

IN THE RACE OF LIFE

The Evolution

Imagination, may not be life, but is, definitely the support of life. 'Hope' sustains the path of life. Dejection is not defeat, but it can shatter a human being. Faith, inspires one to remain active and goal oriented. Caught in the embrace of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, human being is always restless.

'Prarabdh' and 'Sanskaras' dictate the joys and sorrows of human life. The foundation of new 'sanskara' is also laid in this manner 'Man' is not the doer ? Everything happens by virtue of the gravitational force of the supreme power. 'Man', created according to his 'Karmas', is merely an insignificant puppet.

Some times human beings, whose karmas are pure and superior, are inspired by great souls, to survey the 'Truth'. These tidings are received by the human beings in the conscious or subconscious state of mind. Certain incidents in life, sometimes play a very significant role, in changing one's outlook towards life. They lead you to the platform from where, the 'creation' and the 'creator' become clearly visible. Fortunately, I happen to be one of them. Many incidents had a purgatorial effect on me, and made me worthy of this exalted state. 'Man' has become oblivious of the fundamental truth. Artificiality has become the way of life. Various inventions are trying to spread the veil of obscurity over 'Nature'. But the 'Truth' in its pristine form, is forever present in animate and inanimate. It is indestructible. Life revolves round the 'Truth' only. Beyond 'Truth' even motion has no existence and when there is no motion, conclusion is the inevitable consequence. Although, the cycle of recreation is activated after conclusion yet there is no life in this process of recreation.

And thus, I started wandering in this world, to fulfill the, orders of my gurudeva. I willingly deviated, my path from the physical restrictions and comforts of the worldly life. But sometimes, there were odd moments, when the memories of the past physical comforts, caused tremors in the serenity of my mind. However the flirtations of the memory were short lived, and as time sped by, I became accustomed to the rigours of the nomadic ascetic life. Clad only in brief deer skin, and my body smeared with ash, I spent my days in close affinity with 'Nature', 'Mansarovar', Sahastratal, Khaftar lake, Devi Kund, Gosain Kund, and Urvashi Tal, were the resorts of my Nomadic life. After the coolness and serenity of the hills the return to the worldly life, was not a pleasant experience. Within the few days of my return I was assaulted by the pain of the past memories. The history of the familiar roads, and lane, perturbed me, and robbed the (complacency) of my mind. Vivid images of the past life, full of luxuries, flashed across my mind and presented a stark contrast to my present way of life. I was confronted with the most critical moment of my life. It was indeed strange, while I lived amidst nature, I never even once faced such crises, and now, I thought, I am forced to ponder over the differences between my past and my present. The vast differences between the past, and the present were overwhelming. When a man dies, all his memories also die with him.

There are very few exceptions to this procedure. But when mind is rejuvenated after its death, it recovers everything I went through the similar experiences. In its state of wakefulness, my mind started observing the spectacle which stirred the dormant nostalgic emotions. The place though familiar, looked different because of the change which gave a new look to the place. My 'mind' and 'sight' stood on two separate planes, and I stood in between the two, the visible was unacceptable, and what was palatable, was unobtainable. Torn by the mental conflict, I started moving on the newly constructed road which began from 'Hitaura' - Guruji's demand of money was another great worry which bothered me all through my walk. I became obsessed with this problem of money, and no solution seemed to be within the sight. "How and from where am I to get this huge amount? Why has Guruji made this demand? If he had made this demand before I became a renunciant I could have given him crores of Rupees". But today, I am a mendicant, from where am I to get this huge amount? Why, all of a sudden this need of money has arisen? Why did he say go fill this bag with money. You came from a royal family, it should not be a difficult task for you. "Lost in the confusion of such thoughts I went on walking on the road. I did not want to go to my family and friends with my demand, and cut a sorry figure. All my money and assets, I had given to charitable causes, and I could not conjure up any other alternative which could bail me out of this difficult situation. Immersed in the mental debate, I finally

reached 'Alakhia' 'math' in Beerganj, and spent two days in the company of Puriji Maharaj. On the third day, I was encouraged by another 'Mahatama', to visit the 'Areraj Math', which was situated near 'Motihari' in Bihar, Are-raj 'Math is an ancient religions centre, and also a famous tourist attraction . He is not only a spiritual person, but also a philanthropist. Many educational institutions and Hospitals have been financed by him for the poor and the needy.

Dressed only in the deer skin, and the deer bag, which was my sole baggage I reached the 'Areraj Math'. I was welcomed warmly by the Mahant, as, he had the prior intimation of my arrival. I was indeed surprised, and highly touched by the warmth and the hospitality offered to me by the Mahant. In the evening, Mahantiji performed the 'Shiva Shayan' (Shiva's bed time), with lotus flowers. I was moved by his dedication and tenderness. I still cherish the memory of these beautiful moments. Precisely at that time, every day, a strange yogi did the Tandava dance with his 'Damru' and as soon as the 'Pooja' came to an end the 'strange yogi' quietly walked away from that place. This was his daily routine. In this manner, I spent couple of days in the Math.

One day Mahantiji took the bag from me, and took me for an outing with him. After few days he returned the bag to me, which was now, full of Indian and Nepalese currency and then called his driver to bring out the Mercedes car. I was rather surprise? But took my place in the car. The car started moving on unknown roads and within couple of hours we were on the doorstep of 'Alkhia Math' in Birgaum, in Nepal. Mantanji handed over the bag to me and said "Kapil" go inside the Math, (Monastery) Guru Hari Baba is sitting there. After entrusting the bag to him, you should come back to me, because I will be waiting for you. I stood mute and my gaze flitted from the 'Math' to Mahantji. I silently got out of the car and entered the Math. Dressed in a simple attire, my Guru, was in deed sitting there. Since the journey to Pashupatinath had begun the place was teeming with more than two hundred sadhus. The moment I entered the place I was greeted by his smiling countenance.

