

Swami Sri Yukteswar Mahasamadhi
Commemorative Service Reading
Volume I

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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Swami Sri Yukteswar Mahasamadhi

Reading

Volume I

On March 9th 1936 at 7 P.M. Sri Yukteswarji entered mahasamadhi at his ashram in Puri. It then fell to our Master, Paramahansa Yogananda, to preside over the funeral rites and bury his beloved guru's body.

Sri Yukteswar was a saint of truly universal outlook. He recognized that a synthesis of the spiritual heritage of the East and the science and technology of the West would do much to alleviate the material, psychological, and spiritual suffering of the modern world.

These ideas were crystallized in 1894 by Sri Yukteswar in his book *The Holy Science*, which he wrote after a remarkable encounter with Babaji. Paramahansaji tells the story of this memorable meeting in his *Autobiography of a Yogi*:

"Welcome, Swamiji," Babaji 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 if off." The saint addressed me simply, but deep conviction of truth rang in his words; I was instantly engulfed in a wave of spiritual blessing. Smiling at my sudden elevation into the ancient monastic

order, I bowed at the feet of the obviously great and angelic being in human form who had thus honored me....

"I saw that you are interested in the West, as well as in the East." Babaji's face beamed with approval. "I felt the pangs of your heart, broad enough for all men. That is why I summoned you here.

"East and West must establish a golden middle path of activity and spirituality combined," he continued. "India has much to learn from the West in material development; in return, India can teach universal methods by which the West will be able to base its religious beliefs on the unshakable foundations of yogic science....

"At my request, Swamiji," the great master said, "will you not write a short book on the underlying harmony between Christian and Hindu scriptures? Their basic unity is now obscured by men's sectarian differences. Show by parallel references that the inspired sons of God have spoken the same truths." (*Autobiography of a Yogi* P. 332 ff.)

After this meeting with Babaji, Sri Yukteswar busied himself with the comparison of the New Testament and the vedic teachings that are the foundation of Hinduism.

Sri Yukteswar said: Quoting the words of the blessed Lord Jesus, I showed that his teachings are in essence one with the revelations of the Vedas. (Ibid. PP. 335-336)

His book, *The Holy Science*, was completed in a short time.

As the years went by Sri Yukteswar began accepting disciples for spiritual training. In 1910 the disciple Babaji had promised to send to him for the dissemination of yoga in the west, our guru Paramahansa Yogananda, arrived. In 1920 Sri Yukteswar sent Paramahansaji to America to carry out the mission spoken of many years earlier by

Mahavatar Babaji — to make available to truth seekers throughout the world knowledge of the liberating science of Kriya Yoga.

In 1936 at the behest of his guru, Paramahansaji returned to India. At that time Sri Yukteswar was eighty-one years old. Although seemingly healthy, it was clear that he was preparing to leave the body. Upon returning to Calcutta from the Kumbha Mela, an urgent telegram sent Master hurrying to Puri, where Sri Yukteswar was staying. In the *Autobiography of a Yogi* he describes the scene as he enters the Puri Ashram:

"I entered the ashram room where Master's body, unimaginably lifelike, was sitting in the lotus posture—a picture of health and loveliness. A short time before his passing, my guru had been slightly ill with fever, but before the day of his ascension into the Infinite, his body had become completely well. No matter how often I looked at his dear form I could not realize that its life had departed. His skin was smooth and soft; in his face was a beatific expression of tranquillity. He had consciously relinquished his body at the hour of mystic summoning.

I conducted the solemn burial rites for Sri Yukteswar on March 10, 1936. He was buried with the ancient rituals of the swamis in the garden of his Puri ashram. (P. 396)

This was not, however, the last meeting between the two. On June 19th, 1936 as Master sat in meditation in a hotel room in Bombay, his guru appeared to him as described in the *Autobiography of a Yogi*.

"...Is it *you*, Master, the same Lion of God? Are you wearing a body like the one I buried beneath the cruel Puri sands?"

"Yes, my child, I am the same. This is a flesh and blood body. Though I see it as etherial, to your sight it is physical. From cosmic

atoms I created an entirely new body, exactly like that cosmic-dream physical body which you laid beneath the dream-sands at Puri in your dream-world. I am in truth resurrected — not on earth but on an astral planet.... I have now told you, Yogananda, the truths of my life, death and resurrection. Grieve not for me, rather broadcast everywhere the story of my resurrection from the God-dreamed earth of men to another God-dreamed planet of astrally garbed souls. New hope will be infused into the hearts of misery-mad, death-fearing dreamers of the world.” (P. 400 ff)

Now look with gratitude and devotion at Sri Yukteswar’s picture while this selection from *Whispers from Eternity* is read as though you yourself are addressing these words to the great master and expressing gratitude for the spiritual richness he has bestowed upon you.

“A million salutations at Thy petaled feet, O Lotus of Light! I pour my heart at Thy feet. I pour all the fragrant musk of my love at Thy feet of omnipresence.... O! Make my soul Thy temple! Make my heart Thine altar! Make my love Thy home! ("A million Salutations at Thy petaled feet, O Lotus of Light" P. 170)