

## GURU NANAK A REFLECTION

A human body is made out of Panch Bhoot (the basic five elements). And the core of the gross form lies in two significant tendencies namely the internal (Bramha) and the external (sanksara). A man can make his life meaningful by surrendering to Bramha and discovering the divine potential within him. The philosophy of life, a total absorption in the soul, enables a human being to purge his 'Sanskaras' and attain the 'Advaitva' - ( Monist ) . The routine worldly life does not create any problem in this subline pursuit."

'Jeeva' is a traveller on the path of life. Its physical form is the medium (sambal). The journey of life is a simple name for the tour of the 'Bramhand; 'Death' means 'change' and 'Moksha' only offers some rest. 'Self Involvement' is the supreme form of human existence'. A life devoted to self realization has distinct identity and stands as a solid representative of the "inherent truth". It is a proven fact and cannot be rejected as a product of a fertile mind. A human being experiences a variety of emotional physical, stresses while he is alive. All these upheavals continue to hound during his life's allocated tenure. But when he dies, his problems also cease to exist. 'Truth' is the only life, 'God' is truth, and 'death' too is the 'truth'. The entire drama is the result of this 'truth'. The cognition of the 'self' in its supreme form, empowers a man to travel to the 'Mayic' Lokas of the entire Bramhand at his own will". These words spoken by an old man on the banks of a lake in 'Amritsar' left an indelible mark on me

I had embarked upon a Parikrama (going around) of mother earth on foot. My visit to Amritsar was a part of my 'Parikrama'. The Golden Temple in 'Amritsar' was a hub bub of activity. Thousands of men and women were engaged in 'Shram - Dan' (self labour). The devotees had dried the lake in order to extend its length and make it mightier. Despite the intense heat they carried out work with a touching devotion.

In the crowd, the sight of an old 'man and woman in particular caught my attention. They were helping each other in carrying the load, and appeared totally engrossed in their work. And whenever my eyes got locked with theirs, I was rewarded with a smile. The exchange of looks and smiles continued for quite some time. I was not content with these occasional glimpses and yearned for more. A sudden push from behind threw me out of gear and I fell head long into the dry pit. The old man immediately rushed to me and helped me to rise. He dusted my clothes and then looked at the offender (a young sikh) inquiringly. I stood as a silent spectator between the two and began to divine the current of their unspoken thoughts. An invitation of love, compassion could be read in their eyes. In silence they stood like the waves of the ocean. The young man, broke this spell by coming towards me. He addressed me thus - "Can you give me two rupees"? His unexpected request and laughter, simply left me dumb founded. I quietly handed over the meagre amount to the young man and bowed to him reverentially. The old man also laughed and walked away from the scene. At this the young sikh said. "Are you out of your wits?" He is no one else but Guru Nanak deva and the old woman is his wife. The Gurus were present before you, still you could not recognize them. The Guru was himself doing the 'Shramdan' and you must not give up this rare opportunity of meeting him. After blessing me the young man departed from that place. I turned around to pay my respects to the 'divine being' in the guise of an old man. But Guru Nanakji merely smiled, and swiftly walked away with his wife, I tried desperately to catch up with him, but failed to match his speed. And within no time, they disappeared.

I walked the entire day through fields and rivers, in search of the divine being - Guru Nanak Deva. At dusk, I reached the Taran Gurudwara and decided to spend the night there. In the quietness of the midnight hour. I transmitted my thought vibration in search of Gurunanak deva. The result seemed positive in a certain direction, but it was practically impossible to reach him so soon. At this juncture 'Samadhi' was the only alternative. Since the place was totally deserted, I found a suitable spot under a tree, secured my body with Mantras, and went into 'Samadhi'

Thus, I left my gross body under the tree, and set forth towards my destintion in my astral form. After the long aerial journey, my search came to an end,. When I spotted a young boy playing near a hut which was situated on a hill. I landed near the hut and began to constitute my physical form. the moment the boy saw me, he ran down the slope which led to the river. I followed him in the tangible physical form, but before I could catch up with him, the boy escaped in a beautiful boat to the opposite bank of the river. As I was about to cross the river, an old woman emerged from no where

and prevented me from doing so, she said' My son, do not try to reach the opposite bank, Guru Nanak deva is not ready to see you now. The time for this meeting is not yet ripe. Let things happens in due course. Now I would rather advise you to return to your gross form, for the day is about to break.'