I immediately went to him, reverently touched his feet, and left the bag at his service. Many Naga Sadhu's, however did not approve the way I had paid respects to my Guru. They wanted me to do the 'Pranam' followed by the customary "Onkar". One soul was paying respect to another soul, this was of vital importance to me, and my guru's consent I had already recieved in this matter ,so I was justified in doing so. My Guru only took out twenty five rupees from the bag, and returned the rest to me. He said "I do not need any more, You can go now, Mahantji is waiting for you", I also emptied the entire bag before him and said "I only need the bag, not the money, your blessings are more than enough for me". But he refused to accept the money, and I also did not want the money so I went on standing in a perplexed state before my guru. When he saw how adamant I was, he distributed the entire sum among the congregation of the sadhus for the sweets, and various arrangements for their journey, and gave me the permission to go back. He also told me to meet him in the cave. I came out of the 'Math', and apologized to the Mahant for my delay. The Mahant merely smiled in his sober way. The car started moving, and this time it came to a stop before a Ram Mandir, which was on the banks of a lake in Birganj.

The founder of that place knew Mahantji so, we enjoyed his hospitality. Mahantji got busy with the preparations for his return journey so, after taking the due permission from him, I also proceeded towards "Hitaura" on foot. Before I could reach my destination, I was caught in the heavy rains and strong winds. Dense darkness of the night descended on the surroundings. I continued walking on the edge of the river Narayani till I was within the vicinity of the cave. The flood waters of the river but could not cope with the tremendous upheaval of the floods. Finally I came across a comparatively quiet spot, but I still did not venture to cross the water lest I get caught in angry waves - "How am I to cross the river? I thought to myself and became seriously worried". At that very instant I was bodily lifted and thrown across the river, In this way I found myself in the midst of a dark and lonely forest. The whole area was in total darkness, but, for the feeble light which was shinning from a far away place. It was still raining. I could hear the lapping sound of the river waters. I started moving towards the source of the light, and shortly came across a figure in a meditative posture sitting in the shelter of a rock. The light was emanating from this place only. When I reached closer, I found that it was 'Avatar Baba' and the light was radiating from his emanciated frame. The light had formed a circle on the rock. I sat in the corner of the cave, and touched the earth reverently, a mute gesture to pay my respects to the Baba. Then, I was also lost in the serenity of the solitary surroundings. The distant voice of the animals interrupted the silence of the atmosphere. The night bedecked with the rainfall, was gradually fading away. The waves of the river were producing sweet gentle music, and the frequent flashes of lighting, made the atmosphere balmy. Perhaps the 'Baba' was aware of the Nature's dance of

fury, and my presence, for, with the restoration of quietude in Nature, there was a movement in his body and he opened his eyes. His eyes resembled the deep ocean, and fires lurked in them. Love and warmth, and a caution, by the great soul for a child, all found expression in his utterance - "Son, you have reached here quite late, but should not have made false moves. On an unknown journey, when the river is in spate, one should wait in order to avoid any untoward situation. But never misuse the power of 'Sadhana'. It is by chance that my glance fell on you and I could fathom your restlessness.

It was not necessary for you to go through all these obstacles, you could have easily sought shelter in the cave adjacent to the road". I was speechless, I did not know who had helped me and landed me in the place, and so, I just kept quiet and did not answer back.

'Avatar Baba went inside the cave, brought some dry clothes to wear and some fruits and food to eat. After I had finished eating, I went to sleep in the interior of the cave. I slept soundly, and when I got up in the morning, which was rather late, it was bright and sunny, and no trace of last night's rain was left, but the river was still in spate. I looked for Avatar Baba every where but could not find him, so I went to the nearby spring and had a bath, and washed my clothes. Refreshed, I sat on a rock and started enjoying the beauty of Nature. After a long time I saw two Mahatmas coming, One was Avatar Baba, and the other one seemed to be some 'Nath Yogi', he was a handsome dusky, tall man, with golden locks, 'Kundals' (earrings) in his ears, and 'Khappar' in his hand. When he came closer, I immediately recognized him, he was no other but Baba Gorakhnath. I instantly got up, ran to them and paid my respects. They affectionately caressed my head, and acknowledged my greeting. I sat with the two great men on the rock and started pondering over the Himalayas and how fortunate it was to have the great men as it 'inhabitants'. I started comparing man, involved in his day to day activities, with 'Nature' and it's mute messages. He has become immune to the call of the 'Himalayas' for the mundane worldliness has bemused him. He is unaware of the sublime events which continue to happen in the fold of the Himalayas, with the result he is unable to establish any rapport with these events. Similarly he is, indifferent to the mute messages of the trees who have been lying in this inert state for thousands of years. He is caught in the moving wheel of fate, and does not know how, and when, it will come to a stand still. My thought sequence continued in this manner for quite some time. But - The sudden laughter of the Mahatamas broke the chain of my thoughts and with a start I came out of my 'reverie'. The laughing Mahatamas addressed me thus "In vain, you are trying to establish an affinity between the two contradictory aspects of life, -namely - The mute message of the Himalayas, the inert state of the trees, and the busy life of human beings. The two are, the manifestation of 'His' form, for 'He' is omnipresent. 'He' is present in the 'animate' as well as the inanimate. But he does not belong to anyone in particular - he is immersed in his 'self'. Like wise, you have to do the same. Although the river flows between its two banks, yet it does not belong to either of them. It has its distinct identity, and is fully aware of its destination. It over comes all the obstacles on its way, and keeps moving towards its ultimate goal. This is the law of 'Nature', water plays the role of a medium only. Since 'Nature' is also present within you, you have to doggedly pursue your aim, despite, the many obstacles which will try to impede your progress.

"Like the river, your mission in life is to keep moving. Ignore the awaiting banks, and the busy world. If the Himalayas is mute, let it be so. Your continuous movement should be the primary concern of your life Kapil - every 'Jiva' is born and reborn, in this world to redeem his past Karmas. But he forgets the chief objective of his life, and gets involved in altogether different 'Karmic' activities. In this way the real purpose of his life is lost in the realm of oblivion, for, the attention of the doer, is only on new karmas. 'Karmas' give birth to sanskaras, and sanskaras, become the 'cause' of 'life' and death. It unlocks the doors, to liberation or 'Mukti'. But the desire for 'Moksha' is also present in human. 'Man' is embellished with myriad 'Kalas' (art forms) of life, 'Man's body betrays a rare kind of usefulness. Unmoved, and unencumbered he can withdraw himself within his body, and explore the mysterious inner world. He can either adopt the path of enlightenment or become superstitious. In this context the thought wave's become the deciding factor. The flux of thought waves is of supreme importance. Thoughts waves alone, project earth in the form of 'liquid' and 'solid'. You must learn to cultivate the use of refined thoughts. From the platform of 'Micro' you can observe the physical world but desist from comparing the two. Wisdom lies in this practical outlook. Your experience of the physical world reflect the outline of the activities of the solid world. These outlines have left their impression on your mind. You have to erase these impression from your mind, so that your minds becomes totally clean. As the river surrenders itself to the ocean, likewise you should surrender all your impressions to the ocean. The ocean will return everything to you and drop by drop, you will receive the guidance from the sky, the earth will impart to you the lesson of forbearance, and the inner

