

HARI OM

# THE FRAGRANCE OF A SAINT

(LIFE-INCIDENTS OF A GUJARATI SAINT PUJYA SHREEMOTAI)



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FROM  
PARASLILA (GUJARATI) BY:  
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## Preface

In consonance with the sentiment expressed in "No Dedication—grace alone" thoughts of serviceableness of the book or the kind of reception it may get from the public are irrelevant.

Hence, only the genesis of the book is given here. It supports the translator's faith ( nay, his experience according to him ) that man is but a card — be it an ace or any other — in the game of solitaire played by the Divine Player and that it is that Grace alone which does everything in this world.

The translator was once in doldrums. He was feeling sore at the thought that his spiritual life, begun well and auspiciously under Pujya Sri Mota's guidance, was visibly heading towards the arid sands of inanity. In that mood of dejection he 'happened' to go to Pujya Sri Mota's Hari Om Ashram at Nadiad. It was just a 'chance' that his eyes fell upon a small book for sale entitled "Paraslika" ( Playful transmutations by the philosopher's stone i.e. a sketch of Pujya Sri Mota's life ). That fleeting glance buoyed him up at once. "That's just it," he burst out to himself. "Let me translate it. That will automatically make me remember Him and save my life from this deadlock".

It was therefore for his own spiritual benefit that the idea of translation 'sprang up', and he can not say why—except perhaps to share a happy thought with his oldest dear colleague—but he hied to Sri Nandubhai\* at once and told him, "I would like to translate this

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\* Personal assistant to Pujya Sri Mota and now Managing Trustee of both his Ashrams.

## Man's Kinsmen

During the process of perfect fulfillment of life, man has to fight not one, but many such terrific combats. His accepted ideas, his cherished opinions, his likes and dislikes, tastes and distastes, as well as his desires, longings, cravings and the like are just like living beings and kinsmen who dwell in his heart because he loves them ardently. But this kinsmen belong to the human or lower plane and are dear to him on that plane only. They are not his kinsmen on his divine plane. Their tricks assume ever new and subtle forms in order to transfix the soul to its human plane. There is a wonderful bewildering play indeed!

## Beyond duality

If a man can uninterruptedly use his life solely for the love of the Lord with the triunity of enlightenment, wisdom and atonement, then there remains in him no motive-spring for attachment or hatred, happiness or sorrow, gloom or infatuation. If, at the most, sometimes there is just a fleeting consciousness of the advent and departure of such feelings in him, there is no possibility of his being affected with dejection or depression of any sort on that account.

—From *Life's Struggle* By Pujya Shree Mota