished to go to Parthi to have Baba’s darshan. And so, in 1986, he set out.

In those days, Prashanthi Nilayam was surrounded by only a few trees. Under one of them sat the dejected Gopala, waiting for Baba’s darshan and hoping for words of consolation.

The morning darshan concluded, and there seemed to be no chance that Gopala Krishna would be called for an interview. Tears welled up in his eyes as he sat motionless beneath the tree, absorbed in silent anguish—like a true *sthitaprajna*.



Around 11 a.m., someone suddenly tapped him on the shoulder. Startled, Gopala Krishna opened his eyes to see Mr Khiyal Das, a senior member of the Sevadal, beckoning him to follow. He said that Swami had sent word for him to come.

At the entrance to the interview room, Baba stood with the door open. He led Gopala inside and closed it behind them. In that moment, Gopala's agony turned into ecstasy. There stood Baba before him, resplendent in all His glory.

Swami asked him to sit, lovingly consoled him, and assured him that from that day onwards Sai Krishna Himself would take care of him—just as Lord Krishna had protected and guided the Pandavas during the Dwapara Yuga.

Baba advised him not to believe that everything white is milk. He declared that from that day forward, “Yogakshemam Vahamyaham” would be his assurance, and that there was no need for him to go to any ashram, explaining that life in an ashram is often merely shram—toil.





## A Lesson Beyond the Lines

My six-year-old son was sent to the headteacher's office today.  
Not because he had started a fight.  
Not because he had sworn.  
But because he refused to remove our dog from his family tree.

His teacher said, "Pets don't belong in families, Liam. They don't belong in a family tree."

When I picked him up from school, the air in the car felt heavy, as if something fragile had been broken. Liam is a gentle child — the kind who crouches down to move a worm off the pavement so no one steps on it. He sat in the back seat, clutching a crumpled piece of cardboard, tears running down his cheeks.

"She misunderstood me, Dad..." he whispered. "She said I have to do it again."

I pulled the car over, switched off the engine and looked at him.  
"Let me see it, son."

It was a typical Year 2 assignment: *Draw your family tree.*  
At the bottom he had drawn his mum and me.  
Above us, the grandparents, branching upwards.

And right in the middle — exactly at the centre — he had drawn, with big, loving strokes, a brown shape: one ear standing up, the other flopping down.  
Underneath, in his careful little handwriting, was written:

**RUFUS**

A comment in red pen, scrawled across the page, read:  
*"Incorrect. Family = people. Redo assignment."*

I looked at Liam.  
"What happened?"



He sniffed and wiped his nose on his sleeve.

“I said Rufus is my brother. She said family is only people. Only if you share the same blood. Dogs are... just animals. But Dad... a bicycle doesn’t lick your face when you cry.”

And then, from his six-year-old perspective, he said something that stopped me cold:

*“Dad... you and Mum don’t have the same blood, do you?”*

“No, mate.”

He nodded, as if confirming something obvious.

“But you’re a family. You chose each other. So why can’t I choose Rufus?”

I stayed silent.

Because he was right.

Rufus is not a ‘perfect’ dog. We adopted him four years ago from the local shelter — a place without names, only kennels, barking, and tired people doing their best. He’s a boxer–labrador mix, with a crooked tail, a muzzle already going grey, and a tendency to startle at sudden noises.

But since the day he came home with us, he has slept beside Liam’s bed every single night. Without exception. Last winter, when Liam had the flu, Rufus barely left his room. For hours, he lay with his large head resting on my son’s chest — a silent guardian.

I couldn’t let this go.

The next day, I asked for a meeting with the teacher. I didn’t come alone. I brought Liam. And I brought Rufus.

We waited outside after school, once the playground was empty and the noise had faded. Rufus on his lead, calmly leaning against Liam’s leg. Then we walked into the classroom.

Mrs Caldwell was organising her papers. A woman of a certain age — strict, precise, fond of margins and order, with little patience for what she called “nonsense”. When she saw the dog, she froze.

“Mr Harris... dogs are not allowed in school.”