radiance, you will get from the fire. First you have to liberate the micro from the physical fetters, secondly the 'Cause' should become 'sans' Micro, and lastly, the 'cause' should also become totally free. Allow all the organs to go, only you have to remain, as you are, and whatever is within you has to be banished. Herein lies the definition of 'life', both inert and the 'animate'. In conformance to your requirement, Nature will initiate the process of creation and the consequent, creative processes will only revolve around you. Nature will merely be an instrument in these activities you will be the cause, and 'Nature' will be the medium. You take the plunge in the ocean of your 'self', where life and death, do not exist. Yesterday cannot foreshadow tomorrow, because 'today' is in the form of 'Karma' standing betwixt the two. This manifests the 'form' of 'Kaal' (fate) and here in lies the 'Parkrama' of birth and death. Penetrate the darkness of death and strive to obtain the novelty which is hidden in its folds. The flowers will bloom and spread their fragrance, whether they are offered to gods or adorn the tresses of women, they have to finally fade away. This is the unbroken law of nature. You will also have to face the similar threat, you will also be adorned and worshipped, you cannot escape from these consequences. But you should not break, cling 'fast' to your resolve".

After the illuminating sermon, we left that place came to the river, and crossed it with super ease. The waters of the river became still, turned solid, and facilitated our crossing. It was an amazing experience. We sat for a while on the banks, and started towards "Hittaura". On the way, we exchanged views on various subjects and after couple of hours of walking, we reached the market place of "Hittaura". A cloth merchant offered us place to sit in his shop. He was familiar with Avatar Baba's, "name, but was unable to identify him. Generally, people, fail to identify the exalted souls. The attitude of the common people towards these two great Mahatamas endorsed my observation. They were treated as the many Mahatamas, who frequented the market, thus, the two mahatamas moved freely in that place. The shopkeeper, however, was very hospitable. Avatar Baba bought a dhoti from his shop, and asked me to wear it after dyeing it in ochre colour. Our entire day was spent in the hustle and bustle of the market place. Avatar Baba, a jovial person, freely mixed with the common folks, but Baba Gorekhnath maintained his sobriety. He was quiet, and aloof totally detached from the mundane activities of the physical world.

We came back to the shelter of the cave. We ate the food which was already prepared for us by someone. After we had finished eating, I coloured the dhoti, spread it for drying, and went inside the cave to take some rest. Before going out, the two Babas said "You can sleep now we are going out and will be back after some time". I tried to sleep but the sleep evaded me. Finally I gave up trying, got up and came out of the cave, and sat on the nearby rock. Outside the atmosphere seemed pregnant, with the promise of rain. I went into deep meditation, and was lost in a void, totally indifferent to the impending rains and the surrounding. The moment I closed my eyes, I was transported to the rains of celestial waves. I could see many Mahatamas travelling via the air route, and some, sitting in a group.

They gave me illuminating lessons on 'Samadhi'. When I saw my own body sitting in the serene posture of 'Samadhi', I was overwhelmed by this strange, but unique experience. I could travel any where and every where at my free will. My 'will' had become the speed. The mysteries of the spiritual were within the grip of my comprehension. I could even see the familiar figures of the two Mahatamas moving at their own will, and going in different directions. Avatar Baba entered a cave, and sat in the meditative posture. Gradually, he detached himself from his physical form, and within no time he was with me. Thus, we travelled in our astral forms towards Haridwar. The Haridwar ghats were dark and deserted, and so as per Avatar Baba's instructions I also created a physical form akin to my original body. Avatar Baba had already created the same for himself. After assuming the physical forms, we knocked at the back door of Maya Mandir. The temple door was unlocked by a young Naga saint, who politely welcomed us inside the temple. I was introduced Bilkesh Puriji in the early hours of the morning. After some time, we came out of the temple and walked towards Subhash Ghat. At the ghat I met quite a number of saints. At 'Har ki Pauri', I had the privilege of meeting Datta Maharaj. Avatar Baba and Atmanand Maharaj had a lengthy spiritual discussion. And then, Atmanand Maharaj, embraced me affectionately. We bade an affectionate good by to him, and moved onwards. While we were sitting on the banks of the Ganges, 'Guard Baba' came to pay us a visit. Overcome with powerful feelings, he fell on our feet. Avatar Baba patiently soothed him, and convinced him to return to his hut. When there was no one present in that area, Avatar Baba dematerialised his body, and I also did the same act. We were once again in the astral state. Since Avatar Baba wanted to proceed towards Lucknow I detached myself from him, and returned speedily towards my physical form, which lay inert, in the cave and entered it.

After a long interval of twenty hours, I came back to my original form when I regained my consciousness, the past events were like a dream to me. I was wrapt in the memories of the wondrous feelings of past events. There was total stillness everywhere. The fading light of the evening enhanced the quietness of the atmosphere. Even the flow of the river had abated. I waited for Avatar Baba the whole night, Alas: my waiting was in vain. And when I dozed off, I cannot recollect. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke from my sleep, and the minute I opened my eyes I found myself staring into two dangerous looking eyes of a white lion, who was sitting a couple of yards away from me. The lion was huge and strong, his stare was fixed on me. My natural reaction was - fear, and a tremor coursed through my body, I decided to tame the animal with my sympathetic thought waves. Surprisingly, the animal responded, and walked away from that spot. Precisely at that moment, Baba Gorakhnath made his opportune appearance. Laughingly he caressed the retreating lions head and said. " Why do you want to use the power of your thoughts on this poor creature? The other animals will threaten his existence if he turns tame? 'Man' is more dangerous than animals, you should experiment with your thought waves on him, rather than on animals. Come along with me, it is no use waiting for Avatar Baba for he has gone to 'Kashmir'. I will guide you till the road.

