

B a b a j i ' s

Kriya Yoga Journal

Enlightened Monks (Part I)

By Durga Ahlund

Over decades of seeking, I have been fortunate enough to meet a few Illuminated Beings who gave me a glimpse into Enlightenment as a state of bliss, beauty, gracefulness and generosity. Even as a child I had a hazy feeling, an impression and attraction toward the questions, who am I, where am I in the body, and why was I here? I always expected my soul to guide me through life and even re-direct me when necessary.

The young child with vague soulful inklings was certain that adults, at least some adults would know how to have a direct connection to God and certainly to their soul. Adolescence and young adulthood brought only disappointment. I lost faith and became cynical. I met well known In-

dian gurus who brought me hope in my twenties and thirties. I have met true saints who may have been born enlightened. Most of them you may have met or at least heard of. I would like to share a story of two of these saintly sadhus, who I met in my forties.

Govindan and I met a very young Swami Jagadguru Ramananda Acharya in Spring of 2002. He was a disciple of Sri Sri Sadgurudev Brahmashri Barfani Dadaji, who was over two hundred years old. Barfani Dadaji often told sweet, funny stories of his close personal relationships with Neem Karoli Baba and Mahavatar Babaji.

The story of our meeting with these divine beings began in Febru-

ary of 2002, when Govindan received a phone call from members of Barfani Dham Khalsa. The call was an inquiry as to whether Govindan would be interested in hosting a few siddhas, presently living in the Himalayas, at the ashram in Canada. Whaaaat?! Yes! The person on the phone elaborated that Barfani Dadaji had concerns about the possibility of a nuclear accident due to building tensions in Kashmir. His concern began to grow, following the December 2001, Indian Parliament attack. Two Pakistani based militant groups perhaps headed by the ISIS had killed a number of people.

Govindan consented and this message was relayed to Barfani Dadaji. No more was heard for several months. By the end of May, Govindan received a second call from this same disciple, saying that he and I were invited to accompany Sri Dadaji on a pilgrimage to Mount Kailash. We would leave the first of July. I was at that time working for Kriya Yoga Publications in Canada as a book editor, had created a Hatha Yoga DVD, and developed and was teaching a Hatha Yoga Teacher Training, was developing a two-year correspondence course. We were also engaged. But how, Barfani knew about me, I do not know.

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196 Mountain Road P.O. Box 90
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Telephone (450) 297-0258; fax: 450-297-3957 email: info@babajiskriyayoga.net
Internet home page: <http://www.babajiskriyayoga.net>

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We decided to drop everything we had planned in July and go to Indore to meet with Sri Sri Barfani Dadaji. We wanted to ask him directly about bringing the siddhas to the Quebec ashram. Perhaps, we would also accompany him on a yatra to Mount Kailash. End of June, we flew into New Delhi and were met by Mr. V., the disciple who had spoken with Govindan earlier. Mr. V. was a very gregarious man and generous and invited us and a group of others to spend the day and evening in his lovely home. We enjoyed a wonderful evening. The following day we flew to Indore in Madhya Pradesh, just a bit west of the center of India.

We flew into Indore and went straight to Barfani Dham Ashram and met Sri Sadgurudeva Barfani Dadaji. He was the sweetest soul I had ever met. He didn't look over two hundred years old, He looked to be a man in his 70's. He smiled, and stared so brightly, holding my gaze, that I felt he had gleaned my whole story, within those few minutes. He said that I was a disciple of Babaji but also saw Sai Baba around me. I was quite surprised by the Sai Baba reference. I had only gone to his ashram once for ten days. Perhaps that is what he saw. He showed Govindan and me around the ashram, speaking in both Hindi and in smiles. Through a translator, he told us that he would spend time speaking with us after we had returned from the small island of Omkareshwar. He told us to take lunch and then travel there to speak with his disciple Jagadguru Ramamandacharya, who was there doing tapas. He would come back with us to Indore and at that time we would discuss the siddhas and the Mount Kailash yatra. We were so pleased and excited to be able to see Omkareshwar on the Narmada River with all its natural lingams. We had lunch and immediately left in a caravan with about 10 others, the Indian devotees with whom we had traveled from

New Delhi.

Omkareshwar is an island two kilometers long and one kilometer wide, in the shape of a visual representation of the Om, about 70 kilometers from Indore. It is situated at the prayag (convulgence) of the Narmada and Kaveri Rivers. And it is known for its Jyotirlingam, self-empowered, self-illuminated lingam, presented for worship in the Sri Omkareshwar Mahadeo Temple. There are many Hindu and Jain temples in Omkareshwar, including a rare Temple of Brahma. There is a cave of the Adi Shankaracharya and the founder of the Sikh religion, Guru Nanak came there to take in the sacred energy. Many Sikhs visit the island on pilgrimage. The whole expanse of the island feels sacred.