“He’s on a lead. And we’ll stay right here,” I said quietly.

“I wanted to talk about Liam’s assignment.”



She sighed, as though she'd had this conversation a thousand times before.

"I explained it to him. The goal is to understand lineage — family in a genealogical sense. If I allow a dog, tomorrow a child will come with a fish, the next day with a video game. There has to be a boundary."

"A video game doesn't breathe," Liam murmured, softly but firmly.

Mrs Caldwell peered over her glasses.

"It's not about breathing, Liam. It's about definitions. Words matter."

I was about to begin my speech — about love, about what holds a household together, about all the things we call 'family' that don't fit in textbooks.

But Rufus spoke first.

Normally shy, staying close behind me when voices sharpen, he stepped forward on his own. No pulling, no fuss. He approached Mrs Caldwell as if he knew exactly where he was going.

"Please keep him back," she said, taking a step away.

"I... I'm not comfortable around dogs."

Rufus sat down.

Then he did what we call the little lean.

When someone is tense, he presses his full weight gently against their legs — a warmth that says: *it's alright*.

All thirty-six kilos of him rested against her shins. Slowly, he looked up at her, his amber eyes calm, and let out a long, soft sigh.

Mrs Caldwell stiffened. Her hand hovered in the air. She looked at the greying muzzle, the drooping ear, the patience.

The silence stretched.

Ten seconds.

Twenty.



“He senses it,” Liam whispered.

“He knows when someone is hurting.”

And then her expression changed. Not suddenly. Just... a crack. A tiredness rising to the surface.

“My husband...” she began, her voice breaking.

“He passed away two years ago. We had a German shepherd. He used to sit like that. Exactly like that.”

Everything softened. No one tried to win. We were simply there: a tense father, a steadfast child, a woman carrying grief, and a dog bridging the gap.





“Rufus isn’t an object, Mrs Caldwell,” Liam said gently.

She looked at him, her eyes shining. Then she slowly placed her hand on Rufus’s head. Hesitated. Then stroked him — as if touching a memory.

She picked up the crumpled page. She didn’t erase the red comment. Instead, she took a small gold star — the kind used for perfect spelling tests — and placed it right on Rufus’s forehead in the drawing.

“In genealogy,” she whispered, with a fragile smile,  
“we categorise many things. But in a family... family is also what holds you up.”

She looked at me.

“I’ll allow him to note that Rufus is a ‘chosen member’. And I’ll correct my comment.”

We left. Liam smiled as if he’d recovered something precious. Rufus wagged his crooked tail, happy to have done what he does best: stay, support, soothe.

On the way home, I reflected.

We spend our lives teaching children to fit into boxes. To follow instructions. To colour within the lines. To know the ‘right’ answer. We call that being smart.

But that day, my son and his dog reminded me of something else.

You can know every definition in the world and still miss what truly matters, if you forget to feel the warmth of a living being leaning against you when you’re unsteady.

Family is more than blood ties — it is those who stand by you, through thick and thin. Rufus knew this. And Liam knows it too.

Source: Rajel Siham – Dagelijks Recept



## What Is a Lingam — and Why Do Masters Materialise One During Maha Shivaratri?

Recently we were asked what a **Lingam** actually is, and why certain spiritual Masters — such as Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba or Paramahansa Vishwananda — materialise one, often specifically during **Maha Shivaratri**.

### The Lingam

In Hindu philosophy, the Lingam is regarded as a sacred symbol of divine consciousness. The word *lingam* literally means *sign, symbol*, or that which makes the invisible visible. It does not refer to an object in itself, but to a deeper spiritual reality.

The Lingam represents:

- **Shiva as formless consciousness** — not as a person, but as the absolute principle underlying existence
- **The unity of polarities** — often depicted with a yoni (Panipeetham) base:
  - Lingam → Consciousness (Shiva)
  - Yoni → Creative energy (Shakti)
- **Infinity** — its oval form without beginning or end
- **Creation, preservation and transformation** — the cosmic cycle of arising and dissolution

In essence, the Lingam symbolises the timeless consciousness from which everything emerges.