'Past' (kal) is like an interval. The entire Bramhanda is hidden within its folds. The entire universe be it, 'Prakrati' or 'Purush' is in a blissful state of 'dance'. Be it shiva or shakti or vice a versa, creation in totality dwells in this. There is no pause, no cessation, Detach yourself from outward inclination, delve deep within your inner self, and there in lies the resting place the cessation (Viram). The emergence of Kala, the 'Chetana' of Gorakhnath, Vishnu's image, Bramha's creation, the dancing shivas, pause, poorna kala (perfection of kala) and Poorna Viram Rekha - (Total cessation - final line) all can be perceived in this. Everything is incomplete without 'Prakrati' and 'Purush'. They rely on each other for their existence. In the absence of one, the other is incomplete. Similarly 'Chetana' (consciousness) and 'Shushupta' (sleep) do not have separate meaningful existences. Finally, everything is incomplete without kala's kriti (arts work) and 'Rekha'.

"The help of Lakshmi (wealth) and Saraswati (knowledge) is vital if one desires to reach 'Rekha' - (the last line or boundary). 'Affluence' and 'Conscience' arise from 'Lakshmi' and Saraswati'. In the exploration of natural resources, wealth is essential, and the help of Saraswati, (knowledge) is required to give adequate expression to the resultant experiences. Lakshmi, is awaiting you bedecked in your own jewelled crown. The path you have chosen, is not its destination, but it has a role to play. An object neither ceases to exist when it is given away for charity nor does it belong to the person even after his acceptance as long as the final link with 'Samskar' is maintained. Since 'Kala' 'creates' and Lakshmi accepts it, the link can not be severed, even by 'conscience' or by 'Rekha'. You cannot find the justification of your mission in 'Lakshmi' 'Renunciation' and acceptance the two forms of kala should become your close associates. And with their help you should tread on the path dedicated to 'Rekha' your path will become obstacle free. You must keep away from structuring anything new, let lakshmi perform this function. Let Rekha do the disintegration and 'kala' give the sustenance, you should dissociate yourself from these and your aim should be to get absorbed in 'Parakala'.

We made our way through dense foliage and creepers, and reached the Veergang, Kathmandu Highway. It was past midnight, so we decided to camp on the bank of river Narayani. We ate some fruits and sweets from Baba's bag and stretched on the banks to snatch some sleep.

In the morning, I got up with a start, for I found myself amidst a bustling crowd. The place was teeming with men, and women carrying out their daily chores. Everything appeared familiar - the Birla Tower, Adarsh Niketan, Santiniketan etc. Bewildered, I looked here and there, and tried to figure out as to how I managed to reach this place. Gradually the memories of the events of last night, cleared my befogged mind, and everything became crystal clear. Only two days back I was here with Avatar Baba, I thought smiling, and today I have been transported bodily to Haridwar I used to often imagine such miracles, whenever I heard the account of the miraculous deeds of Herakhan how he bodily transported his devotees to 'Har Ki Pauri' for the dip and within minutes transported them back and this time my dream has been translated into reality. I am in Haridwar, purely by virtue of the miracle. I was, however not surprised at this, for I was conversant with the Yogic Kriyas, which can enable the yogi to perform such miracles. Though I had, already acquired the relevant knowledge from Baba, I had refrained from putting it to practise. When a man goes off to sleep, he is hardly aware whether he is a male or a female. Similarly when a person becomes absorbed in self, he is not affected by the transformation of his outward form, To the yogis, this is a very simple matter. Superior yogis can very often change their physical forms or assume the micro form (or astral) and thus metamorphosed, can

journey through the entire universe unhindered. He can constitute his new physical form in conformance to the climate and prevalent geographical conditions of the particular place he chooses to visit. I have had the fortunate association of many Mahatmas who have excelled in the particular yogic technique, have travelled all over the world in arbitrary forms and have stayed amidst common people. It is a pity that people remain oblivious to their exalted presence. These great souls are also human beings, endowed with a conscience and consciousness. Since you are also a human being, a jiva endowed with similar attributes why should you be so apathetic to the promises of this path? your varied conquests in the sphere of physical attainments easily forecast your conquest of the 'Micro', provided it is pursued doggedly. Although it may sound incredible, almost an imaginative issue, yet it is the only stern truth, and rest of the activities of the world are untrue. All your actions reflect the truth, the only difference is this, that your thoughts waves are the architect of your good and bad actions. To, be more precise, you are enslaved to your "thought waves", and to the social circumstances. It is indeed ironical that 'man' exploits the natural resources to the utmost, but shuns the total affinity with nature. You are always in a state of flight, you are fleeing either from yourself or from circumstance. Time does not wait for anyone, but 'man' is totally dependent on 'Time' when 'Time' is absorbed within, by man, it comes to a stand still, and 'man' also comes to a stand still. In this particular state of 'stillness' the seed of knowledge flowers, and with the blossoming of this knowledge man becomes impenetrable, and ever lasting. He is neither an inert, nor an animate, he is an adwait imbued with "Dwaita dwait".

After taking a dip in the Bramha kunda, I went on a visiting spree, and met all the sadhus and pandas of the place. I was familiar with every nook and corner of Haridwar. After renewing my acquaintance with many people, I went to the Bhairav Akhara, Bilkeshpuriji, was the secretary of the establishments. He welcomed me and gave me the detailed description of the Akhara rules and regulations. I was also made aware of the controversy which was raging between the municipality and the Akhara. They further, requested me to play an active role in the case. I was caught unawares in this controversy, which made me restless. I somehow managed to extricate myself from this entanglement, and departed from the Akhara. On shri Atmananda's request I left for Delhi. In Delhi, I stayed for some time in a Naga Baba Virgiri's hut which was situated near the Yamuna Dam. This Naga Baba often resorts to abusive language. But his abuses are looked upon as blessings, so people do not feel offended by his characteristic behaviour. Despite his formidable exterior, he is a kind and a considerate person. He thinks that, it is his duty to serve the Mahatamas. Serving the Guru is like worship to him, and perhaps this is the aim of his life.

