

MA AND MAMTA COMPASSION

It was evening, the union of day and night was spreading its splendour and beauty. The setting sun, enveloped in its red rays, was gradually moving into the arms of night. Dusk was slowly setting in. The chirping birds were returning to their nests. The river Narayani was flowing continuously towards its destination. The trees and the creepers in a stooping position, appeared to be conveying their messages. The flowing waters were receiving the encouragement. Scattered clouds in the sky, were playing hide and seek. The sun was steadily going into hiding. The evening was restive, for, the sun was slipping away from her grip. Her robe was in a disarray. This atmosphere of union and separation was affecting each and every atom of nature. (The weary traveller on the one side, and the other side the 'waiting', the yearning for the union, and the fear of estrangement).

At that moment the sun freed it self from the evening's grip and got lost in the darkness of light. There was total silence everywhere, as though each and every atom of nature had gone to sleep. The stars shone in the sky. The silence was interrupted now and then by the flowing waters. Every where there was a strange beauty. At that moment, I heard a divine voice. "This is nature's drama, it is enacted in the law of nature. Some have to surrender where as others have to 'rise' and 'set'. Many times we have come and gone, and we will continue to come and go.

"We will witness the union and separation of day and night again and again like 'birth and death'. But the 'bliss in surrender' Kapil can only be explained by those who 'live' despite being dead. In this state there is neither 'birth' nor 'death'. Life does not abandon the body. 'Man' lives even in his death. There is neither animation, nor in animation, only total 'bliss'. This bliss is totally immersed in nature and surrendered to 'Bramha' It is beyond slumber, and consciousness. The state of ultimate sleep and 'wakefulness' is also not there. It is pure and simple "bliss".

Something strange and weird was happening. Words were sounding from some divine source. I was lost in that man, My heart beat became alive like the Himalayas. My ears were alert and heart was still. It disturbed my ego. All the organs of nature were in mute alertness. It was leaving an indelible imprint on my mind. Words like nectar were pouring from the eternal Yogi Baba Goraknath's lotus mouth. Each and every atom was alert every fibre of the body was responding to it. I went on looking at him in a fixed stare. My mind was eager to surrender to him and get lost in him. His thundering voice piercing life death, surrender, mingling, and union was heard again. "Die first? Then live. Do not create any novelty. Destruction of sanskara, Destruction of self ! Life in death ! That is the bliss ! Supreme bliss ! "Nityanda" where mind, intelligence conscience, meditation, body and universe cease to exist except 'Anand'. "Life is not there: Death is not there: you are not there: I am not there:" The flow of divine thoughts was spreading everywhere the entire 'Bramhand' was being illuminated within me. Almost paralysed I went on looking at that illusory-man (apparition), a Bramhand's creation, a divine miracle he was close to me yet very far. Though I know him, yet I was in the darkness of ignorance. He was a human being, I was, only a man, he was an ascetic.

I was encircled by everyone, where as he was within his own circles. I was lost in the ancient ruin of my thoughts but the booming sound of 'Aye Harihar' brought me back to the world of consciousness, awareness.

'Aye Hari', I have initiated kapil in the path of "Agam Agochar which you have chosen for him. The ceaseless path of life which is full of difficulties, the remains of the remainder of sanskars I have destroyed, and invoked them, I have enlightened him of his previous sanskaras and now I am on my way. I will return after some time".

I could see the super human being going away. He was vanishing with great speed and left behind a light in the darkness. He was a man like you and me. But he was divine free, and strange. 'Thought' was his speed. 'Will' was the 'Creation'. Free will was the a bode. 'He was beyond' 'Dwaita' - 'Dwait', He was a man. He appeared to be a man, still he was not a man.

He left behind a light which dispelled the darkness. There was sky, the light, and the sleeping atoms of nature. The sound of flowing waters, the mute messages soothed my soul and freed me like the Himalayas. My eyes were glued to the spot from where the 'Maha Purush' had disappeared. I could only see the range of mountains, and profusion of bushes. Snow clad Pinnacles of Himalayas and the waves of the flowing river were dimly visible. There was dense darkness everywhere only the way of light which was still there, illuminated my inside as well as outside.

