

Stories of the Guru

These stories are based on the experiences of a chela who was privileged to have spent blessed time with Swami and who witnessed the events described. Many of the accounts are hard to believe but all unfolded before the chela. All illustrate aspects of Swami and Maharaj that go far beyond the physical. They attest to a connection with the Divine and the manifestation of some of the Divine power.

Sometimes the meanings for us are clear, sometimes the true meaning of the event that was witnessed is known only to Swami and Maharaj but they are always inspirational.

They are offered to the feet of our beloved Guru and the Masters of the lineage of Samati Samashti Dharma.

Durga Ma

Most people don't want to die but Goyal Sahib did. He was slowly dying from kidney failure but he wanted death to come quickly so he called on Durga, the Universal Mother. Om Durga Ma, Om Durga Ma, Om Durga Ma.

Swami heard his cry for help and with Maharaj to support her, visited their devotee and friend. He lived like most middle-class people in Delhi in a residential compound. The car stopped in front of a gate that opened onto a courtyard surrounded on 3 sides by flat-roofed dwellings. The concrete courtyard had a few dusty bushes, bougainvilleas' and tulsi plants. It was winter so everything was dry and the temperature was kind at this time of year.

Swami and Maharaj made their way up the concrete stairs to Goyal Sahib's second floor flat. They were greeted by his wife, an attractive middle-aged woman, slim and elegantly dressed in her best sari. It was the highest honour to be visited by the gurus and required the very best that she could offer.

They were shown into the bedroom Goyal Sahib, bed-ridden and sitting up in bed facing the door. He looked small in the bed, his round face bearing the puffiness and tiredness caused by the disease. But his pleasure at seeing them and his adoration of Swami brought out a brightness in his eyes and smile. Swami sat on the edge of the bed holding his hand. her love for the ravaged man was a tangible force, easing his suffering as she took some of his burden and pain from him.

Goyal Sahib was visibly lifted by the presence of the two gurus and jokingly told Swami, how he had asked Maharaj in a previous telephone call what he should do to help him sleep, Maharaj told him, 'Repeat your mantra'. 'And do you know, it worked,' Goyal Sahib went on, 'I found it so boring that I fell asleep!' he said laughing.

The devotee told Swami that whenever he thought of her, or spoke to her, or touched her, his pain went away and so as she sat on his bed, he sang the beautiful chant, Durga Ma to her.

Goyal Sahib's wife offered refreshment, she offered them oranges taking the peel and skin from each segment completely before handing it to them. Everything had to be the best and as perfect as she could make it befitting the grace shown by the two Gurus towards their devotees. The care, respect, and reverence with which she prepared the food for Swami and Maharaj echoed their love.

It was within their power as authentic and traditional Gurus to hasten (or prolong) a devotee's death, however, they refused knowing as yogis that his suffering was eliminating some of his karma and that this would help him in his next life. It was a difficult situation for Swami to face, because it was in her nature and power to heal him completely and take all his pain away. It took extraordinary compassion to refuse his request and the next day, Swami despite the toll that the visit had taken, spent the day fasting for Goyal Sahib.

Swami knew exactly when he died, still looking after him even at his time of death. He had lived another year because of the visit and love of his Gurus. Swami asked the chelas to offer the day's chanting to God on behalf of the departed soul and showed them how as yogis, they could honour loved ones after death.

The Bhrigu Temple

It is said that the destiny of every living soul on earth is written on ancient manuscripts kept in secret temples in Hoshiapur. The car stopped in front of an ordinary door in a residential street in Hoshiapur. Accompanying Swami and Maharaj were local devotees including a High Court Advocate and a Professor from the Punjab University. Brahmin priests greeted them and ushered them into the front room. Maharaj had brought Swami to the Bhrigu Math where he had received a prediction years before. The predictions were handed down from Bhrigu, a great sage and rishi, who had lived centuries earlier. It is said that there is a prediction for every soul on earth. These are kept in secret locations Maharaj describes his experience in his book *Samata Yoga*.

