

## A GLIMPSE OF MOTHER

The 'love of the people gave me great happiness. All the treasures of the world could not compete with the feeling of my profound bliss. Wrapped in the blissful state, I intensified my thought vibrations. Precisely, at that moment 'Chitranged Pareva' came out of the crowd and stood before me. My eyes fell on him, and I began to experience a change within me. My 'past' conjured up before me. I could see the face of my mother in each and every object. All my activities became mechanical. Gradually the tremors of my mind ceased and were replaced by the picture of an incident. "I saw my 'mother' dressed as a bride sitting in a pallanquin. The pallanquin bearers, began to walk away from the house. A crowd of young boys and girls, and women, crying hysterically followed the pallanquin. My mother's withered body looked strange in the bridal dress. The grief stricken Hridaynath Singh completed the 'scene'.

I stepped down from the stage and marched to my hut. Even while I lay there I could not shut the image of my mother. Her yearning face only repeated one sentence - "Hridya - I want to see my Lallan once". The cry came from the inner recesses of her heart. The great mansion from where the cry came bore a mournful look. My body slowly became desensitized and shortly I was out of my gross form. Subsequently I found myself in the streets of Bisnupura. I saw my mother getting out of Pallanquin and settling down in a car. Hridaynath was her companion. The car sped towards Sasaram. All the while, I followed her in my astral 'self'. I could hear her saying - "Hridaya" : My time has come, I want to see my son Lallan. He should have come by now. Life is the manifestation of Maya in it's varied forms. Physical existence is inert without the animation of Maya..

"I had only two blossoms in my worldly garden. One flower hood winked 'maya' and escaped from her colourful games. Since then sixteen years have passed, and I am still waiting for my son". She gave a hollow chuckle and said - "Mad Gorakh, he cheated me and turned my son into a yogi. These 'yogis' are heartless people, for, they can also forget the filial bond. Her searching eyes flitted in all the directions. impatiently she broke out - "Oh Hridaya : I can feel his presence. He is a yogi, he can float in the air. Death is beckoning me. But I cannot leave the world without his last glimpse. Gorakhnath had said that my son will come to see me at the time of my departure from the world. And because of this promise I had allowed him to take my son away from me. I will wait till tomorrow and then embrace death willingly. Take me to 'Kashi' I want to be there at the time of my death. I want my mortal remains to be immersed in the holy Ganga. The holy waters have the purifying and consoling properties". The incoherent babble made Hridaynath very sad and he began to weep bitterly. No sooner did the car stop at sasaram that it was surrounded by friends and well wishers. When my mother got few moments of privacy I appeared before her. Her joy knew no bounds and she began to laugh. People were astounded at her abnormal behaviour. In the state of extreme happiness she began to laugh and cry simultaneously. We were meeting after a prolonged silence of sixteen years. Her emotional behaviour betrayed the intensity of her feelings. She looked at me deeply, sighed, and said", you look so different, not at all like my Lallan. My son your soul is here, but your body is a borrowed one. I had been waiting for you, and now that you have come in this I must not wait any more. It is no use waiting for the Lallan of my 'memories'. Mother called out to my brother Hridaynath and said. "See : your brother Lallan has come. Can't you see him? I had been waiting for this moment, and now that my last wish has been fulfilled I am ready to quit this world". People, who sat around her thought she was behaving erratically because she had become unchanged. Mother brushed aside everyone's concern and began to speak again in the following vein - "you all must be thinking that I have gone mad. But these are not the ravings of a crazy person. Believe me : Lallan was here in the guise of yogi. Once Baba Gorakhnath had come to me in his bodily frame. This time my son has come to see me, as a yogi, who had severed all emotional ties. Take me to Kashi, the holy river is waiting for me. My mother blessed me and I returned to 'Sohnag'.

My mother's karmic journey came to an end. But before embarking upon the astral voyage she came to me in the astral form and said - My Son : I am leaving my gross body now. My religious tendencies germinated only, after your birth. And I could understand the "human body" and the physical tatvas. When your father got married for the second time, I could not accept the second relationship, and so I began to wander in the realm of shiva. I found 'Augharh Dani' as the greatest 'Dani' (giver). You are a sanyasi and you have attained the ultimate stage of shiva tatva. But since I have given birth to you my fate is linked to yours, If I am born in the Human : Yoni you must steer my life to the right path. I will be born in a Himalayan village which will be closer to your habitation". With these words she vanished.