### Why Do Masters Materialise a Lingam?

Followers commonly understand this phenomenon in several ways:

1. A sign of divine presence

The materialisation is seen as an expression of spiritual power (Shakti) — not as spectacle, but as an outer reflection of inner reality.

2. Strengthening faith and devotion

A tangible symbol can deepen trust and help open the heart.

3. A spiritual blessing

A materialised Lingam is often regarded as imbued with spiritual energy and used for meditation or prayer.

4. A reminder of unity

It illustrates that the formless can manifest in form — that the divine is both transcendent and present.



## Why During Maha Shivaratri?

Maha Shivaratri — “The Great Night of Shiva” — is spiritually significant and symbolises:

- the victory of light over darkness
- the awakening of consciousness
- the dissolution of the ego
- the union of Shiva (Consciousness) and Shakti (Energy)

Traditionally, this night is considered a time when cosmic energy is especially subtle and powerful — a period devoted to meditation and inner reflection.

In Shaivite mythology, the story of Lingodbhava describes Shiva appearing as an infinite pillar of light without beginning or end. The Lingam symbolises this pillar.

When a Lingam is materialised during Shivaratri, it is often interpreted as a symbolic reenactment of this cosmic principle — the Infinite becoming visible.

### **The Inner Message**

Many Masters emphasise that the outward event is only an indication. The true significance lies not in the phenomenon itself, but in what it points to:

**The real Lingam must be born in the heart — the awakening of divine consciousness within the individual.**

### **In Summary**

The materialisation of a Lingam is seen by many as a visible expression of divine presence. The Lingam itself represents formless, infinite consciousness and the unity of creative forces.

During Maha Shivaratri — the night of inner awakening — the symbol ultimately conveys one message:





**The phenomenon is not the goal; the reminder of awakening consciousness within each of us is.**



*A unique recording — albeit of modest quality — showing Paramahansa Vishwananda materialising a Lingam during Maha Shivaratri:*

<https://youtu.be/DaPDdNgsUyo?si=LX7Vr91xaJJ56cM1>

### **Personal Experience During the Night of Shiva — Maha Shivaratri**

On 21 February 2001 I was in Sathya Sai Baba's ashram in Puttaparthi during Shivaratri. However, I was too exhausted to queue from 10:15 in the morning, as I had done the year before.

At around 5:00 pm I woke suddenly from an afternoon nap, hastily put on the first panjabi I could find — loose trousers with a long tunic — and hurried to the ashram. It was completely full and no one was being allowed into Kulwant Hall.

In a moment of madness, I climbed over the man-high fence, tearing the seam of my trousers in the process. Tiptoeing between the seated crowds, I made my way forward with determination, somehow without being stopped — apart from a single hand tugging at my trouser leg, which I ignored.

Baba stood behind a table on the veranda, visibly struggling to breathe, holding a white handkerchief. Then it happened... He brought forth a golden Lingam — egg-shaped — catching it beneath His chin with His hand. A second Lingam bounced onto the table.