Many years rolled by since that episode and I continued to wait as per the old womans advice, for the 'ripe moment' which would lead me to Guru Nanak deva. During this period of waiting, I frequented Himalayan region and walked on the shore of the flowing "Bhagirith,". Finally, the day dawned , and my patient waiting came to an end, when, I caught sight of the same old woman walking on the opposite banks of the river Ganges. Though at that time I was engrossed in a conversation with Hari Prasad Maheswari and his wife I could not take away my eyes from this sight which was pregnant with a promise. The figure of the lonely woman coughing and struggling to climb the steep height, haunted me the rest of the day.

At night, when everyone had retired, I shut myself in my room, left my gross body and proceeded in the astral form towards the same river bank where long ago I had seen a hut. The hut looked the same and the boy playing near by, revived the old image which I had treasured all these years in the memory, This time the young boy did not run away from me, but on the contrary waited for me. When I picked him up in my arms, the boy broke into peals of laughter. There upon the transformation took place a splended figure of the divine being Guru Nanak deva stood before me instead of the young boy. The divine revelation opened the flood gates of boundless joy within me. In this blissful state I, asked him a question which had bothered me all this while. In a humble tone I said, 'Prabhu : you are a liberated soul, a supreme siddha, still you were engaged in the Shramdan (wilful labour) in the precincts of the Golden temple ? Kindly explain this"?.

Guru Nanak deva's answer has been summarised thus, - "My son: I am dead, so how can I ever participate in the Shramdan (self labour) all such activities are performed by the 'Bramhic' potentialities which exist within every human being. I merely play the role of a catalyst. Despite my death, I am still alive albeit in a different form. I am totally merged in the divine essence the cosmic consciousness. Only in the 'Virat' Swaroop[ (or form) I have spread my message to the people. My union with the 'divine essence' has become the luminous halo - known as Nanak deva's. I have become immortal. I am dead to the world but this death has given me immortality. Everyone wants to live in this manner. But when this realization awakens within him it is already too late. I was an Upasaka (a devotee) and my intense Upasana (devotion) freed me from the limitation of 'Sanskara'. Hence I became a 'self illumined' person. To me all the 'Jeeva ' who are caught in the mesh of worldiness and leading a meaningless existence which is devoid of 'Karmas' are dead In this finite world, they are like corpses, for they have become oblivious to their true self. The material comforts of life have blind folded them and they are unable to see the divine spark within them.

Human beings are caught in this cycle of life and death due to the tremendous attractions of the various pleasures of life, surprisingly, human beings despite their awareness are repeatedly entangled in the cycle. Nature's greatest ironical attitude is manifested in mans apparent ignorance. Though he recognises his supreme potential, yet he is unable to do anything. He lives for 'tomorrow' and creates a dream world of hopes and desires. Saddyly enough when the 'tomorrow' comes, the time to bid farewell to this world also comes. " My only regret is, that had man realized himself a little earlier, he would have lived for the welfare of others." My teachings, therefore centre around two cardinal points 'Paramartha' (social welfare) and 'Purushartha (manliness - valour). I influence them to work according to my teachings. I am their path and also a traveller. I have a 'form' and at same time do not have a form'. The deep devotion, and the imagination of my followers have made me Bramhamaya (like Bramha) my teaching, and my Karmas, have become their ultimate goal. My illusory presence merely fortifies these external activities. All the activities are infact carried out by the 'Bramha'. 'Bramha' is active in everything.