We checked into a dharmshala, which was extremely unkempt. I was used to simple, but the conditions were appalling. Neither Govindan nor any of the Indians said a word, so I kept my thoughts to myself as we dropped our bags in the room and locked the inside door. The outside door hinges were so loose that all it would take to open the door is a hefty yank. I carried my valuables with me and set out to visit the town. The village was strangely familiar, as if I had once seen it in a dream. We ate lunch with the group, but the group energy was getting tiring. And we were growing irritated by the feeling that we were being herded here and there. To be to quite frank, a growing hostility was developing within the group. Everyone, but us wanted to stay on the mainland and visit the Temples and bazaars and then later do a parikrama of the island. All we wanted to do was take the boat across the Narmada to the island where Ramanandacharya was doing his tapas. Govindan and I decided to break free of the group and so tarried a bit too long in a shop. They knew where we were going.

We took the boat across and arrived at the spot just below at Gayatri Temple and Ashram. The Gayatri Temple had wonderful energy. There were several lovely little rooms available to rent for sadhaks. An adorable little girl came running toward us, as we were walking up toward the Temple. She was the daughter of the priest of the Temple. I asked her in English if she knew where Swami Ramanandacharya stayed. She beamed the most beautiful smile and grabbed my hand and ran me toward his hut. Swami was inside when we arrive. The little devi called his name and he came out immediately. Jagduru Ramanandacharya was a beautiful man of about 40 years but looked no more than 30. He must be a hatha yogi, I thought, he was very strongly built, which seemed a bit unusual for a sadhu of his attainment. He seemed to register my thought, as he frowned a bit. He appeared to have been aware that Govindan was coming, but seemed disturbed as I approached. He picked up the little girl's hand and danced with her, twirling her around. There was so much love between these two. I was charmed!

Swamiji was in silence and had a small chalk board on which he would write. Would you take tea? He asked turned toward Govindan. Yes! Definitely. I answered be-

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Enlightened Monks *continued*

fore he had a chance to decline the offer. Swamiji smiled and nodded toward me and went into the hut. Two young men came out to have a look at us before going back in to make the tea.

The little devi helped to serve tea. And then for the next four hours we sat still and transfixed by Swamiji and the stories that he so easily chalked out on his little board. In the beginning, he ignored me and my questions, speaking only with Govindan. I was amused by this pattern, but determined and persistent in my questioning and within a fairly short time he allowed me entrance into his world, and by the time we had finished our tea, I felt very close to him.

Swamiji spoke of his meetings with Yogi Ramaiah, Govindan's teacher and about staying in the small Kali ashram in Grahamsville, New York and about the parade that he was in with Barfani Dadaji in New Jersey, when Barfani cleared a totally overcast sky filled with rain clouds into a day of endless sunshine. I asked him about the bestowal of his title Jagadguru. He shared deeply about belonging to the Akhil Bhartiya Digambar Ani Akhara sect and being so humbled by their bestowal of the title, Jagadguru. He showed no sense of pride as he spoke, no sense of being irritated or dismissal of my questioning. He spoke very simply, honesty, humbly. I was stuck in my depths by his purity and siddhis and the easy way he was with us.

Swamiji shared with us of his meeting in Mount Kailash with Babaji and how Babaji had given to him a technique to give to all people... a very simple technique of chanting AUM twice a day for a particular amount of time in a particular rhythm. He said, it was all that most people are willing to do regularly that would provide true benefit. He asked us for the photo he had seen on our website of Babaji and Mataji seated in Santopanth Tal. We promised to send it to him and also a t-shirt with the same photo screen printed on it. We were all very happy. He called for more tea and biscuits.

At one point he told us that Babaji was actually an incarnation of Hanuman. Suddenly, just as he began to tell the story of Hanuman and the connection to Babaji, monkeys in the jungle started raising hell and a group rushed towards us, as we were seated on the porch of his hut. I quickly grabbed for my purse and Ramandacharya, turned to me with a smile, put his palm upward to me as to say, no fear. And wrote on his slate, "I won't let anything happen." To my absolute surprise, the monkeys came only as far as the wall on one side of the hut and just sat down... and I must say, in quite an orderly fashion, as if they just wanted to hear Swamiji tell the story of Hanuman again. I swear this is the truth. I have not even exaggerated slightly! Plus, an additional note. The little birds that were already seated there in the same way did not move one iota when the monkeys rushed toward us. It was like in a cartoon fairy tale.

Govindan and I looked at each other and at Swamiji and at the birds and monkeys and just shrugged and just sat in rapt silence to read the story. He still wasn't speaking, so he was writing the story and still, he had us all man, wom-

an, child and beasts mesmerized.

Swamiji then did another quite wonderful thing; he showed us his meditation cave. The cave was dug deep into the ground and quite low on the hill. And even though there were often great monsoons on the island, the cave remained dry. Swamiji said that even he, was amazed at this. Inside the cave, there was a beautiful Durga murti and photograph that he wanted me to see. He allowed us to meditate there for about an hour. It wasn't until we heard our Indian friends arrive that we were broke our meditation. It had been a wonderful blessing to have been able to mediate in Jagduru Ramanandacharyas cave on the sacred island of Omkareshwaram.

Mr. V. and his group were all seated on the porch as we climbed out of the cave. They seemed rather put out at us, for so many reasons, I am sure. Mr. V. was lying on Swamiji's hammock turned away from Swami. The others were just talking to him about their day. I was deeply disappointed in these people. Not one of them showed the reverence due this youthful sadhu, who was a divine manifestation of pure light and force.