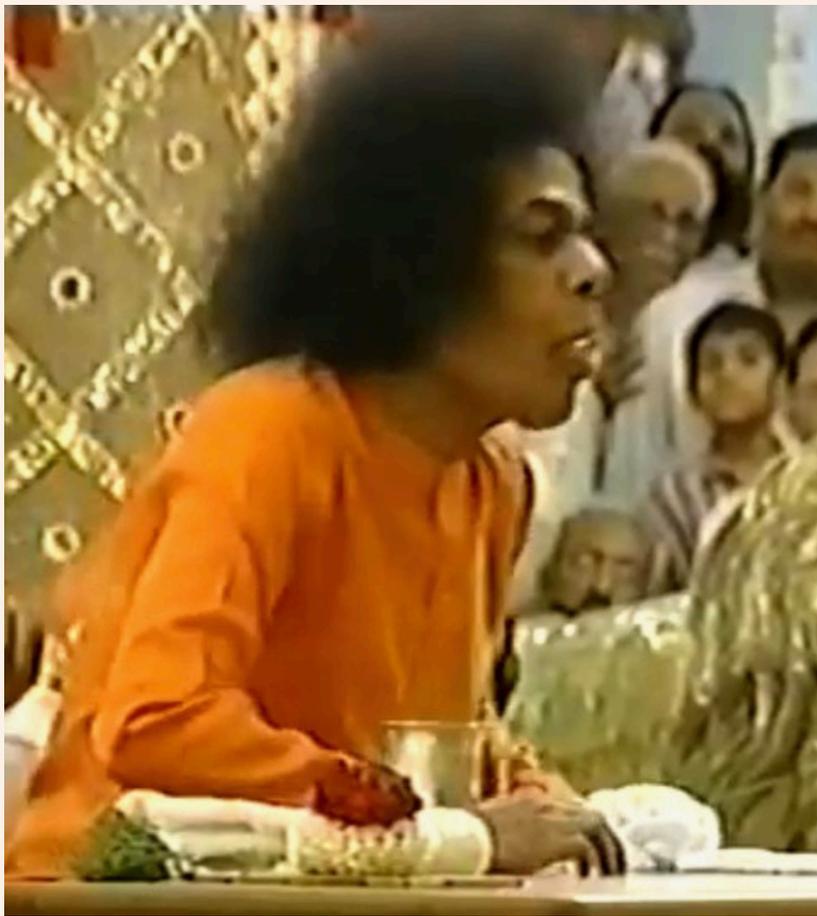
Later I learned that Baba had not materialised Lingams on the darshan grounds for years — and unexpectedly, I had witnessed it.

My entire body felt electrically charged and I was drenched in sweat. At the exit I encountered Dr Rao, who simply remarked,  
**“Now you have come at the right time!”**

Liba, with whom I worked in the children's project, had seen me climb the fence — something that nearly gave her a heart attack.

“You could have been denied access to the ashram!” she said.

Remarkably, not a single sevadal intervened.





## Internationale Vrouwendag

Sunday, March 8 is International Women's Day — a day celebrated, remembered, advocated for, and sometimes experienced with a certain discomfort around the world. Because being a woman is not the same story everywhere.

In Afghanistan, being a woman for many means not being seen, not being heard, not being allowed to learn, not being allowed to walk without permission. There, womanhood is not a topic for an agenda — it is a daily struggle for the right to exist.

Here in the Netherlands we live in a very different reality. Or do we...?

We cycle home alone at night, feeling free and independent — and then feel a jolt when the news reminds us that safety is not guaranteed. That boundaries are crossed here too. That freedom can be thinner than we like to believe.

International Women's Day is therefore not a competition about "who has it worse," but an invitation to awareness. Awareness that circumstances differ, but dignity is universal. Equal rights are not only about laws and regulations, but also about how safe, free, and seen someone is allowed to feel — every single day.

Perhaps this is where friction and healing meet: when we stop counting who is right, and begin sensing what seeks balance — in women, in men, and in everything in between.

From a spiritual perspective, the feminine principle represents both softness and strength, receptivity and boundaries, intuition and wisdom. The masculine represents direction, action, and clarity. Not as opposites, but as partners in a dance. It is not only about women — it is about balance.

For centuries, the masculine was expected to act, while the feminine was expected to carry and endure. Perhaps it is time to blend that a little. A bit more softness in systems. A bit more clarity in relationships. And — let's be honest — sometimes a bit more humor when we start taking ourselves too seriously.

International Women's Day does not have to be a raised fist. It can also be an open hand. A moment to pause. To listen. To acknowledge that multiple realities exist side by side.

And sometimes, simply seeing is enough.



## On the Will of God

We often hear people say, “It is the will of God.” But what does that really mean? Does such a thing as the will of God exist, for example in the unfolding of creation? And if it does, how can we live in harmony with it?

Often, this phrase is used as a form of escapism—a way of shirking responsibility: “It is God’s will, so I don’t have to do anything.” Some even use it to justify personal choices, such as having children: “Why so many children? It is God-given.” But which God are we talking about? That is the first question we need to ask.