I was in search of something far-far away. I was following that light. One human being was engrossed in the comparison between him self and the other human being. After all he is also a human being, almost like a common man, But this man is far beyond a common man. He has transcended the common by virtue of his divinity. Man's life, itself is supreme and rare. He has the capacity to obtain everything. Despite this precious potential he is running away from his 'self'. In pursuit of untruth he is overlooking the 'truth'. He is trying to initiate the others and in this process he is ignoring his 'self'. He is leading a suffocated life. Due to love and hate, and in human acts, he is going into oblivion. But, another human being has ascribed to human body supreme importance, and keeps travelling in a spiritual and celestial world with the help of his will. All paths have become easy for him. Light is emanating from his body. Like birds he is travelling in the sky. He is creating light from the 'Panch Bhoot' (five elements). He is simulating the wind. His voice is producing currents in the atmosphere. All the elements of nature are closely co-operating with him. Earth and planets have become his abode. Deeply affected by the celestial grandeur of the man, I became pensive. Suddenly some one spoke 'somnath is conversant with his bizarre activities. Amar Yogi Gorakhnath has been present in all the ages like a Kalpa 'Taru' and has been concerned with the welfare of mankind. His existence is always there. The motion or speed is within his 'will'. He wills his body to disappear, but is born all over again and resumes his journey in his former guise. The snow clad caves of Himalayas are his abode. And from this place he sends his message of spiritual consciousness, and yagna, to the world. From time to time he makes his existence felt, through his appearances and leaves his disciples among common men, who are lost in the world of (maya). Nectar rains from his voice. All the wealth of the world is in his bag. His 'Khappar' can create and destroy the entire universe he is far away from 'siddhis'. He has surrendered himself to Bramha and has become 'Bramha May' (a power all by himself.) He has his own history. His name has permeated the whole of India. But extremely fortunate men endowed with superior sanskar, are able to find him and those who find him can under go a tremendous change. He is generally roaming around like 'Narada' with his 'Jholi' (bag) and 'Khappar' and chanting, 'Narayan', Narayan and with his 'Gorakh' 'Chimta' (Forcep) he is totally involved in 'Alaka Niranjan'. Modern man is enjoying the hue and cry of the physical world. The speed and rush of the atomic age has inflated his ego. And he has come to the wrong conclusion that the knowledge or science is the ocean of all knowledge. He has no time to be aware of his surroundings. This is primarily the reason why he is unable to identify these great superior human beings. These great souls are freely moving around, enjoying nature, and uniting the Jeevas of similar sanskara. Now let us enter the caves. After a little while, they will be also coming, they have gone to get alms through 'Alakh'. Almost hypnotised by his voice, I started following the 'Baba' as though in a trance. The river was flowing intensely. The cave was close by but it was on the other side of the river. The 'Assans' for three Mathtamas were already there. Some clothes for my use were also there. The mouth of the cave was very narrow. But it could comfortably accomodate at least 28 people.

Different kinds of 'Assans' tiger skin, deer skin, trishul, and khappars were kept there. Neclaces of precious stones and 'Rudrarksha' were strewn all over the place. An assorted variety of clothes were also there - like, tiger skin apparel, and jacket kurta. I occupied the 'Assana' which was shown to me by 'Baba'.

My 'Assana' was in the middle. A beautiful 'Shiva - lingam' stood right in front of me. Drops of water fell on the lingam from the copper pitcher. A beautiful 'Trinetra' was engraved on the lingam. Some fortunate flowers adorned the shiva lingam. Hari Baba picked up a flower from the 'Shivalingam' and left it on my head. I began to fall in a dense darkness. The restlessness within me, and the curiosity gradually died. The entire 'motion' of my body seemed to be moving upwards. Frequent electric currents could be seen. I could fathom the difference between my 'self'

and my 'body'. My eyes became heavy and body became motion less. I could see divine will at work in the objects of nature. I could also see pulsation in plants and trees. I could even comprehend the chirping of birds. The thoughts waves of snakes, and birds, began to influence me. Even in the sitting position everything was visible to me. I could understand the mysteries of the living forms of ocean, sky, earth, birds and human being. A fine ray of light tried to establish the relationship. But it failed in its 'attempt again, and again. A little distance away in a cave of the Himalaya peaks, another body was lying. There was light in the cave. I could see a skeleton and two more bodies. They were also inert their skeletons were prominent.

Precisely, at that, moment I could see that "Maha Purush" coming. He entered the cave. He sat down in a corner, left his body and entered into my inert body. I could see everything, but, I was helpless. I wanted to do something, but lacked the capacity. I could feel my attachment for my body. I was merely a spectator of all the miracles of nature or of power. I saw my body getting up and moving. The soul of a celestial 'Mahapurush' had entered my body. His soul was within my body, and my body started moving with a tremendous speed, A bag on his shoulder and in either hands he had his 'Chimita' and 'Khappar'. And thus equipped he began the chanting of his 'Alakh'. He covered thousands of miles within no time. Since I was following him closely. I could see everything. He was moving in the skies with great speed. I was there but my body was not there. My body was there, but I was not within my body.

An enormous 'Bargadh Tree' the well, that was underneath, a huge ground in the front, and adjacent to it a mighty gate, the walls, and the ancient history engraved on them, all appeared very familiar. The place had a deep effect on me a kind of filial bond, was pulling me. The thought waves of place were hypnotising me. The yogi was smiling away. He was looking upwards. His gaze rested on the massive gate. The gate was ajar, and different activities were going on. Though all things were mine, yet I was not there. The 'Yogiraj' was watching my helplessness. He went near the gate and started chanting the 'Alakh'. A woman came out of the house with the alms but the moment she saw the yogi, she broke into tears and ran inside. There was total chaos in the entire household. Young, and old, came out to see the yogi. Everyone was crying bitterly. Some woman tried to pull the yogi inside the house, but could not budge him. The atmosphere became very strange and tense. The entire village collected in the ground. Men, women & children all were there. They had arranged for the light also. Everyone was trying to catch his glimpse. The atmosphere was becoming very emotional. With moist eyes, the villagers were looking at the yogi. The yogi stood unmoved, even in the surrounding which were charged with emotions. I could recognize my companions, every nook and corner of the house, and my mother, in whose lap I had spent my childhood. The courtyard stirred memories of the childish games I had played. The branches of the 'Branches of the 'Baniyan Tree' where I used to play hide and seek, were also familiar. The village lanes reminded me of my mischievous childhood. When they saw me in this guise they simply broke down. But the yogi despite the atmosphere was unruffled. There was no change in his composure. I was watching everything. All were mine, They loved me and cared for me. I was there but the yogi was no one to them. Unflinching, resolute, the yogi continued the chanting of 'Alakh'. My mother went inside the house and returned with some rice & lentil. She threw few grains over him and blessed him "Long live my son she did the customary 'Parikaram' (going around) of the yogi and poured the alms in his 'Khappar' (around dish).