In the early hours of the morning I reached Kashi's funeral ground. Mother's body was lying on the funeral pyre. I was standing in my invisible self and my mother's soul was also standing there. We were watching the funeral rites. My brother let the funeral pyre, and very soon it was engulfed in flames. People began to moan the loss. my mother's soul turned towards its destination. I followed her soul. It went Via many 'Lokas' - mandal's in great speed. At many stages she was given a warm welcome. I could recognize many great souls. At a certain place, which was inhabited by women clad in white, the 'soul' became stationary. The women welcomed the new arrival. flowers, snow peaks, and creepers were the distinct features of the place./ I could immediately establish contact with the 'soul' . All the women had strange fragrance. This fragrance was not there in my mother, and her 'soul' did not have any form. Gradually it created a form which resembled my mothers former form. There after she was clothed in white robes. I transmitted the following question to her- "When will you be born again?" She was unable to answer that question because at that time she was about to be taken some where. I did not stay there longer, because the duration of my samadhi was coming to an end. I returned to my gross form. I was lost in darkness and desolation. This state lasted for three days. Memories of my past (before I became a yogi) continued to haunt me. The journey to Pashupatinath with a group of people was a welcome diversion.

I met gurudeva Haribaba in the cave. My co-traveller Dashrath Narain became ready with his camera to take Baba' shots. The presence of 'Hari Baba' created a considerable amount of excitement among the people. This kind of situation was indeed unthinkable. And when 'Baba' readily gave them permission to spend the night in this caves, their spirits soared. The cave divided into three portions. One portion was allotted to the women. And the rest were accomodated in the second portion. The cave was surrounded by wild trees. Every one was keen to talk to 'Baba'. Baba served 'Khichadi' to everyone. The taste surpassed best of the delicacies. And people ate with apparrent relish and gusto. Dashrath narayan was keenly interested in yogis and 'yoga' So, again and again he asked emotional questions. But there were few whose approach exhibited their crooked intent. They forgot the fact that he was no ordinary Baba and foolishly began to expect miracles from him.

I went in the inner section of the cave to spend some time in his elevated company. I wanted to take up some constructive projects, but Baba seemed less inclined. He never appreciated the active involvement of yogis in worldly affairs. According to him, society, nation and universe will always have some problem or the other. Rise and fall, one Jiva killing the other one, only illustrate the law of Nature. 'Jiva' is insatiable. To satiate itself it will do anything. Man's nature can be compared to the friskiness of a monkey. It is his nature to be on the took out for something. Even his balanced nature cannot stop Nature's mayic manifestations. creation disintegration and again creation- the game of nature will continue. Man himself is a "creation". Till man reaches this stage he will be vulnerable to all the influences of 'Maya'.

'Selfishness' also motivates man to perform altruistic acts like charity, Ahinsa (non-violence) nationalism and kindness towards 'Jivas'. It is 'maya' which inspires 'man' to carry out actions of any kind. 'Maya' always entangles 'man' in her temptations. Therefore in this physical environment, it is simply impossible to do things which are free from 'Maya'.

'Man' himself is for his 'self' and for others. As long as this relationship will exist he will function like the 'Atma' (soul) and the body, 'Prakriti' and the 'Purush'. The inner body and the outer body are inter - dependant. This system operates in human life. This system is also applicable to a nation and universe. When a man goes beyond this arrangement, that is his personal achievement. In this manner Baba tried to convince me. He again said, "This 'Jagat' is the 'creation' of the 'creator'. It is inhabited by countless life forms. We must always do something. But the 'actions' should be 'selfless'. Go ahead and do whatever you want to do, but do not get lost. first try and erase the 'sanskaras'.

I went off to sleep at Baba's feet. In the morning 'Baba' came out of the cave. Stood on the banks of 'Narayani' river. He wanted to disappear, but I requested him to stay for little more. He accepted my request. The sun began to peep through the mountains, and the whole place was bathed in sunlight. Every one took bath in the Narayani river and then assembled near 'Hari Baba', Baba gave me the permission to give 'Diksha' to 'Ramdas Dubey'. And I did as I was told. It was time for Baba to leave, but no one was ready to leave the place of 'bliss'. So, I came forward to take his leave. He smiled at this and said, "Sixteen years have elapsed since you renounced the world. All things change with time. And they are moving towards 'Veeram' (or cessation) you have bade farewell to your

mother, now you must pay a visit to sasaram, the land of your birth. If you do not have any attachment at least, you can erase your relationships and "sanskaras".

Baba went via the air route and we went via road. In this manner the memorable stay in the sylvian surroundings came to an end.