God is not a human, not a person as we know it. God is a factor—a pure form of energy, intelligent energy. When this energy is fully content with itself, there is no need for creation. Think of it like this: when you are completely happy and at peace with yourself, you feel no urge to go anywhere. But when a need or hunger arises, you move.

It is the same with God. An inner, energetic impulse—not a human one—brings movement. In order to “see” itself, this energy separates and polarises. From separation comes space. Space is crucial: without it, creation cannot occur.

Once space exists, endless possibilities emerge. Within that space, countless forms and structures arise—much like throwing a handful of water into the air: droplets form spheres and fall back down. In this way, the many forms of the universe come into being.

It is important to understand that this process is not gendered. God, or the God-factor, is neither he nor she; it is energy exploring and experiencing itself. As Jesus said, “Not my will, but Yours be done.” This speaks to letting go of our limited human will and attuning ourselves to the flow of this universal energy.

Living in harmony with the will of God, then, does not mean passively waiting or deflecting responsibility. It means observing, understanding, and acting in accordance with the natural flow of energy and creation—an energy that seeks to know itself, extending and unfolding throughout the universe.

Source: free translation and adaptation of *Talk of Mohanji*, January 2026



## From Reaction to Awareness

True victory is self-mastery — not the suppression of emotions, but rising above them with clarity and inner stability.

The Inner Victory Movement is a conscious journey from emotional turbulence to awareness, from unconscious reactions to responsible action, and from inner conflict to inner freedom.

Step inward. Transform from within. Let life flow.

👉 Join the Inner Victory Movement

<https://forms.gle/4ewFdq9stF5R2YHQA>



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Global Community

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How can you join?

-  1 Register and get your unique Member ID.
-  2 Plug into our global community.
-  3 5 mins daily: Rise. Reflect. Respond.
-  4 Make it a habit - we'll keep you inspired with trackers, badges & surprises.

mohanji.org/ivm



NEW WEEK, NEW VICTORY



mohanji.org/ivm



## **Paramahansa Vishwananda**

### **Through the Eyes of His Mother, Aunt and Sister Tina**

Vishwananda, known among his followers as Paramahansa Sri Swami Vishwananda, is a Mauritian neo-Hindu spiritual leader and the founder of the organisation Bhakti Marga.

Those who know him today as a spiritual teacher and Master often meet him in that role. Yet before he became a Guru to many, he was first a child — a fragile, lively and remarkable little boy in Mauritius. His mother, aunt and younger sister Tina recall those early years, when glimpses already appeared of the path he would later follow.

would call after him,” his aunt recalls. “Because he was always praying. Everyone teased him.”

### **Vibhuti and the appearance of Shirdi Sai Baba**

Around 1992 something began to change in the house — something the family could not explain. His aunt remembers being called urgently.

“My niece came to me and said, ‘Come quickly, Mom is calling you.’”

When she entered, his mother stood crying with a broom in her hand.

“Look what has happened to my house,” she said. “Everywhere. Everywhere vibhuti.”

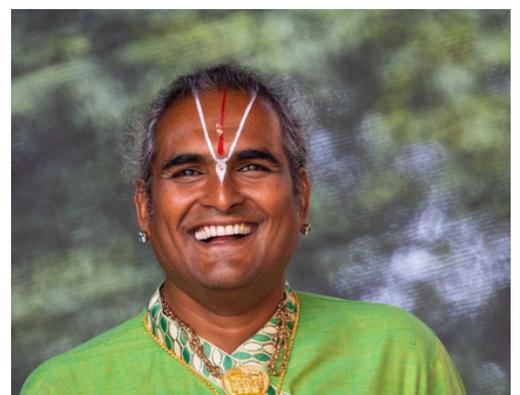
On walls, clocks, and photo frames appeared vibhuti and kumkum.

“Everything was colorful,” his mother says. “But we didn’t understand what it was. It just happened — through him. Even my hair had changed. I couldn’t comb it; it felt hard, as if touching something solid.”