Everyone was watching the scene in a stunned silence. On receiving the alms, the yogi started walking away from the place. Weeping uncontrollably the mother ran and stood before the 'Yogi' and in an imploring voice said "Once and only once I want to meet my dear son, I want to see him. I have recognized you, you are the one whom I had given birth. I know that first he is my son, he can be a yogi afterwards. A son can never forget his mother, no matter how great a thinker he has become". Yogi give me this promise that you will send my son atleast once to me? You are a capable person nurtured in your company, may be he will become a great yogi. Let him sever the worldly ties and live for humanity. Yogi you can leave, we are indeed fortunate to have great souls like you amongst us. I am extremely fortunate to be the mother. Yogi go and give this message to my son "The love and affection of the mother always inspires and helps in the 'Sadhana'.

The yogi gave her a handful of ashes and walked away from the scene. She reverently touched it to her forehead and started laughing in a hysterical manner - "Yes everything finally turns into ashes. The yogis are indeed peculiar people. The entire Bramhand becomes their house.

Shiva your ways are truly strange, you are 'Shav' and 'Shiva'". The villagers were the helpless spectators of this scene. Leaving everyone in the emotional state the yogi came back to the cave within seconds. He abandoned my body and re-entered his own body. I was watching all these activities. The touch of Hari Baba gradually brought me back to the palpable world. I could again hear Baba Gorakhnath's voice, which touched my heart string.- Now you can come to us, before your achievements, you have become free from all the worldly "attachments".

By that time, I had entered into the world of consciousness and was watching the two celestial beings. Baba Gorakhnath had the same 'Khappar' which contained the alms Khichidi (gruel) and the bag clutched under his arm was over burdened with all the 'Maya' of the world. A delicate smile was lingering on his lips. Over come with powerful feelings of reverence I paid my respects repeatedly, 'Baba' Gorakhnathji took me in his arms. In the circle of his (massive) arms, I was simply clinging to him "Somnath" I have done the right thing. You have seen experienced everything. I stirred myriad emotions in your family member. I made your sisters to weep, and plunged your brother into pensiveness. After sowing the seed of competition amongst your acquaintances, I secured the alms through the medium of your body. I was there, and you were there. I was lost in you and you were lost in me. Who was there? You or me? In order to enter into the realm of 'Adwaita' we have to forsake the (Dwaitadwaita).

"You can unite with this only after you have severed, all the ties, with the mortal world. Once what is broken can not be rejoined for, the knots will always remain. You have disunited yourself from there but have become united with 'yourself'. This is death (and the life even in death) and the resurgence of life after the 'death'. You are like a flower who has been plucked from this garden of worldliness, get united with thyself where there is only life and nothing else".

Hari Baba started cooking the 'Khichadi' on the 'Dhuni', meanwhile, I went towards the river with 'Baba Gorakhnath'. After crossing heaps of 'stone and pebbles' and rocks we reached the river banks. We continued walking on the edge of the river. We saw a lamp burning at a short distance from us. We continued moving in the similar pace and reached a massive sandy, open area.

The rivers flow had assumed a meandering motion. Gradually we got closer to the light of the lamp, and finally we reached that place. There, we saw a giant python lying on the sands. It was surrounded by burning lamps. The air was thick with a heavy fragrance. We felt that we will fall unconscious in no times. The snake was making weird whistling sound and sand was flying with his every breath. It had spotted us and that is why it made angry sounds. But we were totally unaffected by his whistles. Its anger, and its, helplessness all were apparent. Gorakhnathji frequently broke into smiles and uttered these words now and then- "come on, you have had enough: Don't exhibit you sense of duty too much otherwise I will extinguish your lamps". Suddenly the python turned more vehement and his whistle became sharper. Still laughing, the Baba drew a circle towards the sky and the straight line within the circle which he cut at the edge. This had an instantaneous effect on the python and he became comparatively sober. And this act sunffed out the lamps too. There upon the snake became almost life less. We resumed our onward journey. Within few minutes we were near a small hut, which was on the banks of the river. A small 'Dhuni (fire) was burning inside the hut. A thirteen year old young girl was lying unconsciousness, on the ground. One 'Augarh' was drinking blood from her private parts and was belching loudly like an animal. His mouth was covered with blood. From time to time he looked up, his eyes were all afire, we went and stood near the door. Our shadows were falling on him. So he got up with start and leaped for his 'Trishul'. He was shivering with wrath, but his eyes looked fearful. He was baffled and bewildered and betrayed a certain restlessness. Seeing the light of the 'Augarh' the Baba burst into a laughter. Weeping bitterly the 'Augarh' collapsed on the Baba's feet. He continued to weep with compassion and pain. Totally exhausted he lay on Baba's feet. Moved by his repentance Baba picked him up and said- "So augharnath how long you propose to continue such practise? Why do you want to waste your precious life? You cannot achieve 'Shivatva through such, practises this is no worship at all. Human life is obtained through a mother's intense penance. How can you drink blood of the same mother? Every mother is a women, and behind every women lurks the mother figure, why don't you also wait for the fruit of arduous penances? Do you think, that this is the 'one' and only path which can lead you to your self realization apart from your own body, what can you gain from the bodies of others why don't you look for it 'within' you. Instead of blood why don't you consume your own semen? You can not forstall death through