The group started to tell Swami about the Kailash yatra and that he had to go back with us the following morning. Mr. V. passed him a note from Barfani Dadaji. Swamiji wrote on his chalkboard that he would do whatever his Sadguru Barfani Dadaji asked of him and would travel with us back to Indore in the morning.

The group wanted him to offer them a homan (purifying fire ceremony) that evening and Swamiji said yes, that he would officiate. He said though that we must first meditate on our deepest desire and to make it a good one, because whatever we asked for that evening would be provided. The young men had prepared a meal for all of us of rice and dahl. It was delicious but the sweet energy of the afternoon had been disturbed by the demanding group. Even though they had told us that they were all disciples of Ramanadacharya, I felt they were lacking in respect.

As I was accepting another tea, I asked one of the young men if he always stayed with Swamiji. He said that two people had to be with him at all times. They had to care for him because he would often go into samadhi so deeply and remain there for days on end. They were told by Barfani Dadaji to stay with him, protect him and make certain that he ate, and drank water.

Ramananda Acharya had come to Barfani Dadaji only after he had finished his university studies. He was a unique sadhu with an unusual dharma. I asked him if he would remain available in the world to teach us what he had learned. He admitted that he did not care about teaching. "This body will simply do, whatever is demanded of it. I will do whatever Barfani Dadaji or Babaji requires of me."

The day had been amazing one. So much had happened. I wondered what the night's homan would bring.



The Darker Shades of Twilight

By Durga Ahlund

Sunset and dusk is a grace-filled time of day on Omkaraswaram. The day, departed, passed into night and silenced my mind. I enjoy being awake at night. I love to meditate at dusk when I can reflect upon my day, its lessons and my missteps. But, I find the darker shade of twilight the perfect time to connect deeply and slip effortlessly into an inner blessedness. The sunset and descending twilight felt particularly captivating and liberating, as Govindan and I sat side by side on this island shaped like OM.

I felt utterly, hollow and empty, my mind and heart quieted. I felt nothing, but the dispassion that one feels when one has everything. In that moment, I felt sure I lacked nothing. However, Swamiji had said that we should seriously contemplate on what we most desired, before we began the sacrificial fire. How to ask to always feel as I do now? Perhaps my desire was for my third eye to be widened to encompass the inner guidance I need to have to hold this feeling within myself.

The puja items had been assembled and the fire was ignited. All the Indian sadhakas had taken their seats around the fire and Govindan and I were seated behind them. Swamiji made them make room for us and we slipped into place in front of the fire. The fire and incense and chanting were very intense, like nothing I had ever experienced previously. Smoke engulfed my senses, and my mind became active with thought and visions. The intensity was not comfortable at times. The homa lasted for hours and hours. As we left the island, I was a bit unsteady, nauseous and disoriented. We had to take the boat back to the mainland, which didn't help.

It wasn't until I got into my room, that I remembered how unclean it was. I went into the bathroom to wash my face, hands and feet and worms were coming out of the squat toilet. I placed my shawl on the dirty sheets on my bed and tried to sleep. Govindan fell asleep quickly. He has a siddhi that way. He wants to sleep, so he says he is going to sleep now and he closes his eyes and he is asleep. I however, did not sleep. I developed a severe headache like none I had ever had. The headache was acute pain across my forehead. It wrapped around my head like a headband and squeezed. I took a shower. I took Tylenol. I prayed. I drank a liter of water. I prayed. I tried to wake Govindan but couldn't. Perhaps I had to go through this by myself. I opened the outside door and sat in the moonlight and talked to God. I even thought, well, I am going to die and I surrendered to the pain.

I remained outside for quite some time. Then, got up and tried again to awaken Govindan, but couldn't budge him. The pain was unceasing, however, at some point, I was able to meditate. In meditation, I recalled a conversation with a loyal friend and sadhaka. Just before I left for this trip, Linda had sent me a piece of a pink stone that had been given to her twenty-five years earlier, in quite a mysterious fashion. She told me that she had been clearly inspired to send this piece to me for this trip. I went inside to try to find it. It was in a small pouch in my purse. The pain at that point, was so bad, I dropped where I was and

put the stone right up against my third eye and rolled it toward my right temple. Literally, within seconds the pain began to dissolve. I held it at my temple and within minutes the pain was gone. Clutching the pink stone, I fell fast asleep.

The next morning, I felt fine, not even tired. I told Govindan what had happened, and he asked why I had not awakened him? We went for breakfast. None of our group was at breakfast, so we figured they had gotten up early and returned to the island. But as we walked to where the boat was docked, we found Swamiji. He had not yet seen anyone else. He was packed and invited us to go in his car back to Indore but said he did not have room for our luggage. We had some tea and by the time he had packed the car, the others had arrived. The group told us that they had acquired a van to return to Indore, but there was not room for us and there didn't seem to be another van available. We would have to find another way to Indore. Swami told them that we would be traveling back with him. I feel certain that he had foreseen the situation. Swami gave one of the men our bags and said that they had to bring our bags with them. "Fit them in somehow." There was resistance and perhaps resentment. They said goodbye and left to go back to their van. We left for Indore with Swamiji.

