



# THE VOICE OF BABAJI

## A TRILOGY ON KRIYA YOGA



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# DIALOGUE:

## THE VOICE OF BABAJI

### Kriya Yoga

You will not die, should not die and cannot die.

This truth, if accepted, will put an end to the materialists' mad race for power and physical enjoyment and make all seek Babaji, the eternal mystic bliss. You refers to the atman, the eternal Spirit.

"The wise mourn neither for the dead nor for the living. I, you and the assembled kings have lived and will live at all times. *Jivatman*, the dweller in this body passes through childhood, youth and old age and then with the same ease into another body through the door of death, hence the wise are not deceived by the phenomenon of death."

"Arjuna! Bear heat and cold and pleasure and pain as they are ephemeral, being dependent on the senses. This serene existence will lead to immortality."

"The wise know that if Truth is non-existent, it cannot be created and if it is existent, it can never cease to be. It is changeless and pervades the Universe."

"Bodies die, but the Truth, which possesses the body is eternal and indestructible. This is the *Atman*. It is without a beginning and an end and unchanging forever. How can it slay or be slain? Don't dream that you kill the *Atman*. It only sheds bodies like worn-out garments and dons new ones. It is not wounded by weapons, burned by fire, dried by wind and wetted by water. On the other hand, it is the being of being, changeless and eternal, as it is beyond the senses and the mind, it is not subject to modification."

"All that is born must die. Rebirth is certain for the dead. Hence, do not grieve."

“Some have realized this *Atman* in all its wonder, some speak of it and others have heard about it. While a few others though told about it, do not understand a word.” (Bhagavad Gita, II.12-37).

Thus, Lord Krishna preached the Gospel of eternal *Atman* to his devotee Arjuna on the battlefield of Kurukshetra. If this *Atman*, the Spark of Divinity in Man, is realized and made the basis of human existence, all sorrows will vanish and nothing but peace (*shanti*) will remain. When this *Jivatman*, the human spirit, contacts the *Paramatman*, the Universal Spirit, It becomes the Holy Spirit or Ghost. If one attains this exalted state, one need not fear death for the Holy Ghost can materialize itself anywhere at will. All this is not fiction. For example Jesus Christ, the Son, came from the Father, the *Brahman* and arose after the crucifixion, as the Holy Ghost who appeared not only before the direct disciples, but also before other saints, like the well known German Catholic stigmatist Therese Neumann, and Mahatma Ram Das of India. Another eminent incarnation who has attained this State is Babaji, reviver of *KRIYA* which is yet another name for Raja Yoga.

Yoga is an ancient science of God-realization leading to the union of the *Jivatman* with the *Paramatman*. Yoga seems to have been practiced even by the Dravidians, the pre-Aryan inhabitants of India. There is some evidence to show that the Dravidians worshipped the *lingam*, the symbol which represents Shiva, the third member of the Hindu Trinity, the King of Yogis. Then came the great Aryan invasion. They came to conquer, only to be conquered and to be gradually assimilated. Obviously the Aryans must have learned the science of Yoga from the Dravidians and made their own original contribution to it. There is a clear reference in the Hindu scriptures (Bhagavad Gita, IV.1-2), that Yoga was taught to Vivasvat, an illuminary who passed it on to Manu, the Hindu Moses. He instructed Ikshvaku, the founder of the Solar dynasty and thus, it was learned by succeeding royal sages.

As Sri<sup>1</sup> Aurobindo has clearly stated, that no nation has or can dominate the world eternally. Time has witnessed the rise and fall of many Roman Empires and in every age some nation or other has been in the limelight. India has had its turn. During such an age, which may be called

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<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: 'Sri' is to be pronounced in English as 'Shree' in all names and mantras, the spelling is kept in its original and commonly used form.

the *satya yuga* or Golden Age of that particular nation, the characteristic national traits dominate the show. Yoga must have been practiced extensively though not openly when saintly kings like Rajarishi Janaka ruled the land. But for every day there must be a night and India was soon overwhelmed by a dark materialistic age. To minimize the misuse of the powerful science of Yoga during this time, it was rightly made inaccessible by the great exponents. For sometime it was even lost and had to be revived by a great Master.

In the *dvapara yuga*, Lord Krishna definitely taught the secret science of Yoga to Arjuna (Bhagavad Gita, IV.27-29). Then came sage Patanjali, who made the science systematic by composing aphorisms, which constitute one of six important systems of Hindu Philosophy. Prophets like Elijah, Jesus and Kabir have used a technique similar to the Raja Yoga of Patanjali, who actually uses the term Kriya Yoga. When India came into her own there was a gradual renaissance and great mystics like Babuji Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Sri Aurobindo, Mahatma Gandhi and Babaji came to the forefront. The contribution of Babaji in this national awakening lies in re-discovering and clarifying the lost technique of *Yoga*, which he re-named simply *KRIYA*. This is a precious gem in the crown of India's cultural heritage.

### **Life of Kriya Babaji**

One fine day in the nineteenth century, a lonely pilgrim was seen frantically climbing the steep cliff leading to an almost inaccessible ledge, in a sacred Himalayan region sanctified to this day by the *tapas* and presence of great saints. The valiant soul had been searching for months with unabated enthusiasm for his *parammukta*, who had conquered time and death. Obviously goaded on by an unseen Force, he managed to scramble to a lofty, flat ledge, where he found his cynosure, an immortal Youth of twenty-five. He was fair-skinned with a beautiful, strong, luminous body of medium height and build. He had long lustrous copper-colored hair, dark calm sparkling yogic eyes and a characteristic broad nose and held a *danda* (bamboo staff). In short, he was a youthful replica of his favorite and foremost disciple, Lahiri Mahasaya.

The strange intruder entered the circle of devotees, which included Swami Kebalananda and a couple of American saints. He spoke with reverent intuition: "Sir, you must be the great Babaji," and begged to be accepted as a disciple. The great Master was as silent and as rigid as the

rock on which he sat. He was testing the aspirant, but, *AUM!* it turned out to be the straw that broke the camel's back. The pilgrim's patience was exhausted and threatened to commit suicide, if Babaji's guidance to attain the Divine goal was not to be available to him. "Do so," was Babaji's calm, unruffled reply. The worthy aspirant rose to the occasion and jumped down the rocky chasm to meet with certain death. This unhappy development shocked and stunned the group of devotees, as they were not aware of the fact that the *Satguru* was merely carrying out the ancient rigid injunction of Yoga, which demands that the aspirant is prepared to sacrifice and dedicate his life for the realization of God through yogic meditation.

"Bring the body," the command of Babaji broke the grave-like silence of the sacred group. Some hastened to fulfill the order and the mangled mass of flesh and bone lay at his feet.

"Now he is fit to be accepted," calmly spoke the *Satguru* and touched the remains with his holy hands. Marvel of marvels! Wonder of wonders! Miracle of miracles! The aspirant sprang to life and fell prostrate at the Lotus Feet of Satguru Deva. "Death shall not touch you again." He was beaming with love for his new child who had become immortal within a few hours through his Divine grace. It takes generations of *sadhana* for ordinary folk to attain that exalted level. Babaji seemed to be cruel only to be kind.

"Shifting camp and staff (*dera danda utbao*)," the musical voice of the Master rang out the familiar command. The whole circle, including the resurrected *chela*, dematerialized and disappeared from the ledge. This astral means was one of the methods used by Babaji to shift from crag to crag, in the holy region of Badrinath. He has been living here for centuries, as an active witness of the slow but steady evolutionary progress of mankind towards the attainment of perfection through the mystic path of *Kriya*.

Little was known, of the life of the imperfect physical frame of Kriya Babaji. None before had dared to ask him these trifling, though interesting details. All we were permitted to know is his deep lasting faith in the emancipation of mankind through *Kriya*. The life history of Babaji is really a history of his global mission, which knows no destruction of creeds, sects or nationalities. In the ninth century, Acharya Shankara, the well-known monist, completed his *gurukulavasa* under Govinda

Bhagavatpada and went to Banaras, the heart of Hindustan. There Babaji materialized to initiate him into the mysteries of Kriya Yoga. (This event was described by the Master himself to Lahiri Mahasaya and Swami Kebalananda).