this physical medium. Surrendered your art for arts sake, and thus achieve it. Get up now and go towards the direction which is inspired by your 'sanskaras'. Purify this girl and reach her to her destination. And take care that she is not socially ostracized. She should not be crushed prior to her bloom in the garden of life. If she is subjected to the wrath of society and goes astray, you will be doomed forever. When a woman goes into pieces she becomes a curse incarnate, and retaliates with vengeance. A solitary blunder will jeopardize all your future births. Augarnath if you want to save yourself from drowning, make sure that such an ordeal does not befall this girl. Your penance will surely bear fruits and the girl will also have a smooth life".

The 'Augarh' stood there, with a new brilliance in his eyes, and his long matted locks touched the ground. Overcome with the surge of emotions he again fell on the 'Baba's feet. He presented an image of total contentment.

His 'sadhana' bore fruit in the form of the appearance of Baba Gorakhnath. He was unable to express his deep gratitude in words. He could only utter these words reverently "Maharaj, I will follow your orders. I am indebted to your grace". Lost in the periphery of life and death, I have been trying to reach you. Your "shiv tatva is within you only". Go now everything will be alright. Adopt the path of renunciation. With these words, Gorakhnathji left that place. Our return journey began. Few lamps were still burning in the open ground.

But this time in the place of the python a 'kapalika' was sitting. He was a heavily built man, with drunken but content eyes. His body was totally bare. A little far from where the 'kapalika' was sitting a trishul could be seen buried in the ground, and few human skulls were scattered all over the place. Disturbed by Baba's presence he got up paid his respects and returned to his seat. He remained mute. Suddenly a divine looking maiden clad in an orange attire, her hair rolled up in a bun, with trishul in one hand and 'Baraha Devta' on the other appeared on the scene. She stood between the 'Baba' and the 'Kapalika'. This woman was in a dilemma, and it was conspicuous.

Oh Maya despite your centuries old penance, you are still wandering despite the fact that your 'Sadhana' has attained the peak of fulfilment, you are still incomplete. Your desires like mirage are wandering every where. I had seen you in the palace of king. - 'Harshwardhan'. 'You gave up profound love of Harshwardhan, denounced the world and became a yogi. Since then you started moving on the banks of river Ganga. Your appearance in the guise of a mendicant was like a boon to the other devotees or (Sadhak). Your glory was all encompassing even the Vindhya region was affected by it. You became the associate of 'Aghoreshwar Bhairavnath'. He deviated from his kapalika worship and made you the 'path' to attain his 'sadhana'. The devotees on the river banks elevated you to this status, and this definitely helped you in your progress. I had seen you many a times wandering on the river banks I had also seen your presence in the valleys of 'Vindhya' you are still wandering in the discontent manner. 'Bhairavnath' too remained incomplete for the "Barah devata" too ignored him. In the absence of the woman the worship of Bhairavnath, was incomplete. What a coincidence it was, Without a man, you are incomplete and without a woman Bhairavnath is incomplete. Though you and Bhairavnath are close to each other. Yet, very far away. You two, could have become an integral part of each other, but, 'Ban - Bhatta' caused a rift between you two. You continued to cherish the love of Krishan-- wardhan, and failed to accept Bhairavnath fully. You wanted everyone, and everything. You wanted to pervade the empire of 'Harshwardhan' and 'Krishnawardhan' you had designs on the total sadhana of Bhairavnath you wanted to infuse revolutionary changes in it. Despite all these feats, you were inwardly a disoriented person. One cannot forget your deeds easily You could have changed the course of history, if you had been benevolent towards 'Krishna wardhan' and Rajashree. But you were enslaved to your insatiable desire. Now everyone has gone : Krishnawardhan is no more. Harshwardhan, has also passed away. The entire empire no longer exists. You are the only one, who is moving around till today. "Yogini what power are you searching in the caves of Himalayas? Why have you deserted the banks of Ganga, and the valley of Vindhya, and taken refuge in the Himalayas? Your presence on the banks of the 'Narayani river'.

You must have witnessed too many changes, so many transformations. All these now belong to history. All you contemporaries, and the golden temples of 'Barah Devata' are no more. The rebirths and deaths of Krishnawardhan have occurred so many times. The flow of the ganga waters, has also changed its courses. Barahdevata has handed over the power to the occultists like

Tara, Kamakshi and Banglamukhi. Many changes have occurred in the nation in compliance with the 'time' and the direction. Patliputra is now known as Patna. The mansion that symbolised the past has, crumbled and is lost in the depths of ganga, but your life's journey still seems to be endless and, after thousands of years you have come to the Himalayas. Your 'will' has become your "motion" (speed). You are leading a life which is guided by your free 'will'. 'Life' and 'Death' are at your beck and call. You have made your life like the 'Kalpataru' why don't you erase the dissatisfied past and return to your natural self?. Throw away these human skulls. The age of 'Kapalika' sadhana is going into oblivion and 'Panch Makar' is emerging. For thousands of years, the worship of Barahdevata was done by the Buddhist Monk. Buddhists do not believe in god, instead they worship the Buddha. The Buddhists attach importance to the theory of non violence. The occultists carry out their practises right in front of him. Maya you must change your thinking now. Yesterdays 'India is buried in the past. The new India is distinctly different. You must abandon the human skulls, they are of no use now. In the past beauty was worshipped. But the present is commercial in its attitude towards 'beauty'.