Thus, my first day in Delhi, was spent in his company. The Naga Baba was keen that I should go to America. Therefore, the very next day he started making the necessary arrangements like passport etc. We met shri Jagjivan Babu in this connection, and after spending some time with him we came out of his house. Since we could not find any transport, we started walking. While we were walking a car coming from the opposite direction, suddenly slowed down and halted before us. To my utter amazement, I found myself face to face with Ram nagar's Raja Sahab - Shri Kamkhaya Narayan Singh. He too was astonished to see me dressed in the manner of a sadhu. I had given him ample help during the election, so he was highly obliged to me. He offered us lift in his car and accommodated all the sadhus who were with me. We went to his residence, and, after some time I expressed my desire to return to my lodgings. Raja Sahab, would not easily let me go. He insisted that I should be his guest and enjoy his hospitality. But when I politely declined his offer, he persuaded me to use his car for my various movements in the city. He started exploring all his resources in order to help me in my proposed journey to America. Despite my apparent reluctance, the preparation for the foreign trip continued to progress and very soon my papers were in order. The Raja also gave me the necessary financial assistance. Finally, when I was ready for the departure, the sudden arrival of a Bairagi saint, a devotee of Ram, gave an unexpected twist to my programme. He was scantily clad, and his filthy body was full of cuts and bruises. After paying respect to the Mahatamas who were present, he immediately started attending to the various requirements of the sadhus - ranging from cleaning to cooking the food. With the result, the Mahatamas were immensely pleased with his dedicated service.

One day a strange incident took place which disturbed me greatly. I had gone out in connection with my journey, and when I came back I was greeted in the normal fashion by the Bairagi saint, but his eyes mirrored the disapproval and the anger which was seething within him. Somehow, I could not comprehend the cause of his anger, and tried to ignore it.

When it was night, and everyone had gone to sleep, once again I became conscious of his gaze. Since it was summers we were lying under a starry vault, in the open air. The Bairagi saint, after finishing the household care, came out and stretched himself next to me. Due to the heat, I was restless I could not easily go off to sleep. The silence of the night was frequently marred by the barking dogs, and the squealing bats. Suddenly, for no rhyme or reason, the Bairaji Baba started hurling abuses at me. He said rather ironically Perhaps you have not visited the western countries? cars and planes surely, must have been beyond your reach: Why are you so keen on a foreign travel? And why did you relinquish all your wealth when these tendencies still lurked within you? If this is so, why don't you go back to your former comforts and luxuries? Your appetite for touring various foreign countries will be wheted. You will regain the lost, worldly affluences but will be lost forever:

I, feigned indifference to his lengthy sermon. I was neither offended nor perturbed by the bitter outburst. But I was curious to know from where the Baba had come to know about my programme. A kind of restlessness pervaded the atmosphere, which was partially relieved by the sudden drought of cool wind. The Bairagi Baba instantly vehemently reacted to the cool wind, by picking up sand from the ground. He muttered some mantras and threw it in the direction of the wind. Consequently, the air became still, and the entire atmosphere also became still. A sudden rustling sound attracted my attention - lo and behold: a snake sat majestically with its hood out stretched in the midst of the fallen sand. Baba started abusing the "sanke, he said" Why have you come? Why have you left the task unfinished? Why did you allow the cold wind to blow? You better go back to your job I could not tear my eyes away from the snake - it was a female snake. It shivered under the influence of my powerful gaze. With my thought vibrations I challenged her to disclose her true identity. The effect of my thought waves became apparent, in the form of visible transformation in the snake. But the 'Baba' reacted to the occurrence in a disturbed manner. He said "No : No; this will not happen, please withdraw your thought vibrations". I withdrew my sankalp, and the snake which was in the process of transforming into a micro female human form, also came to an abrupt halt. The Baba then sprinkled few drops of blood on the snake, and the snake instantly vanished. Once again, there was total darkness and cool breeze made the night comfortable, and we went off to sleep.

Next day, after the morning tea, the Nagas spoke to the Baba teasingly 'Sitaram, since you have completed twelve years of your 'Bairagya' we can accept you as our disciple'. The Vaishnav saint delivered a long sermon on 'Ram', which revealed him in a totally different light. The light hearted atmosphere was replaced by philosophical, sober, overtones.

I was simply astonished at this revelation. The flux of an ideal mixture of hot and cold winds, liberates human beings from all bondages, and Ram, can be defined thus. The simple, unassuming person, after exhibiting his intellectual side, quietly went back to his daily routine. Everyone who was present in the, room, was greatly influenced by his selfless service, and humanity.

All the arrangements for the foreign trip were now almost complete, and everyone was eagerly awaiting the departure day. I was a little uneasy and apprehensive about everything, Overweighed with these thoughts, I came out to sleep on the platform. Shortly afterwards, Bairagi Baba joined me. After few seconds silence, he resorted to yesterday's abusive language.

"You are tarnishing all your achievements. It is natural for the sun to rise and set and waters to ebb and flow. My friend ! You should go to the west only when you are well equipped and well versed in your chosen sphere, otherwise they will throw you out like a half baked bread. All these Nagas want to exploit you, so it is wise for you to disengage yourself from their clutches. You must turn a blind eye to everything, and treat good and bad with an indifference. You are a yogi, assimilate, like the river Ganges, all the materialism of the physical world. Only the 'yogi' in you should be alive. People want to exploit you by making an exhibition of your spiritual feats". Today, again, I feigned indifference to his incoherent ramblings, for the abusive language, I presumed, had become part of his nature.

Next morning, many friends and acquaintances came to visit me. I was rather surprised to hear them talking to me in a light hearted manner, almost making fun of me. Bairage Baba looked at me, and smiled meaningfully. I tolerated their intimidation for a while, and when the talks became unbearable, I came out of the room, sat in my car and started driving aimlessly. My car finally came to a halt on the Yamuna bridge. The continuous flow of the waters, erased all my confusion, and inspired me to move forward. The aim of my life as a renunciant became crystal clear, and the ironical ramblings of Bairagi Baba appeared meaningful. My introspection helped me to sever all my affiliations with the

Mahatamas who were deviating me from my life's objective. I looked at the clear sky, which was sending mute inspiration to the flowing waters of Yamuna. In a flash, I could comprehend the message, which the sky was trying to communicate - to move from the 'micro to the macro'.

Giribaba was in a cheerful mood. When I went to visit him, I was given a hearty welcome. Bairagi Baba, enthusiastically picked up a utensil and started polishing it. He spoke philosophically - "I always polish and scrub the utensil thoroughly because I want to test the durability of dirt". In the evening, Mr. Baijnath Singh a renowned Indian Doctor settled in America, came to visit me. We were together in Assam for couple of years, and he had high regard for me. A tea garden in Assam and a press, he decided to hand over to me. Since I was not interested in these gifts, I requested Pali Sinha to accept the press on my behalf. I postponed my decision, regarding the tea garden.