In the medieval period there was a religious upheaval in India, which culminated in the rule of the Hindu-Muslim emperor, Akbar, the Great. During this era many eminent saints adorned different parts of India. Of these, Kabirdas, the Master Yogi of Banaras, was one. It had been a mystery to the writer, how this saint could have been one of the greatest yogis when his *mantra guru* was only a *bhakta*. The fact is, he was initiated by Babaji, in the fifteenth century. All these clearly show that the age of the Master exceeds many centuries.

The nineteenth century was a “red-letter epoch” in the history of India. It marked the beginning of the modern renaissance with the first war of Indian independence. The time was ripe to spread the exalted Gospel of *Kriya*, far and wide. The worthy soul chosen for the purpose was his favorite disciple, Lahiri, as he called him.

The love of Babaji for Lahiri Mahasaya was deathless and deep. In one incarnation, Lahiri spent many years with his Master, mainly in the cave of Drongiri Mountain, but was forced by his past actions to shuffle off his mortal coils and lose sight of his Satguru. Babaji, being a perfected Being, was able to follow him, even in the life beyond death. After guarding him like a mother cat through thick-and-thin, he had the joy of seeing his disciple complete the torturous womb-life and be born, as the baby of Multakashi and Gaur Mohan Lahiri, in the Nadia district, Bengal on September 30, 1828. He was named Shyama Charan Lahiri. When he buried himself in the sands of Nadia, at the age of four in the vesture of a yogi, his *guru* in life, death and after was watching him. Thus, for more than three decades, Babaji guided and patiently waited for his beloved disciple to return to his fold. Even his cave, *asana* blanket and bowl were kept clean by his unexcelled *Satguru*!

After thirty-three years of worldly family life the great moment arrived. At that time Lahiri Mahasaya was working as a government accountant in the Military Engineering Department at Danapur. Babaji tapped his superior officer and a telegram was sent from the main office transferring Lahiri Mahasaya to Ranikhet, a new army post in the Himalayas. With a servant, he took thirty days to complete the arduous journey of

five hundred miles by *tonga*. Fortunately, the office duties were light and he had ample time to roam in the sacred jungles, in quest of great saints. One afternoon when he was rambling, he was surprised beyond description to hear a distant voice beckoning him by name. Walking quickly he climbed Drongiri Mountain and reached a level clearing where he was welcomed affectionately by a stranger, who looked physically to be his mirror-image-reflection. He rested in one of the tidy caves, but was not able to recognize his saintly Host. Many years of separation and layers of new experiences had formed a thick overburden on his past memories. References to his favorite woolen-seat and the familiarity of the grotto did not help him. Finally, he was struck gently on the forehead and at once the delightful impressions of his previous birth came to the forefront. With joy, Lahiri Mahasaya recognized Babaji, who narrated how he had followed him all these years.

Obeying his *Guru's* mandate, he drank a bowl of oil and retired for the night to the rocky bank of the river, Gogash, where he was not at all affected by the biting Himalayan cold, the waves of the river or the howling of jungle beasts. At midnight, a companion guided him with warm clothes to a grand palace especially materialized to appease and quench his subconscious earthly desire. There, surrounded by other disciples, he was initiated into Kriya Yoga by the great Babaji, in whose very hand burned the initiating sacrificial fire. After dawn, when he said that he felt hungry, he was asked to close his eyes. On opening them, he found that the marvelous palace had vanished and the party was seated near the same old caves. Babaji ordered him to put his hand into a magic bowl to get the food he needed. When he searched for water the same bowl met his needs.

The same day, as he was seated on a blanket, Babaji blessed him. By touching his head, Lahiri attained the bliss of *nirvikalpa samadhi*, which lasted for seven continuous days. On the last day, he fell at the feet of his Master and craved for permission to stay with him always. Babaji persuaded him to return home to lead the life of an ideal householder yogi with inner renunciation. Babaji spoke to him at length about his responsibilities as a *Guru* of Kriya Yoga. The rigorous condition of complete inner renunciation, in order to receive *Kriya* initiation, was emphasized. At this stage, the softhearted Lahiri Mahasaya pleaded for relaxation of this safeguard. Babaji was kind enough to permit him to give initiation freely, to all humble seekers. Next morning, the fortunate disciple half-

heartedly took leave to fulfill the mission. The Master consoled him by consenting to come to him, whenever he was called.

Lahiri was welcomed at the office after an absence of ten days and soon a letter from the head office re-transferred him to Danapur, referring to the first transfer, as a mistake. The *kriyaban* (*Kriya yogi*) alone knew the driving force behind these events. On route to Danapur, he spent a few days with some Bengalis at Moradabad. The host lamented on the absence of real saints in India and with too much zeal, Lahiri Mahasaya narrated his recent experience in the Himalayas. It was dismissed as daydream and so, to convince them, he decided to show them his Master. In a lonely dark room with two blanket seats, he prayed to Babaji who came with an angry look, as he had been summoned for a trifle. Lahiri Mahasaya apologized and entreated him to stay to create faith in the minds of these folk. The kind Master consented, but stated that he would come thereafter, only when needed and not whenever called. One member of the party called the luminous Figure mass-hypnotism, but this doubt was cleared, for Babaji allowed them to touch his sacred body and he ate *halva* before he left. Needless to add, this incident led to a revolution in the outlook of the spectators.

Lahiri Mahasaya lived for years in Banaras without much publicity, in order to discharge his duty. Disciples and devotees gradually streamed into his residence to sit at his feet. Thus, came Maitra, Abhoya, A. Gafoor Khan, Brinda Bhagat, Swami Bhaskarananda Sarasvati, Balananda Brahmachari, the Maharajah of Banaras and his son, Maharajah Jotinra Mohan, Abnash Babu, Sri and Srimati Bhagavati Charan Ghosh, Kashi Moni, Swami Keshabananda, Panchanon Bhattacharya, Swami Pranabananda, Rama, Ramu, Swami Yukteswar, and a host of others, too numerous to mention. He even initiated a fervent devotee in a vision, as the latter was not able to come to Banaras. Thus, during the modern age of the Indian renaissance, the delightful Ganga of *Kriya* flowed from Babaji in the Himalayas into the human habitat of misery and pain.

During this period Lahiri Mahasaya met Babaji several times. This is a rare privilege enjoyed only by two persons so far. During *Prayag Kumbha Mela*, he wandered among the *sadhus* criticizing the “mental hypocrisy” of a begging monk. Soon after, he was surprised to find the great Babaji washing the feet of an anchorite and proposing to clean his vessels later. Thus, he was taught the great lesson of humility. One night Kriya Babaji



was seated with Lahiri Mahasaya, Swami Kebalananda and other *chelas* round a blazing Vedic fire. Suddenly, he struck the bare shoulder of a nearby disciple lightly with a burning log.

Lahiri Mahasaya: “How cruel!”

Babaji: “But for this, he would have been burned to death according to his *prarabdha*.” The omnipotent Master placed his healing hand on the burned shoulder and thereby saved him from painful death. All glory to the grace of Babaji!

Brahmacharini Shankari Mai Jew, a disciple of the great *siddha* Trailanga Swami, was on a visit to Lahiri Mahasaya at Barackpur, near Calcutta. Quietly Babaji entered the room and conversed with them. Suddenly at midnight, Lahiri Mahasaya ordered the recluse, Ram Gopal Mazumdar to go alone and immediately to the Dasasamedh ghat in Banaras. The command was carried out promptly. Ram Gopal sat at the secluded spot, and after a while was astonished to find a huge stone slab open, revealing a hidden cave, from which Mataji, the ecstatic sister of Babaji, stepped out through the yogic process of levitation. Soon after, Lahiri Mahasaya and the Kriya Paramguru materialized. All three prostrated at the feet of Babaji.