"Many dreams and desires twinkled in yesterdays concept of beauty, There is a certain vivaciousness in today's concept of 'beauty' before it is devoured by the fire of desire, we have to look for its salvation".

Maya you have always been maya (illusion). Your name itself is its definition. The world is also an illusion. You have spread the tentacles of your 'Maya' (illusion) Now, its up to you to decide your future actions. I better leave this place now. "And we immediately left that place. We were absorbed in our own music. Maya quietly stood there Bhairavnath reacted by throwing away all the human skulls in the river 'Narayani'. But the lamps continued to burn. She started laughing and the whole atmosphere lit up, as though struck by lightening. Her Rudraks, Necklace, studded with precious gems acquired a stranger glitter. She picked up her Trishul and chanted. "Jai Barah Devta". The Baba also looked back, caught my hand ? and thus restrained me. 'Maya' in every spring time of human life the koel sings. After every autumn, greenery sprouts again. 'Mango' and 'Mahua' turn lusty. The jack fruit reaches its prime. The rivulets and the waterfalls start drying up, and man becomes thirsty. And Maya, you, over powered by your insatiable thirst, start your perilous wanderings. The heat of fire, and the coolness of the moon, both can be perceived in you. And you turn into a dazzling beauty like the 'Mahatripur Sundri' restless by the awakened passions.

"Maya" you have to destroy the intense feelings of love and affection which are housed within you then only you can get rid of all your desires. You can contribute to the development of intellect and 'motions', and add new dimensions to them. Your insatiable wandering will never come to an end unless Bharavnath gives you the freedom. But when will he free you? Kapil, will merely help you to recapture the past. And, only memories will remain after his departure. The river bed of ganga, the temple of Barhaddevata, which is reduced to ruins, are the legacy of past. You have learnt only to walk. Your past will be wiped out and whatever will be left will be, all yours.

'She was Maya? She was endowed with extra ordinary physical attractions she was an embodiment of beauty. She enjoyed the eternal friendship of youth. Her actions and posture reflected her 'mentality' her thoughts had a hypnotic quality. (She was the example of aesthetic sensual beauty) Her transparent beauty mirrored her rosy desires. Her heart like lotus flower was in full bloom. She was an image of contradiction. She exhibited tenderness and tempestuousness both. The spectacle of such beauty stirred my dormant inner emotions. 'Man' has always been a devotee of beauty. He has always worshipped and nurtured it. The feelings of love, attractions, attachment, all are natural human desires, and so I was drawn towards her. At this critical juncture, 'Baba' intervened and influenced my thought waves, feelings of reverence, love and faith replaced the several erotic feelings. And suddenly I was free from the spell of the hypnotic beauty. I was free, and no longer entangled like the spider, in the web of the mortal world. With a new confidence, I marched towards the Himalayas.

The snow clad peak of the Himalayas, bathed in the moonlight presented an enchanting sight. Gradually we reached the cave. It was also drenched in the moonlight. We entered it, and saw that the food was ready. Absorbed in the beauty of nature, Haribaba, sat in complete silence. He looked at us and smiled inwardly. We ate the food quietly. This was my first day with the

greatmen, and it was my first meal inside the cave. Since I was the youngest I offered to wash all the three Khappars, but they stopped me from doing so.

Perplexed, I stood watching their faces. I failed to understand their attitude. I thought it to be my duty to carry out this trivial job. At that moment Baba Goraknath spoke. "Kapil, dissociate from the society, and then take a careful step. We don't follow any traditions. Sects, family and the age differences, all are not followed here. Only 'Sanskaras' and 'Karmas' reign supreme. There is no creation only mingling. Do not create all over again. Draw a line and halt now. An even lasting line should be drawn now. Desires, Moksha, Mukti and charity all these cease to exist. You have only to keep moving. If you will come to a halt then all these will re-emerge. For instance, Maya whom you have seen, was the wife of prince Krishna wardhan. Younger brother of Emperor Harsha wardhana. In search of Barah Devata she became mendicant and Bhairavnath's associate. And till today, they are roaming on the opposite banks of the river. They can never become one, for the river waves are unpredictable. Attainments and luxuries do not have any role in the worship of 'God'. We will clean our bowls. You clean your bowl, I will clean mine, and Hari will wash his. You have to search for everything, yourself only.

Life itself is an art. Life depends on 'Art-search' for your art within your own art. This is of fundamental importance. Absorbed in our talks, we reached the water falls which was close by. Baba washed his khappar and gave me water to drink. He did not throw it away. "Drink this, this is 'everything' and nothing else. Life is like a pitcher which is full of nectar and also a cup full of poison. The "Khappar" serves the dual purposes. This is the objective which underlies the human life. "Kapil I don't know whether I am giving you something or taking it away from you. 'You' and 'I' if we are separated from each other then the question give and take will also arise. But if we two are 'one' then who can be the receiver? Who can be the giver? Here, we only receive if you will walk, I will also walk. We can be compared to the river and its water, The river is a nonentity sans (without) water it is just like a sandy desert.

