

# In Mother Teresas House

A Miracle in India

The following story is about a miracle that happended to me many years ago in the house of Mother Teresa which is located in Kolkata (formerly Calcutta), India. I planned to travel to the Philippines. There was no direct flight any more, so I had to make an intermediate stop. The woman at the booking office showed me some possibilities. I was hungry for a big adventure and so I decided to stop at a crazy place: Kolkata. Four weeks to spend in India, before the final trip to the Philippines. This stop also allowed me to visit Bodhgaya the place where Buddha has become enlightened.

When I left the taxi in the middle of the town of Kolkata, I was shocked by the poverty everywhere. It was just unbelievable. I have already seen a lot of poor countries but this was far beyond anything I could have imagined. It was just hell, everywhere.

A few days later, when I got used to the situation, I started to explore the city. First of all I wanted to visit the house of Mother Teresa which was the center of her work here. In fact, the house was only one kilometer away from my hotel, but it took hours to get there. Most of the taxi drivers didn't know the place and they have never heard of Mother Teresa. But finally I stood in front of the door of a plain house. The door was open and I entered the courtyard, only very few people there and some sisters of the organisation. They welcomed me with a smile :-). Apparently there was only one room to visit, so I put off my shoes like all others and entered. Inside I found 3 or 4 guests, and something like an altar in the middle of that room. It was decorated with candles and lots of orange flowers. One of the guests was bowing in front of it. I preferred to sit down on a simple wooden bench at the wall.

After some minutes of relaxation, I asked myself what this strange altar should be. It was too low and the form was not typical for an altar. After all, the whole place was some kind of disappointing.

So I was just sitting there for a while, a bit helpless. After some minutes the situation changed completely. Suddenly I felt a strange feeling in my stomach and in my heart, as if some emotions wanted to come up. Suddenly, with the power of a huge waterfall I was showered with unbelievable blessing and Love. Then all the pain of my life and my soul flooded my consciousness. I was not prepared at all for what was happening. A door to my deepest feelings was opened and the tears run out of my eyes. I needed all the force (of my ego?) to control myself. But it was just impossible to stop this healing force. I had to leave the room, it was too much. An ocean of Love flooded me, unimaginable. I did not want to cry like a baby in the public so I left. In this room the divine power was so present and extreme that my mind surrendered at once. It could only survive by leaving the room.

Later on when I had stabilized myself again I asked one of the sisters what this room was all about. She explained me that the "altar" in the middle of the room is in fact the tomb of Mother Teresa.

On the way back to my hotel I shared a taxi with a british tourist who also visited her house. He told me that he had experienced the same feelings at this place!! The next day I wanted to go back to the tomb and this time let myself being healed. I took a taxi, went to the house, entered the courtyard, put off my shoes and sit down on the bench. I tried not to pull myself together like the day before and waited for the energy. I waited for a long time. But nothing happened.

Sometimes at special places magic things can happen. My experience is that they happen only once when I am there for the first time.



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