

Babaji Day
Commemorative Service Reading
Volume II

Commemorative Service Readings

Please use the reading from the volume appropriate for the year in which you are reading. The volume number of the commemorative service readings must match the volume number of the Sunday service readings.

There are two colors of font — black and blue. Black indicates a section created by the reader as an introduction, transition, or summary. These may be altered to suit your reading style. Blue indicates material taken from an SRF sources, such as *Autobiography of a Yogi*, *Mejda*, *Self-Realization Magazine*, etc. These are not to be changed. If you find an error, please notify the chairperson of the readers' committee for correction.

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Babaji Day

Reading

Volume II

In the *Autobiography of a Yogi* our Guru, Paramahansa Yogananda, wrote:

"That there is no historical reference to Babaji need not surprise us. The great guru has never openly appeared in any century; the misinterpreting glare of publicity has no place in his millennial plans. Like the Creator, the sole but silent Power, Babaji works in a humble obscurity. (P. 298)

Mahavatar Babaji did, however, appear from time to time to advanced disciples. He frequently came to his direct disciple, Lahiri Mahasaya. But he also appeared to Swami Sri Yukteswar, our guru Paramahansa Yogananda, and Sri Daya Mata. His first appearance with Sri Yukteswar was at a Kumbha Mela in 1894. As our paramguru stood reflecting on social reform in the throng at the Mela, a tall sannyasi approached and spoke to him:

"Sir," he said, "a saint is calling you."

"Who is he?"

"Come and see for yourself."....

The master, a bright unusual figure, with sparkling dark eyes, rose at my approach and embraced me.

“Welcome, Swamiji,” he said affectionately.

“Sir, “ I replied emphatically, “I am *not* a swami.”

“Those on whom I am divinely directed to bestow the title of *swami* never cast it off.” The saint addressed me simply, but a deep conviction of truth rang in his words. I was instantly engulfed in a wave of spiritual blessing. ... “Babaji—for it was indeed he—motioned me to a seat near him under the tree. He was strong and young and looked like Lahiri Mahasaya. ...”You, Swamiji,” he said, “have a part to play in the coming harmonious exchange between Orient and Occident. Some years hence I shall send you a disciple whom you can train for yoga dissemination in the west. The vibrations there of many spiritually seeking souls come flood like to me. I perceive potential saints in American and Europe waiting to be awakened.” (Ibid. P. 332 ff.)

Paramahansa Yogananda was the disciple whom Babaji sent to Sri Yukteswar for training. Master’s first meeting with Babaji was in 1920 on the day we are now commemorating. He describes the meeting as follows:

"One early morning I began to pray, with an adamant determination to continue, even to die praying, until I heard the voice of God. I wanted His blessing and assurance that I would not lose myself in the fogs of modern utilitarianism. My heart was set to go to America, but even more strongly was it resolved to hear the solace of divine permission.

I prayed and prayed, muffling my sobs. No answer came. At noon I reached a zenith; my head was reeling under the pressure of my agonies. I felt that if I cried once more, increasing the depth of my inner passion, my brain would split.

At that moment there came a knock on the door of my Garpar Road

home. Answering the summons, I beheld a young man in the scanty garb of a ren" He must be Babaji!" I thought, dazed, because the man before me had the features of a young Lahiri Mahasaya. He answered my thought. "Yes, I am Babaji." He spoke melodiously in Hindi. "Our Heavenly Father has heard your prayer. He commands me to tell you: Follow the behests of your guru and go to America. Fear not; you shall be protected."

After a vibrant pause, Babaji addressed me again. "You are the one I have chosen to spread the message of *Kriya Yoga* in the West. Long ago I met your guru Yuksteswar at a *Kumbha Mela*; I told him then I would send you to him for training."

I was speechless, choked with devotional awe at his presence, and deeply touched to hear from his own lips that he had guided me to Sri Yukteswar. I lay prostrate before the deathless guru. He graciously lifted me up. After telling me many things about my life, he gave me some personal instruction and uttered a few secret prophecies.

"*Kriya Yoga*, the scientific technique of God-realization," he finally said with solemnity, "will ultimately spread in all lands. And aid in harmonizing the nations through man's personal, transcendental perception of the Infinite Father. With a gaze of majestic power, the master electrified me with a glimpse of his cosmic consciousness. (Ibid. P. 343)

Daya Mata's meeting with Babaji came upon the completion of her pilgrimage to Babaji's cave during her visit to India in 1961. She recounts the experience in her book *Only Love*:

That night I couldn't sleep. As I sat in meditation the whole room was lit suddenly with a golden light. The light became a brilliant blue,

and there again was the presence of our beloved Babaji! This time he said: "My child, know this: it is not necessary for devotees to come to this spot to find me. Whoever goes within with deep devotion, calling and believing in me, will find my response." This was his message to you all. How true it is. If you only believe, if you just have devotion and silently call on Babaji, you will feel his response.

Then I said, "Babaji, my Lord, our Guru taught us that whenever we want to feel wisdom, we should pray to Sri Yukteswar, because he is all *jnana*, all wisdom; and whenever we want to feel *ananda* or bliss, we should commune with Lahiri Mahasaya. What is your nature?" As I said it, oh, I felt as though my heart was going to burst with love, such love — a thousand million loves rolled into one! He is all love; his whole nature is *prem* (divine love).

Though unvoiced, a more eloquent response I could not conceive; yet Babaji made it even sweeter and more meaningful as he added these words: "My nature is love; for it is love alone that can change this world."

The presence of the great *avatar* slowly vanished in the diminishing blue light, leaving me joyously enwrapped in love divine. (Page 192)

Master wrote a beautiful poem entitled "Divine Love" that echoes the love that Daya Mata felt in Babaji's presence. As a portion of the poem is read as a prayer, look with attention at the picture of Babaji as though you yourself are addressing the prayer to this great master.

Love is the silent conversation between two hearts.

And it is the call of God to all creatures,

Animate and inanimate,

To return to His house of Oneness.

Love is the heartbeat of all life,

And the angel of incarnation.

Love is born in the garden of soul progress,

And it sleeps behind the darkness of outer attachments.

It is the oldest and the sweetest nectar,

Preserved in the bottles of hearts.

Love is the light that dissolves all walls

Between souls, families, and nations.

Love is the unfading blossom of pure friendship

In the garden of both young and mature souls.

Love is the door to heaven, the completed songs of souls. (SRF Lesson

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