Babaji: “Propose to shed my form and plunge into the Infinite.”

Mataji: “Master, (entreatingly) I have glimpsed your plan. Why should you leave your body?”

Babaji: “Because it makes no difference to be visible or invisible.”

Mataji: “Guru Deva, if it makes no difference, please do not discard your form.”

*AUM!* The beloved Master consented to retain his physical body which would be visible to a selected few only. Thus, a first-rate crisis in the history of the Kriya movement was staved through the intervention of the holy sister. *Jai Mataji!*

After the conversation, the great Master pacified the frightened Ram Gopal. Then the three past-masters levitated and left for their respective destinations. On returning to Gurudeswar Mohulla lodge, Ram Gopal was surprised to hear that his *Guru*, who was fully aware of the night’s interlude, was also physically present at home discoursing on immortality, to the other disciples. He became aware that Lahiri Mahasaya had attained the lofty state of being present in different places with two bodies at the same time.

One of the important disciples of this Kriya Guru was Swami Pranabananda, who was able to unite with *Brahman* through the intercession of his master. Later, he attained the Universal vision and developed the yogic power of being present in more than one body, at different places. Finally, he shuffled off his mortal coils at the appointed hour by second *Kriya* and as already announced enjoyed a brief period of Bliss, before being re-born. A few years after his new birth, he joined the immortal group of Kriya Babaji.

The Christ-like life of Lahiri Mahasaya was drawing to a close. Kriya Mulaguru chose Sri Yukteswar, one of his foremost disciples, to carry on the mission and make preliminary preparations for spreading the Kriya Gospel of Happiness to the West. Encouraged by Lahiri Mahasaya, Yukteswar was attending the *Prayag Kumbha Mela* in January 1894 and feeling disgusted with the noise and the assemblage of inferior *sadhus*, who he thought were wasting their lives, unlike Western scientists. Just then a strange saint with bright yogic eyes and a circle of impressive disciples called and embraced him, on the bank of the very low river Ganga. This saint was Babaji himself, who did not reveal his identity, to make the visitor quite at home. He hinted that Sri Yukteswar would one day become a *samnyasin*. (As years rolled past, this came true). Then he taught him to behave like the mythical, swan (which drinks milk discarding the water), instead of blaming the whole congregation of *mela sadhus* for the faults of the many.

Now, the conversation drifted to the age old problem of mysticism. This activity is better known as the East-West conflict. Babaji with his international mission, spoke with great emotion on the need for harmonious development of the Orient and Occident through Kriya Yoga. He promised to send a disciple who will be the first missionary in the modern age to carry the message of *Kriya* to the West and also asked him to write a small book on the basic unity of Hindu and Christian Scriptures. With a parting message for Lahiri Mahasaya, the memorable meeting ended.

It was a red-letter day in the history of the Kriya movement for on that date the master plan was laid for spreading Babaji's Gospel of Happiness, to different parts of the world. All glory to the Kriya Satguru and his mission. The very next day Sri Yukteswar sped to Banaras, to narrate the wonderful encounter to his *Guru* with the message: "Tell Lahiri that the stored power for this life now runs low; it is almost finished." The

moment these apparently enigmatic words were uttered, the great *nishkanya karma yogi* severed all connections with the world and became a pale statue. Death like silence reigned supreme for three long anxious hours before Lahiri Mahasaya regained his usual cheerful countenance. The hour of departure had not yet come, as the vital energy was only almost finished.

Meanwhile, Sri Yukteswar received the greatest surprise of his life, to hear from his *Guru* that the *Kumbhmela sadhu* was none other than the Savior, Babaji. He hastened to his Serampore residence to write the divine book, *The Holy Science*, with his first melodious Sanskrit verse comparing the essence of the Vedas and the Bible. Once he completed his pleasant task, he went to bathe in the Ganga. Silence was the order of the day. On his return home, he could even hear the swish-swish of his wet clothes. Something goaded him. He turned around to find the immortal Babaji and his associates seated beneath a large *banyan* tree near the riverbank. The Savior welcomed him, as he fell prostrate at his feet full of excitement, but politely declined the invitation to visit the Serampore hermitage. Sri Yukteswar hurried home to get some sweetmeats for the distinguished visitors, but when he returned they were nowhere to be found. The group seemed to have vanished into thin air. Some months later, he failed to see the great Babaji hiding behind the sunlight, near Lahiri Mahasaya's room at Banaras. The *Guru* then tapped his forehead, making his gaze faultless for a while and Yukteswar beheld the ever-youthful *Paramguru*. At first, remembering his grievance, he did not bow at his feet. But the unflattering explanation that followed satisfied Yukteswar and he knelt to pay his respects. The loving *Satguru* patted him on the shoulder. Soon after this incident, at a specified hour in 1895, Lahiri Mahasaya shed his body.

The heavy responsibility of the Kriya Mission was borne by Swami Yukteswar. After waiting patiently for years, he was immensely glad to welcome and train his chief foreordained disciple, Paramahansa Yogananda Giri, who was drawn to his harbor of peace by an irresistible magnetic Force. The stern Yukteswar made him get a University degree through miraculous means, thus equipping him for the future missionary work in Western Countries. After years of *gurukulavasa* and *sadhana*, Yoganandaji attained the Cosmic Consciousness through the grace of his master. Through that grace, he founded a large Yoga school at Ranchi, Bihar in 1918 to teach *Yogoda*, his unique system of mystic, mental and physical development. Meanwhile, Swami Yukteswar established a number of *Sadhu*

*Sabha* centers and thereby kept the torch of *Kriya* burning along with his worthy disciple.

In 1920, Yoganandaji accepted an invitation to attend, as an Indian delegate, the International Congress of Religious Liberals of America, in Boston. This invitation followed a mystic vision directing him and so he made arrangements to attend with the permission of his *Guru* and the financial aid of his father. On the eve of his departure, he prayed for hours with staunch determination, to receive divine permission for this move, so as not to be lured by Western materialism. Just when he was about to break down physically, in the literal sense of the term, somebody knocked on his closed door. It was none other than the Kriya Mulaguru himself, who read his thoughts and assured him: "Our Heavenly Father has heard your prayer. He commands me to tell you: Follow the behests of your *Guru* and go to America. Fear not, you shall be protected." After lifting the prostrate saint, he spoke about his life and the future of the Kriya Mission. Yoganandaji, in a fit of emotion, tried to follow Babaji repeatedly, contrary to his advice, but failed, as an invisible Force glued his feet to the floor. Promising to take him some other time, Babaji left with an affectionate benediction.

Happily, Paramahansa Yogananda Giri left the shores of India, in August, as the first modern *Kriya* missionary. After speaking at the Congress on the Science of Religion, he worked hard for years in humble surroundings to build the modern edifice of *Kriya*. As a result of his Herculean labors there are ninety branches all over the world – 26 in USA., 3 in Canada, one each in Cuba and Hawaii and 8 in South America and Africa, 6 in Mexico, 2 in the Philippines, 22 in India, 16 on the continent of Europe and 4 in the British Isles. The world headquarters at Mount Washington Estates, 3880 San Raphael Avenue, Los Angeles 65, California, USA, publishes 'Self Realization Magazine,' and the Eastern parental headquarters 'Yogoda Sat Sangah,' Dakshineshwar, near Calcutta, distributes fortnightly Yogoda lessons for students. More than three hundred thousand have been initiated so far.

In 1935, in response to the mental call of Swami Yukteswar, Yoganandaji left for India passing through different countries on the way. He toured India as well, spreading far and wide the Gospel of Yogoda and collecting material for his magnum opus, 'Autobiography of a Yogi.' Mahatma Gandhi became his disciple. He was anxious to meet Babaji again, but the

Savior sent word through Swami Keshabananda, while he was wandering in the Himalayas that he will meet him some other time.

