

**Swami Sri Yukteswar Birthday
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.

Swami Sri Yukteswar Birthday

Reading

Volume III

Tonight's readings are excerpts from *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda, chapter 12, 'Years in My Master's Hermitage.'

"Guruji, please tell me something of your life." I was squatting on a straw mat near his tiger skin. The friendly stars were very close, it seemed, beyond the balcony.

"My family name was Priya Nath Karar. I was born here in Serampore, where Father was a wealthy businessman. He left me this ancestral mansion, now my hermitage. My formal schooling was little; I found it slow and shallow. In early manhood, I undertook the responsibilities of a householder, and have one daughter, now married. My middle life was blessed with the guidance of Lahiri Mahasaya. After my wife died, I joined the Swami Order and received the new name of Sri Yukteswar Giri. Such are my simple annals." (P. 104)

Daily life at the ashram flowed smoothly, infrequently varied. My guru awoke before dawn.... Breakfast did not follow; first came a long walk by the Ganges.... Master ate little, often rice, colored with turmeric or juice of beets or spinach and lightly sprinkled with buffalo ghee or melted butter. (P. 108)

Quiet evening hours often brought one of my guru's discourses: treasures against time. His every utterance was chiseled by wisdom. A sublime self-assurance marked his mode of expression: it was unique. He spoke as none other in my experience ever spoke. His thoughts were weighed in a delicate balance of discrimination before he permitted them the outward garb of speech. The essence of truth, all-pervasive with even a physiological aspect, came from him like a fragrant exudation of the soul. I was conscious always that I was in the presence of a living manifestation of God. The weight of this divinity automatically bowed my head before him. (P. 107)

Master never arrogantly said: "I prophesy that such and such an event shall occur!" He would rather hint: "Don't you think it may happen?" But his simple speech hid vatic power. There was no recanting; never did his slightly veiled predictions prove false.

Sri Yukteswar was reserved and matter-of-fact in demeanor. There was naught of the vague or daft visionary about him. His feet were firm on the earth, his head in the haven of heaven. Practical people aroused his admiration. "Saintliness is not dumbness! Divine perceptions are not incapacitating!" he would say. "The active expression of virtue gives rise to the keenest intelligence."

My guru was reluctant to discuss the superphysical realms. His only "marvelous" aura was that of perfect simplicity. In conversation he avoided startling references, in actions he was freely expressive. Many teachers talk of miracles but could manifest nothing. Sri Yukteswar seldom mentioned the subtle laws but secretly operated them at will.

"A man of realization does not perform any miracle until he receives inward sanction," Master explained....

The silence habitual to Sri Yukteswar was caused by his deep perceptions of the Infinite....

Because of my guru's unspectacular guise, only a few of his contemporaries recognized him as a superman. The adage: "He is a fool that cannot conceal his wisdom," could never be applied to my profound and quiet master.

If I entered the hermitage in a worried or indifferent frame of mind, my attitude imperceptibly changed. A healing calm descended at the mere sight of my guru. Each day with him was a new experience in joy, peace, and wisdom....

A new student occasionally expressed doubts regarding his own worthiness to engage in yoga practice. "Forget the past," Sri Yukteswar would console him. "The vanished lives of all men are dark with many shames. Human conduct is ever unreliable until man is anchored in the Divine. Everything in future will improve if you are making a spiritual effort now."...

Though born a mortal like all others, Sri Yukteswar achieved identity with the Ruler of time and space. Master found no insuperable obstacle to the mergence of human and Divine....

Though my guru's undissembling speech prevented a large following during his years on earth, nevertheless, through an ever-growing number of sincere students of his teachings, his spirit lives on in the world today.

(P. 114 ff)

Master wrote of the blessings of a guru in his poem "My Guru." While a portion of this selection is read as a prayer, look with attention at the picture of Swami Sri Yukteswar as though you yourself are addressing these words to this great Master.

"Oh Guru, thou didst lift me out of the land of bewilderment into the paradise of peace. My slumber of sorrow is ended, and I am awake in joy.... We bow to thee as the speaking voice of silent God, as the divine door leading to the temple of salvation." (*Whispers from Eternity* PP. 47, 48)