The drive back was unforgettable. Swami Ramanandacharya said he would ask the driver to stop ever so often, just to prove to me his theory that there were stones everywhere in which the aum is embedded. He said to me, "they are everywhere I look; you just aren't looking!" He would randomly tell his driver to stop the car. Then we would go for a short walk and find a stone with the symbol of aum clearly imbedded. It never failed. I asked, if he had a pocketful of aum stones. He laughed. I do not know? Did he had the siddhi to engrave aum on any stone he picked up, or did he had the siddhi to find them? He was a marvel and a wonder and a delight! At another time, just as he was saying that Babaji is really accessible, although always anonymous, a man ran up to our car, saying "Halt!" to the driver. He was a youngish, attractive man, in modern dress. He came up to our window and folded his arms across my door, poked his head right into the car and said, "Well hello, don't I know you? Do you know me?" I just looked at him and then at swami who was in the front seat. When I looked back, he had backed away from the car and gave a quick salute and smile. Swami said nothing, and when I asked, "Do you know that man?" He said, "who?"

When we arrived at Barfani Dham Ashram, there were a great number of people assembled. His Holiness Barfani Dadaji was dressed in a dark red long robe and seated outside by a telephone, surrounded by hundreds of his devotees. He seemed to be communicating with many people at the same time and completely at ease with everyone's demands on him. People were taking blessings at his feet, some were requesting things in person and to others, he

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was talking on the phone. Someone else would phone, as soon as he hung up with the last. Swami Ramandacharya told us to do pranam to His Holiness, and then to meet him inside the mandir.

He instructed us to meditate in a special room inside the mandir, as it would be a while before Sadguru Barfani Dadaji would be free to speak with us. My meditation was deep, and I felt Ramanandacharya's presence. He was there with me, not interfering, no message, or instruction. It was a warm and reassuring presence. After our meditation, Govindan and I walked back to where Swami was resting to find His Holiness, there with him. For the next few hours, we were bathed in the presence of these amazing holy men. Swamiji had broken his silence and his beautiful melodious voice translated Barfani Dadaji's Hindi. H.H. told us miraculous stories of how it was living with Mahavatar Babaji in a cave for months on end and of his other cave-mates. He said that one rishi he lived with, was covered with hair almost like fur. He had endlessly long fingernails that had never been clipped and eyebrows that hung over his eyes. He looked and smelled more beast than man. Dadaji chuckled as he reminisced and then his whole body began to vibrate with laughter. We would look back and forth between His Holiness and Swamiji as they related the stories, first in Hindi, then in English. They wondered if we knew Krishna Das, who visited H.H. often and then he talked about Neem Karoli Baba and how H.H. himself, had awakened him, in the early 1950's to the path he was to take.

We asked His Holiness about the situation with the Himalayan Siddhas and what would be involved in resettling them in Quebec. Govindan had a long list of all the things that one must provide to sponsor such a move. Barfani Dadaji laughed heartily at our naivete. "There is not one thing you need to do for the Siddhas to resettle, as you put it." Presently all is okay where they are now. There had been a certain state of emergency, when I sent that message to you. However, they have helped to pacify the energies and rectify the impending situation. However, if things once again change, I will notify you. I have seen your ashram property. It is a good place with all the trees and water."

Govindan was most insistent, "well how does it work, this communication!" His Holiness smiled and continued. "How it works is this, the siddhas feel the energy building and pray to God. God broadcasts the news. I fortunately am able to hear that broadcast, and I will phone you! H.H. laughed. They will not need a Canadian Visa or plane ticket either! Ha Ha Ha!"

What a blessing we were being granted –just to have the attention of these two high souls. Jai Babaji! Before His Holiness left for a rest, I asked him if I could request from him a favor. Ramanandacharya looked directly at me, suspiciously. I knew from his expression that this was a defining moment –

I bravely blurted, "I only want, but very much desire to have His Holiness's blessings on our upcoming marriage."

Swamiji smiled broadly and His Holiness too smiled and

said, "You have my blessings, and if you go on yatra with Swamiji to Mount Kailash, you come back here to Barfani Dham and have your marriage here." Another Blessing!

We spent another couple of hours with Swamiji who showed us his photo albums and talked about his path to Mahavatar Babaji. We talked about the pilgrimage to Mount Kailash and the others who would be going. His Holiness Barfani Dadaji then told us that he would not go, as he had much to do in Indore, but that Swami Ramanandacharya would take us.

Then began the rather overwhelming rest of the day at Barfani Dham. We were engaged in a mix of interactions, conversations and activities and with so many different people. There was much going on just under the surface, emotions and egos and pride and prejudice. It took months for me to digest it all, after we returned home. Govindan actually began to feel extremely fatigued and then quite ill. He is rarely ever, either, of those things. This large gathering of people was becoming tiresome and a botheration to us both. And the idea of traveling in a caravan all the way to Mount Kailash entangled in the karmas of so many others began to weigh heavily on us.