"I am present yet I am not present ". With this immortal message Guru Nanak devaji returned to the former identity - a young child. I watched him for some time, and began to dematerialise my illusory form, there after I returned to my gross form which was lying in the privacy of my room. I spent rest of the night in the dew drenched lawn. The chirping of the birds heralded the morning . And the grey morning light covered the horizon in the width of its mantle. The Maheshwari couple, when they came to me for the customary morning greetings, I expressed my desire to leave the place. But the couple persuaded me to defer my immediate plans of departure. Since they were so insistent I gave in, and extended my stay. One day I initiated the couple in the cognition of 'Shiva tatva' and advised

them to inspire their fellow mentowards the path of Parmarth - ( well being of others ) I blessedthem on their new vocation and bade farewell to the inhabitants of 'Bhatwari'.

My wanderings led me to 'Nandanvan ' a paradise on earth and Bhrihu sarvowar where lotuses bloom in abundance. Vaitharni river - (a confluence of Bhagirathi and Bhojgarh river) is the land mark which leads to the scenic spot - namely Nandanvan an abode of unparalleled natural beauty.

'**NANDANVAN**' - Nanak deva's hut was situated amidst the profusion of Nandanvan's spectacular natural beauty - an ideal spot for his varied sports. Only, momentarily I was distracted by nature's splendour, and then, resumed my chase of Nanak deva, who was running away at a maddening speed. I did not give up my pursuit, despite his speed, and was finally able to keep pace with him. Nanak deva maintained an impregnable silence all through the walk. We reached an open land over grown with colourful flowers. This breath taking spot known as 'Tapovan' is situated almost six km beyond 'Gomukh'. Hundreds of caves of different shapes and sizes 'abound' in this heavenly place. An exhaustive treasure of herbs with curative properties, is another important aspect of 'nature's' glory namely 'Nandanvan'. The beauty splendour, and colour of 'Nandanvan' cannot be captured in words, 'Yoga' in its truest form is hidden in the caves of 'Nadanvan'. Moreover, it is the habitat of many exalted beings who freely roam around the place. Immersed in the divine bliss, they are immune to all the mayic splendour, be it nature's beauty or any other worldly or natural attachments. They have transcended all these limitations and are only alive to the 'truth' which is within them. These 'yogis' enriched with all the superior 'kalas' of nature have earned the title of 'Yogeshwar'. 'Creation' lies within their will power, and destruction lies within their thoughts'. By virtue of their 'Yogic' power they can perform unthinkable acts like - lifting up the mountains, arresting the flow of the rivers, creating tidal waves in the tranquil ocean or helping the universe tottering on the brink of disaster, with their unfathomable kindness.

With Nanak deva's help, I obtained the darshan of the exalted Mahatamas who inhabited the innumerable caves of Tapovan. Nanak deva from this point began his return journey. I watched the silent retreating figure of the "celestial one" who had evidently accompanied me only to reach me to the 'great Yagis' of the 'Tapovan'.

I stayed in Nandanvan for a couple of weeks and savoured my association with the sublime Mahatamas. I even got the opportunity to visit 'Seema' tal located near "Bandar Punch" 'Parvat', Seeyagarh Ganga' emerges from this remarkable 'Tal', courses through a meandering path and mingles with the river - Bhagirtathi' I stayed for a short while, in Parmanand Udaseen's hut situated on the bank of the 'Seema tal' and watched the 'Kinnar' boys and girls engaged in varied sports.

'Ramanand Avdhootji, took me to his cave which was near 'Dodi Tal'. He has chosen this 'Tal' as his 'Taposthal (a spot for his penance and for centuries, he has been living in this place. 'Dodi tal' is stretched to the length of three miles and is encircled by dense growth of 'Bhoj patra' trees. The dancing reflection in the transparent waters of the lake is an exquisite sight.

