

Mantras

The physical seems to be more open to something that is repetitious—for example, the music we play on Sundays, which has three series of combined mantras. The first is that of Chandi, addressed to the universal Mother:

***Yadevisarvabhuteshumatrirupenasansthita
Yadevisarvabhuteshushaktirupenasansthita
Yadevisarvabhuteshushantirupenasansthita
Namastasyainamastasyainamastasyainamonamah***

The second is addressed to Sri Aurobindo (and I believe they have put my name at the end). It incorporates the mantra I was speaking of:

***Om namonamahshrimirambikayai
Om namobhagavatehshriaravindaya
Om namonamahshrimirambikayai.***

And the third is addressed to Sri Aurobindo: ‘Thou art my refuge.’

Shriaravindahsharanam mama.

For me, on the days when I have no special preoccupations or difficulties (days I could call normal, when I am normal), everything I do, all the movements of this body, all, all the words I utter, all the gestures I make, are accompanied and upheld by or lined, as it were, with this mantra:

***OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH ...
OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH ...***