In the evening, again I decided to go without meals, and occupied my resting place. I was very quiet, and pensive, and did not want to be disturbed, but, my silent mood was interrupted by the arrival of Bairagi Baba. He quietly took his seat next to me and said "So what have you decided? Do you want to climb the heights, or stay at the bottom? Nevertheless, vibrations are all pervasive, and their sources are located everywhere. But, all exhibit different tendencies and inclination. Every human being is releasing their respective 'thought vibration' and other living entities are also behaving in the similar manner. However, the "thought vibrations which are emanating from the Himalayan caves, are beneficial to us".

I was, rather surprised at his complacent attitude, and looked at his face carefully to find out whether he was the same person or someone else. His face looked surprisingly young and reflected a new glory. He wanted to continue his conversation, but I interrupted him thus "Baba, I am still, not aware of your true identity, and what is your life's mission. Although your conversation reveals that you are aware of my decision, yet I am still hanging in the state of indecision. How should I get rid of these entanglements? Everything is in a state of readiness, only the return ticket is yet to be purchased. Please help, and guide me in this matter, because my deep rooted desire is to be in close association with an esteemed Mahatama and lead a life of a renunciant in a Himalayan cave. But why have contradictory events have played such an engrossing role? Why was I at all introduced by Avtar Baba to these Mahatamas? People who could not utter a single sentence before me have dared to ridicule me openly : I want to know the future course, and where it will ultimately lead me to? I want to discover my 'self' and the true purpose of my life. My life till today has been like a continuous flow without any pause. Neither 'Time' nor the Mahatamas who have embarked me on this path, have given me any respite. There is, definitely, a secret underlying my life, and only the Mahatamas perhaps, hold key to this secret, but I have to unravel the mystery myself. This is possible only in the solitude of the caves, when I can leave my physical body, and travel in the space in the astral form. Will you help me in my spiritual venture? "well, pilot, whatever has been done, and whatever I can do for you, leave to time. Let us only think of the present, for tomorrow with its promises, will guide our path. Our destination is fixed, but the path is not chalked out. There are many lanes which merge at the cross road. We neither have to meditate nor have to indulge in any serious thinking, we have to merely keep walking on our path. We have to break the 'Sanskritic' barriers lest we start ruminating. We do not have to collect the 'Karmas' bricks, Our life's objective will automatically pull us towards it so, Are you ready to come with me?

"Tomorrow morning, we will set forth on our journey, and, I will wait for you at the Shantivan crossing. You can leave behind all your luggage, but for few essentials, and some money. Come and join me? at the appointed hour. Time is awaiting us. After this brief sermon we went off to sleep".

After giving the morning tea to everyone, we started on our journey. But before leaving, I gave all my money and papers to 'Ramavatar giri'. The driver came with the car to pick me up, but I waved him aside and started walking on the road which lead to Shantivan. The sweet smile and blessing of 'Veergiri Baba' boosted my spirits. Bairagi Baba who was waiting for me near the bridge, joined me as soon as he spotted my approaching figure. We went to the station and purchased ticket for Saharanpur. And from Saharanpur we took a bus to Harpatpur. It was dizzying mildly when we got out of the bus. Despite the dark rainy night we continued walking towards the banks of Yamuna river. Since the river was on the rise due to the floods, the whole place seemed to be inundated with water, so we decided to spend the night in the shelter of some logs of wood, which were piled nearby. There was total darkness everywhere, not even a ray of light was visible. Bairagi Baba cleared some space for me to sit, and while I dozed, he went to get some food for me. After a short while he returned with some 'Kheer' and

'Pakori' How and from where, he managed the food I could not figure out, because there was no habitaion within the reach. After the food, we tried to snatch some sleep in the make shift shelter.

Next morning, we managed to cross the overflowing river, and reached 'Pohata'. We paid out respects at the Gurudware, and continued our onwards journey. We did not eat anything the whole day, because, as per Bairaji Baba's forecast, an handicapped Mahatama will be waiting for us, on the way with some 'Kheer'. True to Bairagi Baba's prediction, we indeed came across the Mahatama, an invalid who lived under the Pipal tree in his small hut. A gracious welcome was given to us by the Mahatama, and his two disciples. We were offered the 'kheer' with the traditional courtsey.

We enjoyed the hospitailty of the handicapped Baba for three days, and came to know interesting storeis of sirmaur from the Mahatamas. He warned us against the powers of accultism, and young women of sirmaur who were, by and large, well versed in this science. He also gave us cues of a 'Mohini' woman of sirmaur. After our short stay with the Mahatama, we again proceeded on our journey towards 'Naahan' . Since I had many acquaintances in the royal family, we avoided the city, and headed for the village vicinity.

While we were in search of a temple for the night's shelter, we met a sabhapati who gave us relevant information about the village and the villagers. His conversation revealed the hostile attitude of the villagers towards the sadhus and Mahatamas. The culture of the village permitted the people to lead a free life despite marital cords. And this permissiveness was exploited by some sadhus, who had earlier visited the village, and decamped with their women and belongings. Therefore, their paranoia regarding all sadhus, was well justified. But we were looked upon as exception, and treated with due respect by the 'Sabhapati'. Since the temple was over crowded with grains, we were offered accomodation in the sabhapati's house.

Next morning we left the village. Some woman tried to stop us near the banks of Gauri's Ganga River, but we ignored them and continued walking. The women too did not give up easily. They started following us. Bairagi Baba warned me against the evil designs of the women, and told me to refuse the food which they wanted to force upon me. After climbing a rocky expanse, we reached a school. The boys and girls of the school began to tease and harass us and strangely enough they were encouraged by some of the teachers. I wanted to stop this nuisance so I resorted to English language. As soon as I started speaking in English, all the cacaphony came to an immediate halt. Even their attitude of distrust evaporated and they tried to amend their former insulting behaviour, by treating us in the befitting respectful manner. The women who were toeing us, try to offer us some fruits, but we gently brushed aside the offering. We came out of the school and started moving briskly towards the river. After we had covered the distance of many miles we turned to see whether we were still being followed, but there was no one, for the women had, since long stopped following us. We spent the night in a Baba's hut which was on the bank of the river.