His own room remained calm. But in his mother’s room the shock was great.

“The clock was covered in vibhuti,” Tina says. “A large photo frame with roses was covered in kumkum and vibhuti.”

Lines of vibhuti appeared on a wall. The next day came color — orange. Then the image became clear: Shirdi Sai Baba seated on a rock, as if drawn there.





“I didn’t understand,” his mother says. “I only wanted it to stop. I told an elderly neighbor and said, ‘Please don’t tell anyone.’”

But that very day people began arriving — from all over Mauritius.

“Our house was no longer a house,” his mother says. “It became like a museum.”

From early morning until late evening people streamed in — sick, searching, hoping.

“And he never said no,” Tina says. “He saw everyone. He turned no one away.”

Later he told his mother:

“I must go. I must help. People need me.”

### **Materializations**

As more people came, other phenomena appeared. Not only vibhuti, but lingams and sacred objects materialized. Sometimes he gave a lingam to someone. Sometimes — if the intended recipient had not yet arrived — he placed the lingam back into his mouth and swallowed it again. Later it would reappear and be given.

“You cannot explain this to people,” his aunt says. “They will not believe it. But it happened before our eyes — again and again.”

For the family it was heavy.

“There were times,” his mother says, “when I spoke against it. I suffered because of it. But it happened anyway — whether we understood it or not.”



### **The first samadhi**

In April 1996 — around the 22nd — a decisive turning point came. Guruji stopped attending school. On a Sunday he announced he would give Satsang. Shortly afterward he said he would set aside his ordinary clothing.

His mother broke down.

“What will happen to you? What about your studies?”

He answered calmly:

“Don’t worry. I am happy this way.”

A week later a relative came home and saw Manish running in panic.

“It’s over,” he shouted. “He’s gone.”

Everyone rushed to the room. He lay motionless, stretched out on the bed. His mother cried. He was in deep prayer — what would later be understood as his first samadhi.

After some time he returned to awareness. He spoke to his mother, aunt, grandmother, and others.

“I wanted to go,” he said. “I wanted to depart for Goloka and leave you here.”

Then he added:

“I heard you crying. I heard Mom. I heard all of you.”

He described what he had seen — Vaikuntha — and said he had returned because his family called him back.

“I came back because of you.”

\*Above the planetary system lies the spiritual sky, where countless spiritual planets are situated, known as the Vaikunthas. Above these Vaikuntha planets lies Krishna’s planet, known as Goloka Vrindavana.