Almost twenty miles beyond 'Gangi' the last Indian village, lies another beautiful lake known as Sahastra Tal'. 'Sahastra Tal' is at the centre', Three sarovars' are on its east, and its' west side also has three sarovars. 'Bhilang' and 'Milangana', the two rivulets running in a riotous mood, too, can be seen on east and west of the 'Sahastra Tal' 'Linga Tal' owes its name to the small island which has the semblance of 'Shivlinga'. Nature has lovingly crafted it at the centre of the lake and the mass of colourful flowers enhance its' beauty. Shining black stones have been meticulously laid in the 'Sahastra Tal'. The length of the 'Tal is 2½ kms and at the very first sight one is over - whelmed by its' massive length. Birds of different variety are often seen near this lake. Mahatama of high esteem often loiter near the lakes.

I was fortunate to percieve the prolific beauty of the lakes and flowers, in the revered company of the seven Mahatamas, When this short sojourn came to an end, I embarked upon my lonely trek to Badrinath and the range of 'Sumeru mountains'.

Perched on the highest altitude of the 'Sumeru' mountain. I began to observe the wondrous mayic activities of 'Bramha'. The sight of a group of 'Mahatamas' endowed with the rich knowledge of spiritualism climbing the steep height of the mountain, heightened the glory of the Himalayas. The

'Himalayas', since time immemorial, has been a constant source of inspiration to India and its' people. It has always sent a message of peace and hope to the strife torn world.

In the valley of 'Sumeru' mountains I spent some time with these learned Mahatamas, and thereafter started my journey towards "Santo - Panth Tal", the chief source of Alakananda river. This lake is situated on the south west slope of the 'Chowkhamba' mountains. My two days of arduous trek led me to the 'Santopath. On the way I came across the fast currents of Alakananda Glacier, Bhagirathi Gal and 'Kharak' Bhagat Glacier. 'Santapanth' lake triangular in shape, looked enchanting in the icy ambience. I managed to cross the huge icy mounds without any difficulty and reached the shore of the lake. While Baba Ramdasji and Sundernathji were waiting for me. I hungrily ate the kund (roots) which the Mahatamas gave me. It was my first meal after weeks of fasting and it really appeased my hunger. After my meal I straight away marched to one of the three huge caves which stood on the bank of the lake. The territory of 'Alkapuri' begins from this point. I slept for a long time on the floor of the cave and when I got up I found the three mahatamas had already arrived and had started a fire which bathed the cave in its soft glow. I toured the Himalayas in the benign company of the three great mahatmas. I even got the opportunity to visit 'Chakra Teertha' - the historical spot where the meeting between 'Yudhisther' and the demigods took place. There upon Yudhisther vanished, and became the inhabitant of space.

A forest of Bhoj Patra trees known as aksman van paves the way for Alkapur. Long prayers, devotional songs are the significant features of this holy place. Munis and 'devatas' converge on this spot on the day of every 'Ekadashi', eleventh day of the lunar month. A natural icy expanse of Chakrateerth, is often visited by the inhabitants of space.

'Rishi Kund' and 'Urvashi Tal' the two lakes are located in the valley of the Neelkanth mountain. the uniqueness of 'Urvashi Tal' lies in the beautifully carved stone wall which surrounds the entire lake. A special ghat has been carefully designed for the female tourists. From the depth of 'Rishi Kund' originates the well known river - Rishi Ganga.. We spent some time with Dayanangh on the banks of Rishi Ganga and there after returned to the cave. On Sundernathji's request, I agreed to extend my stay for two more day. Sundernathji, delineated the plight of human being in the clutches of social limitation, in an analytical manner. He said, "Neither does a man know anything when he is born, nor does he know anything when he dies. But, during his life time, he considers himself as capable of anything and everything and the 'experience' which he derives from his creations becomes 'all in all' to him. He deludes himself by thinking that society alone begets all creative activities and feels proud to be its member. He formulates the different social norms, and thus tries to prove his worthiness. Unfortunatly, he forgets that all such activities are transitory and therefore meaningless. And his earthly abode is also illusory. Thus, he begins to doubt the existence of his 'real abode', from whence he has come in the human incarnation. he tends to confuse the worthy with the unworthy. He regards his ancestors as the progenitors of shristi (creative process). To him, people of philanthropic, nature are like 'God'. When a certain individual exhibits his special 'power' he is blindly accepted as 'khuda' (God). despite his elevation to the status of 'God', his parentage is looked upon with suspicion. Generally a man's conversation centres around his own achievements in the material world where 'God' does not seem to play even the infinitesimal role.

