



Divine Love Governing the World

To the service flower named Auroculture

10.2.2020

Like one of these so precious service flowers, of which you have collected surely millions during your lifetime, you are now lying in your golden-yellow dress on the bed in Marika's House on this 10th of February 2020, beautifully decorated also with the red hibiscus flowers from the plant in the garden, just at the edge outside your room. It was your last experiment – you gave to this plant all the flowers, which people brought to you – and it was responding beautifully.

I remember your devotion, your self-giving without reserve and your willpower. Therefore, these two flowers, service and power are for me very meaningful on your body today at the beginning of your journey under the stars back to the source.

I look back of our nearly 30 years of deep friendship:

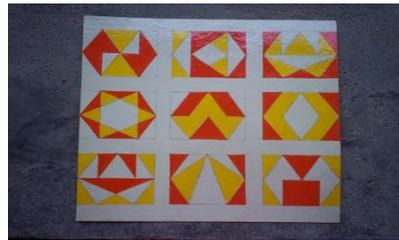
Your eyes were shining – there was that special light in them.

It seemed to me always that the flowers and every plant, but specially the flowering trees spoke with you – there was a silent communication between you and them!

How many experiments and researches with flowers as well as with the work with the children you did – always trying to go beyond, following the unknown, trying to be an instrument for transformation and the manifestation of something new.

The «new earth» you created in these studies became just a magic stuff. Deep black, beautifully smelling, wonderful moist substance out of pure flowers– Auroville and Ashram united by Auroville-

and Samadhi-flowers, which you got every Sunday. It was something totally different from compost – it was alchemy. I remember your articles in the Auroville Today asking the community: «Flower-Power does it work? Let's find out». You knew that this substance «new earth» is part of the solution for Mother Earth at present. The time will come, when the humans will recognize its transforming power and then will start preparing new earth by doing beautiful flower mandalas all over the world! In your last month in your room at Marika's house, which was full of Her Presence, it was this little booklet, which we had to read to you time and again – it seemed to me as if you tried to imprint its message into the earth consciousness.



Children are also like flowers – human flowers – and Mother gave you these educational games – your second large field of guided research. You received them first in Pondy – and afterwards also in Auroville. They came directly from a higher plain into your brain, heart and hands. You tried always to receive them as pure as you could without mixing it with your own human thoughts. I remember you very well in 'Aspiration' trying to make me understand some new experiments with maths – I had no chance to follow it up.... – and we had great fun, because this new stuff made me sleepy!

You were like a fire – wild, strong and free, never satisfied with what was achieved – always forward, ever forward – as Mother guided you.

You wanted to be an instrument for the Divine, for the transformation and the manifestation of the new creation - and there in this you made no compromise no matter what people said or thought. Your only guide was Mother and Sri Aurobindo. Your strong vital nature was not so easy to bear and it also caused you difficulties. But you always came back to the source.

And at the same time there was such a sweet love in you and a wonderful humour. I just bow before the great soul you are and I am ever grateful for the years we had and the joined hands in the service for the Divine. Travel well my sister, friend and companion.

Love
Renate

With greetings from Switzerland to all my friends in Auroville around her:

I feel an immense gratitude to you who gave her love and care in these last years in Marika's house. I was always deeply touched when I saw with what love you treated her, always eager to see that she does not lose dignity and her inner independence. Also, deepest gratitude to all the Aurovilians and Ashramites who visited her regularly and brought joy to her days.