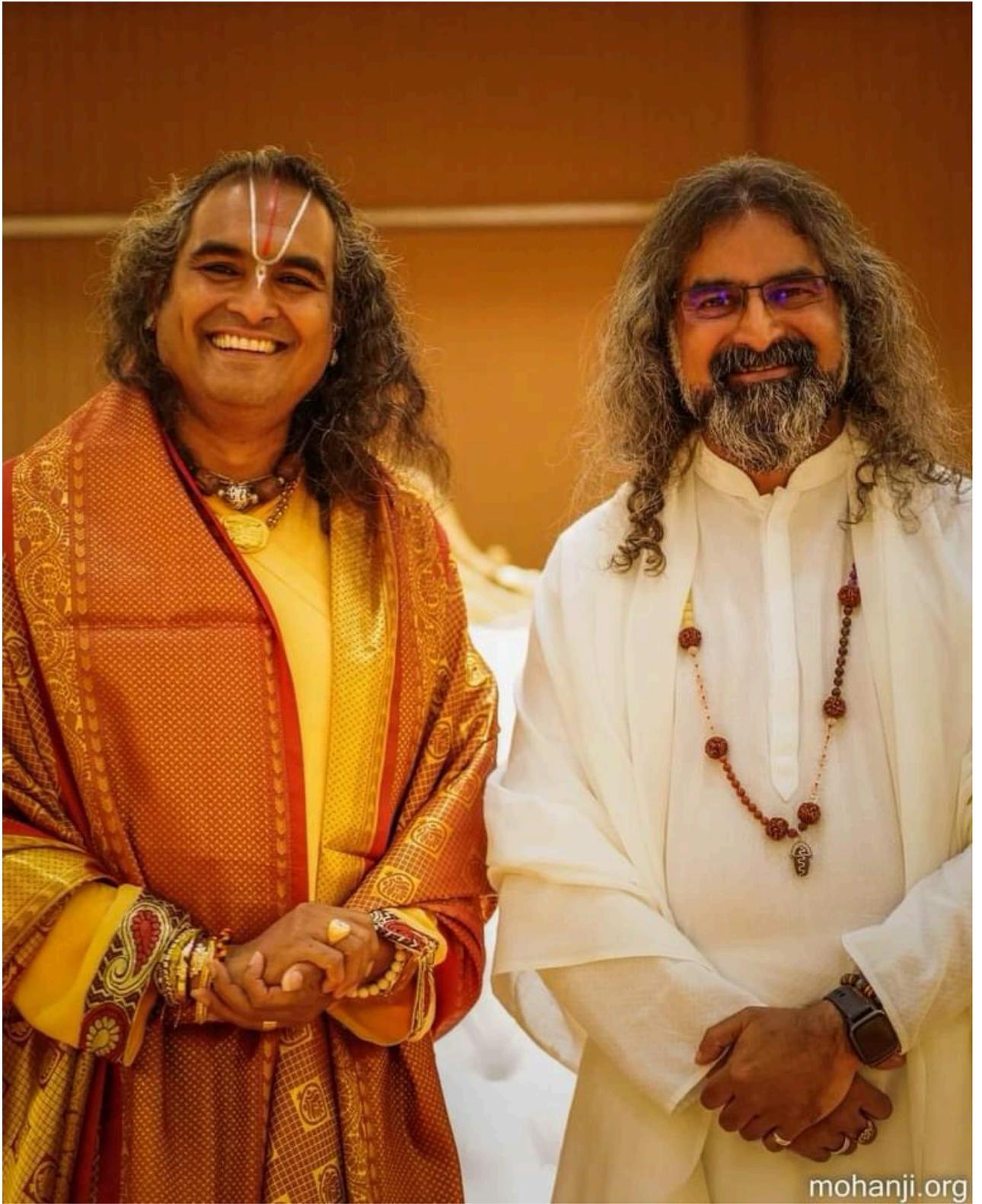


His mother concludes:

“I never told anyone, ‘My son is special.’ But what happened, happened. We were simply allowed to witness it.”

Source: [Paramahansa Vishwananda through His Mother's Eyes | Experiences with Paramahansa Vishwananda](#)[youtu.be](#)









## International Day Against Racism and Discrimination (21 March)

A day that recalls Sharpeville, 1960: a peaceful protest violently suppressed because people thought differently or were born differently. Today, that warning feels relevant again — in policy, in the news, in how we relate to one another.

❄️ **“Cold as ICE”** is not a metaphor. It is policy. 🗣️

It happens when rules and power become more important than people.  
When history is ignored because it is “inconvenient.”  
And when we think it cannot happen here —  
until it does.

For those who still remember: 🎵 Cold As Ice — the soundtrack of too little warmth, then and now.

Link to the song 🗄️ [https://youtu.be/ySb1f9zWJkQ?si=64sfyv14\\_tizz8uo](https://youtu.be/ySb1f9zWJkQ?si=64sfyv14_tizz8uo)



“Notice that whenever you come into the here and now,  
the here and now is wonderfully simple.  
All intentions to be somewhere else,  
to be someone,  
or to get somewhere fall away.  
The here and now is completely sufficient.”

~ Adyashanti, *Dancing Emptiness*

## MAANDBLAD

Kent u iemand die geïnteresseerd is en  
het maandblad nog niet ontvangt,  
laat het ons dan even weten!

## KOPIJ VOOR DE HET MAANDBLAD

Inleveren als (Word) bijlage naar:  
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GKS MAGAZINE march 2026  
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