On March 9, 1936 Swami Yukteswar passed away at the age of 81, handing over the mantle to Paramahansa Yogananda Giri, who re-organized the global Kriya movement on this earth, while his Master carried on the work in *Hiranaya loka*. In late 1936, Yogananda returned to America and served the cause of *Kriya* with unabated vigor for more than a decade. Towards the close of 1951, there was talk of his returning to India, a second time. But during the first half of 1952, the Kriya movement unexpectedly received a severe blow when Yoganandaji, who had been leading a secluded life of *sadhana* for months, stepped out to participate in the reception given to the Indian Ambassador in America. He suddenly collapsed and his physical body, which did not decompose even after twenty days became the sensation of sensations in America and elsewhere! He belonged to the galaxy of saints like Sri Aurobindo and Saint Bernadette.

Verily to compensate this great loss, Babaji decided to evolve a *mahasaya* out of a neglected, but able, experienced journalist. There is no word like impossible in his dictionary. This interesting event narrated in the following pages will not only be familiar to the mind of occultists, but also provide ample food for reflection to others.

### **The Birth of a Mission**

‘No. 9, Boag Road’ by Sri V.T. Neelakantan is a book on *Satguru* Rama Devi. The writer was about to pen the note in the M. O. for the above publication. A thought crossed the mind: “Is it not high time you share your mystic treasures with others?” He did. Instead of “Dear Sir,” “Dear *Atman*” was used, and “Ever your Self” replaced “Yours.”

The windup, of the note made an impression on V.T.N. (Sri V.T. Neelakantan) who visited 1-1 Arulananda Mudaly Street, San Thome Mylapore, Madras, in person. A strange invisible force drew us together. Frequent visits and hours of clarification on mystic subjects followed. He developed a regard bordering on respect.

One day he asked for books on mysticism. He received ‘Autobiography of a Yogi’ by Paramahansa Yogananda. This created a minor revolution in his mind. He became a devotee of Kriya Babaji frequently uttering his Name.

A leading surgeon, related to V.T.N. (by previous birth), was dressing his operated leg wound in his nursing home free of charge, but was scolding the patient daily for not attending to his health, without considering his poverty. One day the *lalita shashbranamavali* of the doctor was unbearable, and V.T.N. left the place in disgust never to return for dressing thereafter.

In spite of the deep leg ulcer, he had enough burning mystic enthusiasm to walk all the way from Egmore to San Thome to attend a group meditation, as he did almost daily. But on this day he was exhausted and he sat on a wayside concrete bench in the Marina praying: “Babaji! will you give me enough strength to fulfill this pilgrimage?” The prayer was answered. He felt fresh and reached the destination. *Jai Babaji!*

Later in the week, when V.T.N.’s privations had reached an acme, the leading surgeon appeared at his home with his nurse and made elaborate arrangements for the daily dressing of the leg wound! V.T.N., the eminent journalist was stunned! To add *ghee* to the fire, the doctor even made arrangements for his diet, all free of charge. All glory to the grace of Babaji!

Day by day, his enthusiasm increased and he was eagerly looking forward to the day when he would apply for membership into the Yogoda Sat Sangah. At the same time, the worldly nature of one of the family was proving to be a hindrance and he frequently regretted his inability to correct the person. This attention was an impediment to his *sadhana*. On July 17, 1952 the author touched on the topic. A pilgrim was staggering towards Badrinath and one wondered whether he would reach the destination. But the pilgrim was thinking whether he could carry a couple of pilgrims on his back! One should not try to reform and carry the burden of others, before the goal is reached. After blossoming into a magnetic radiant saint, others will in due course feel and respond to the mystic radiations.

On Friday night, July 18, 1952 at about 1:30 a.m., V.T.N. was lying flat on his back in his small sacred *puja* room at 9 Surammal Lane, Egmore, Madras. He was in a meditative mood. No form was visible. A clear, ringing voice spoke: “Are you awake? Are you awake?”

V.T.N.: “Yes.”

Voice: "Listen. You have been abroad. While going in a ship the baggage is divided into two parts, one is labeled wanted and the other unwanted. The unwanted baggage is handed over to the crew. It does not mean you will not get it back, simply another person takes charge of it. So also your family is the unwanted baggage. Do not worry about it. Concentrate on the voyage. You are an advanced soul and do not need any application. You can do much for our cause. *HUM.*"

The talking ended. In the afternoon V.T.N. rushed to San Thome and narrated the stirring experience throbbing with emotion. He had rightly guessed that the invisible person belonged to the *Kriya* circle and wondered whether it was Yogananda. The author said, "It may be Babaji."

Next day suddenly Vedagiri fainted. The mystic darling of V.T.N. was in danger. On enquiry, the journalist learned that the boy had constipation and was reminded of Lahiri Mahasaya's miraculous revival of a dead boy with castor oil. He poured seven drops of oil into his mouth saying "Ramaiah, your Vedagiri is serious." Suddenly the boy revived and walked off to school as if nothing had happened. It is a working of Babaji's grace.

Meanwhile, V.T.N.'s meditation was going on pretty strong. On July 20, 1952, there was the appearance of the dome of Light with *AUM* in the center. A pair of eyes swung towards him. Later, he found himself levitating. It was strange. He touched the floor with his hand to make sure that he was not dreaming. After sometime he came down.

A couple of days later he was drawn into the exalted state, at 6 a.m. The luminous lotus with fine petals appeared at the middle of the trunk and gradually rose. The number of petals became seven and split up into three groups. Two groups, three petals each rose along the sides of the face while the seventh went straight in a line with the nose. All of them reunited at the crown, at the *sahasrara* to form a complete lotus. All the while there was a distinct buzzing sound in the ear. Meanwhile the surgeon had come to examine him, but V.T.N. was helpless. It was an involuntary experience, which lasted till 9:30 a.m. The kind doctor obviously urged by an invisible divine source took it in a nice way and came again a few hours later on his way to the nursing home.

Vedagiri's school fees were long overdue. After waiting patiently for hours, the good boy left without disturbing his father in the trance state. Strangely enough for his sake, all the boys were allowed to pay their fees

late. Needless to add, V.T.N. rightly saw the invisible working of Babaji's grace in these acts of providence. The author casually suggested in the evening that V.T.N. may be chosen to spread the Gospel of Kriya in South India, where it had not gained ground.

On Wednesday July 23, 1952 at zero hour, V.T.N. was enraptured to hear the same Divine Voice. From the contents of the message, he definitely concluded that it was Babaji.

"Are you awake? Listen. You were told yesterday that *Kriya* had not gained ground in South India. Really, it had not spread anywhere as it ought to. I have been trying to get at you all these months and oddly now you are susceptible," the Voice was vibrating with the sweet emotion of love. "I have decided to use your pen for the cause. You will have to write two books. The first will be 'Mysticism Unlocked' and the other 'Kriya, the Masterkey to All Ills,' a title which you will like, as a journalist. Or you may change it to 'The Master Key to All Ills (Kriya)'. Others can tap only initiates, whereas I can tap even outsiders. I have been tapping two *Kriya sadhakas* for you. One you know well. The other is a lady at Adyar who has a lot of money not knowing what to do with..."

V.T.N. interrupted, "What is her name?"

Sternly the forefinger was raised, but the whole form of the Divine Master had yet to be seen. He continued: "She is still dabbling with tantric practices. The message has not been received properly. Anyway, she has got it to the extent of buying all your available books from Higginbothams. For your publications on Sivananda she has written a post card, which has yet to be posted."

The journalist slept in order to wake up early in the morning for meditation. He saw a pathetic vision. His friend, the Divine musician appeared with a pale face dressed in *dhobi*, a *jibba* suffering from kidney trouble. He spoke, "Neelakantan, K. Sastri is finished and I am almost finished. Have asked my uncle to hand over my library to you." The sadness of V.T.N. increased, for only the previous evening the writer had repeatedly hinted and prepared him for this development.