We visited 'Renuka Tal' and 'Churdhar' which were, at that time, the habitation of some Tantrikas. Every where stains of blood, and scattered pieces of flesh could be seen. The surroundings evidently smelt of Tantrika rites, so we deliberately avoided the place, and by evening, decended in the valley. We continued to walk on the banks of the river, and when a temple loomed into our sight, we moved towards its direction. A Bramachari, clad in yellow, stopped us, and spoke to us enquiringly. The frequent use of sanskrit shlokas by him in the conversation, exhibited his scholarly predilection he asked me "Have you read 'Patanjali Yoga'? I said 'No' At this he made an insolent remark" Why have you become a sadhu? I was rather dumb struck at this remark, the by standers too started laughing. I was apparently, in an embarassing position. May be, he wanted to re-assert his esteem by resorting to this petty behaviour. I could not accept this ridicule, and so I retorted by speaking in fluent English. There was a visible change in the atmosphere - a peculiar silence. The tables were turned on the pedantic Bramachari. He looked crest fallen, and the villagers made him the butt of their ridicule. I spoke to the bramhachari thus - "Maharaja, a person cannot become a Mahatama simply, by virtue of bookish knowledge. Your ego reveals that you have not taken "Diksha". You have been befooling the naive villagers by reciting few shlokas. Hence forth, do not even by mistake, make an attempt at humiliating any Mahatama. As a pujari (priest) of the temple, you should not have restricted our entry into the temple. The desired courteous behaviour from you towards the guests, seems now, to be beyond expectation. Kindly excuse us, we are on the look out for a resting place for the night."

When we were about to leave the place, the block chief came forward and requested us to accept his hospitality. His house was situated on the banks of the river, and the scattered Devadar trees added to the beauty of the surroundings. Our host was an emotional person, and looked after us devotedly. And for the first time in my life, I studied the "Patanjali Yoga" and "Yoga Vashiste" and learnt all the 'Sutras' by heart. From the very next day I began to use the 'Sutras' freely in my conversation.

We went to Simla via Mandi, Kanpur etc. While going to simla, we came across a beautiful garden, just before 'Solan'. A temple could be seen in the garden. A huge cave stood on the opposite hillock which attracted our attention. The Pandavas, during their exile, had perhaps sought refuge in the cave. We moved towards the cave with the intention of passing the night. Perched on a tree an augurh in dark clothes awaited our arrival. The Vaishnav saint at 'simla' had predicted this meeting so we were mentally prepared for this. His hut was built underneath the tree, and the cave was located close by. The moment he saw us he jumped from the tree, took his seat next to the cave, and laughingly said "How am I to look after you two : I do not have any grocery here. 'Only Bairagi Baba is capable of making the necessary arrangements. Today I will be eating the food cooked by Bairagi Baba. Rather tired, I sat down on the nearby rock, but Bairagi went inside the hut to explore his kitchen containers. All the boxes inside the hut were empty, and even the utensils were not there.

Looking exasperated, the Vaishnav saint came out of the hut, and straight away entered into a heated argument with the 'Augurh'. Their heated exchanges continued for quite some time. There was total darkness all around the place only the feeble light from the 'Dhuni' was the only redeeming feature. When I could not bear the nuisance any more, I got up, and in a fit of rage threw him on the ground. And as I was about to hit him with a huge stone, the Augurh started pleading for his life. Although at his repeated pleadings I spared his life, yet I gave him my piece of mind - "Baba, we have not come here to see your miracles and powers, you have been very discourteous and inhospitable towards us. We are tired and hungry and you are simply not bothered about your guests needs. If you don't have any resources, Why don't you frankly say so? We can go to sleep without food, but we are not ready to accept your insulting behaviour. At least you could observe some decency.

My verbal thrashing brough, the "Augurh" to his senses, and he spoke fearfully "Pilot Baba", I am Ramu aghori alias Ramu Peer. In fact, I have been only waiting for you. And since I wanted to detain you, I was unnecessarily arguing with "Bairagi Baba". I want to learn a lot from you. My 'sanskars unite with your sanskara, either directly or indirectly. While I was moving in the valley of 'Mustang' I met surya who spoke to me about your greatness. Moreover through you, I will get the privilege of coming in contact with other "Mahatama". Even the Vaishnav saint has deliberately sought your company, for he too nurtures the similar objective. He wants to gain from your earlier 'Sanskritic' experiences. And he is moving with you for this reason only. Bairagi Baba has not disclosed his real self to you, because he thinks that 'time' itself will reveal everything. Sometimes one does certain action, which are not deliberately intended. This explains the disappearance of all food items from those boxes. Due to my involvement with 'ghosts' and 'spirits', I have unwittingly turned into an 'augurh'. Likewise, even Vaishnav Baba's 'sadhana' centres around the Nagin (the she snake). We are in search of the soul's ultimate realization.

"Now, let us have something to eat". We followed the Augurh, who led us into the cave. He took out some dry fruits from the boxes and gave us to eat. And then he spread his palms, as though asking for something, To my utter amazement, an unknown power handed fresh food in his out stretched hands. When he saw our explicit surprise he said "Baba this is merely an example of the "Laukik" (the seen) not Parlaukik (the unseen). You can discern all mysteries, you are a Paramatma Darshi so please don't be surprised. "I do regret that bairagi Baba will not partake of this food, and I cannot make any other arrangements. Since my selfish interests were upper most in my mind, I ignored the basic courtesy which is expected from a host. Therefore, I beg for your forgiveness. The 'Aghori' again spread his hand, as though asking for something else. But, I immediately used by "Sankalp Powers" and forestalled his efforts. His hands were spread in vain for quite some time. He looked at me and said. "The entire sadhna of my life at this point becomes ineffective, with the help of my powers I have summoned some food items, but due to the intervention of your thought - 'Vibration' the food cannot materialize. Frankly speaking, I was also keen to witness this phenomenon and the moment I withdrew my 'thought vibrations' an envelope containing some rice and lentils sprang into sight. Bairagi Baba prepared the 'Kichdi' and we ate from the same plate. This eating from the same plate was

significant, for it was meant to erase all our differences. And, we pledged to serve humanity by spreading the message of peace.