We were all, again in the cave, I became very sleepy, and gradually went off to sleep. The chorus of the birds, ushered in the morning. The morning rays enhanced the breath taking beauty of the snow clad peaks. I came out of the cave. Kasturi deers and 'Kankar' were in the moods of fun and frolic near the waterfall. Few tiger cubs often interrupted their fun. Scattered clouds of fog, rose towards the sky. There were flowers all over the place. The Himalayas presented an enchanting sight. I scanned the beauty of nature minutely. My worry of the great man, often distracted my observation. They could not be seen any where. My mind was working on two thoughts simultaneously. Nature's 'beauty' in all its splendour attracted me in a magnetic way. I managed to break the magnetic effect of nature . Greed, fear, love, all these feelings, all originate from the mind. Baba is with me where ever I am, His absence is compensated by my presence. Thinking in this vein, I started towards the source of the river. Quite a few rivulets were also nearby. I had my bath there, washed my clothes, and spread them for drying. Thus, in my primeaval form, I ran amidst the flowers with a sense of abandon. The honey bees, however objected to my actions by buzzing over my ears. A little far away from this place, I spotted 'Bramha Lotus' flowers in full bloom. I ran and plucked two or three flowers. A strange fragrance emanated from the blossom, which made me almost drawy. I somehow managed to run away from that place.

All around, only the snow peak were visible. I sat, on that rock alone in the quiet surroundings in an introspective mood. I was not shy, despite my nakedness, I wondered, 'Is nature feeling shy at my nakedness? But why should it be so? It is natural to be in this form. Nature, has always been kind. Does a new born infant feel shy before the mother? Involved in such thoughts human mind becomes subject to different mentalities. Nakedness is prevalent everywhere.

The rocks, animals, the Himalayan peaks all are in their pristine forms, why should not they also feel shy? I voiced my thoughts to the rock, on which I was seated. The mute rock perhaps, laughed at my stupidity, "You are crazy-shyness, love, hatred, greed and other kindred emotions all are born with humans, and die, with them. We were both naked. Nature has always been thus. We endure all the seasons in this nakedness and give the message of 'Shiva Tatva'. Only human beings dream of progress and become the cause of destruction. Neither do we imagine nor do we indulge in day dreaming. We do not choose and do not discriminate. This is the folly of human mind."

While rushing towards progress, man often moves towards destruction. He has become accustomed to creating new on the ruins of the old. To convert old into new has become his habit. Humans tend to forget that where there is death there is life and where there is imagination there is creation. Creation and destruction go hand in hand. My monologue continued in a dual tone-one, on behalf of the stone and the other, on behalf of my conscious self. My reverie, was broken by Haribaba's voice calling out to me. And I ran towards my clothes. Hari Baba laughed, perhaps the stone also laughed at my embarrassment. I wore my clothes and started walking in the direction of the cave. Hari Baba with a tug-pulled the clothes away from my body and said "our thoughts compel us to cover our bodies. 'Motion' of an idea is also a 'thought'. Everything is infused in the thought waves. The flux of 'thought' itself is a 'bondage' and an 'attachment'. The message of life and death is conveyed through thought. The study of the flux of the internal world as well as 'external world', itself is a 'thought'. The knowledge of youth, old age, kindness, forgiveness 'man' and 'woman', is part of a thought. In every work the 'thought' waves reign supreme. In your thought you can be a man, woman, society and the nation. Discard this thought, which is responsible for your shyness. A little while ago you were talking to a mute rock voicing its thoughts, and yours too. A kind of two roles by the same person. You were the one who was thinking, and deducing. The rock was merely a medium. You were in fact getting, influenced by your own thoughts. You have to stay within animation as well as inanimation. Femininity and Virility will have to co-exist within you. Thus you have to journey within yourself. To reach the "Bodhi tree" you will have to turn into an inert thing to absorb messages from a stone.

You will have to climb the Himalayan peaks to discover their truth, and the secret of their steadfastness. At times, you have to behave like the flux of the river and suffer the roughness of the rocks and the pebbles. Like tree you will often, have to suffer the avalanche and like innocent animals the cruel attacks. The hunting instincts will also emerge in you and you will have to learn to satisfy it through the pursuit of the weaker animals. The part of a faithful dog, will have to be enacted by you and patience of robbers, will have to be practised by you. Fearful animals, fleeing for their lives, will make you appreciate the worth of life. Your role as a proud king will also crop up. A 'Sadhu' has to play varied parts, and teach others to act likewise. In the fusion of the Mahabhoots' (five elements) - 'amour' (love) and relief, in the form of thoughts, are present. 'Rise and fall' success and 'failure' all in fact (based) arise from thoughts. Entire knowledge of the universe dwells in thoughts. The awareness of feelings, and conscience comes from thoughts only. Now take these clothes, cover yourself, and look at the world, and observe the different situations of human beings. You must part with your present. What was within your core is still there or it has changed. What you were in between, you are no longer the same, after sometime, this will also (die away).