We meditated deeply on whether we should or should not go to Mount Kailash at this time. We spoke at length with Ramanandacharya who told us, "You have to go! You must go!" He told us that we could go alone, by ourselves, however, that was a bit daunting, as we had not prepared adequately for the trip to go it alone. The long and the short of it was a decision that we might forever regret... not to go to Mount Kailash, for it was what we both wanted.

We had been given so much in this week at Indore and Omkareshwar. Ramananda made a promise to me before we left to go back to New Delhi for our flight home. "He would remain with me always on my path to Mahavatar Babaji. He would never leave me." That felt as fulfilling as a yatra to Kailash.

Just before our taxi came to take us to the airport, I told him telepathically that I wanted very much to hug him goodbye. I asked that he show me, if that was inappropriate. He looked a bit shy as I looked up at him, after my silent question. He put his hand on my shoulder. He whispered to me to go do pranam to His Holiness. When I placed my forehead on the feet of His Holiness Barfani Dadaji, he was engaged in a telephone call and in conversation with another disciple. He never looked at me, but I felt love swell in my own heart.

With only a wave to these Divine Beings, I would have called Guru, we left.

I corresponded by email on several occasions to Jaguru Ramanandacharya. He was very happy about our marriage and kept telling me that I should now change my name to take on that of my husband. He had been quite adamant. I kept calling myself Durga Ahlund and he seemed quite put out by that. We talked of him coming to Quebec to meet Kriya Yoga students at the Quebec Ashram.

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Then on February 25th 2004, Jadadguru Ramandanacharya Swami Rajeev Lochanacharya Ji, of Yoga Shakti Peethadheswar, disciple of Barfani Dadaji of Barfani Dham Ashram, Malviya Nagar, Indore, Madhya Pradesh and Mahavtar Babaji of Mount Kailash, passed away on just after midnight of Mahashivaratri at 12:30 a.m., while doing puja on Mount Kailash.

Press Release from Hinduism Today:

"Swami Rajeev Lochanacharya was on the holy pilgrimage of Kailash Mansarovar and suffered from breathing problems at the height of 20,000 feet. On this yatra he was accompanied by his two disciples, Shri Deepak Rawal of Ahmedabad and Shri Manoj Bhai of Mumbai. Swami Ji crossed the China border on February 14 and reached Kailash Mansarovar on the 18th. He did his special Mahashivaratri Puja Archana there. After he suffered from breathing problems/asthma attack, he was taken from Tarchen to Taklakot where he was hospitalized and given oxygen. After receiving oxygen, he was feeling better and undertook puja again at 10:30 p.m. When both his disciples, told him to take rest he laughed and told them, "Nothing is going to happen to me. However, if something does happen, make my samadhi here itself."

I was shocked and heavily pained to hear of the death of the Dearest of the Dear to my heart, Swami Ramanandacharya. All his disciples were shocked to hear of his death and cremation on the banks of Lake Manasarovar. I heard directly from a Swami, a devotee of Anandamayima who lives on the island of Omkareshwar that Barfani Dadaji himself, brought Ramanacharya's ashes back to Omkareshwar. On that day the news spread all over the island.

"It was one of the most moving experiences of my life, said Swami Mangalanda. "Two boats came loaded with people carrying the ashes of Ramananda. All of us from Anandamayia Ashram stood on the different levels of the ashram overlooking the Narmada and saluted with our hands raised over our heads as they passed, and then went down to meet and show our respect for our departed brother. In a short time, sadhus from all over the island had gathered at the ghat by Barfani Dham. Ramananda

was very well respected, and had many disciples, both monastic and lay."

"A beautiful shrine with his picture had been set up, covered with flowers, and the earthen urn with his remains was placed here while the funeral service was chanted. His disciples from Barfani Dham were all having their long jattas shaved off in mourning. At the end of the service, one brahmachari lifted the urn over his head and walked to the edge of the river. At this point, everyone spontaneously gathered around him and lifted their hands up to touch the urn, many sobbing loudly. The brahmachari waded into the water with the urn over his head, and at this point, many sadhus joined him, walking out into the river. After a few feet they started to swim, and when they reached the middle of the river, the ashes were dumped into Mother Narmada. As they mingled with the clear water of the river, many of the sadhus swam in front and bathed in the ashes as they were carried downstream. Then all the flowers from the shrine were placed in the river, so that they formed a multicolored carpet covering the whole surface of the water, and all of us present then went in and bathed and offered our prayers for the soul of our respected brother. I have been at jal samadhi of sadhus before, but this was more moving than anything I had experienced. The suddenness of his unexpected death, his young age, and the dependence so many people had on him, made the moment very sad. Although Barfani Dada never shows emotion, I could tell that he was very upset and sorrowful."

Swami Mangalananda continued, "I later visited Barfani Dham camp at the Kumbha Mela in Ujjain and had Dada's darshan. Everyone was still upset and in somewhat of a muddle. I, and many, feel as you do, that he received a call from Babaji, and this is what prompted his going to Kailash at such an odd time of year when the weather was so bad. He is no doubt with Babaji this moment in one form or another. We are both fortunate to have known such a great man. I would be interested in knowing what the pledge was that he made with you, if you would feel like sharing it with me."