'Paramartha' (altruism) is like a naked sword and there are certain situations which gives birth to this noble attitude. Society has carved this path of 'Paramartha' for those who have severed all their social ties and dwell in the 'Atama Tatva' (self). A common individual is often prevented from adopting this 'noble' path. A bit of charity is depicted as humanity. The innumerable episodes which dot the entire human life's drama reflect the humanitarian nature of man, which enables him to obtain the heavenly bliss. This attitude is fallacious for it shrouds the vision towards his own 'divine potential'. Interestingly, the Indian woman hood is invested with a false ideology - to a wife husband is like god and dutiful wife who lives as per the prescribed norms of the society goes to heaven after her death. Even a slightest deviation - like mixing with another man is considered as a big sin and punitive measures are levelled against her. A 'man', on the contrary enjoys a total freedom from all such social restrictions and his licentiousness is regarded as a compliment to his manliness. The prevalent social evil in the temples like the 'Dasi' system is promoted by man and the 'Pujaris' (the temple priests) are encouraged to sexually exploit young women in the name of 'religion' and 'Sadak' on the other hand is ostracised, if he has any relationship with a woman.

'Society' never allows a human being to lead an independent life which is free, from social bondage. Hundreds of institutions have mushroomed, which project the ideals of 'Paramartha' and 'Humanity'. A traveller who has adopted an independent path, is often embroiled in these charitable institutions. And consequently finds himself again in the 'clutches' of life and death. Whenever any person dares to express his unconventional ideas, he is snubbed and condemned. But if he has some unique attribute, be he a saint or a politician, the society stoops to his overpowering personality. Hence onwards, in the name of humanity, he is compelled by the society to lead a life of a Philanthropist divorced from his 'chosen path'.

If a man is able to evade these social obstacles, he can become an ideal man, discover the real identity of his soul and live as a 'yogi' in his rightful abode - the glorious Himalayas'. Thousands of curious travellers have tried to explore the wealth of the Himalayas entombed in its bowels but have failed. The various conquests like the highest peaks etc are not necessarily the mysteries which are lurking within the Himalayas. Only a yogi, the true inhabitant of the Himalayas can help the explorers in getting a glimpse of the plethora of mysteries like the saints, the kinnars, Gods, Gandharva, Siddha Purush etc.

There are many 'lokas' in the acloves which are scattered all over the Himalaya domain. Likewise, the different Himalayan villages are the habitation of people who are culturally, physically, scientifically and spiritually, highly advanced. They are imbued with the power to migrate from one place to another via the air route. Moreover the aerial journey they can undertake in their physical forms. Even their space crafts can visit various planets unhindered. The most significant characteristics of this civilization is this, that all the needs of the day today life are fulfilled by the sheer power of their "will".

When I expressed my desire to proceed on my onward journey. Baba Sundernathji offered a piece of useful advise. He said, "well, I am afraid this time I will not be able to accompany you on your expedition, but can certainly give an outline of the route you should adopt. Deva tal and Arawa Glacier will lead you to Kailash mountain, and while trekking on this route you will come across the ranges of Gandha madan mountain. The people belonging to the ancient Tibetan Tag - shoo' civilization live there. These people are well conversant with the secret places of the Himalayas and Buddhist Vihar (or establishment). In the mean time I will try to communicate with the Langompa saint Ju and inform him of your visit. He will be able to guide you through the 'mysteries' of the Himalayas'. Armed with this precious information we embarked upon our marathon tour.

During our walk we found a decomposed body of a sadhu in a cave. We deduced, that the sadhu had probably got injured and some how had managed to reach his cave. He must have tried to heal his broken body, but apparently failed in his attempts. We buried the decomposed body of the unfortunate sadhu under the ice and resumed the steep climb of the Glacier. From the highest point of the Glacier Gandmadan we could clearly see the mountain and its cascading waterfalls. We began to descend the mountain, and after a long careful descent we reached the famous Sundervan which is situated at the foothills of Gandmadan mountain.