This is how the universe has been portrayed. 'Kapil', 'Maya' itself is 'Maya's' sheath. There is an excessive involvement in physical activities, resulting into a depressing quietude. Man himself is unlocking the door of his downfall. Nature in protest, is desperately trying to cling to its naturalness. Man is continuously in search of novelties and these achievements are posing a challenge to his existence. However, the modern discoveries and achievements have elevated the greatness of man. Puffed up with pride, he is losing his "self" into oblivion. In the mechanical world existence of his 'self' is in jeopardy 'Discovery of self' is the true attainment. Human body is mortal and is subject to time and decay. But with the help of yoga 'man' can transcend the limitation of the human body and make it immortal.

There after 'Life trans' or 'Jiva' will no longer have to change the bodily form again and again, 'Jiva' assumes the human body according to its 'Sanskaras'. 'Sanskaras' are born from 'Karmas'. When the creation of 'Sanskaras' ceases, the 'Jeevatma' becomes free from the bondage of 'Sanskara' and become (a person who can act at will). This should be the objective of every human life. But owing to his involvements in the mundane activities and the change in the flux of thoughts 'man' is in a state of uncertainty. He is totally ignorant of his actions and blind to his future. He lives on possibilities and is anchored to 'Hope'. He often feels stifled by the restrictions of the society and longs for freedom. But the riot of confusing thoughts, obliterate his yearnings. Similarly, you were also lost but my guidance was always with you. I was there with you, at every cross road of your life, and offered you my direction. I have invoked the memories of the former birth, and helped in erasing the 'Sanskaras' of the past.

I have furnished the information of the past incidents from time to time, Now you are totally immersed in your 'self' and have heard the immortal voice of Baba Gorakhnath and you are blessed with the guidance. In his company, you are now in a position to ponder about yourself, and your present spiritual stage. Immortal yogi Baba Gorkhnath sometimes contact persons only of superior sanskaras or persons with whom he has been associated in the previous birth. You are definitely endowed with 'Sankaras' par excellence. You were, also associated with him in the previous births. Baba has waited for you all these years. He has always inspired me to bring you to him. This link has to remain forever. Many seers, despite intense penance, often embrace death and enter into new birth to improve the quality of their 'Karma' and, their guru with the help of their potential, are able to trace them. This relationship lasts, till the disciple discovers his 'self' and liberates himself from these thoughts.

"In a short while, the Baba will come back, and we will change your (inclinations and sanskaras). At this point your old journey will come to an end and you will embark on a new journey. You will find a young boy waiting for you on the river banks. Follow his instructions and shave off your head except the tail, have your bath, be ready, and wait for us."

"Past and future, are like two deep oceans, which are flowing in continuous motion, without any beginning or end. Present is like a pond which has emerged from the past and will merge in the future. But you have to flow endlessly in this eternal flux. You have to be immovable like the Himalayas and 'still' like the mountains.

I reached the sandy banks of the river Narayani and stopped there for few moments. The sun was not visible, but rays were gradually descending from the hills. I took off my clothes and entered into the waters. I allowed my mind to flow freely with the waters, so that I would not be subjected to mental conflict. The river moves in a joyous motion, collides with rocks and stones, but, still continues to move towards its destination. The sea and the innumerable water falls of the Himalayas inspire the course of the river.

The shadows of the trees and creepers fell on the turbulent waters. They paid their mute tribute to the river, for following its dangerous course with ease and joy. The chirping birds, hopping from tree to tree, broke the silence of the atmosphere and the animals often joined in the chorus of the birds. I felt a shiver running down my spine. Totally enchanted by the beauty of 'nature', while I observed the sport of the waves, a young boy came and stood next to me. A strange brilliance emanated from his body. He was clad in white clothes, the body looked celestial.

He called out to me, I went there and stood before him. He washed my hair and shaved off my entire head, but, for the little tail. He caught that little bunch in his hand and smiled mildly. The moment this tail is cut off, you will attain the goal of your life. I was also lost like you, for ages, than only I could obtain this stage. Only fortunate persons get the association of Hari Baba & Baba Gorakhnath. People in general, are unable to identify them. I have often seen them wandering in the villages of Nepal and India. Entangled in the physical boundaries of the universe, man often fails to recognize the chanting and singing mendicants.

Every one wants to live, but why don't they learn to live within their 'selves', Aren't they satisfied with what ever they have achieved? This is a truth in itself. Kapil you must treat each and every scientific challenge as a mental derangement. You will eventually purge the minds of the modern scientists. Human life should not come to a stand still, or become subject to change. It is like a 'kalpa tree' endowed with virtues it blooms and blossoms. Development of self is of supreme importance. After the attainment of life, don't ever look back, continue moving onwards. Time shall always be with you "Behold: the great men have finally come:. The two yogis approached the young boy left the place and started moving towards the origin of the river. He often looked back and smiled at us.

The 'sunlight' and the clouds, played hide and seek. There was a sudden up surge in the waves of the river. Fair breeze stirred strange feelings within me. With the arrival of the greatmen, the sunlight and clouds became one and created a comforting atmosphere. Each and every atom of nature vibrated with a new life. A new change could be discerned in the atmosphere, a total

stillness. Even the birds stopped chirping a sense of expectancy hung in the atmosphere. They came and waited on the river bank a small distance away from me. I walked over to them and touched the feet of the godly men. They took me along as they, slowing entered the waters. We gradually reached the centre of the river. They gave me a bath at this spot, and made me do the ablutions. After purifying my body, they performed the 'Parikrama' in the waters. The river started rising. Baba Gorakhnath was all smiles. They gave me some water which was charmed by 'mantras'.