While talking about these experiences in the afternoon through Divine grace, the writer casually remarked that if there is a radical change, say, from worldly to mystic life, a second birth, so to say, then there is a chance of him surviving the crisis.



Strangely enough at the following zero hour, the Voice of the Divine Master touched on the subject, “I love those who love others. Your friend will get another span of life if...”

V.T.N.: “My span is 7½ inches, does it mean...”

“No, here span refers to the next life. That is, in the case of your friend it means five years.” He showed five fingers that alone were visible. “If you stay just for two days with him, to pray and prevail upon him to go into silence for one week and live only on fruit and milk during that period, his life will be saved.” Then he was kind enough to suggest a simple remedy for a domestic complaint of the writer.

V.T.N.: “May I see your face, Master?”

“*HUM.*” He raised the forefinger that alone was visible and the talk ended.

From 10 p.m. last night to 10 a.m. he was glued to the floor, forcing the nurse to return without dressing the wound and making the doctor come a second time. Then the happy journalist wrote letters to a common friend of theirs and carried the other message to San Thome. He wanted to know the significance of the Master, raising the forefinger. It simply means, “Silence. No questions.”

Saturday, July 26, 1952 is a red-letter day in the life of Sri V.T. Neelakantan. During the early morning meditation, he saw the mystic Light go beyond the forehead to the crown, the *sahasrara*, and in the afternoon he had group meditation, as usual with V.T.N. facing east and the author facing South. There, placed next to them was a group of potted plants with a tall red *puja* flower plant beyond. When the author finished the meditation, V.T.N.’s eyes were open, but had a vacant look, as he had again gone into a trance state. Something made the author chant mentally and continuously the sweet Name of Babaji.

Sri V.T. Neelakantan saw for the first time the full, complete form of Babaji, the eminent Master, who spoke with the familiar ringing voice. Next to him was the form of the writer with a lady shoulder high standing behind him partly hidden.

“If the *Guru* asks the disciple, who wants to be his instrument, to have an issue who will remember his name, what should he do?” Babaji shot this question at V.T.N. who at once answered, “Why? I have four children already.” Babaji raised his forefinger in characteristic fashion. “No. I am

not talking of you.” He pointed to the author. V.T.N. was about to shout “Look, look,” and somehow controlled himself.

Meanwhile V.T.N. was progressing satisfactorily in his meditation. On the morning of July 27, 1952, he had the impressive vision of the straight luminous mystic spinal chord extending right up to the crown with a *shakti* girl climbing spirally and rapidly from the base to the top. This was repeated for about an hour. The fortunate journalist quietly witnessed the “cinema show,” as he put it.

The day after, at 1 a.m. Babaji came again. Straight way he spoke: “Tell your ‘other half’...”

V.T.N.: “May I get paper and pencil?”

Babaji: “Yes.”

Two questions were dictated for the writer of which one was the following, verbatim. “Why do you refuse to be susceptible when Babaji wants to transmit?” The other query is too personal.

V.T.N.: “Guru Deva, why do you want me to be a postman? Even among friends there are some private matters, which cannot be discussed. He has been pining to see you. Why do you not tell him yourself?” The friend was silenced by raising the forefinger.

Babaji: “The first book may run to sixteen forms and the second will be about 400 pages.”

“If you want to be of any use to your friend you must go by Tuesday morning, before coma sets in.”

The interlude ended at 3 a.m. Meditation followed. Today the *shakti* girl vanished and in her place V.T.N. saw his own luminous form sitting on the top of his head.

Next day Babaji informed the journalist that if he went to stay with his ailing friend, he should not expect anything from ‘M’ for the return trip, for after reading ‘No. 9, Boag Road,’ she is of the view that you are not only drifting away from her, but also from her activities.

On the morning of July 31, 1952, V.T.N. entered the trance state in spite of his fever. He was aware of nothing except very, very powerful Light passing in and through him. It was only at 12:30 p.m., when his son called him thrice in a crying voice that he became aware of the environment.

The time was about 11:30 p.m. August 1, 1952, V.T.N. was about to go to sleep. "Wake up, wake up," Babaji had changed his usual mode of address. V.T.N. narrated his woes and remarked, "Babaji, I have a number of headaches without a head..." The great Master laughed heartily. Babaji: "Sit up and write." V.T.N. mentioned the Herculean nature of the divine task. Babaji: "Enough of that story. Sit and start writing." The journalist lit the kerosene lamp and searched for the pen. On the way back to the table, he took the opportunity to fall prostrate at the feet of the immortal Kriya Master. He started writing the divine work, 'Mysticism Unlocked' after a short prayer to the *Satguru* who was present right through. He was expected to publish this book by October 29 and the other book by December 31, 1952. One member of the family now intervened but did not dare to enter the sacred *puja* room of V.T.N. Luckily, Vedagiri, the mystic son of the journalist managed to pacify the unwelcome intruder. Babaji was a smiling witness to this domestic drama. The writing was resumed. Through his grace, ideas came in quick succession without the aid of notes, which was ruled out by the Master. Lack of kerosene and ink put an end to the writing. Babaji left with a smile. The worthy instrument of a worthy Master retired for the night. *Jai! Jai Babaji! Jai!*

On August 2, 1952, Babaji advised him to take rest and in the meditation, that followed, V.T.N. saw his *avadhuta* form leave the forehead center and sit right in front of him. Then a strange phenomenon followed. His limbs disintegrated like the parts of a motorcar and lay separately unattached to the trunk. It was an involuntary experience. After resting in this curious manner for a couple of hours, the detached parts re-united and became normal. Next day Babaji intervened in time to stop V.T.N. writing and during the meditation period the previous day's experience was repeated.

Monday, August 4, 1952.

V.T.N. was in the grip of a fever. Attempts to meditate or read or take rest ended in failure. Desperately he tried to find peace by writing 'Mysticism Unlocked.' He was completing the third page with the sub-heading 'Parting Kicks,' dealing with the dark nights of the soul and prison bars. The neighbor's clock struck twelve. Babaji burst in: "Enough of prison bars and dangerous..." V.T.N. took pains to explain at length how he had started writing the book deliberately in spite of his instructions because of the fever.

Babaji: “I do not doubt your sincerity. Go and take rest.” Lifting his hand in blessing he vanished. Promptly the obedient journalist retired to bed. A minute later, the most intense shiver of his lifetime shook his body and he was thrown high up into the air almost touching the ceiling. His heart stopped beating. To verify he tried to touch the region of his heart, but the limbs were immovable. Soon after, he lost consciousness. Many minutes rolled past. When he regained material consciousness, he found himself lying on the floor with the overhauling process in full swing. As usual the limbs were detached, but the luminous causal *avadbuta* body of V.T.N. was at his forehead and in the usual seat of the *avadbuta*, right in front was the great Babaji in silence. This went on for a long time. The clock struck four a.m.

Babaji spoke: “See how bad your body is.” He left. The limbs reunited the body. The process was over. V.T.N. slept soundly till 10:30 a.m.

Wednesday, August 6, 1952.

Round about zero hour the persistent fever again forced V.T.N. to go to the desk. Babaji came in: “Well, well, nothing doing. You must stop. You must rest. I told you so.”

V.T.N.: “But the time is so short. I couldn’t meditate. I couldn’t read, so I thought I would do this.”

Babaji: “No. You must not. That’s why I am not allowing you to see your overhauling, as you call it. I want you with your fifty years experience to put faith in the minds and hearts of 500 billion people.”

V.T.N.: “Millions?”

Babaji: “Billions. You are like Narendra. You have placed yourself as a weapon for me to use. For me to be an Operator, I must first solve your family affairs. I will do it soon. The pity is that the people I tap don’t respond quickly. You are like the *rishi* who pined for his son Sukha Deva and would only be content when he was given *chaya*. You are like Narendra, who did not want anything for himself, but would think of his people’s worries. You must stop writing. You must rest. You know, my child, you are one of the very few, perhaps the last to whom I have spoken. Many I tap, few I transmit and to fewer still, I speak. You are one of the very few... perhaps... the last. Sleep my child.”

