

Swami Sri Yukteswar Mahasamadhi
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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Swami Sri Yukteswar Mahasamadhi

Reading

Volume II

The departure of Sri Yukteswar was one of the most difficult moments in the life of Paramahansa Yogananda. As Master was to do himself years later, Sri Yukteswar gave hints of his passing. In 1935 Master received a clear and decisive message from his guru, which he records in the *Autobiography of a Yogi*:

“Return to India. I have waited for you patiently for fifteen years. Soon I shall swim out of the body and on to the Shining Abode. Yogananda, come!”

Sri Yukteswar’s voice sounded startlingly in my inner ear as I sat in meditation at my Mt. Washington headquarters. Traversing ten thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye, his message penetrated my being like a flash of lightning. (P. 355)

And then in India in 1936, immediately after Yukteswar had bestowed on Master the title of “Paramahansa,” the sage gave his final warning. Yogananda writes:

“My task on earth is now finished; you must carry on.” Master spoke quietly, his eyes calm and gentle. My heart was palpitating with fear.

“Please send someone to take charge of our ashram in Puri,” Sri Yukteswar went on. “I leave everything in your hands. You will be able

successfully to sail the boat of your life and that of the organization to the divine shores.” (Ibid. P. 387)

Shortly thereafter Sri Yukteswar entered Mahasamadhi. Master's younger brother, Sananda Lal Ghosh, records Yukteswar's passing in his book *Mejda*. He refers to Master as Mejda, which is the name affectionately given to the second son in a Bengali family.

As soon as we reached Calcutta after our *Kumba Mela* tour, Mejda wanted to go to Serampore to see Sri Yukteswar, but was disappointed to learn that his gurudeva had already gone to Puri. Soon after on March 8, Mejda and I were at Father's house when he got news that one of Sri Yukteswar's disciples in Calcutta Atul Chowdhury, had received a telegram that day from a brother disciple in Puri. It said: “Come to Puri at once.” Mejda was anxious at the implications of the message; but instead of leaving that night on the train to Puri, he said we would get some railway passes from Father and would go the next night. The next day, before our departure for Puri, a telegram signed by Atul Chowdhury was delivered to Mejda at Father's house: “Come quickly, Giriji Maharaj never so ill.”

That evening, March 9, Mejda, Richard Wright, and I set out by train from Calcutta; we arrived at the Puri station the following morning. Mejda anxiously asked me: Do you think he is still alive?”

“Certainly,” I replied. “When we reach the ashram, we will see that he is alive.”

“Last night,” Mejda continued, “I saw two lights hovering before me. I know Gurudeva has left his body.” Mejda wept profusely, and repeated again and again, “I should not have delayed coming to Puri.”

When we entered the ashram and learned that our worst fears were

true, we all broke down in tears. Sri Yukteswarji's form, seated in the lotus posture and leaning against the wall of his room, gave us the impression he was in deep meditation. Mejdā was inconsolable. (PP. 224,5)

And so Paramahansa Yogananda, who years later would look at his approaching return to spirit through calm eyes, was shattered by the departure of his own guru. He writes:

"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. (*Autobiography of a Yogi* P. 396)

Master wrote a poem entitled "My Guru" in honor of Swami Sri Yukteswar. In it we clearly see the love, respect and devotion that Paramahansaji felt for his guru. As in everything, Master is the perfect example. As he praised his guru from the depths of his heart, so should each of us praise our guru with all our heart and soul.

Now as a a portion of this poem is read as a prayer, look with attention at the picture of Swami Sri Yukteswar as though you yourself are addressing the words to our paramguru.

At our meeting, O my Guru, a spark flew from thee, and the faggots of my God-cravings, gathered through incarnations, smoldered and blazed into bliss. All my questions have been answered through thy flaming, golden touch. Eternal, ever-present satisfaction has come to me through thy glory. (*Whispers from Eternity* P. 47)