With 'sankalp' water in my hand, I could review the memories of my past, of the worldly garden, its different blossoms. Faint smile danced on my lips when I found myself surrounded by my kith and kins and loved ones. A strange scenario had conjured up. I was the protagonist. My mind had already flown away, leaving behind the memories. Only the scenes remained, which were already absorbed and infused in my 'sanskara'. Different kinds of relationships of my past births, were being unveiled before me. I could peep into the remote recesses of 'past', with the 'sankalp' water in my hand past images, mirrored in the 'present'. I could see my soul present in different forms (species) of creation like animal, snake, and man. I saw myself as a yogi and sometimes as a worldly man indulging in the pleasures of life. It was my soul that was present in the different forms. I could see the 'creation' as well as the 'destruction' of the universe. Hari Baba Gorakhnathji were watching my 'escapism'. I was at that time either running away from my 'self' or from the worldliness. All the past scenes finally became one with the present. Precisely at that moment, Hari Baba took the sankalp water into the cupped palms and drank it. My whole body experienced a profound elation and the images of the past simply vanished. I trembled from head to foot, as I stood with the great men. Hari Baba, while he stood in Gorakhnathji's shadow, made me sit down in front of him. In the meantime Baba Gorakhnathji spread the clothes to create shade for me, Hari Baba severed my pigtail (Choti) with his sharp knife, and deposited it in his packet. He also whispered the guru mantra in my ears and, at that moment, Gorakhnathji smeared the sacred ash (Vibhuti) all over my body. The touch of the Vibhuti had an intoxicating affect on me. Baba Gorakhnath shook me, to break my stupor and said "Now you can go and lie down like a python and gave me some sweet meats to eat from his well equipped Jholi (Bag) "Keep wandering from the highest peaks of the Himalayas to the foot hills of pindari". If necessity arises. I shall be there with you. Don't pause continue walking ceaselessly on the path of 'Agam Agochar'.

After their departure. I found myself in a state of total bliss, with all the door to my body shut and the disorders of the mind secured within my inner self. I could comprehend the difference between the 'subtle' and 'causal' body.

Time continued to move at its pace. Continuously for four days, I lay like a python on the sandy banks of the river. I could feel the presence of Hari Baba from time to time. I lay unperturbed. Neither sun's rays nor the darkness of the night could rouse me from my slumber. The roaring of the waves also failed to disturb me. After four days had elapsed, Avtar Baba appeared on the scene. He was a tall man of almost seven feet and his disposition was majestic. His eyes were extremely expressive, He wore a long gown and a turban on his head. Avtar Baba is Hari Baba's 'Sadguru'. He is known by various names. Some people call him Avtar Baba, where as others know him by the name of 'Ramupeer'. There are also some who call him 'Augurh Baba'. He is a Hindu or a Muslim it is difficult to know, for he does every thing effortlessly. He is well versed in almost all the languages of the world. His knowledge regarding the current affairs of the world and political events is remarkably up dated. Past, Present and Future, are merged into one another by him. And thus, he always presents a smiling countenance.

Avtar Baba took us to the Damodar Valley via Tatopaani, Dana, Junsum, and Mukitinath. We took rest for few days and then resumed our journey. The next resting point was the cave in the glacier, we had to cross the mustang valley in order to reach this cave. Next we crossed the Black Ganges and via Leepu lake we reached the banks of Mansarover. We stayed there for few days with some more great souls (great man), and requested them to throw light on the rare occult science, river, and the importance of the yoga. After a short peep into the scenic beauty of "Rakshastal" we proceeded to perform the Kailash Parikrama and came back to Mansarover. We had a dip in the Mansarover lake. I was left alone to enjoy the sylvan surroundings.

I had never visited this place earlier, but I felt as though for centuries I had been moving in these parts. The snow covered peaks stood, proudly and rising rivers scattered their beautiful

radiance, Avtar Baba ordered me to continue my journey alone from this point (Mansarovar). Hari Baba wanted to intervene, but could not, so he merely smiled at me. Avtar Baba spoke to Hari Baba thus "Let him go and burn his old accumulated sanskaras. Plenty is yet to be done. Let perfection emerge from perfection do not create only erase."

I paid my respects to the two figures and started towards the Himalayas. After coming across many up and downs, I reached 'Mustang' a resort of the Buddhist monks. I took a short break and spent few days in the company of the monks, I left that resort after I had met Lama Raja, and arrived at Damodar kund. All the surroundings looked familiar and awoke the memories of my past. I got these uncanny feelings that I had always been travelling on these paths. When I reached muktinath, I found shelter in a temple. I took rest for a couple of days in the precincts of the temple and spent time playing with the waves of the Gandaki river. My return journey continued and I revisited, Jamsun Davr and Tato Paani till I reached the sangam. Before I could reach the sangam I paused for a while.

As I attempted to cross the bridge so that I could get rest in the night a beautiful mansion attracted my attention and in this manner I got trapped in surya's web of Maya.