V.T.N.: “But Babaji, why did you allow that tuition to go wrong?”

Babaji: “Your wonderful D. does not care for his daughter’s passing or failing. He’s after a Central Government’s job and he wanted to use you for that. So I cut it. Now you must sleep my child.”

V.T.N.: “But Babaji... must I separate from...”

Babaji: “O... Why should you? I have told you that you are like that *rishi* and Narendra. It will be all right. Sleep my Child.” Babaji left for the day. Whenever he visits the place delightful fragrant luminosity pervades the room. Two members of the family enquired whether scented sticks had been lit! “No,” was the simple reply.

August 7, 1952, zero hour.

Babaji: “My Child you’d better ponder over these. They may provide you ample food for reflection and enough material for your coming book. Listen carefully, digest everything and rejoice. Now, are you ready?”

V.T.N.: “Yes, Guru Deva.”

Babaji: “Never again get into the snare of the cycle of births and deaths. Always keep close to the ‘I’ that is nearest to the heart and never slacken the vigil over the straying of your mind. Day after day, night after night and hour by hour try to bring out, make it a point to irradiate the Inner ‘I,’ which alone gives you a personality and a meaning to that personality. When the days of growing up and adding up are near the end, or something shatters the progress of that process, you are rudely shaken and stand alone in quest of ‘I’ in the ‘I.’ The fears that you have missed the bus, have been on the wrong track, and are farther away from your destination are then let down. Get wholesome company for that lonely feeling, build your individuality out of your personality. Let the small ‘I’ grow bigger and bigger in the big ‘I’ and make the latter smaller and smaller until it vanishes, when your interest in your environment ceases.”

V.T.N.: “How to do it?”

Babaji: “By integrating your individuality and disintegrating your personality. That which goes by the name of ‘I’ or ‘you’ is not simply a physical body with life and mind. They say, ‘I’ or ‘you,’ consist of five sheaths, but ordinarily we grow up not noticing two out of the five. We must bring the other two out to shine equally with the first three by and by, more and more. Intuition and instinct have more to do with the shaping of character and behavior than intelligence or imitation, or

impulse. Let the heart, the Inner Man in the heart guide you, rather than emotion and intellect. Try to get nearer and abide by the 'I,' in the 'I' at home, in the tram, in the bus, alone, in company, by the seashore or near a flower or a plant, abide by and in the 'I,' in the 'I.' Build up your individuality slowly and surely. Self-dependence is needed. Independence will not do. Freedom alone is not enough. Don't grow up a sorted out personality by sex, as a man or woman, by profession or vocation, as rural or urban, as a day-worker or night-worker, or as a worker part-time or whole-time. Remember and realize that you are master of yourself and your own servant. Grow up full, whole and not in sections (cross or vertical or horizontal) and then join others who have grown up and become whole and full by themselves (*purnosmi*)... Are you awake?"

V.T.N.: "Yes, Guru Deva."

Babaji: "Listen carefully. I tell only once... no I just tap. But you're different. You are to keep the torch ever-burning by word and deed. Listen... note this down... You will deal with each other in terms of equality and not as a superior or subordinate, teacher or pupil, preceptor or follower. No disputation, personification or idolization. Each one catch one, i.e. let each one train himself or herself up."

*AUM TAT SAT AUM. AUM Shanti Shanti Shanti.*<sup>2</sup>

Saturday, August 9, 1952.

R.M. had just finished the group meditation. V.T.N. was searching for paper which was given him immediately. He wrote the following lines at 6:15 p.m.

"Oh Master of the Great Himalayas (Babaji), Lord and Life of all Religions, we joyfully welcome your manifestation in our world, that your power and your beauty may shine forth over the earth. Open our eyes that we may know you; purify our hearts that we may love you; be born within us that we may recognize you without us; and strengthen us to spread your Gospel of Happiness that the weary nations may enter your Kingdom and righteousness and peace may flow forth over your World."

Babaji appeared in a vision, and asked both of us to contemplate on the above message (recorded verbatim) and faded out.

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<sup>2</sup> Editor's note: always to be pronounced as 'om-shanti-shanti-shantihee.'

On August 11, 1952 we visited Tiruvethiyur Universal Peace Sanctuary. Though the drawing room manners were not to his liking V.T.N. was however, really impressed by the suitability of the airy spot for meditation. During the group meditation at 8 p.m., the luminous *AUM* reappeared after a week's absence and he developed a ravenous hunger. When he asked for clarification, during the car journey, the author was reluctant to explain as Babaji had taken charge of him and would do what was needed himself. After returning home V.T.N. took a refreshing oil bath satisfied his pinching hunger and mused over the day's happening at Tiruvethiyur: the love and invitation of the saint, his experiences, etc.

The clock struck twelve. Babaji came.

V.T.N.: "Why was the *AUM* absent for a week?"

Babaji: "Because you do not need it." "Are you thinking of that saint and your 'other half' who did not feel like clarifying your experience? That Swami can impersonate me at best, whereas you have to personify me. That is, they are like passengers whom one meets during a bus or railway journey, only to part with soon."

"On August 20 you will have to start writing the book. Till then you take rest, my child and meanwhile I shall be coming now and then." "Tomorrow go and see the doctor."

V.T.N.: "Why should I, Guru Deva?"

Babaji: "You should not ask questions. The cause will be known in due course." "Do not give up smoking now. Your temple, the body, needs it."

V.T.N. was reminded of the words uttered by R. M. at the Universal Peace Sanctuary. On the eve of departure the journalist mentioned casually: "Guru Deva, you know that doctor wants me to take two square meals daily."

Babaji: "Yes. The needful has yet to be done." He left after a delightful stay of fifteen minutes.

After the first motion which contained 3 to 4 ounces. of blood, V.T.N. appreciated the prophetic advice of the omniscient Babaji.

Wednesday, August 13, 1952, zero hour.

Babaji came and spoke with a stern voice: "For the school fees hereafter, you and your 'other half' should not beg from those who do not sympathize with a struggling soul. If by the twenty-fifth of the month

(which is the last day for paying school-fees with fine) you do not get it, your children need not study.”

“When your children are dying you should not beg from others. Even if you are in need of a glass of water it should come of its own accord. Do not ask.”

He was about to go. V.T.N., as usual wanted to fall prostrate at his feet. The Master checked him: “No. I have chosen to use you for my mission. Simply do what I say.” The gruff interlude ended.

Thursday was a day of silence for both, so the exchange of ideas was through notes. The signs are disturbing. If the persons Babaji is tapping do not rise to the occasion, the death knell of Karthikeyan’s education may be rung in the near future. Prostrations to Babaji and good luck to Karthikeyan. This gave V.T.N.’s mental peace a bad shaking and he even preferred to give up his spirit than to have such a calamity occur.

On August 15, 1952 at zero hour, Babaji came abruptly. “The death knell is only a sound. It may not be rung and even if it is rung, it may pass off as mere sound. As a journalist you know the play of words. You are right in serving your children and not yourself as God. That is the Narendra element in you.” The previous day as V.T.N. was suffering badly from leg pain, the author enquired whether the group meditation could be postponed until August 20, 1952. Babaji referred to this proposal: “If you give up group meditation it will affect the work you both are expected to do for me. If your ‘other half’ is thinking about the pain why does he not do what is necessary?”

V.T.N.: “Oh! How, Babaji?”

After a pause the Master replied. “All right I will tap, nay contact him tonight.” Kriya Babaji continued, “Today you will get 10 Rupees, ‘ten *laks*’ to use your expression. From that, pay Karthikeyan’s school fees and the balance of 5 Rupees, fling at the ‘grand dame.’ There was more talk about her.”

V.T.N.: “Have to start writing the book on the 20th?”

Babaji: “Yes, if the persons tapped respond well you may do so and finish it within a week, if there is a stenographer.”