"It is not necessary that people should know us. We will not strive for recognition. To enable the universe to realize the truth, we can make use of our 'thought vibrations'. Any worship or pooja does not manifest the truth, truth is truth in itself, which is eternal and indestructible. Hence forth, we shall perform the sadhana with altruistic feelings. And with this vow, we ate the food together. Our vow brought about a sensational change in the atmosphere - sweet fragrant wind started blowing, also all the skulls collided with each other and went to pieces. We had a peaceful night. We were happy at our unanimous oath, now Ramu peer would do anything for the welfare of humanity. After bidding good bye to Ramu Peer, we resumed our journey. We visited Naga Baba at 'Pinjour Garden' and stayed over night with him. We reached Shakumbari Devi's temple which is situated in the desolate forest. We could see Tyagi Baba's place close by so, we decided to spend the night at his place. After eating the food from the same plate, we went off to sleep on the same 'asana'. Shortly afterwards, our sleep was disturbed by the hissing sound of snakes. Since I had seen this Nagin in Delhi I immediately recognized her. She along with another Nagin was trying to glide towards 'Vaishnav Baba' but my presence obstructed her intentions. When Vaishnav Baba moved away from the 'Asana', the two Nagins freely moved towards him. Tyagi Baba reacted in a fearful manner to the presence of the snakes. He ran towards the snake to kill them with his Trisul, but he was soon hypnotised, so he meekly sat down in a corner. Bairagi Baba scratched his chest with his nails and forced some blood out. This blood he offered to the Nagins, who hungrily licked the blood, and gradually changed into female human forms. They sat near Bairagi Baba and started talking to him. I was the silent spectator of the entire drama which was being enacted before me. Bairagi finally unfolded his life's story to me. He said you must have recognized this Nagin, she is my 'Ishta' and 'sadhana'. I continuously benefit from her presence in fact, I owe my life's history to her. And I receive all knowledge and information from her. I have become immersed in 'Ram' by virtue of her grace. I cannot even abandon them, for I am apprehensive that they might go astray. On the contrary, their presence obliterates my spiritual progress, I am in a real fix. If you probe my past with your thought vibrations my life's history will become clear to you. Now, only the memories are left, which I cherish dearly.

"I belong to Pillibhit, I am Pillibhit's Zamindar's son. The streets of Pillibhit reveal my life's history. As a young boy, I used to go to the school in 'Bagghi' driven by horses. Those days only people of affluent class could afford a 'Bagghi'. The daughter of an Engineer, Mr. Tiwari used to also study in the same school, her name was Maya Tiwari. We had come very close to each other, and were almost inseparable. Suddenly, one day Maya did not come to school. When I went to her house to enquire about her, I found the house locked and empty. To my utter surprise, I discovered that they had left the place with bag and baggage. Mr. Tiwari had serious misgivings regarding our relationship. Mr. Tiwari, primarily due to this reason, suddenly left that place quietly and unnoticed,

I had become the butt of the students' ridicule, they openly made fun of me. I felt sore and humiliated, so one day, I also left the place with the firm determination, to leave no stone unturned till I have found 'Maya'. I went through dire hardships in the course of my search for Maya's and finally, after twelve years, I found her in Dehradun. I was an adult, no longer a confused adolescent. And even Maya had matured into a woman. Since I was in a tattered state, ill clad and ill fed, she gave me money so that I could return to my former decent state. Maya also made arrangements for my stay. But our idyllic romance lasted only for few months, for one fateful day we were discovered by Maya's father. And the inevitable, happened for the second time, Maya disappeared from my life. Finally my search ultimately came to an end with the tragic discovery - the premature death of Maya. In the prime of her life she was mercilessly murdered by her father. Mr. Tiwari had shifted to Nepal in order to close the chapter on Maya's liaison with me, and start his life afresh. The death of Maya brought a dramatic change within me, and the new awakened yearnings of a renunciant were blessed by my guru in the forest of Ayodhya. I look the Diksha embarked upon the new journey of my life. I became immersed in Ram, the creator of the illusory form of Maya. I found my place in the Tapovan for my 'Sadhana'.

I spent almost twelve years in the 'Tapavan' praying and meditating. And after the completion of twelve years, I took the vow of continuing all my future travels on foot. And in this manner, I wandered from place to place with the 'Tapavan Maharaj' as the companion, when the Maharaj decided to go back to the Himalaya, I chalked my lonely course and came to the valley of Nepal. One day when I was trying to take some rest in the courtyard of Goradhnath Temple, suddenly Maya appeared from nowhere and caught me in her vice like grip. She was Maya, but in her illusory form. And now, I was no

longer the former person whom she was searching. Maya was living in the form of snake in the temple premises. When morning came she changed into the snake form and hid herself in the dark corners of the temple, and I started on my journey towards "Mansarovar Kailash". On the way I met Herakhan, somwari and Latoria Baba, Since they were also going to Mansarovar Kailash, I joined their group. In the night Maya in the form of snake came and slept with me in my bed. Incidentally she was spotted by somwari Baba, who in his excitement had picked up a stone had wanted to crush the snake. Due to the commotion, the instant transformation took place in the snake - a young woman stood instead of the snake. Everyone was astonished to see the young woman as my companion, and immediately denounced me. I was stunned by the unforeseen turn of events which had led to my boycott. Consequently, I was cast as an unworthy person, unfit for the holy pilgrimage. In desperation I started scratching my chest and the blood oozed out. The Nagin licked the blood and started dancing in an intoxicated mood. I went over to the 'Nagdevata' at Mujaffarnagar, and there, another Nagin got the taste of my blood. Thus, I became the associate of the two snake.

I was fortunate to meet you in the thirteenth year of my travels on foot. And in you, I could for see my liberation from the bondage of the snakes, which would enable me to concentrate on my worship of Shri Ram. The stick in my hand has strange powers, it not only subdues my anger but also protects me from adverse influences. With the result, the snakes are in awe of the stick and dare not come near it. "Please deliver them from this bondage and influence them with your thought Vibration for rebirth" I give my promise to do so in due course and proceeded on my journey with him towards Nayagaun. We were together for almost three months, and then, from this point we got separated and chose different directions. I stayed with Baba Premgiri. The people of the place were so much besotted by me, that they refused to give me permission to leave the place. The only option within the sight was to run away when everyone was sleeping peacefully. And I did manage to run away in the meantime, I honoured my promise to Bairagi Baba, by liberating him from the bondage of the 'Nagina'. One day Baba 'Premgiri' vanished suddenly. But before leaving he advised me to go on a journey towards Uttarakand 'Kumaonchal'.