

Note: The paragraphs below, written by David R. Knudson, are excerpted from his autobiography, The Hidden Face of the Supernatural: True Stories of an Almost Anonymous Author, published and copyrighted in 2001. It is reproduced here by permission of the author. This moving account illustrates the results one can achieve by practicing the principles taught by A.K. Mozumdar.

THE FIRST STEP ON A LONG, LONG, JOURNEY

(THE BEGINNING OF MY SPIRITUAL QUEST)

It was the summer of 1953. I was sixteen years old, but I would soon turn seventeen, just in time to start my senior year of High School. I had taken a summer job with the Y.M.C.A. as a kitchen helper at one of their summer camps, and as fate would have it, I was assigned to their most elite camp, Y.M.C.A. Camp Mozumdar, near Crestline, California.

During the almost three months I worked at the camp, a new direction burst forth into my life. I found a teaching that would, in time, encourage me to abandon most of my prior beliefs. It would set me on the path of “the true, the good, and the beautiful,” and would become the measuring stick with which I would measure future religious and spiritual experiences.

The camp had earlier been the mountain retreat of an East Indian metaphysician by the name of A. K. Mozumdar. Upon his demise several months earlier, the property had been bequeathed to the Y.M.C.A. The many-acre site lay at the top of the mountains separating the desert to the east and the Los Angeles and Riverside basins to the west. It contained an outdoor amphitheater, which had permanent seating for several hundred people, and boasted a large twelve-foot-high cross which had been cut out of solid granite. The lodge, a three story alpine-style building, contained a full commercial kitchen and large dining room, several bedrooms, and bathroom facilities. There were a number of out-buildings, mainly guest quarters, all of top quality construction, and rounding out the site, an Olympic-size pool, with bath house and steam room.

As one entered the property from the public road, the first structure seen was a replica of the Taj Mahal, which had been built, I would surmise, to remind Mozumdar of his roots in India. But to the chagrin of the new owners, this monument attracted too many uninvited guests to the property.

The evidence left behind indicated that the visitors were drunken teenage vandals who took great pleasure in breaking away portions of the beautiful concrete filigree railings, and spray painting obscene graffiti in the rooms that had once been classrooms filled with students of Mozumdar’s. Now those rooms were filled with the debris of teenage orgies and drinking parties, and were now occupied by scorpions and rattlesnakes. The building had been basically abandoned to the elements, and to the vandals.

Early on, I befriended the camp nurse. One day, during lunch, I asked her the history of the original lodge. There was such an aura of serenity about the place, that even though the former spiritual group had not

been present for several years, their presence was still felt. She pointed to a large framed black and white photograph of a man which graced a dining room wall. He was wearing a high-necked, silk-like shirt of oriental design. What stood out the most about the photograph were his eyes. They seemed to glow, and follow you wherever you went in the room. His name was Akhoy Kumar Mozumdar. He had come to the United States from India in the early 1900s and founded a religious group which practiced, what I would term today a blend of esoteric Christianity, metaphysics, and eastern yoga. The word 'yoga' in Sanskrit means "union," or "yoking," which is similar to the Greek word, "religare," meaning "to bind again." That Greek word is the source of the English word "religion."

She loaned me a book she had found in her closet, left there by one of the former occupants, which had been written by Mozumdar. The book was *Christ Speaketh*, and I had great difficulty putting the book down once I had started reading it. The few remnants left by the former occupants seemed to remind one of the original purpose of the retreat, and these, along with the overall environment of the place, generated a feeling of peace and serenity, and in my case, excited curiosity.

I identified instantly with the author, and by the end of the summer, I lived and breathed the philosophy expounded in that little book with a simple black cover. One of the early influences the book had on me was my need to have time alone, to nurture within myself the spirituality obviously achieved by A. K. Mozumdar. It was in this frame of mind that I began meditating for the first time in my life. Without any instruction, I knew instinctively that I needed to find a quiet place where I could be alone, and then attempt to focus on that "inner kingdom" within myself that Jesus and Mozumdar both indicated was a "real" place within each human.

I found a wind-swept boulder, which overlooked the desert floor below, and which was sheltered from the path, and any intruders who might happen to come that way. Hidden from view, I closed my eyes, and immediately went into an interior place that seemed so familiar, and so very peaceful. I had never felt such intense peace before. It overwhelmed me, and sent me even deeper into the depths of the silence.

When I returned to the world, and that wind-swept boulder, I knew that my life had changed, and a door had been opened for me. I was uncertain of where the door would lead me, but I knew for certain that I was now on the "Path," and I was eager to walk to whatever destination the path would take me.

When I returned to Los Angeles at the end of August, my first priority was to locate DeVorss and Company, Mozumdar's publisher, and seek out a copy of *Christ Speaketh*, along with a list of any other books he had written. DeVorss and Company maintained a metaphysical bookstore in downtown Los Angeles, and I, was amazed at the number of books Mozumdar had written, and that were available.

In addition to *Christ Speaketh*, I purchased one more book, *Today and Tomorrow*, which outlined a technique of holding a conversation with the Superconscious Self. The end result was in being able to actually "become" the Superconscious.

I had some level of success with the technique, and it, along with my involvement at Christ Church, Unity, and the Unity metaphysical teachings, carried me through my senior year to graduation.

UNIVERSAL LAW

One can live cheaply if one knows how to live simply

My life at age twenty was peaceful, and as uncomplicated as it would ever be again. I was studying the writings of an East Indian metaphysician named A.K. Mozumdar. I was taking the Unity correspondence course, "Lessons in Truth," which was the prerequisite to becoming a Unity minister. I was working for a bank in downtown Los Angeles as a messenger boy, and if the weather permitted, I would have my lunch on the roof of the bank building, and read my latest book. Very few employees used the roof, so I was assured of some amount of privacy. I could also sit in meditation there, on the roof, without drawing significant attention to myself, as I attempted to go into the inner "kingdom" that Jesus had talked about. I always came back from lunch feeling revitalized, relaxed, and filled with an awareness that was hard to describe, and which, on one occasion, did cause me some concern.