“The mission has not been going on well for ten...”

V.T.N.: “Guru Deva, you mean ten years?”



Babaji: "No, ten months. Even Sister has not received the tapping correctly. I myself must go for *tapas* for some days."

Without permitting further questioning he left for the day.

Sunday, August 17, 1952.

At about 2 p.m. we were about to settle down for the group meditation when Babaji appeared to V.T.N. and asked us to meditate on the following:

*"Waiting the word of the Master  
Watching the hidden light  
Listening to catch his orders  
In the very midst of the fight  
Seeing his slightest signal  
Across the heads of the throng  
Hearing his faintest whisper  
Above earth's loudest song."*

August 18, 1952, zero hour.

Babaji: "Listen, my child. You should not and cannot fail to be aware of that which is yourself nearer to your heart. Cultivate that awareness. Be always in your own company and enjoy it. There is no society, club, institution, association, general body or governing body to go and join that guides and rules. You rule in and out, absolutely. You and yourself alone are the general body. The 'I' in 'I,' in you is the governing body, governing director and directing governor. Silence and meditation (*mounam* and *mananam*) are the twin aids to peace, power and prosperity. The eternal chant is *AUM Shanti! AUM TAT SAT*.

The old style integrated home life, the close association of families living in the same place from generation to generation and wholesome advice of the elderly experienced persons on the art of life and method of living used to keep young men and women intact against the impact of shocks and rude jolts and hard bumps of the onrush of a sophisticated civilization. The stress and strain of modern living, the excessive fragmentation of space and the minute division of time, the hectic manner of living, the scramble to rush to programs by a certain minute of time, the jostling amidst strangers in class rooms, trains, buses, cinemas, lectures, restaurants and hotels all have accelerated the speed of high pressure living.

The breath-taking thrills, heart-gripping moments of tension in novels followed by the gasping for breath, the sighing for relief and the soothing of nerves result in high-strung feelings, which seek self-help aids from the sinking condition of heart, mind and body. It is not exactly mass-living, it is a huddled life that most people live nowadays, overcrowded by possessions, books, dresses and personal belongings. We shift from place to place and roam from amusement to amusement because of the many uncertainties of life. Due to insufficiencies of money and insecurities in our vocation or profession we are fast losing faith in finding an anchor of hope or reaching a heaven of rest. In the hour of need, we search for a consoling mind, a sympathetic heart, a cheering countenance or a buoyant hope to release us from the mental effort of an all-sinking feeling and a hopeless and a black outlook.

There is no cure-all remedy or serve-all help for that moment, that crisis that overtakes people sometimes or so often. There is friendly advice, disinterested help and the certainty of a secure lead, which would carry you over that tension or period when the fluff and tangle may be unraveled and eased by the appearance of a *Satguru*, who would either tap or if he likes take charge of your “unwanted baggage” for safe-keeping. We want a large body of sincere, all-surrendered workers who would silently, perhaps in obscurity work day and night with one objective in view, the service of the God in man. If the country could produce such a large number of workers the whole object of winning the independence could be achieved. Therefore, people of every community and belonging to every state must produce a large number of workers who would quietly and in an obscure way work without caring for anything else.

The most consummately beautiful thing in the universe is the rightly fashioned life of a good person. That kind of life is not an accident. It is beyond all doubts due to the grace and mercy of a *Satguru*. It is a highly creative work of art. A person's life must first and foremost be a beautiful creation. Life's greatest achievement is the continual re-making of one's self, so that at last one may know how to live everlasting life. When we encounter this rare individual we cannot help noticing his moral beauty. It is an exceptional and striking phenomenon, one never forgets it. This form of beauty is far more impressive than the beauty of nature. It gives to those who possess its divine gifts a strange, inexplicable and incomprehensible power. It increases the strength of the intellect much more than

science, art and religious rites. Moral beauty is the basis of civilization. Are you awake, my child, do you feel all this boring?”

V.T.N.: “No, Guru Deva, my father, my God, my All!”

Babaji: “Listen carefully. You must be all attention. I want you to grow up as an integrated, calm, steady, stable individual. Give your self to the ‘inner man,’ then you can meet the challenge of any man, anywhere and everywhere. Don’t go in to ruminate, but get in and dominate. Will you?”

V.T.N.: “By your grace and mercy I will endeavor to serve You truly and nobly and be a perfect weapon for you to operate.”

Babaji: “Remember and realize my child, that tremendous consequences hang on conforming at the exact minute with precision and in the division of time. Begin to feel that the male of the species is a Lotus and the female a Pearl. All activity in nature is rhythmic. By practice you may develop your thought power to be active and responsive at the same time, daily and systematically. Thoughts are effusive. They are elusive. They must be made captive and held fugitive. Be calm and collected, focus your mind to one point and... wait. Thoughts of the light of *sacchidananda* will then steam out and flow from the source, the fountainhead of all thought. Some (people) attempt to reach thought ascending by ‘Jacob’s Ladder’ or descending by *paramapadam*.”

V.T.N.: “But Babaji. What’s Jacob’s Ladder and *paramapadam*?”

Babaji: “You must have patience, my child. You must tire patience with patience. Remember, there is a time for everything and everything in its own time. And now, get this clearly... I tell only once... nay more often just tap. Thoughts of the light of *sacchidananda* once generated are as solid as concrete matter and remain permanent. A person must be something. That something, to be anything of worth must be useful and pleasant to himself, to a colleague, dependent or kinsman and ultimately be an ornament of God. That is fullness, this is fullness. This fullness proceeds from that fullness and if you take this fullness from that fullness, fullness alone remains.”

August 18, 1952.

When he was about to depart, Babaji suggested that another person meditate at about the same time we both have the group meditation.

V.T.N.: “Want me to be a postal peon?”

“No, telegraph peon,” Babaji chuckled.

August 19, 1952, zero hour.

Babaji: “Make a note of this. Wisdom shines from the temple of the pure heart. Wisdom is the crown for the structure of life. Hence my child, you must express in redoubtable terms the Infinite Light of Divine Wisdom in all your writings, your books and more particularly, in your daily round of life.”

V.T.N.: “Babaji give me more grace to follow to the letter every word of your instructions.”

Babaji: “Listen, my child, don’t interrupt. My grace shall be poured incessantly but you must be wide-awake. You must be ever on the alert and listen and ponder over the slightest hint that may be dropped. Your sole aim must (and should) be to spread spiritual knowledge, undefiled by sectarianism and narrow-minded bigotry. While on the one hand, humanity is threatened by irreligion on the other, it is flooded with wrong doctrines and dogmas masquerading under the name and in the guise of religion. Remember that true religion does not divide but unites; does not injure but heals; does not kill but saves. It is your privileged lot, my child, to ceaselessly endeavor to broadcast (at any opportunity) the true principles of divine living, which alone can save man from destruction. I have specially chosen you and am preparing for this Herculean task of self-saving, which in other words, is world-saving. Would you do this for Me?”

V.T.N.: “Guru Deva, I cling to your Lotus Feet and it’s for you to enable me to prove equal to the occasion.”

Babaji: “*HUM...* The spirit of religion is one though its expressions vary. Those who do not know, quarrel with and hate one another in the name of religion. But those who know honor all religions, while following that form of faith, which suits them best. For instance, what is known as Hinduism is in fact, none other than a federation of faiths. When it arose and in what circumstances no one can tell. Be that as it may, it is however accepted that Hinduism is ageless, *Sanatana*, a religion of wisdom, love and hope for all. The Vedas and the Upanishads constitute the fountainheads of Hinduism. The Gita gives the quintessence of the doctrines.”