I still sit with what Swami Ramandacharya told me in July of 2002, "This body will simply do, whatever is demanded of it." Om Tath Sath

Mahasamadhi of Kriya Yogi Barfani Dadaji

From the memory of M.G. Satchidananda

December 24, 2020, 21:45 pm, in Indore, India, marked the auspicious mahasamadhi of a great saint and siddha, Barfani Dadaji during which he made a conscious exit from the physical body after an extremely long life.

In July 2002, Durga and I spent several days with Barfani Dadaji, in his ashram, in Indore, in the Indian state of Madhya Pradesh. Barfani means "covered in snow", and Dadaji means "beloved uncle". Barfani Dadaji was reported to be about 235 years old at that time. He was definitely the calmest person I've ever met. While sitting

on the balcony, during a daily morning satsang surrounded by devotees who sat quietly around him, he answered telephone calls from other devotees every few minutes, replying "Achaa, Achaa" ("yes, yes"), nothing seemed to disturb his serenity.

I had first heard of him in the year 2000, when I was informed that his disciples had organized a sadhu mela or gathering of sadhus in New Jersey, in the USA. My teach-

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er, Yogi Ramaiah, cancelled his program while in Malaysia, to attend it. Shortly thereafter, Dadaji's principal disciple, the late Ramananda Acharya, did 48 days of yogic tapas in the Kali temple built by Yogi Ramaiah in Grahamsville, New York. A few months later, another disciple, called me and asked me to come to his home in New Jersey to share with me in person a request from Dadaji. Out of curiosity, I went. While there, he showed to me the rare articles Dadaji had asked him to use during healing sessions with devotees. He also shared Dadaji's request: that I travel to Indore to meet him as he had some important matters to discuss. In early 2002, Durga and I went to his ashram in Indore, India where we stayed for a week.



During a private interview the next day, he told Durga and I, how he lived from 1920 to 1962 in a cave high on Mount Kailash, in Tibet, the most sacred place for the Shivaitees. He left when the Chinese invaded India. He told us Kriya Babaji had visited him in this cave on several occasions. He laughed when he told us that another sadhu who had lived in this cave with him for many decades and had let his body hair grow so much that he resembled a bear!

On our second day there, I asked him why he had asked us to come to meet him. He told me the following: "I have been to your ashram in Quebec. It is very beautiful, all the trees and water." (I assumed that he had visited it on the astral plane. I had no evidence that he had done so physically). "War between India and Pakistan is imminent, with hundreds of thousands of soldiers and missiles with atomic warheads massed on either side of the border in

the Kargil region of Kashmir. My friends in Mt Kailash are only about 100 kilometers away, and so if nuclear weapons are detonated, I want to make sure that they survive and are not hurt by the radiation, so I seek your permission to host them at your ashram property in Quebec."

I was stunned and amazed at the prospect of hosting mahatmas. In 1970, I was on the organizing committee for the first ever proposed Maha Kumba Mela in America. In one of our first meetings in Hollywood, California, at the Integral Yoga Institute, I met for the first time the late Charles Berner, its originator (later known as Yogeswar Muni after he became a disciple of Swami Kripalvananda, (founder of Kripalu), and the late Swami Vishnudevanda and for the second time, the late Yogi Bhajan. We planned to bring 6 Boeing 747 Jumbo jets full of hundreds of sadhus to a farm in Oregon, where the event would be held. Our plans eventually collapsed under the weight of the logistical challenges. But this was only two years after the famous music festival in Woodstock, New York, where Swami Satchidananda, Integral Institute's founder and longtime friend of Yogi Ramaiah, became famous. Thirty years later, Barfani Dadaji succeeded in organizing in the USA the first, mini Kumba mela including a procession of sadhus in a convention center in northern New Jersey.

So, when Barfani Dadaji requested me to host his mahatmas friends at our ashram in Quebec, for an indefinite period, I knew that he was both serious and capable of making it happen. Without hesitation, I simply replied with delight "When?" He could not say when, until the next day, in a subsequent interview, when pressed on the question of "When will they come?" He finally replied as follows: "I will send them a message. Then they will ask Shiva. Then Shiva will inform me." I assumed that I would then be informed by Barfani Dadaji and that I must simply wait. Several months later, we learned that a cease fire had been negotiated between India and Pakistan and both sides had withdrawn the masses of soldiers from the Kargil border region.

Barfani Dadaji is also reported to have undergone treatment with Kaya Kalpa on two occasions.

Kaya Kalpa is the rejuvenating method Siddha medicine that uses seclusion, fasting, herbs and yogic techniques.

While in Indore, we travelled by canoe from the nearby island of Omkarswar, down the Narmada River, to the remote riverbank ashram of Barfani's disciple, Ramananda Acharya. During this period, he was spending more than 12 hours a day doing intensive yogic meditative practice with the Goddess Kali, in a palm leave and dried covered pit, about 12 feet square and 12 feet deep. Although observing silence, he graciously replied in writing to our questions, surrounded by his only companions, a troupe of monkeys.

I have continued to feel his blessings and protection ever since I received his invitation. He and his late disciple Ramananda Acharya continue to greatly inspire Durga and myself.



News and Notes



Quebec Ashram initiation seminars in 2021 with M. G. Satchidananda.

