

Swami Sri Yukteswar Mahasamadhi

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 was taken. These are for your information only and are not to be read.

Swami Sri Yukteswar Mahasamadhi

Reading

Volume III

After fifteen years in America, Swami Sri Yukteswar recalled his disciple, Paramahansa Yogananda, as described 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 onto 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. a few weeks later, I made arrangements to sail via Europe for India.... (and then) Gratefully I was inhaling the blessed air of India.... on August 22, 1935. (*Autobiography of a Yogi* PP. 355, 364)

On March 8th, 1936 while in India, Yogananda received another message. This time it was via a telegram.

“Come to Puri ashram at once.” This telegram was sent on March 8 by a brother disciple to Atul Chandra Roy Chowdhry, one of Master’s chelas in Calcutta. News of the message reached my ears; anguished at its implications, I dropped to my knees and implored God that my guru’s life be spared. As I was about to leave Father’s home for the train, a divine voice spoke within: “Do not go to Puri tonight. Thy prayer cannot be granted.”

In obedience to the inner command, I did not leave that night for Puri. The following evening I set out for the train, on the way, at seven o'clock, a black astral cloud suddenly covered the sky. Later, while the train roared toward Puri, a vision of Sri Yukteswar appeared before me. He was sitting very grave of countenance, with a light on each side.

"Is it all over?" I lifted my arms beseechingly. He nodded then slowly vanished. As I stood on the Puri train platform the following morning, still hoping against hope, an unknown man approached me. "Have you heard that your Master is gone?" He left me without another word; I never discovered who he was or how he had known where to find me....

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. (Ibid. P. 395 ff.)

Having completed the funeral rites and buried his beloved Master, Yogananda had to resume his heavy schedule of lectures and travel. Mr. Wright had made arrangements for Master to return to America, sailing from Bombay. Yogananda writes in his Autobiography:

Sitting on my bed in the Bombay hotel at three o'clock in the afternoon of June 19, 1936...I was roused from my meditation by a beatific light. Before my open and astonished eyes, the whole room was transformed into a strange world, the sunlight transmuted into supernal splendor.

Waves of rapture engulfed me as I beheld the flesh and blood form of Sri Yukteswar! "My son!" Master spoke tenderly, on his face an angel-bewitching smile.

For the first time in my life, I did not kneel at his feet in greeting, but instantly advanced to gather him hungrily in my arms. Moment of

moments! The anguish of the past months was toll I counted weightless against the torrential bliss now descending. ...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 ethereal, to your sight it is physical. From cosmic atoms I created an entirely new body, exactly like the cosmic-dream physical body which you laid beneath the dream-sands of Puri. I am in truth resurrected — not on earth but on an astral planet. Its inhabitants are better able than earthly humanity to meet my lofty standards. There you and your exalted loved ones shall someday come to be with me." (P. 399 ff.)

After revealing to Yogananda insights into the astral and causal worlds, Sri Yukteswar tells our Master:

"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." (Ibid. P 416)

The following poem entitled "My Guru" was written by Master in honor of Swami Sri Yukteswar. While a portion of the poem is read as a prayer, look with attention and devotion at the picture of Sri Yukteswar as though you yourself are addressing the words to our paramguru.

" Oh, Immortal Teacher, I bow to thee as the speaking voice of silent God. I bow to thee as the divine door leading to the temple of salvation. Thou didst spread wisdom's glow over my soul path. I lay flowers of devotion at thy feet." (*Whispers from Eternity* PP. 128-129)