“However, while looking through a book of old predictions about other people, I found a page concerning me, as described below. Sages in the past had the “third eye” to see the events of the future, even centuries later.”

He continues with the actual prediction:

‘Now listen to my prediction due to Yoga Shakti. The person concerned will be a pious soul and endowed with a pure intellect as a result of his past karmas. He will be a pure soul, with a fair complexion, and an ardent worshipper of Shri Krsna and a devoted servant of Shri Radha Vihar (i.e., Lord Krsna). In Devapur, he had Krsna's *darshan* and lived with Him. I bless this devotee and for his greater good, I will show him a mantra. After reciting five lakhs of Japa and with good results of millions of pure deeds, this person will take abode in Golok. At some other time, I will narrate the prediction in detail.’ (Pal, 1984, p. 127).

Their visit heralded that promised time. First natal charts had to be assessed to see if the time was correct for a prediction. After lengthy consultation with the charts, it was decided that a prediction could be given. They were taken to the next room which was the library where the predictions were stored on floor-to-ceiling shelves which housed cloth bags with thousands of sheaves of ancient parchment covered in Sanskrit writing.

They returned to the front room where Swami and Maharaj were seated along one wall. On the opposite wall was a charpoy or bed, on which sat a Brahmin priest. At his side, seated on the floor was an assistant and all around the walls were portraits of their gurus, saints and holy men.

The prediction process was slow. One cloth bundle of sheaves was brought in and the man sitting on the floor selected the pages one by one, carefully studying it and either returning it to the sheaf or passing it to the Brahmin on the bed who in turn studied it carefully and handed it back to be replaced into the bundle. A second bundle was brought out.

Swami began to meditate. A gasp from the Brahmin priest on the bed, covered up Swami's sudden question 'what does your Guru look like? Which is his picture?' Movement and noise erupted in the room. Swami kept asking which picture was Bhṛigu but no one paid her any attention because vibhuti had suddenly appeared on the parchment that the Brahmin had in his hands. Vibhuti is sacred ash that had penetrated into the physical world from the astral. All of the Brahmin's focus was on carefully gathering the sacred ash. It would be used in future pujas, blessings and rituals.

Finally, they turned their attention to Swami, "I have just had darshan with Bhṛigu", she told them. 'Which is his picture?' As they finally pointed out his picture, she told them that she had seen him surrounded with love, like the picture but gentler and more benevolent.

The prediction was read out but in Sanskrit. The professor was copying it as it was read out, his assistant translating it into Urdu, all listening intently ignoring Swami, not thinking to translate it into English. At the completion, the parchment was handed around for them to see. The High Court Advocate understood Sanskrit, he took it over to Swami. He explained, "it mentions all of us by name. I did not believe it so I've had to see it for myself. See, here is my name and here is your English name". He continued; "The last line says that when this prediction has been given it will vanish". As he said this, the last of the writing disappeared from the parchment.

Maharaj and Swami were taken into a room at the back of the house. Swami asked Maharaj if her purse left behind on the seat would be alright and he replied, chastising her, "you have just had darshan with Bhṛigu and you're worried about your handbag?" The room contained a life-size statue of the sage, Bhṛigu and was the most sacred part of the house. There Swami described how Bhṛigu looked when she had seen him in her meditation. Swami was given a mantra before she left.

Upon her return to Australia, Swami passed a copy of the transcript to a trusted friend who translated it into English. It seemed that the prediction was given to Swami and Maharaj because it was Bhṛigu's grandson's birthday. His grandson was Yogeshwar, the first yogi.

And what of the prediction? – Well that is a secret relevant only to those who were there! Will it come true? Only the future will reveal the truth about the destiny of the group.

Works Cited

Pal, R. S., 1984. *Samata Yoga: a book on practical Raj Yoga*. Delhi: Vision Books Pvt. Ltd.