1st initiation: May 21-23 and July 2-4; 2nd initiation: June 11-13 and September 3-5; 3rd initiation: October 8-17, 2021

New MP3 Versions of our 3 Albums. We have now created MP3 versions of our 3 Albums: 'OM Kriya Babaji Stuti Manjari', 'Devotional Songs and Chants from the Kriya Yoga Tradition', and 'Awakening from the Dream'. Once you purchase them, you will have instant access to them through Gumroad.com and will be able to listen to them on your Phone, Tablet, PC or other devices. <https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/email/bky-monthly-promo/english/bky-mp3-audio.html>

India: <https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/email/bky-monthly-promo/indian/bky-mp3-audio.html>

Video Interview with M. G. Satchidananda. View his entire 45 minute interview for The Grand Self movie, including questions and answers on the light body, the Sidha's teachings on transformation of all five bodies. <https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/email/bky-monthly-promo/english/bky-grand-self-movie-satchidananda-interview.html>

"Receive our new Babaji message cards! They inspire and remind you of Kriya Babaji and the wisdom of our tradition. We will send them to you via Whatsapp 2-3 x per week in 6 languages as per your choice. Simultaneously, we will post them in English on Instagram ([instagram.com/babajiskriyayoga](https://www.instagram.com/babajiskriyayoga))

For more information [Click here](#) to Download PDF.

Online satsang meetings, Yoga classes, questions and answers. Many of our Acharyas are offering their support to initiates and non-initiates through online streaming Hatha Yoga classes, as well as satsang meetings through cyberspace communications like Zoom. However, other Kriya Yoga techniques which are taught during initiation seminars cannot be shared during these. Their purpose is to encourage participants to meditate, and secondarily to give some inspiration. Questions from initiates about the Kriya Yoga techniques will be answered only *in a personal-*

ized one-to-one setting, where confidentiality is ensured, either by email or a phone call or in person.

Use Zoom to join online Kriya Hatha Yoga classes, meditation and satsang meetings.

In Europe for initiates: Sunday Satsang. 12.00 GMT + 1 (14.00 Central European Time) duration: 60 to 90 minutes. **Daily Satsang – Babaji's Kriya Yoga Sri Lanka:** Every day (Monday to Saturday) 5 p.m. India Standard Time (12.30 to 13.30 GMT + 1). For details: <https://kriyayogasangha.org/babajis-kriya-yoga-online-satsang/>

In Sao Paulo, Brazil: for initiates: Satsang every day, 6:30 p.m. (São Paulo Time Zone). Hatha Yoga class every Friday, at 8:00 a.m. for everyone. <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5184926117?pwd=UnFVWmdSZC9PK0JoN0xPTGMxd3pSQT09>
ID: 518 492 6117 Password: babaji

At Flora des Aguas, Cunha, Brazil: Monday to Friday: 6:30 am to 7:30 am: Kriya Hatha Yoga and classical Yoga asanas: 7:30 am to 8:10 am: Pranayama, meditation, reading and Vedic mantras. Contact: fabifsamorim@hotmail.com. In Portuguese.

In India: Sunday Satsang. 12.00 GMT + 1 (14.00 CET) duration: 60 to 90 minutes. <https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/english/pdfs/events/english Intl-satsang-info-text-suday.pdf>

New! Stream or Download into your mobile phone, PC or tablet the New Video: Babaji's Kriya Hatha Yoga: Self Realization through Action with Awareness, 2 hour 5 minutes, **in 20 segments, with M. G. Satchidananda and Durga Ahlund.** For more details and to view 9 minutes of sample segments go to: <https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/english/bookstore-gumroad.htm>
"This is an earnest, unique and inspiring presentation, suitable for experienced beginners and intermediates." – **Yoga Journal.**

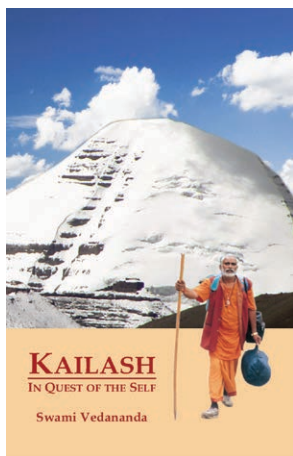
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News and Notes *continued*

COVID-19 and Initiation Seminars in Babaji's Kriya Yoga. As authorities in many countries are now relaxing conditions which have been designed to restrict the movement and assembly of persons, and as the risk of infection from the COVID 19 continues to be very high, the Board of Directors recommends physical "social distancing" as a corollary to the very first yama or social restraint: ahimsa, to do no harm. We recognize that conditions vary widely between various countries and even cities. However, the virus does not care in what country or city you are in. It has consistently demonstrated itself to be more dangerous than expected. Studies confirm that 'aerosols' exhaled by normal breathing, and not just only small droplets expelled by a cough or sneeze, contribute to spreading the virus in rooms (unlike outdoors). Consequently, one person in a closed room or airplane can quickly infect dozens of other persons within a few minutes, irrespective of governments lifting the restrictions due to economic pressure.