Sunderban' is the abode of lord Hanuman. This famous forest was not new to me, for I had visited this place earlier albeit in my astral form. A small 'Lakshman Temple' which is, situated along the coast line of the 'Lakshman' river, became our temporary lodging.

The next day , we again began our long journey towards our destination. The view of 'Kallbhrushundi' Sarsovar (lake) which lies between "Kamet" and 'Gandmadan' mountains, was simply enchanting. The two rivers which ran on the either side of the 'lake', formed the striking shape of a bow. We continued to walk on the edge of Dhaula river which took us to 'Vishnu Prayag' from Vishnu Prayag, we switched over to the regular road which went up till Nand Prayag. We followed the river Mandakini and patiently scaled the height . When we reached 'Roopkund' we were over whelmed to hear the glorious tales of 'Nanda devi'. A heap of primitive skeletons lying at the bottom of 'Roopkund' was an awe inspiring sight. But the twinkling reflection of Nand devi's peak and the adjoining well lit surrounding, dispelled the earlier twinge of awe which the skeletons had produced. Hom kund is the last lake of the Nanda group and is situated at a very high altitude. It is a significant religious spot and has been beautified by a wall of finely carved glittering stones.

At this spot we also came across a herd of healthy sheep, and following them was a group of young boys and girls. The multiple horns, however gave the sheep the extra - ordinary look. We began to walk towards them, but, as we were about to catch up with them they suddenly started walking towards the other side of the mountain in the proximity of the 'Nanda Devi peak'. We also continued to follow the group, and in the course of our walk we saw a lake known as 'surya kund'. From this lake began the difficult slope, Strangely enough at this precarious point, the sheep and the group of boys and girls suddenly vanished.

We looked down, as we reached the slope of lake Surya Kund from where the flow of river 'Rishi Ganga' was visible. The scene was mainly decorated with snow. It was literally impossible for animals to come down. Our eyes searched in all directions but we could not find the Kids. When it began to grow dark, we abandoned our search and returned to 'Hom kund' to spend the night. Since there was no shelter within the sight, we had no option left but to spend the night in the open. The icy winds made us extremely uncomfortable, but we were reluctant to steel our bodies, with the help of samadhi. Finally, when we could not endure the icy onslaught any longer, we ate the herb which was lying in my bag. Within minutes, we began to perspire profusely and could withstand the biting cold. It was almost mid night, when we spotted a torch light approaching us. We immediately shielded our bodies with the coverlet of 'Mantras' and awaited the advancing 'torch light'. When the group of torch bearers drew closer, all our apprehensions regarding them also came to an end. The group comprised of the same boys and girls whom we had met earlier, but this time they looked different for they were clad in rich clothes and ornaments. They were rather short people, but their complexion was very fair. Some older men, with long locks wrapped around their waists were also in the group. The necklaces which they wore, glittered in the atmosphere of half light and half darkness. One of them came forward and said, 'We are Langonpas, and my name is 'Ju', Baba Sundernathji has already informed me the purpose of your visit. And since that moment, I have been waiting for your arrival. Today, when these children told me about the presence of some travellers in this area, I immediately thought about you two" Kindly follow us". We were fully protected by the coverlet of Mantras, so without any hesitation we joined the groups of the langonpas and proceeded on our onward journey. We kept on walking till we reached, the characteristic slope that led to 'Surya kund'. Near the lake a huge opening took us into a different world. The narrow long stony path which preceded it, was constructed with an artistic precision. The mere touch, of the burning torches, easily inflamed them. but the fire was snuffed and by the next person of the entourage which was moving in a trail. After a long walk the tunnel, finally emerged into a massive open land. All the necessities of life were present in a beautifully arranged manner. Even different varieties of animals were sitting in the befitting sections of the vast ground. Saint 'ju' took us to a cave which was full of fine carvings. A bed carved out of a huge black stone, and covered with animal furs stood in the corner of the cave. Saint Ju offered us seats in the cave and then went out to make certain arrangements. Very soon we were invited to partake of the delicious meal which was prepared by the ladies of this unusual habitation. Some dishes were semisolid and looked like Jam while the others gave the appearance of butter. Nevertheless, all the dishes were delicious and were served in vessels made out of Gold. The figures of Gods and Goddesses which were carved on the vessels were testimony to their superb craftsmanship we were offered some beverages to drink and after this, we retired to our cave for the night's rest.

