

Babaji Day
Commemorative Service Reading
Volume III

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.

At the end of quoted material there is usually the source and page number from which the material is taken. This is for your information only and is not to be read.

Babaji Day

Reading

Volume III

Babaji, the guru of Lahiri Mahasaya, guided his disciple only in his most recent incarnation but also in many previous ones. Their first meeting in this incarnation, as told by Lahiri Mahasaya, is described in the *Autobiography of a Yogi*:

During a ramble one early afternoon, I was astounded to hear a distant voice calling my name.... I finally entered a small clearing whose sides were dotted with caves. On one of the rocky ledges stood a smiling young man, extending his hand in welcome. I noticed with astonishment that, except for the stranger's copper-colored hair, he bore a remarkable resemblance to himself. “

“Lahiri, you have come!” The saint addressed me affectionately in Hindi.... “It was I who silently suggested to the mind of your superior officer that you be transferred to Ranikhet.... The saint approached and struck me gently on the forehead. At his magnetic touch, a wondrous current swept through my brain releasing the sweet seed-memories of my previous life.

“I remember!” My voice was half choked with joyous sobs. “You are my guru, Babaji, who has belonged to me always!”....

“For more than three decades I have waited for you to return to me.” Babaji's voice rang with celestial love.”

"You slipped away and disappeared into the tumultuous waves of the life beyond death. The magic wand of your karma touched you, and you were gone! Though you lost sight of me, never did I lose sight of you! I pursued you over the luminescent astral sea where the glorious angels sail. Through gloom, storm, upheaval and light I followed you, like a mother bird guarding her young. As you lived out your human term of womb life, and emerged a babe, my eye was ever on you.... Patiently, month after month, year after year, I have watched over you, waiting for this perfect day. Now you are with me!" (PP. 306, 307)

Babaji not only appeared in physical form to Lahiri Mahasaya but also to Sri Yukteswar, our Guru, Paramahansa Yogananda, and Ram Gopal Muzumdar, the sleepless saint. It was at the Dasasamedh bathing ghat that Ram Gopal's lifelong desire to see Babaji was fulfilled. Lahiri Mahasaya sent him to the ghat late at night. The meeting in Ram Gopal's words is recorded in the *Autobiography of a Yogi*:

"I soon reached the secluded spot. The night was bright with moonlight and the glittering stars. After I had sat in patient silence for a while, my attention was drawn to a huge stone slab near my feet. It rose gradually, revealing an underground cave. As the stone became stationary, held up by some unknown means, the draped form of a young and surpassingly lovely woman emerged from the cave and levitated high in the air. Surrounded by a soft halo, she slowly descended in front of me and stood motionless, steeped in ecstasy. She finally stirred, and spoke gently.

" 'I am Mataji, the sister of Babaji. I have asked him and also Lahiri Mahasaya to come to my cave tonight to discuss a matter of great importance.'

"A nebulous light was rapidly floating over the Ganges; the strange luminescence was reflected in the opaque waters. It approached nearer and nearer until, with a blinding flash, it appeared by the side of Mataji and condensed itself instantly into the human form of Lahiri Mahasaya. He bowed humbly at the feet of the woman saint.

"Before I had recovered from my bewilderment, I was further wonder-struck to behold a circling mass of mystical light traveling in the sky. Descending swiftly, the flaming whirlpool neared our group and materialized itself into the body of a beautiful youth. I understood at once that he was Babaji. He looked like Lahiri Mahasaya, though Babaji appeared much younger than his disciple, and had long, bright hair.

"Lahiri Mahasaya, Mataji, and I knelt at the great gurus feet. An ethereal sensation of beatific glory thrilled every fiber of my being as I touched his divine flesh.

" 'Blessed sister,' Babaji said, 'I am intending to shed my form and plunge into the Infinite Current.'

" 'I have already glimpsed your plan, beloved Master. I wanted to discuss it with you tonight. Why should you leave your body?' The glorious woman looked at him beseechingly.

" 'What is the difference if I wear a visible or an invisible wave on the ocean of Spirit?' "

"Mataji replied with a quaint flash of wit. 'Deathless Guru, if it makes no difference, then please do not ever relinquish your form'

" 'Be it so, Babaji said solemnly. 'I shall never leave my physical body. It will always remain visible to at least a small number of people on this earth. The Lord has spoken His own wish through your lips.'

"As I listened in awe to the conversation between these exalted

beings, the great guru turned to me with a benign gesture.

" 'Fear not. Ram Gopal,' he said, 'you are blessed to be a witness at the scene of this immortal promise.'

"As the sweet melody of Babaji's voice faded away, his form and that of Lahiri Mahasaya slowly levitated and moved backward over the Ganges. An aureole of dazzling light surrounded their bodies as they vanished into the night sky. Mataji's form floated to the cave and descended; the stone slab came down and closed over the cave, as if moved by invisible hands....

"Lahiri Mahasaya later explained to me that Babaji has been chosen by God to remain in his body for the duration of this particular world cycle. Ages will come and go — still the deathless master, beholding the drama of the centuries, shall be present on this stage terrestrial." (Ibid. PP. 301-304)

In Master's poem "Samadhi," he describes this blessed state where Babaji and the Great Ones reside. While a portion of the poem is read, look with attention at the picture of Babaji as though you yourself are addressing the prayer to this great master.

Ocean of mind, I drink all creation's waves.

Four veils of solid, liquid, vapor, light,

Lift aright.

Myself, in everything, enters the Great Myself.

Gone forever, fitful, flickering shadows of mortal memory.

Spotless is my mental sky, below, ahead, and high above.

Eternity and I, one united ray.

A tiny of bubble of laughter, I

Am become the Sea of Mirth Itself. (*Whispers from Eternity* P. 194)