I was preparing to return to work, and as I started down the stairs from the roof, I saw vividly in my mind's eye, one of the PBX telephone operators, a young woman who worked in an office near the area where I worked, and she was in great pain. Concerned, I went directly to her office, and as I opened the door, her manager, an older woman, exclaimed: "I knew you would come! Please help her!"

The employee was having an appendicitis attack, and was obviously in pain. Somehow, by my having used a healing technique that I had learned from Mozumdar, to help relieve the headaches of some of the girls in my own office, word had spread that I was a 'healer.' I couldn't heal anyone. All I had done in the past was to direct whatever energy I felt in my hands at the time, into the problem area. I was only a channel, a conduit. That was all I was, nothing more!

I explained this to the young woman in pain. I told her I would try to help her get through her agony, at least long enough for her to get to her doctor. I had her place my two hands on the area where the pain was the worst, and I told her to close her eyes, and picture a beautiful calm pool of water.

I closed my eyes, and immediately felt the power surging out of me and into her body. When the energy had diminished, I opened my eyes, and knew instantly that the power I had called upon had manifested itself. Just moments before, her face had been lined with pain. Now it was relaxed. I thanked her for allowing me the opportunity to share in such a holy experience. As I left to return to work, her manager, without a word, looked at me, smiled a knowing smile, and wiped a tear from her eye.

I learned later the next day that the young woman had gone through surgery, and was told by her doctor after the operation that it was a miracle that her appendix hadn't burst at the time of the excruciating pain. I quickly excused myself from the conversation with some excuse, went into the men's restroom, and quietly wept.

Unity stressed healing through prayer and affirmations. Mozumdar taught that each problem required a different method, and the only way one would know what exact method should be used, was by going within, and asking the Superconscious Self for direction. That is what I had done, and that silent voice of clear thought within me gave me the answer I needed to begin doing what I needed to do for the young woman. I was merely a conduit, drawing forth from within myself the healing Christ energy that was passed on to her. There was no miracle. I had been there at that exact moment in time to be the vehicle

that would give her the additional time she needed to get to her doctor. That was no miracle! That was Universal Law in action!

THE BUS

I had learned a new meditative healing technique from the Mozumdar book *The Triumphant Spirit* and used it for the first time on the bus bringing me home from work. In doing so, I experienced the “quantum leap” I had been looking for in my spiritual quest. In boarding the bus at the bus stop in the block where I worked, I was always able to find a seat for the fairly long bus ride to my apartment in West Los Angeles, which allowed me sufficient time to meditate, or read.

That day I had learned a technique for healing my own body. Immediately, after I had found a seat on the bus, I closed my eyes and directed my thoughts to the Superconscious part of me. Because of practicing a similar technique earlier, holding a conversation with my Superconscious Self almost on a daily basis, I was able to quickly assume the identity of the higher consciousness. From that position of “authority” I, as the Superconscious, starting with my toes, poured forth healing love and energy to every cell in that part of my body. I then moved to the foot, and with all my love, each cell in that foot was given health.

That process went on, always upward moving, touching every cell in my body, until I reached my face. The moment I reached the top of my head, it was like the Fourth of July, and I had, for the first time in my life, passed through the barrier, the barrier Yogananda called “The Ring Pass-Not.”

I was immersed in brilliant crystal-like light, and each crystal was the size of an atom, and they were swirling, millions of them, and as one touched another one in their “dance,” they made a sound. And the sound was like the most delicate, crystal wind chimes, with millions of tiny crystals taking part in the music. The sound and the brilliant light permeated my entire being, and I was brought to the state of bliss.

As if awakened by an alarm clock, I opened my eyes, and noted that the next bus stop was mine. I signaled the driver to stop, and I started to work my way through the packed crowd, to be able to reach the rear door. As I weaved my way through the crowd, only one person in that entire bus came alive to me. It was a woman in her fifties, and our eyes met, and she smiled the knowing smile of “knowing.” Everyone else on that bus seemed to be asleep, They had no light. Only the one woman had light, and was awake.

As I stepped off of the bus, another surprise awaited me. In looking down to get my footing, there was no pavement to step onto. Instead, those same crystals, now forming a milky-white cloud, beckoned me, and I stepped onto a vaporous cloud. As I crossed the street, the soft milky-white cloud slowly dissipated, and the remaining walk home, was on the normal sidewalk. The sounds from within my head, the crystal-like sounds of wind chimes, were still there, and as I entered my apartment, and closed the door behind me, the sound increased, and I fell to the floor in ecstasy.

Uncontrollable tears of joy flowed from my eyes. They were the gentle, loving tears I had experienced before, the tears that flowed with me to sleep after the vision when I was eighteen. But this time, I did not

sleep. I lay there, on the floor, with my eyes closed, bathing in the same sweet bliss that I had experienced on the bus at the height of that experience.

Two hours later, I slowly returned to the consciousness of David, but not quite the same consciousness. It was a different state of awareness. I slowly tasted it, and went with it, out of the apartment, down the block, walking with it, in the darkness of the hour, hearing the sounds of the trees as they whispered to us, the rustle of leaves as we passed under them. We, the awareness and I, were one. I have never found a suitable name for that glorious experience. I have sometimes referred to it as my “bus experience,” or my “first moment of bliss,” or “the blissful bus,” but who really needs to name it, anyway, except maybe another Virgo!