In the morning, when we came out of the cave, we were pleasantly surprised by the scene which we 'saw'. The huge opening of the tunnel in the morning light, was in fact a small village. Caves of diverse shapes and sizes, were in fact the houses of the villagers. Shortly saint Ju, came to us and led us out of the long tunnel. When we emerged from the tunnel we found ourselves in an open land which faced the mighty mountains. The rivers running between the mountain ranges looked extremely soothing. Saint 'Ju' sat down on a rock which lay near by, and began to communicate with someone with his "thought vibrations".

After a short while a small circular air craft came revolving towards us. The circular shape gradually landed near us and a man who resembled 'Saint Ju' alighted from the craft. The new comer was introduced to me as Funchiao. We boarded the air craft and flew over the 'Sinkiang' mountains. The air craft first circled over the mountains and then, Gradually landed on the ground.

Many air crafts of the similar variety were grounded there. Some of them looked ultra modern and were monitored solely by solar energy. Our plane alighted on lush green land, surrounded by snow clothed mountains. A group of tunnel shaped caves, situated at a short distance, attracted our attention. The doors made out of strikingly different substance, displayed their uniqueness. We

entered into one of the caves and were rather amazed to see a number of houses which were constructed in the contemporary style. The wire lines were laid symmetrically on the ground and small cabin shaped vehicle moved over them. Furniture, Which was inside that cave was crafted from rocks. The marvellous craftsmanship was worth admiring. More over the chairs and tables were so light, that they could be easily shifted from one place to another. The entire cave was well illuminated with sunlight we inspected all the caves and found them equipped with all the amenities of life. We also visited the libraries which contained books and scriptures of ancient science and lore 'Bhoj Patra' (dry leaves) and cloth, were used abundantly to pen down valuable information. The inhabitants of this place make use of intoxicants in their foods and beverages. They can bodily fly in the air but this power they use very rarely.

The 'Kith and Kin' of Langompas reside in the Himalayan territory and their mode of communication is 'thought vibrations'. These valleys are popularly known as - Jambidor, Sinkiang, Kailash, Shung, Alakpuri etc. Disappearing at will, is another important quality the Langompas are endowed with. We did an extensive study of the rare, and precious literature which was in their library Saint Ju also introduced us to the Shewat Lokas' (the white Lokas). The chief of this distinctly different 'Loka' was "Tao shing" who welcomed us warmly, and there after took us in his air craft over the famous mountain 'Kailash' or 'Kamaposhe" in their native language. After the aerial tour of the magnificent mountain, we descended near the river 'Rishi Ganga' and thus, our exploratory tour came to an end.

I returned to my sanctuary the cave in the Pindari Glacier. The presence of Mathuradasji Maharaja and other Mahatamas in my cave gave me a happy surprise. I was welcomed with affection by everyone. After the affectionate exchanges, Mathuradas Baba came forward and presented an orange coloured Monga necklace to me. Ramdasji too, recieved a big bead of Shyama Tulsi, as a present from 'Baba' we spent few days in the company of Baba Mathuradasji and there after, proceeded towards 'Bageshwar math' via the village 'Khati'.

A significant change began to occur within me, with, the revival of old memories of 'Bageshwar math'. In order to supress these symptomatic changes, I began to invoke 'Rekha' - which emerges when the river of life collides with it. Rekha is an integral part of total cessation which is called "Vishram". At this junsture of my life I divined the presence of 'Rekha'.