“Now, listen to the Lord of the Gita discoursing on the fundamentals of Hindu thought and life to the great warrior Arjuna on the battlefield

of Kurukshetra. 'Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never; never was time when it was not; ending and beginning are dreams! Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever. Death has not touched it all, dead though it seems. The way to the Supreme Spirit lies through unceaseless service to humanity through the performance of one's allotted work without a selfish thought.' Therefore, my child, dearer than the dearest of all my children convert work into worship and you will be free from the faint of action. There is no set form for worship. Whatever form one's devotion takes it will culminate in the realization of God provided there is sincerity and faith; for all paths lead to Me. For revealing this doctrine to mankind from time to time, for protecting the good and for punishing the wicked, I incarnate Myself in every age. Therefore, surrender your all to Me, seek refuge in Me and I shall save you from all sin."

You might also note that Buddhism which had its origin in the teachings of Gautama Buddha of the fifth century before Christ became a world religion. Born as a prince, Gautama led a sheltered life. He was brought up delicately and every attempt was made to keep him away from all contact with or knowledge of, the life of the law and common herd. But one day, the young prince went on a drive unguarded and came up against the facts of old age, illness and death, as well as the serenity, which is the mark of one who has become superior to all such experiences. Before long, the call for renunciation came to Gautama and Prince Siddharta obeyed the call.

After a long and arduous quest he saw Truth by Intuition. The Blessed one was staying at Banaras. And there, he addressed the company of five *bhikkus*, and said: "There are two extremes, O *bhikkus*, from which he who leadeth the religious life must abstain. What are those two extremes? One is life of pleasure, devoted to desire and enjoyment; that is base, ignoble, unspiritual, unworthy and unreal. The other is a life of mortification. It is gloomy, unworthy, unreal. The Perfect One, O *bhikkus*, avoiding these extremes hath discovered the middle path, a path which openeth the eyes and bestoweth understanding, which leadeth to rest, knowledge, to enlightenment and *nirvana*. And what, O *bhikkus*, is that middle path discovered by the Perfect One. Verily, it is the Noble Eightfold Path. Right Belief, Right Resolve, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Occupation, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness and Right Rapture."

August 19, 1952.

During the talk V.T.N. offered Babaji his deckchair but the Master preferred to sit on the deer-skin near the *almirah*, while the journalist wrote slowly the precious words of the eminent Kriya Yogi. Ill health accounted for the slow pace of his writing. He was so tired after the painful injection that, but for Babaji, he would have thrown away the pen in disgust. It was time to depart. There was some light talk.

Babaji: "Keep everything ready. Steel pen, paper, ink, nibs, something to eat..."

V.T.N.: "Why nibs?"

Babaji: "If one breaks, may use another. Must finish the book by September third, on which date you both may write the introduction..."

V.T.N.: "What do you mean by you both?"

Babaji: "Every time you should not expect me to tell you that your 'other half' and you are two in one. Then take rest for fifteen days before you start writing the second book. Meanwhile, I will go for *tapas*." There was a pause. A talk about the doctor's dream and V.T.N.'s private matters followed. The interlude ended.

August 20, 1952, zero hour.

Babaji: "Wake up, my child, there is lot of work to do. I know your leg is paining terribly, but that must not stand in the way of your serving God in man. And remember, this book of yours must be in Calcutta Bookstalls on October 29, 1952 at all costs... even though it will be a few pages less than the originally planned 256 pages. Are you awake?"

V.T.N.: "Yes. Guru Deva."

Babaji: "Now take every word of what I say. Jainism, which is prevalent in Gujarat and had its glorious day in South India has remained, unlike Buddhism, an indigenous faith. Vardhamana, the last prophet of the Jains who was also the consolidator of the faith lived about the same time as Buddha, and like him, was born in the princely order. He, too, renounced the world and took to the intense life of the spirit. Soon he became enlightened and came to be known as the great hero Mahavira. Though Jainism does not believe in God, it subscribes to a faith in Godhead and proclaims that every soul can attain to this goal, which is called *Nirvana*, as in Buddhism. The way to it lies through the three jewels, faith

in Mahavira who is called Jina, or the Victor, knowledge of his doctrine and perfect conduct.”

“Now, hear King Nami’s discourse on the *Jaina* way of life. Nami was a monk. Indra was in the guise of a *Brahmani*. King Nami placed his son on the throne and retired from the world. Indra came to him in the guise of a *Brahmani* to test his eligibility for the path of renunciation.”

Indra says: “O King, bring into subjection all princes who do not acknowledge you, thus you will be a true *Kshatriya*.”

Nami replies: “Though a man should conquer thousands and thousands of valiant foes, greater will be his victory if he conquers nobody but himself. Fight with yourself! Why fight with external foes? He who conquers himself through himself will obtain happiness.”

Indra says: “Multiply your gold and silver, your jewels and pearls, your coffer, fine robes, and carriages, and your treasury; then you will be a true *Kshatriya*.”

Nami replies: “If there were numberless mountains of gold and silver, as big as Kailash, they would not satisfy a greedy man, for his avidity is boundless like space, knowing that the earth with its crops of rice and barley, with its gold and cattle, that all this put together will not satisfy one single man. One should practice austerities.”

Indra exclaims: “A miracle! O King; you give up the wonderful pleasures, in search of imaginary objects. Your hope will cause you ruin.”

Nami replies: “He who is desirous of pleasures will not get them and will come to a bad end at last. He will sink through anger. He will go down through pride; delusion will block up his path; through greed he will incur dangers in both the worlds.” Throwing off the guise of a *Brahmani* and revealing his true form Indra salutes Nami and praises him with these words:

“Bravo. You have conquered anger, bravo! You have vanquished pride, bravo! You have banished delusion, bravo! You have subdued greed, bravo!”

Babaji: “Now, my child for a taste of Confucianism, the ancient religion of China, our neighbor for thousands of years now. The two other religions that prevail in that country are Taoism and Buddhism. Taoism is only a variation of Confucianism. Confucius, from whom the faith derives its name lived in the fifth century B.C. His life was contemporary with that of Buddha in India and Pythagoras in Greece. This term

Confucius is the Latin version of the Chinese name, which is Kung-fu-tsu. The one dominating theme of the teachings of Confucius is social welfare, human peace and harmony. The order of society, according to him, springs primarily from the quality of the persons who compose it. And he set himself the task of improving the quality of men. Now, my child, Listen to this tête-à-tête between Confucius and two Chinese gentlemen.”

Taze-Kung asked: “Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all that is right through one’s life?”

The Master said: “Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.”

Taze-lu said: “The ruler of Woi has been waiting for you in order for you to administer the Government. What will you consider the first thing to be done?”

The Master replied: “What is necessary is to rectify, names.”

Taze-lu remarked: “So indeed! You are wide off the mark! Why must there be such rectification?”

The Master said: “How uncultivated you are. You! A superior man, in regard to what he does not know shows a cautious reserve. If names are not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language is not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on to success. When affairs cannot be carried on to success, proprieties and music will not flourish. When proprieties and music do not flourish, punishments will not be properly awarded. When punishments are not properly awarded, the people do not know how to move hand or foot. Therefore, a superior man considers it necessary that the names he uses are spoken appropriately and that what he speaks is carried out appropriately. A superior man requires that there is nothing incorrect in his words. There are three things of which the gentleman stands in awe. He stands in awe of the Ordinances of Heaven, of great men and of the words of the sages.”

August 20, 1952.

After finishing the first chapter, V.T.N asked, “Guru Deva, what is the title of the second?”

“That is enough for the day,” remarked Babaji loosening his grasp on the ether atoms constituting his body and became a patch of diffused



light, which vanished within half a minute, plunging the small flickering kerosene flame.



## THE VOICE OF BABAJI

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During 1952 and 1953 Babaji appeared before his "beloved child" Sri V.T. Neelakantan, a mystic and respected journalist, and the latter's home in Egmore, Madras, India. Babaji had a request for his disciple Neelakantan and his "other half" S.A.A. Ramaiah. He wanted his teachings to be recorded in order that a new phase could begin in the Kriya Yoga Movement. He said that with the publication of these books his Kriya Yoga would spread to the nooks and corners of this earth. Babaji dictated these three books to V.T. Neelakantan, who wrote them down verbatim.

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