Babaji's Kriya Yoga Publications:

Kailash: In Quest of the Self, By Swami Vedananda. ISBN 978-1-895383-66-9, 245 pages, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, softcover. Price: USD\$17.00, CAD\$17.85 in Canada (inc gst).



This is a rare, spiritual adventure story by one dedicated monk who walked on foot over 300 miles through the mountains of India, Nepal and Tibet to Mount Kailash and Lake Manasarovar, the abode of the gods on earth.

Swami Vedananda gives us a vivid and honest portrayal of the physical, psychological and spiritual challenges which he had to overcome on this very

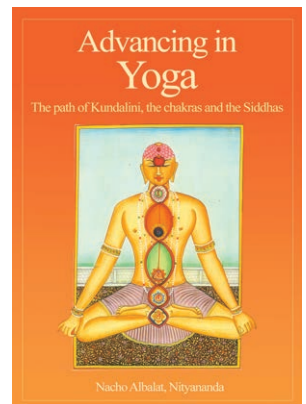
difficult pilgrimage. He shares with us the insights that guided and prodded him on, and the extraordinary visions, experiences and profound teachings given to him by remarkable yogis, saints and gods, including a 700 hundred year old Siddha. Swamiji grants us access to his meditations. Numerous photographs and a map show us his way. This book can be read on several levels. It is full of blessings. https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/english/bookstore.htm#kailash_book

Advancing in Yoga: Kundalini Path, the Chakras and the Siddhas. Ebook, by Acharya Nityananda, 150 pages. Price: 5 Euros, Cn\$7.00 including GST tax and US\$5.50.

"Advancing in Yoga" offers clear, useful and practical guidance on how to develop Kundalini, your potential power and consciousness and the chakras, the psychic energetic centers in your vital body. Topics include development of the "Heart Witness," sadhana (yogic discipline), the bliss

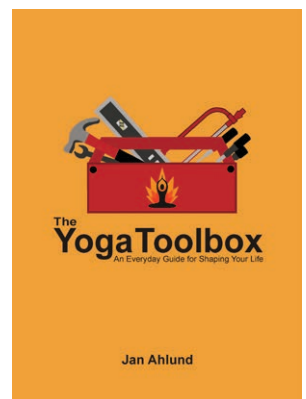
of the Self, freedom from negative tendencies, aspiration, Grace, each of the chakras, the perfection realized by the Siddhas even in the physical body, advice to initiates regarding the advanced kriyas. The author, Nityananda, has been teaching and practicing Babaji's Kriya Yoga for decades, and summarizes concisely and directly years of practical experience on the path.

"Advancing in Yoga" is an essential aid for the advancement and transformation process of the committed Yoga student. It also includes instructions to accompany the Babaji's Kriya Yoga practice and offers alternative techniques for Yoga students in general. https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/english/bookstore.htm#kailash_book



The Yoga Toolbox: An Everyday Guide to Shaping Your Future, by Durga Ahlund. 234 pages, 7 by 9.5 inches, with over 200 black and white photographs. Price: USD\$22.00, CAD\$21.50 in Canada (inc gst).

This great book offers lessons in using simple tools to live a long, healthy and happy life. It is also written for those who wish to develop their understanding of Yoga and Meditation. Yoga and meditation can bring relief and promote healing from the effects of stress and bad habits on the physical body, the emotions and the mind. Each of the sixteen chapters focuses on a different specific objective that will facilitate shaping your future. https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/english/bookstore.htm#yoga_toolbox

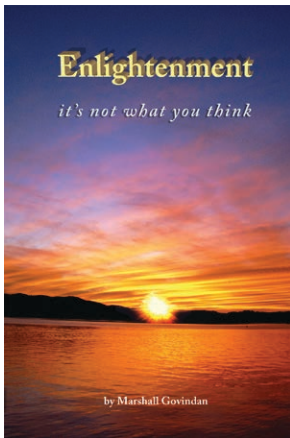


Enlightenment: It's Not What You Think reveals how you can replace the perspective of the ego – the habit of identifying with the body, emotions, and thoughts – with a new perspective: the Witness, that of your soul ... pure consciousness. With compelling logic, practices for everyday life, and guided meditations, the book explains how you can free yourself from suffering, enjoy inner peace, and find intuitive guidance. The essays in this book explore the descriptions of enlightenment in various spiritual and wisdom traditions, the process of becoming enlightened, and how to overcome the inner obstacles to the achievement of that goal. 192 pages 6 x 9 inches, softcover June 2016. Price: USD\$16.00, CAD\$14.96 in Canada (inc gst).

"With this work, *Enlightenment*, Govindan delivers the gifts of siddha masters to our doorsteps. Here, he delin-

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eates succinctly and clearly the time-tested techniques of these masters for eliminating obstacles—our deepest afflictions of fear, doubt, and all forms of grief and sorrow which obstruct the incessant flow of our intrinsic luminosity and happiness. *Enlightenment* is a must-read, for it is practical, simple, and meaningful... It is a decisive tool we can use for finding life's purpose.” – **Pandit Rajmani Tigunait, Ph. D;** Spiritual Head, Himalayan Institute;

Teacher, author, humanitarian, and visionary spiritual leader. https://www.babajiskriyayoga.net/english/bookstore.htm#enlightenment_book

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