'Sanjay' and Hridayanath Singh chalked out my visit to sasaram. After a long gap of sixteen years, I reached sasaram. The grand building at G.T. Road, still looked impressive. A lot of change had taken place. Modernity had replaced the old fashioned get up of the place. But the roads, the cross roads and the lanes remained the same. Instead of Dhoti clad people, the place brimmed with bell bottoms and other modern dresses. Near the station I could see some familiar faces, grinning with the look of recognition. The roads awakened the memories of my careless youth. I was overwhelmed with nostalgia. My car entered the familiar gate and stopped before my house. A touch of modernity gave it a novel look, otherwise rest was just the same.

Within minutes, the compound was filled with friends, relatives and well wishers. 'Saroj' had grown into a fine young man. Krishna too had grown. Some friends looked older with the striking grey hair. The entire day was spent in talks of various kinds. In the evening I was scheduled to leave for Bisnupura, so sanjay took out the rusted Jeep of olden days. The jeep bore the memories of my air life, and the adventurous time in the valley of kaymoor.

My journey to Bisnupura evoked the sweet and sour memories of my school days. The beating I got from the headmaster, and the punishment from master Bhikhalal still fresh in my mind. My car came to a halt at Bisnupura. It was night, but the entire village was awake. Life was just the same, only the attitudes had changed. I was recieved by my father Chandrama Singh. It was a strange meeting. He touched my feet and then offered the garland. And then like any other man, stood on one side with folded hands. My eyes scanned the familiar Banyan tree, where I had indulged in mischief. Once again I was swept by the tidal wave of memories. Long, long time ago I was weary of my father. And that day the situation was so very different. A father stood before the son not in the traditional role, but as a disciple. I was the yogi and my father was the disciple. There was no change in him, he looked just the same. My pensive looking father broke his silence thus - "You are my son. Yesterday you were the airman, and today, you are a Mahatama. Everything was normal when you were in the airforce, but, today a great change has over come you. My heart is bursting with intense joy. I salute to the great man who is in the guise of my son. Today you are a renunciant. A great man who can die for humanity is worthy of worship. Flowers and garlands symbolize the love and the faith of your followers. A yogi does not belong to anyone but all want to repose their faith in him. Such a person does not have a house because the entire universe is his house. Free from all bonds, he can travel in the entire "Jagat".

A wonderous smile lingered on my face. My inner being was filled with joy to hear such talks from my father. My father could understand the importance of 'Tyag' (to give up something) and the love of mankind The happiness of my father to see me as a yogi defies description,.

My life's achievements always filled him with joy and satisfication. He even knew about my involvement with Laksmi and my subsequent asceticism. He thought that I made a great sacrifice when I gave up everything including 'Laksmi'. In his words it was a 'sacrifice' of a rare 'kind', The news of my renunciation thrilled him to the very core of his being.

My father was a revolutionary. He left the Royal airforce and joined the revolutionary organization. The British government gave him a trying time, but he did not succumb to their pressure tactics. After independence he became a political leader. This is just a small glimpse of his personality.

I sat, ruminating the past episodes of my life, blissfully unaware of the crowd. Chandra Shekhar's mother lovingly touched my beard and said in the local dialect, oh my son what have you done to yourself. One single sentence conveyed her love for me. The old woman was my friend Chandra Shekhar's mother. As a young boy I used to romp around her house freely and basked in her indulgence.

There was an endless stream of visitors. Some old familiar faces and some new ones. I listened to their talks patiently, which centred around my life in Sasaram. After sometime I got up and

walked over to Bacchan's house. When I reached his Door step a big crowd greeted me. Surya Narain was his neighbour. In the hot afternoon we used to sit in his hall and plan a variety of activities. As a young boy I did creative writings in this house only. Surya Narain and Bacchan always encouraged me in my creative works 'Tear Drops' 'Mother's desire' were the result of their encouragements. Surya Narain met me with great affection. When the atmosphere became very emotional. I left that place. But before leaving I gave my blessings to Bacchan's Son.

I spent some more time with my father, uncles and friends. The reunion was very touching. From sasaram, we (sanjay and me) left for Banaras. It was a memorable and a thought provoking visit. I stayed there for a couple of days and then proceeded to Lucknow. I was given a warm welcome by my friends. The evening of Lunknow still looked beautiful, but it's get up had a different touch. My ticket was booked for Haldwani, So I decided to stick to my schedule. I was given a touching send off at the Lucknow station.

Ramesh Chandra Verma and Navin recieved me at the Haldwani station. Life once again began to dwell in the streets of Haldwani. Everyone treated me with great reverence. I rested in Haldwani for a brief spell and then went to Pindari Glacier. A man pauses for a while after he has attained something. He sees the image of 'Vah' (holiness) in each and everything. The difference between Asat (un - truth) and sat (truth) vanishes, and man begins to realize the external and internal man.